

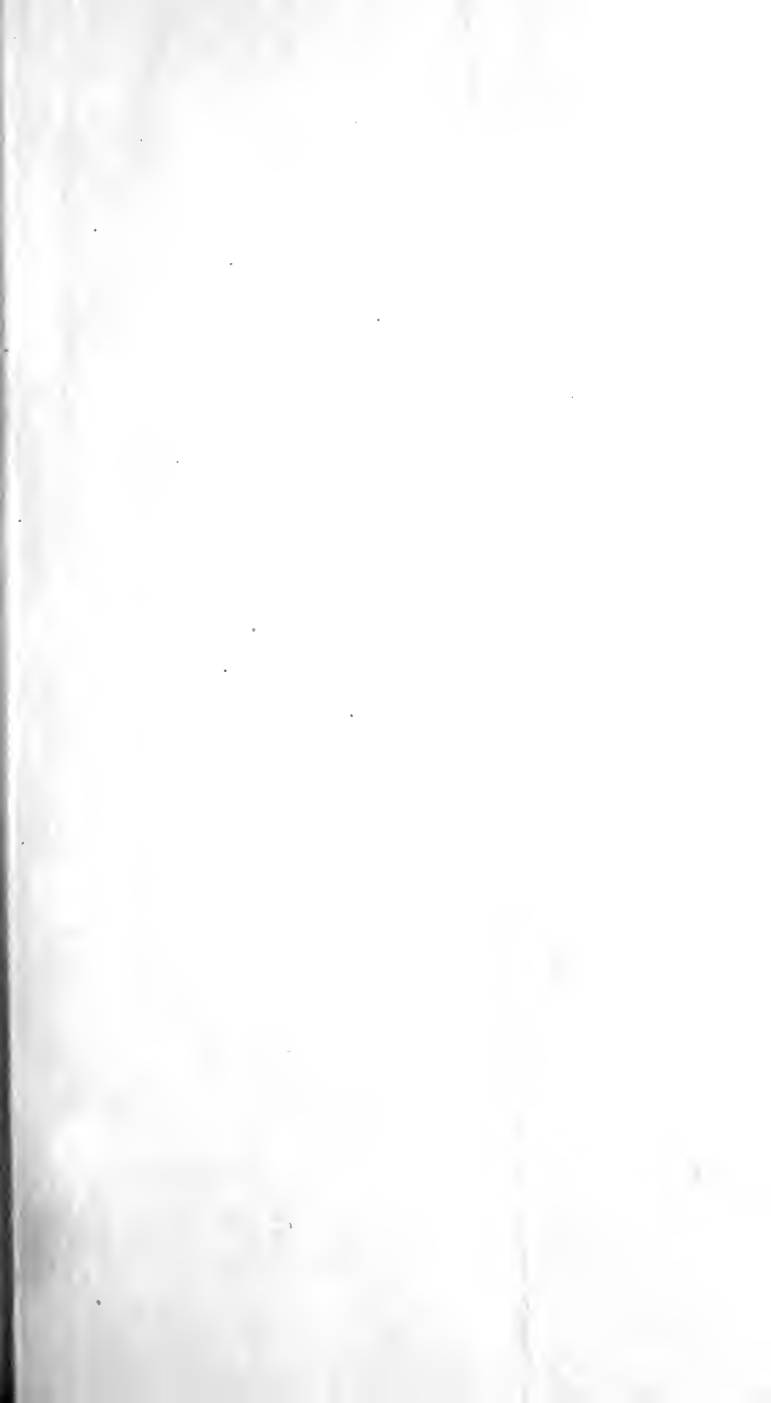


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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH

NOTES OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

EDITED

BY MANLEY WOOD, A.M.

—
IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

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KING LEAR.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



R E M A R K S

ON

THE PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION

OF

K I N G L E A R.

THE tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel

the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to cooperate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a

play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justice, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Hollinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing

of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare.

*A lamentable SONG of the death of King Leir and
his Three Daughters.*

KING Leir once ruled in this land,
 With princely power and peace;
 And had all things with heart's content,
 That might his joys increase.
 Amongst those things that nature gave,
 Three daughters fair had he,
 So princely seeming beautiful,
 As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
 A question thus to move,
 Which of his daughters to his grace
 Could show the dearest love:
 For to my age you bring content,
 Quoth he, then let me hear
 Which of you three in plighted troth
 The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
 Dear father, mind, quoth she,
 Before your face, to do you good,
 My blood shall render'd be:
 And for your sake my bleeding heart
 Shall here be cut in twain,
 Ere that I see your reverend age
 The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said;
 Dear father, for your sake,
 The worst of all extremities
 I'll gently undertake:
 And serve your highness night and day
 With diligence and love;
 That sweet content and quietness
 Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
 The aged king reply'd;
 But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,
 How is thy love ally'd?
 My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
 Which to your grace I owe,
 Shall be the duty of a child,
 And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
 Than doth thy duty bind?
 I well perceive thy love is small,
 When as no more I find:

Henceforth I banish thee my court,
 Thou art no child of mine;
 Nor any part of this my realm
 By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters' loves are more
 Than well I can demand,
 To whom I equally bestow
 My kingdome and my land,
 My pompal state and all my goods,
 That lovingly I may
 With those thy sisters be maintain'd
 Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown
 By these two sisters here:
 The third had causeless banishment,
 Yet was her love more dear:
 For poor Cordelia patiently
 Went wand'ring up and down,
 Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
 Through many an English town:

Until at last in famous France
 She gentler fortunes found;
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
 The fairest on the ground:
 Where when the king her virtues heard,
 And this fair lady seen,
 With full consent of all his court
 He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
 With his two daughters staid;
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same decay'd;
 And living in queen Ragan's court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means,
 And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee:
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three:
 Nay, one she thought too much for him:
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
 Where when she hears his moan
 Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
 That all his means were gone:

But no way could relieve his wants ;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then ;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court ;
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away :
 When he was well within her court,
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell
 The woeful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
 Which she had promis'd late :
 For once refusing, he should not
 Come after to her gate.
 Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
 He wander'd up and down ;
 Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
 That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
 His youngest daughter's words,
 That said, the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords:
 But doubting to repair to her,
 Whom he had banish'd so,
 Grew frantic mad; for in his mind
 He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread:
 To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
 He pass'd o'er to France,
 In hope from fair Cordelia there
 To find some gentler chance:
 Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
 Of this her father's grief,
 As duty bound, she quickly sent
 Him comfort and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
 In brave and gallant sort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought
 To Aganippus' court;

Whose royal king, with noble mind,
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
 To répossess king Leir,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his Cordelia dear :
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain :
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,
 Possesst his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who died indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move ;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted ;
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The end of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents ;
 And being dead, their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin :
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

Persons Represented.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloster.

EDGAR, *son to Gloster.*

EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloster.*

CURAN, *a courtier.*

Old Man, tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,

REGAN,

CORDELIA,

} *Daughters to Lear.*

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *Britain.*

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of state in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity¹ in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some

year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy
Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund*

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker
purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
 wall,
 And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a constant will to publish
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and
 Burgundy,
 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will devest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon.

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do²? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
 to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find, she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short,—that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
 And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
 Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
 A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
 According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I

Return those duties back as are right fit,

Obeys you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,

They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;

By all the operations of the orbs,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be;

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this⁴, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
sight!— [*To Cordelia.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who
stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm;
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye⁶.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
 Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
 Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
 (Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
 To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)—
 Our potency made good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from diseases of the world;
 And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
 This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
 appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve.

[*To Regan and Gonerill.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, ⁷ seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes⁸,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To France.]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
 you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
 Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

France.

This is most strange!

That she, that even but now was your best object,
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
 Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
 Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
 Could never plant in me.

Cor.

I yet beseech your majesty,

(If for I want that glib and oily art,
 To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
 I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
 But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point⁹. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
 Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
 Thou lovest here, a better where to find¹⁰.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
 for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
 Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall,
 Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loath to call
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
 To your professed bosoms I commit him:
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study

Be, to content your lord: who hath receiv'd you
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted¹¹.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
 Who-cover faults, at last shame them derides.
 Well may you prosper!

France.

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together¹²: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.

[*Exeunt:*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
 My services are bound: Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
 The curiosity¹³ of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
 shines
 Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!

Confin'd to exhibition¹⁴! All this done

Upon the gad¹⁵!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What need'd then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo [reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age,*

makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested,

brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature

can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! —Find out this villain, Edmund! it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [Exit.

Edm. ¹⁶This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my intreaty, forbear his pre-

sence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit: [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen
abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Stew.

Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among
you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it
ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art
thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou
with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to
serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him

that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgement; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish¹⁷.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march, and be curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so.

[*pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb¹⁸.

[*giving Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink¹⁹.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest²⁰,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest²¹,
 Set less than thou throwest;

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd
 lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no
 use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of
 nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of
 his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To Kent.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy,
 between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away;
 that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let

me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true; thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod.

[*pointing to Lear.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
 To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
 By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
 That you protect this course, and put it on
 By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
 Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
 Might in their working do you that offence,
 Which else were shame, that then necessity
 Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of
 that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught;
 and put away these dispositions, which of late trans-
 form you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
 the horse?—²²Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not
 Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are
 his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discern-
 ings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure
 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—
 Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks
 of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be
 false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o'the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you
come?

Is it your will? [*to Alb.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster²³!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Goneril,*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*striking his head.*

And thy dear judgement out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
 this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
 Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
 asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[To Goneril.

²⁴That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon
 thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

! A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

! If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred
knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep

At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon.

Safer than trust:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now,
 Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;
 Inform her full of my particular fear;
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,
 As may compact it more. Get you gone;
 And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my
 lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Court before the Same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
 acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you
 know, than comes from her demand out of the letter;

If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i'the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong²⁵:—

Fool. Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—
Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason
why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a
pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good
fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce²⁶!—Monster in-
gratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou
hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my
departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better!
Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question²⁷,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches :—O sir, fly this place ;
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
You have now the good advantage of the night :—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?
He's coming hither ; now, i'the night, i'the haste,
And Regan with him ; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me :—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :—
Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well.
Yield :—come before my father ;—Light, ho, here !—
Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—

[Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[wounds his arm.
Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress :—

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.— [*Exit Ser.*]
By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted²⁸ by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch²⁹.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight³⁰ to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,

*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
 (As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character,) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter!—I never got him.

[Trumpets within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
 hither,
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
 news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd; is crack'd?

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose;
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;

Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; ³¹ threading dark-ey'd
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,

Wherein we must have use of your advice:—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home; the several messengers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your needful counsel to our business,

Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:

Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold³², I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave³³, strike. [*beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER,
and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed³⁴! thou unnecessary
letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will
tread this unbolted³⁵ villain into mortar, and daub the
wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you
wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a
sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Which are too intrinse t'unlock smooth every
passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptick visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot³⁶.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?
Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-

mend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any :

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool³⁷.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :—
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night
too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Reg. and Corn.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd and
travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; ^{3s} and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [He sleeps.

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; ³⁹elf all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting ⁴⁰villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatick bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood⁴¹! poor
 Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
 home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent.

As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent.

Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent.

No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters⁴²! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent.

It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

Kent.

My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness' letters to them,
 Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
 Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
 From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
 Which presently they read: on whose contents,
 They summon'd up their meiny⁴³, straight took
 horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow that of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
 Having more man than wit about me, drew;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
 that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for
 thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant; to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly :
 The knave turns fool, that runs away ;
 The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool ?

Fool. Not i'the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me ? They are sick ? they
 are weary ?

They have travell'd hard to-night ? Mere fetches ;
 The images of revolt and flying off !

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
 You know the fiery quality of the duke ;
 How unremoveable and fix'd he is
 In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion !—
 Fiery ? what quality ? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
 I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ! Dost thou understand me,
 man ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall ; the
 dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser-
 vice :

Are they inform'd of this ?—My breath and blood !—
 Fiery ? the fiery duke ?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
 Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the duke and her
 Is practice only⁴⁴. Give me my servant forth:
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
 down.

Fool. Cry to it, nunce, as the cockney did to the
 eels, when she put them i'the paste alive; she rapp'd
 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down,*
wantons, down: 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kind-
 ness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and *Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adultrous.—O, are you free?

[to Kent.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house⁴⁵:

*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,* [kneeling.
That you'll touchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes⁴⁶,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i'the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O
heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [*to Gon.*]
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o'the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter⁴⁷
To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
 Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
 I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome : Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoke now ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : What, fifty followers ?
 Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
 Yea, or so many ? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
 tendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd to
 slack you,
 We could control them : If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
 To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But keep a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with
me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[*To Goncril.*

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house
 Is little; the old man and his people cannot
 Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
 Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about

There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,

The injuries, that they themselves procure,

Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;

He is attended with a desperate train;

And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

*A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter
KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white
hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear⁴⁸ would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,

Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
 Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings⁴⁹ of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings⁵⁰;—
 [But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
 And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;

And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to
say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your
pain
That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is

better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription⁵¹; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many⁵².
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a
wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

⁵³ Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue

That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,

That under covert and convenient seeming

Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry

These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,

More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
 Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force
 Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
 Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your
 hovel,
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. ⁵⁴ *He that has a little tiny wit,—
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
 Must make content with his fortunes fit;
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this
 hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
 When brewers mar their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
⁵⁵ No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
 When every case in law is right;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
 And bawds and whores do churches build;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
 his time. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund; I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily

relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear :
 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
 Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the
 mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home :—
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
 To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure :—
 In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
 In, boy; go first.—[*to the Fool.*] You houseless
 poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the
straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee:

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,
through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire;
that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in
his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud
of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-
inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a
traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do
de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting, and taking⁵⁶! Do poor Tom some charity,

whom the foul fiend vexes: 'There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; ⁵⁷wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ⁵³Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by. [*storm continues.*

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—

[*tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild

field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet⁵⁹: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin⁶⁰, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water⁶¹; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ; peace, thou fiend !

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;
Mudo he's call'd, and Mahu ⁶².

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher :—
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban :—
What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him ?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good
Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood: he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the
fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. ⁶³ *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

[Exit *Gloster*.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health⁶⁴, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them
straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[*To Edgar.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam⁶⁵?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. ⁶⁶*Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first: Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To Edgar.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,

Sit you too.

[*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly sheph'rd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

*And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt,
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym⁶⁷;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
 Tom will make them weep and wail:
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and
 fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn
 is dry⁶³.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what
 breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature,
 that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain
 you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the
 fashion of your garments: you will say, they are
 Persian attire; but let them be changed. [*To Edgar.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the
 curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i'the morn-
 ing; So, so, so,

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my
 master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are
 gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
 I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
 There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
 And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
 meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :
 If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;
 Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing
 off the king.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind ;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind :
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king
 bow ;
 He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away :
 Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
 thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king !
 Lurk, lurk.] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and *Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[Exeunt some of the servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster⁶⁹.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast To have well-arm'd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms⁷⁰.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt
find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
 France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
 traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
 king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
 Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer
 that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the
 course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
 Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
 In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
 The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
 In-hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the
chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Gloster is held down in his chair, while
Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes,
and sets his foot on it.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of
anger.

[*draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*to another Serv.*] A
peasant stand up thus!

[*snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye
left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

*[tears out Gloucester's other eye, and throws it
on the ground.]*

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look
you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

*[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;—Servants unbind
Gloucester, and lead him out.]*

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites
of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [*Excunt severally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
 The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
 The lamentable change is from the best;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
 and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
 I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our mean secures us⁷¹; and our mere defects
 Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath !
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again !

Old Man. How now ? Who's there ?

Edg. [aside.] O gods ! Who is't can say, *I am at
the worst ?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [aside.] And worse I may be yet : The worst
is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw ;
Which made me think a man a worm : My son
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard more
since :

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be ?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,
master !

Glo. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone : If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I'the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man.

Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the
blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub, it
further⁷². [*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:
Bless the good man from the foul fiend! [Five fiends
have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*;
Hobbididance, prince of dumbness: *Mahu*, of stealing;
Modo, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and
mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and
waiting-women⁷³. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
 Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
 Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
 With something rich about me: from that place
 I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
 Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: ⁷⁴I marvel, our mild
 husband
 Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
 master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
 I told him of the army that was landed;
 He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
 His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
 And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
 What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
 What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[To Edmund.]

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
 Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the
way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
 Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[giving a favour.]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[Exit Edmund.]

O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
 A woman's services are due; my fool
 Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[Exit Steward.]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle⁷⁵.

Alb.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon.

Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. ⁷⁶Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
 shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
 dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:

But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] ⁷⁷One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live.
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them; read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name
of *father*

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*

Kent! father! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the night?

Let pity not be believed!—There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd: then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;

Else one self mate and mate⁷⁸ could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is i'the
town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
 To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
 His mind so venomously, that burning shame
 Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
 heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
 Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
 Will in concealment wrap me up a while;
 When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
 Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
 Along with me.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
 With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle-weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]
 —What can man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
 In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
 The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
 In expectation of them.—O dear father,
 It is thy business that I go about;
 Therefore great France
 My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
 Soon may I hear, and see him! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter. It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out, To let him live; where he arrives, he moves All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone, In pity of his misery, to despatch His nighted life; moreover, to descry The strength o'the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us; The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam; My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange æliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note⁷⁹:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would
show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same
hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—

⁸⁰How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
 Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap uprightst.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
 Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
 Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—
 And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
 By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
 Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
 Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
 What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossomer⁸²,
 feathers, air,
 So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
 breathe;
 Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
 sound.
 Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
 Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
 Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
 Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
 To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
 Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am
the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like
a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look,
look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted
cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it

on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well
flown, bird!—i'the clout, i'the clout: hewgh! Give
the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They
flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs
in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say
ay, and *no*, to every thing I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was
no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me
once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the
thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found
them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not
men o'their words: they told me I was every thing;
'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son

Was kinder to his father, than my daughters

Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow⁸³;
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name;
 The fitchew, nor the soiled horse⁸⁴, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are centaurs,
 Though women all above:
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
 there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
 consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an
 ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagin-
 ation: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
 Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
 thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;
 I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the
 penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
 And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in
 your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes
 are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see
 how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hides all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come

To this great stage of fools;——⁸⁵This a good block?—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is
here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. We'll pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's
blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo.

Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew.

A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo.

Now let thy friendly hand

Put strength enough to it.

[*Edgar opposes.*

Stew.

Wherefore, bold peasant,

Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chi'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait⁸⁶, and let poor
volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che
vor'ye⁸⁷, or ise try whether your costard⁸⁸ or my bat
be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter
vor your foins⁸⁹

[*They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!

[Dies.

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks
of,

May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry

He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—

Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You
have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will
want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then
am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd
warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your
labour.*

*Your wife, (so I would say,) and your
affectionate servant,*

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
 And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
 Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
 Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.*]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
 Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
 Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*A Tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep;
 Physician, Gentleman, and others, attending: Enter
 CORDELIA and KENT.*

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
 To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
 And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the
king? *[to the Physician.]*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the mu-
sick there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!⁹⁰)
With this thin helm?] Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-
light?

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and
Attendants.*]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be throughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg.

Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm.

In honour'd love.

[Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place⁹¹?

Edm.

That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm.

Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will
go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
 [Excunt *Edm. Reg. Gon. Officers, Soldiers,*
and Attendants.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
 If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
 For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
 I can produce a champion, that will prove
 What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
 Your business of the world hath so an end,
 And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
 When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
 And I'll appear again. [Exit.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
 paper.

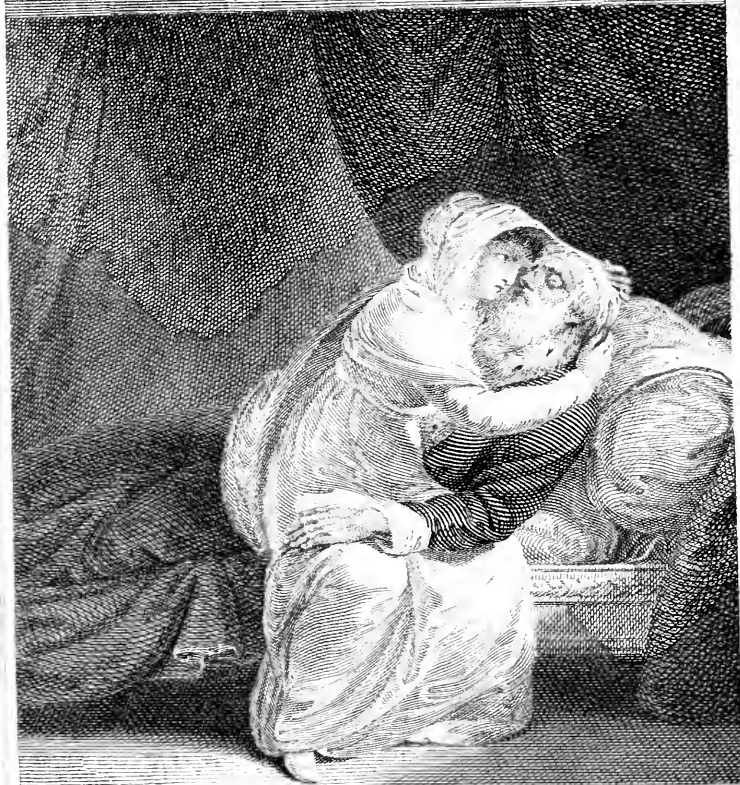
Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
 Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
 By diligent discovery;—but your haste
 Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
 Each jealous of the other, as the stung
 Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
 Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
 If both remain alive: To take the widow,
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
 And hardly shall I carry out my side⁹²,

SHAKSPEARE



KING LEAR.

*Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy Medicine on my lips; & let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two Sisters
Have in thy reverence made!* Act IV. Sc. 7.



Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit,

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR,
 CORDELIA, and their forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
 [Exit Edgar.]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
 Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
 endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND;
LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers,
Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage:
When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm.

Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
⁹³The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve
first.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [*giving a paper.*] go, follow them
to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off.

I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;

If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
 Bore the commission of my place and person;
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
 you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
 That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
 From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
 Dispose of them, of me; the walls⁹⁴ are thine:
 Witness the world, that I create thee here
 My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[To Edmund.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest
 thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,

This gilded serpent: [*pointing to Gon.*—for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. 95 An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster: Let the trumpet
sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove*] I'll
prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a
glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.

[A trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within.

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her.

What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg.

Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope withal.

Alb.

Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
 Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
 Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
 My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
 Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
 Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-bated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit Goneril.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I
done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:

The dark and vicious-place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gate did prophecy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)

'Twi'xt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.* ⁹⁶This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father :
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd : which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in dis-
guise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gent.*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.— Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and
me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair;
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile:
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;

EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men:
of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so.

That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. 97 Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*kneeling.*]

Lear. Pry'thee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

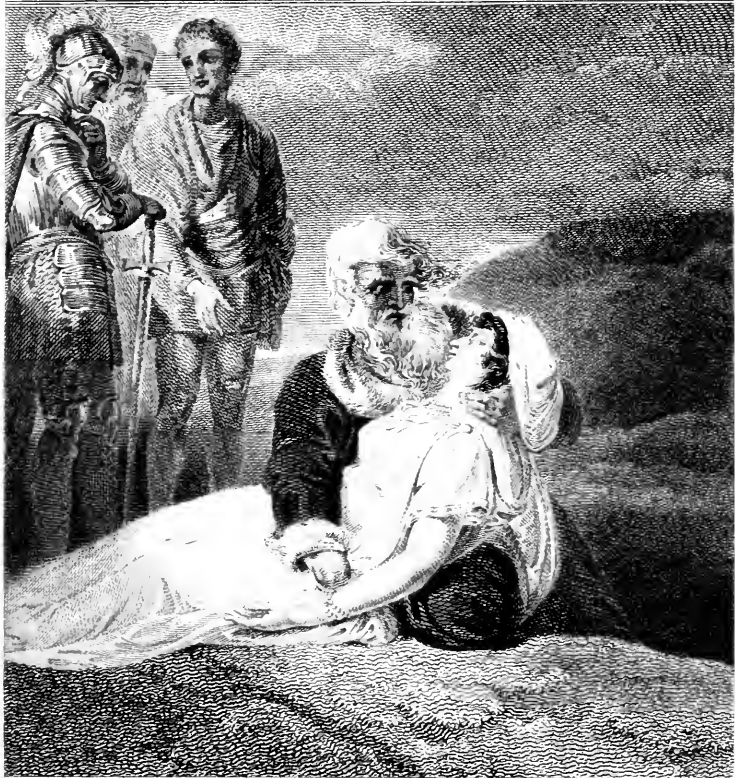
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

SHAKESPEARE



KING LEAR.

Lear _____ *O, she is gone for ever!
I know: when one is dead, & when one lives,
She is dead as earth;*

Act V. Sc. 3.



Kent. The same ;

Your servant Kent : Where is your servant Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;
He'll strike, and quickly too :—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent :

What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be applied : For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;

[*To Edgar and Kent.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see ! :

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd⁹⁸! No, no, no life :
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
 more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button⁹⁹: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates
 him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
 He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
 Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain.

[*To Kent and Edgar.*]

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
 My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Excunt, with a dead march.*]

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

KING LEAR.

1 —[CURIOSITY *in neither*—] *Curiosity*, for *exactest scrutiny*. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the *exactest scrutiny* could not determine in preferring one share to the other. WARBURTON.

2 *What shall Cordelia do?*] In the folio, *What shall Cordelia speak?*

3 *Which the most precious square of sense possesses;*] By the *square* of sense, we are, here, to understand the four nobler senses, viz. the *sight, hearing, taste, and smell*. For a young lady could not, with decency, insinuate that she knew of any pleasures which the *fifth* afforded. This is imagined and expressed with great propriety and delicacy. But the Oxford editor, for *square*, reads *spirit*. WARBURTON.

This is acute; but perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension*. JOHNSON.

4 *Hold thee, from this,*] i. e. from this time.

STEEVENS.

⁵ Reverbs—] This I presume to be a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See *better*, says Kent, and *keep me always in your view*.

JOHNSON.

⁷ —seeming *substance*,] *Secming* is *beautiful*, of good external appearance.

⁸ —*infirmities she owes*,] *Owes*, for, *is possessed of*.

⁹ —entire *point*.] *Entire*, for *right, true*.

WARBURTON.

Rather, *single*, unmixed with other considerations.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity:

“Who seeks for aught in love but love alone?”

STEEVENS.

¹⁰ *Thou lovest here, a better where to find.*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place.

JOHNSON.

¹¹ —*well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] This is a very obscure expression, and must be pieced out with an implied sense to be understood. This I take to be the poet's meaning, stript of the jingle which makes it dark: “You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to *want* for our father.”

THEOBALD.

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.]

This nonsense must be corrected thus,

And well are worth the want that you have wanted,
i. e. that disherison, which you so much glory in. you
deserve.

WARBURTON.

I think the common reading very suitable to the
manner of our author, and well enough explained by
Theobald.

JOHNSON.

The meaning may be this: You are well worthy
to deserve the want (i. e. poverty) which, in my
opinion, you have wanted (i. e. *willicted* or *desired to
have*) from our father. The difficulty is only in the
ambiguity of the words *want* and *wanted*, which are
used in the different senses of *opore* and *curere*. Both
the quartos read.

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

STEEVENS.

11 ——— *but together* :] Let us agree.

12 *The curiosity of nations*—] Mr. Pope reads *curiosity*,
but our author's word was, *courtesy*. In our laws some
lands are held by the *courtesy* of England.

THEOB.

Curiosity, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word
that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners,
dress, &c. In this sense it is used in Timon. "When
thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy per-
fume, they mock'd thee for too much *curiosity*."
Curiosity is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald
changed into *courtesy*, though the word occurs a
second time in this act, and is used by Beaumont and
Fletcher in the same sense.

STEEVENS.

¹⁴ ——exhibition!] Is *allowance*.

¹⁵ ——all this done

Upon the gad!] So the old copies: the later editions read,

——All *is gone*

Upon the gad!—

which, besides that it is unauthorized, is less proper. *To do upon the gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad-fly.

JOHNSON.

¹⁶ *This is the excellent foppery of the world!* &c.] In Shakspeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As you like it*, the fantastic humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses*. However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash-

of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with, either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities: so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 13th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil. Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Æsop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologic atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunc-

tion and configuration of the stars. “Hen, hen, disent ils—Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la Constellation des Astres, & aspect des planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, soubdain deviendra ainsi riche?”—*Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.*— But to return to Shakspeare. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was, therefore, to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that as, in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he, with great judgment, makes these Pagans fatalists; as appears by these words of Lear :

By all the operations of the orbs,

From whom we do exist and cease to be.

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. W A R B.

¹⁷ ———and to eat no fish.] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtezan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for fish." And Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a frydays."

WARBURTON.

¹⁸ take my coxcomb:] Meaning his cap, called *sô*, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the *comb* of a *cock*. The word, afterwards, used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.

WARBURTON.

Another part of the furniture of a fool was a *bauble*, which, though it is generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in

his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraven by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint resemblance of it may be found in a frontispiece of L. de Guernier to this play in Mr. Pope's edition.

HAWKINS.

¹⁹ — *Lady, the brach,*] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favoured animal*. The old quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but the other editions concur in reading *lady o' the brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

“ I had rather hear *Lady, my brach*, howl in Irish.”

STEEVENS.

²⁰ *Lend less than thou owest,*] i. e. do not lend all you possess.

²¹ *Learn more than thou trowest,*] *To trow*, is an old word signifying to *believe*. It is still in use in German — *Trauen*.

²² *Whoop, Jug! I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old song.

STEEVENS.

²³ — *the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says—“ that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam.”

²⁴ *That these hot tears, &c.*] I will transcribe this

passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages. *That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause again, &c.*

JOHNSON.

²⁵ *I did her wrong:]* He is thinking on Cordelia.

²⁶ *To take it again perforce!] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty.*

JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEEV.

²⁷ *—a queazy question,]* A delicate subject, that requires great care in the execution of it.

²⁸ *—gasted—]* Frighted.

²⁹ *And found—Dispatch.]* The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punished—Dispatch.*

JOHNSON.

³⁰ *—pight to do it, with curst speech—]* *Pight* is pitched, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry.

JOHNSON.

³¹ *—threading dark-eyed night.]* I have not ventured to displace this reading, though I have great suspicion that the poet wrote,

—treading dark-ey'd night,

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure and mean an allusion. It must either be borrowed

from the cant-phrase of *threading of alleys*, i. e. going through bye passages to avoid the high streets; or to *threading a needle in the dark*. THEOBALD.

The quarto reads,

———*threac'ning* dark-ey'd night. JOHNSON.

³² —— *Lipsbury pinfold*,] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dressès for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is cowardly; *white blooded* and *white liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off clothes, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

Three-suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of clothes than *three suits* would furnish him with: and a *one-trunk-inheriting-slave* may be used to signify a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty*. A *worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595) were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even

(as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages.—So in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1611, by R. Taylor,

“ — good parts are no more set by in these times,
“ than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*.”

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher,

“ Green sicknesses and serving men light on you,
“ With greasy breeches, and in *woollen stockings*.”

A hundred-pound gentleman is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*. It may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should I believe be *third-suited*; wearing clothes at the *third hand*. Edgar in his pride had *three suits* only.

FARMER.

³³ ———neat *slave*.] *Very slave, mere slave*.

³⁴ *Thou whorson zed!* &c.] I do not well understand how a man is reproached by being called *zed*, nor how *Z* is an *unnecessary letter*. Scarron compares his deformity to the shape of *Z*, and it may be a proper word of insult to a crook-backed man; but why should Gonerill's steward be crooked? unless the allusion be to his bending or cringing posture in the presence of his superiors. Perhaps it was written, *thou whorson C* (for cuckold), *thou unnecessary letter*. *C* is a letter unnecessary in our alphabet, one of its two sounds being represented by *S*, and one by *K*. But all the copies concur in the common reading. JOHNSON.

³⁵ —unbolted *villain*—] i. e. *unrefined* by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse.

WARBURTON.

³⁶ —*Camelot*.] Was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances.

WARBURTON.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers.

HANMER.

³⁷ —*Ajax is their fool*.] “There are none of these rogues and cowards but have the subtlety to bring a man, as much above their match as Ajax, into disgrace.” Or, perhaps, these rogues and cowards speak of themselves as if Ajax was a fool to them.

STEEVENS.

³⁸ —————and shall find time

From this enormous state,——seeking to give

Losses their remedies.] I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as a part of Cordelia's letter, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter it is natural enough to dwell on that part of it which promises the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the enormous misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that

pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture.

STEEVENS.

³⁹ —elf *all my hair in knots*;] Hair thus knotted was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — plats the manes of horses in the night,

“ And cakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,

“ Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.”

STEEVENS.

⁴⁰ —pelting—] *Pelting* is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakspeare uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* of *small brooks*.

⁴¹ *Poor Turlygood!*] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, a *fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran up and down Europe. However the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. “*Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu.*” Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*.

WARBURTON.

⁴² —cruel *garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made.

STEEV.

⁴³ —*summon'd up their meiny*,] *Meiny*, i. e. people.

POPE.

⁴⁴ *Is practice only.*] *Practice* is in Shakspeare, and

other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice*.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁵ ———*how this becomes the house?*] Mr. Theobald says, “This phrase seems to say little to the purpose;” and, therefore, alters it to,——becomes the *use*,——which signifies less. The Oxford editor makes him still more familiar—becometh *us*. All this chopping and changing proceeds from an utter ignorance of a great, a noble, and a most expressive phrase,——becomes the *house*; which signifies the orders of families, duties of relation.

WARBURTON.

⁴⁶ ———*scant my sizes,*] To contract my allowances or proportions settled.

JOHNSON.

A *sizer* is one of the lowest ranks of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

STEEVENS.

⁴⁷ ———*sumpter—*] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on a journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in.

STEEVENS.

⁴⁸ ———*the cub-drawn bear—*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, “that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night.”

WARBURTON.

⁴⁹ ———*snuffs and packings of the dukes;*] *Snuffs* are *dislikes*, and *packings*, *underhand contrivances*.

STEEVENS.

⁵⁰ *these are but furnishings ;]* *Furnishings* are what we now call *colours, external pretences.* JOHNSON.

⁵¹ *You owe me no subscription ;]* *Subscription*, for *obedience.* WARBURTON.

⁵² *So beggars marry many.]* i. e. A beggar marries a *wife and lice.* JOHNSON.

⁵³ *Gallow—]* *Gallow*, a west-country word, signifies to *scare or frighten.* WARBURTON.

⁵⁴ *He that has a little tiny wit,—]* I fancy that the second line of this stanza had once a termination that rhymed with the fourth: but I can only fancy it; for both the copies agree. It was once perhaps written,

With heigh ho, the wind and the rain *in his way.*
The meaning seems likewise to require this insertion. “He that has wit, however small, and finds wind and rain in his way, must content himself by thinking, that somewhere or other *it raineth every day*, and others are therefore suffering like himself.” Yet, I am afraid that all this is chimerical, for the burthen appears again in the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and seems to have been an arbitrary supplement, without any reference to the sense of the song.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁵ *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:]* The disease to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakspeare's time the *brenning or burning.*

⁵⁶ ———taking!] To *take* is to *blast*, or strike with malignant influence:.

———strike her young limbs,
Ye *taking* airs, with lameness.

⁵⁷ *wore gloves in my cap,*] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called *Campaspe*, "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to *lovers*, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven helmets." WARBURTON.

⁵⁸ Says *suum, mun, ha no nonny, &c.*] Of this passage I can make nothing. I believe it corrupt: for wildness, not nonsense, is the effect of a disordered imagination. The quarto reads, *hay no on ny, dolphins, my boy, cease, let him trot by.* Of interpreting this there is not much hope or much need. But any thing may be tried. The madman, now counterfeiting a proud fit, supposes himself met on the road by some one that disputes the way, and cries *Hey!—No—*but altering his mind, condescends to let him pass, and calls to his boy *Dolphin* (Rodolph) not to contend with him. *On—Dolphin, my boy, cease. Let him trot by.* JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is right. *Hey no nonny* is the burthen of a song in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (said to be written by Shakspeare in conjunction with Fletcher), and was probably common to many others.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,

Cease, let him trot by;

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the

Dauphin, i. e. *Dolphin* (so called and spelt at those times), to the trial, is represented as wishing to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore, as different champions are supposed crossing the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh one is introduced:

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least use to me.—As for the words, *says suum, mun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the press-setters, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense.

STEEVENS.

⁵⁹ ——— *Flibbertigibbet*:] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibbet*:

“Thou *Flebergibbet*, *Flebergibbet*, thou wretch!

“Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch?

“ Leave that word, or I’ll bast thee with a libet ;
 “ Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet.”

STEEVENS.

⁶⁰ ———*the web and the pin,*] Diseases of the eye.

⁶¹ *the wall-newt, and the water;*] i. e. the *water-newt*.

⁶² *Modo he’s call’d, and Mahu.*] These names are all taken from Harsenet’s *Declaration*, &c. as are *Hopdance*, *Fratatteredto*, *Purre*, *Haberdicut* or *Obidicut*, *Smolkin*, &c. These last were the devils that possessed Sarah Williams.—*Harsenet*, page 181.

STEEVENS.

⁶³ *Child Rowland*—] In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth particularly, *Infans*. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer Roland, before he was knighted, who is, therefore, called *Infans*; which the ballad-maker translated, *Child Roland*.

WARBURTON.

⁶⁴ ———*a horse’s health,*] Without doubt we should read *heels*, i. e. to stand behind him. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases.

JOHNSON.

⁶⁵ *Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?*] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look where he*

stands and glares! he seems to be speaking in the character of a mad-man, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Gonerill, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* STEEVENS.

At trial, madam?] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastic thought. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think, therefore, that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture. JOHNS O.

⁶⁶ —Hopdance *cries in Tom's belly for two white herring.*] Sarah Williams confessed (see Harsenet's book, p. 195) that when she was troubled with a croaking in her stomach from emptiness, the priests persuaded her it was *the fiend* within her. STEEV.

⁶⁷ *_brach, or lym;*] A *linmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or *leash* in which he was held till he was let slip.

CAIUS *de Canibus Britannicis.*

⁶⁸ *Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a *horn*, and blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

⁶⁹ —*my lord of Gloster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old duke by the same title.

⁷⁰ —his corky arms.] *Dry, withered, husky arms.*

JOHNSON.

⁷¹ *Our mean secures us;*] i. e. *Moderate, mediocre condition.*

WARBURTON.

⁷² *I cannot daub it further.*] i. e. *Disguise.* WARB.

⁷³ —possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.]

Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harsenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intituled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates:* printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chamber-maids* in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure.

But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harsenet has one chapter *on the strange names of their devils*; lest, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the name of tapsters or jugglers.*

WARBURTON.

⁷⁴ — *I marvel, our mild husband*

Not met us on the way:] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Gonerill, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude.

JOHNSON.

⁷⁵ *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one that thinks me worth calling.*

JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says,

“It is a poor dog that is not worth the *whistling.*”

STEEVENS.

⁷⁶ *Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,*] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors

are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus ;

Thou chang'd, and *self-converted* thing;
but I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNS.

⁷⁷ *One way I like this well;*] Gonerill is well pleased that Cornwall is destroyed, who was preparing war against her and her husband, but is afraid of losing Edmund to the widow. JOHNSON.

⁷⁸ ————*one self mate and mate*—] The same husband and the same wife.

⁷⁹ ————*I do advise you, take this note:*] *Note* means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore *observe* what I am saying. JOHNSON.

⁸⁰ ————*How fearful*

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!] This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that " he who can read it without being giddy has a very good head, or a very bad one." The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumera-

tion of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. JOHNS.

⁸¹ *Would I not leap upright.*] But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards*? He who leaps thus must needs fall again on his feet upon the place from whence he rose. We should read:

Would I not leap *outright*;

i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice he must needs fall headlong. WARE.

I doubt whether the word—*outright*, was even in use at the time when this play was written.

Upright, with the strict definition—“*perpendicularly erect*,” is absurd; for such a leap is *physically* impossible. *Upright* is barely expletive: “*upwards*,”—“*from the ground*.” FARMER.

⁸² *Had'st thou been aught but gossomer, feathers, air,*] *Gossomore*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. Skinner says, in a book called *The French Gardiner*, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

“As sure some wonder on the cause of thunder,

“On ebb and flood, on *gossomer* and mist,

“And on all things, till that the cause is wist.”

DR. GRAY.

⁸³ *Whose face between her forks presageth snow;*] i. e. Her hand held before her face in sign of modesty, with the fingers spread out, forky. WARE.

I believe that the *forks* were two prominences of the ruff rising on each side of the face. JOHNS.

The construction is not “ whose face between her *forks*,” &c. but “ whose face presageth snow between her *forks*.” So, in *Timon*, act iv. sc. iii:

“ Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

“ That lies on Dian’s lap.” EDWARDS.

⁶⁴ *The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,*] The *fitchew* is the *polecat*; and Steevens says, that a “ *soiled horse* is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood.”

⁶⁵ ——— [*This a good block?*] I do not see how this *block* corresponds either with his foregoing or following train of thoughts. Madmen think not wholly at random. I would read thus, *a good flock*. *Flocks* are wool moulded together. The sentence then follows properly:

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe

A troop of horse with felt:

i. e. with *flocks* kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Ariosto*:

“ ——— Fece nel cader strepito quanto

“ Avesse avuto sotto i piedi il *feltro*.”

It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and strain it to the purpose predominant in their minds. Lear picks up a *flock*, and immediately thinks

to surprize his enemies by a troop of horse shod with *flocks* or *felt*. Yet *block* may stand, if we suppose that the sight of a block put him in mind of mounting his horse.

JOHNSON.

This a good block ?] Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is very ingenious; but, I believe, there is no occasion to adopt it, as the speech itself, or at least the action which should accompany it, will furnish all the connection which he has sought from an extraneous circumstance. Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in old prints), till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.

STEEV.

⁸⁶ —go your gait,] *Gang your gait*, is the north-country phrase, for *go your ways*.

⁸⁷ keep out, che vor'ye,] *I warn you*. Edgar counterfeits the western dialect.

JOHNSON.

⁸⁸ —whether your costard or my bat be the harder:] *Costard*, the head.

⁸⁹ —no matter vor your foins.] *To foin*, is to make what we call a *feint* in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word.

STEEVENS.

⁹⁰ *To watch* (poor perdu!)] The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*; she therefore calls her father *poor perdu*. WARB.

⁹¹ ——*the forefended place?*] *Prohibited, forbidden.*

⁹² ——*hardly shall I carry out my side,*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution.

JOHNSON.

⁹³ *The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,*] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*. HANMER.

Flesh and fell, signify *flesh* and *skin*. JOHNSON.

⁹⁴ ——*the walls are thine:*] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, to *surrender at discretion*. But the Oxford editor, for a plain reason, alters it to,

——*they all are thine.* WARB.

⁹⁵ *An interlude!*] This short exclamation of Gonerill is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible.

JOHNSON.

⁹⁶ ——*This would have seem'd a period, &c.*] i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the

utmost of my sufferings; but such as love cruelty are always for adding much to more, till they reach the extremity of misery.

WARBURTON.

⁹⁷ *Is this the promis'd end? &c.*] These two exclamations are given to Edgar and Albany in the folio, to animate the dialogue, and employ all the persons on the stage; but they are very obscure.

JOHNSON.

Or image of that horror?] In the first folio this short speech of Edgar (which seems to be only an addition to the preceding one of Kent) has a full stop at the end. *Is this conclusion, says Kent, such as the present turn of affairs seemed to promise? Or is it only,* replies Edgar, *a representation of that horror which we suppose to be real?* A similar expression occurs at the beginning of the play.—*I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it.*

STEEVENS.

It appears to me that by the *promis'd end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretels to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time, neither shall be:" and afterwards he says, "Now the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son; and children shall rise up against their

parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." Kent in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says,

"——up, up; and see

" *The great doom's image!*"

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in scripture, in a speech of Gloster's, which he makes in the second scene of the first act:

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us;—love cools; friendship falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes *under the prediction; there's son against father; the king falls from the bias of nature; there's father against child: We have seen the best of our time.*"

If any criticks should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are pagans, and of consequence unacquainted with the scriptures, they give Shakspeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed.

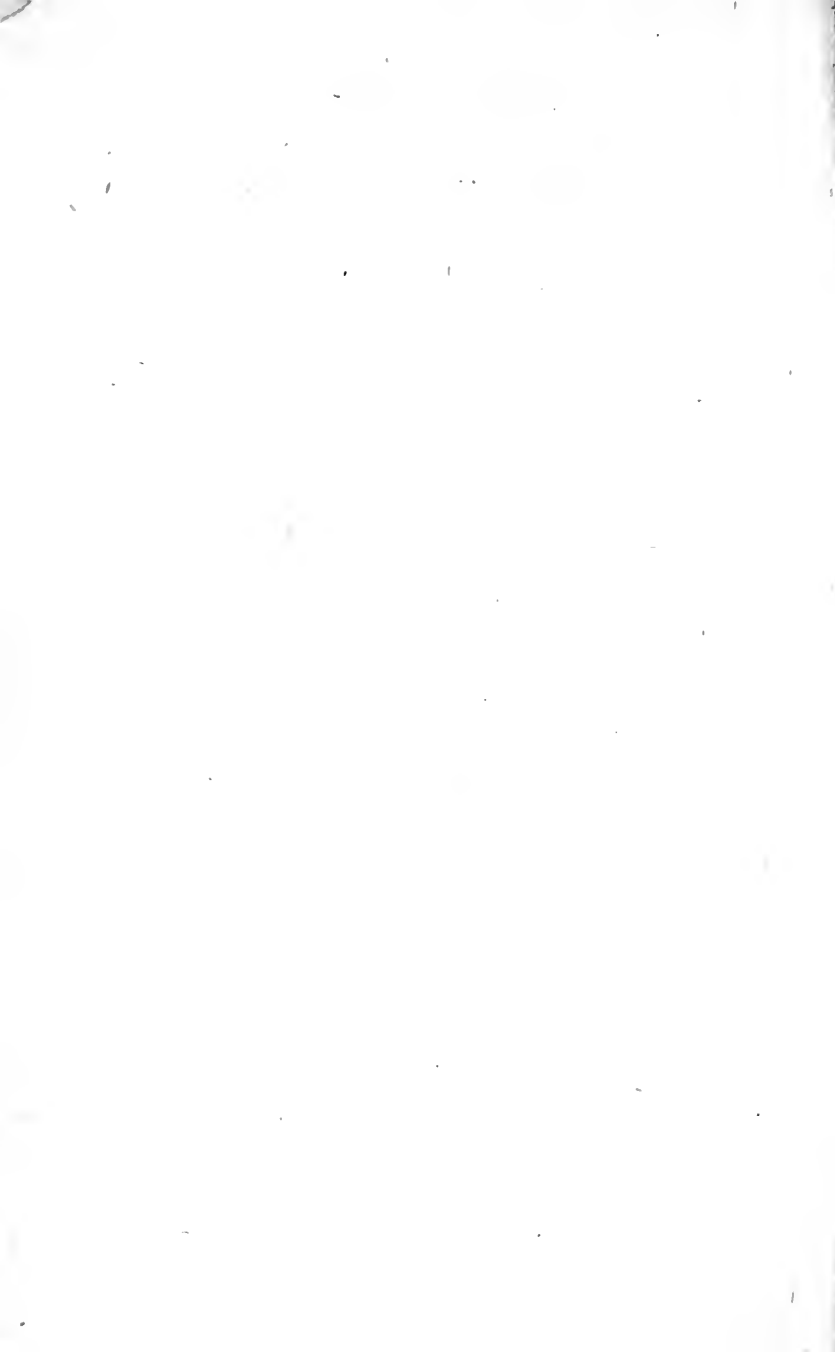
M. MASON.

⁹⁸ *And my poor fool is hang'd!*] This is an expression

of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his *fool*, as some have thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there.

STEEVENS.

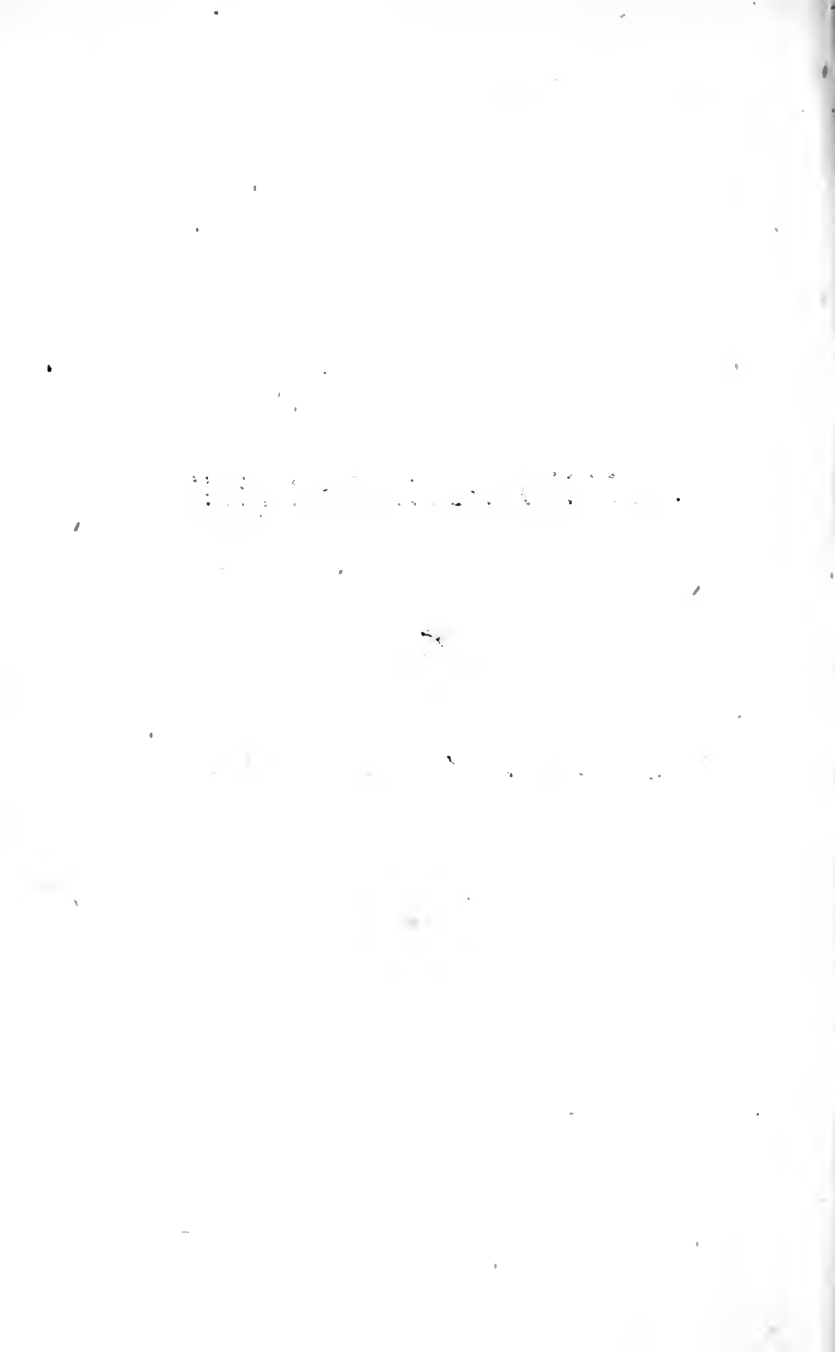
⁹⁹ *Pray you, undo this button:]* Dr. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



R E M A R K S

ON

THE PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION

OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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.

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 pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery; a miserable conceit.

JOHNSON.

The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549, at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteanu copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, 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 re-published 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. Tottell] *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 Pleasures, 1579.*”

I quote these passages for the sake of observing, that, if Shakspeare had not read Painter's translation, it is not likely that he would have altered the name to *Romeo*. There was another novel on the subject by L. da Porto; which has been lately printed at Venice.

FARMER.

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 childrens' end, nought could remove,
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.

Persons Represented.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

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

An old Man, uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

Friar LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*

Friar JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

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

Lady MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

Lady CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

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

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

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sampson. GREGORY, o'my word, we'll not carry coals^s.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

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

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

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

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

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

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker

vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

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

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

Gre. The heads of the maids?

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

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

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

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

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

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. ³ I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

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

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

Sam. Is the law 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, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

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

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

Enter TYBALT.

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

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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

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

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

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, 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,
ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a
sword?

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

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you
beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons⁴ to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave 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 judgement-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; Capulet, Lady
 Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.*]

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

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?

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

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
 So early waiking 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,—
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

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

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

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

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

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

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

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

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

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

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

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

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
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:—

⁵ Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it 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;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

[going.

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

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

Ben. Tell me in sadness⁶, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

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

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

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

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

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

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

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

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

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

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

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more,
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :

* Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me:—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there, [*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? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

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

Rom. ⁹Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

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

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

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.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

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

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the

house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine¹⁰. Rest you merry. [Exit.

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

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, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

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,

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 be it spoken¹¹, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

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

And since that time it is eleven years:
 For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about.
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!
 'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
*Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
 And, pretty fool, it stinted¹², and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
 A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

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

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

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

Jul. ¹³It is an honour that I dream not of.

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

La. Cap. Well, 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.

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

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

La. Cap. ¹⁴What say you? can you love the gentle-
 man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
 Examine every married lineament,
 And see how one another lends content ;
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
 The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,
 For fair without the fair within to hide :
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him, making yourself no less.

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

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

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

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

Or shall we on without apology?

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

Rom. ¹⁵Give me a torch,—I am not for this
ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

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

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

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love ;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

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

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love ;

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

[*Putting on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

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

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

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done ¹⁶.

Mer. ¹⁷Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning ; for our judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

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

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

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

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife¹³; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
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 tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frighted, 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 in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This, this is she—

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

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

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

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

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

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

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the
 court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save

me a piece of marchpane¹⁹; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

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

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes

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

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

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

A hall! a hall²⁰! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

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 Capulet²¹;

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

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

1 *Cap.* What, man? 'tis not so much; 'tis not so
much:

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

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

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

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

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,

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

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,

STAR SPEARE



ROMEO & JULIET.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
Kiss.
Jul. So.



You are a saucy boy :—Is't so, indeed?
 This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
 You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time—
 Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox²²; go:—
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
 I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

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

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
 [to Juliet.

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

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
 much,

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

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

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
 sake.

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

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

[Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

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

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

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

I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

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

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

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

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

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

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

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

Ah, sirrah, [*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?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed..

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*²³.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
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! couple but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim²⁴,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid²⁵.—

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
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:
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 alone²⁵.—
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. ²⁷He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

²⁵ Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

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

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

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

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

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and where-
fóre?

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;

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

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

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

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

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 at vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
 old adventure for such merchandise.

L. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
 face;

 Would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 or that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 I would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
 what I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
 And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. 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.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, 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. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. 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 pur-
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

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

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

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

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

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

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.—

Loves 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 again²⁹!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

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. My sweet!

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

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

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

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul.

Sweet, so would I :

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.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
 night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
³⁰Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some 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:
 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.

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.
 But come, young waverer, come go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run
fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd
with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the
ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft
with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man
to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats³¹, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his· minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause³²: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay³³!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!*—*a very tall man!*—*a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-sire³⁴, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*³⁵, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

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, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation

to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd⁵⁶.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one

of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five :
Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing,
when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most
sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel³⁷, that stretches
from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which
added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad
goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning
for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo;
now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by
nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural,
that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a
hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against
the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it
short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale:
and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's a goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter³⁸.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face;
for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand
of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made him-
self 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. ³⁹No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hour,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hour,
Is too much for a score,
When it hours ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery⁴⁰?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates⁴¹:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pct. 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 vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me enquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
 And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
 Must be my convoy in the secret night.
 Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
 Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark
 you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
 say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady
 —Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—
 there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
 fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief
 see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her
 sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man;
 but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale
 as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary
 and Romeo begin both with a letter?

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: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of
 you and rosemary, that it would do you good to
 hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over 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;
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face:

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.

—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

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' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
 They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
 Hie you to church; I must another way,
 To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
 Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
 I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
 Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
 That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
 That one short minute gives me in her sight:
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
 Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
 It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
 Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite:
 Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossomers ⁴²
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,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot⁴³, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee.* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it out of 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

quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd 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!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
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 consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,

Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze ;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
livery :

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting :—Villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet, —which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, —be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

⁴⁴ *A la stoccata* carries it away.—

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher⁴⁵ by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
 Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
 In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his 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 as
 a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for
 me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.
 I am pepper'd, 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,
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.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—
 Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
 That late thou gav'st me ; for 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 :—the prince will doom thee death,
 If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool !

Ben. Why dost thou stay ?
 [*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio ?
 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me ;
 I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended ; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and Others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
 There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
 That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's
 child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
 Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
 For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
 O cousin, cousin!

Prin Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
 slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
 Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
 bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
 tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
 As Phacton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
⁴⁶Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
 That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown
 bold,
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in
 night !
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!-- here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all 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?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day ! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !

Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-ravening lamb !

Despised substance of divinest show !

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain !

O, nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vita* :—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts⁴⁷. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe
 sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall
 be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
 knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,

And world's exile is death:—then banishment
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
 But Romeo may not.—⁴⁸ More validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 But Romeo may not; he is banished:
 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?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 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.

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.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knocking within.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken :—Stay a while :—stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study :—By and by :—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering :—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—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?

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.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast:
 Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
 Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
 Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
 night,
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all
 your state;—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis 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 to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love⁴⁹: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too
soon,

O'Thursday let it be;—o'Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O'Thursday be it then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

SHAKESPEARE



ROMEO & JULIET.

Rom. *Look Love what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Act III. Sc. 5.*



Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It's some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay, than will to go; —
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
 How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
 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!
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up⁵⁰ to the day.
 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 love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Romeo.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of
love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my 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,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the-sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
 you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
 wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
 have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick! What is
 this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
 And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you,
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

Ia. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
 I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—*
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagem
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. ⁵¹'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here 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?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
 much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath 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.*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.*[Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.**Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife!*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, 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?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit Paris.*

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past
help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
 It strains me past the compass of my wits:
 I hear thou must, and nothing may 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,
 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 umpire⁵²; arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope.
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Eri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then (as the manner of our country is,)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come ; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
⁵³ If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me ! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength shall
 help afford.

Farewell, dear father ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *Nurse*, *and*
Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

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: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nur. See, where she comes from shrift⁵⁴ with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoind
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
 For I have need of many orisons⁵⁵
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my
 help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
 As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet
 again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:—
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught⁵⁶,
 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.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 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-hunt⁵⁷ 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 Serv.*]—
 Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
 And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
 Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
 The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast,
I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest⁵⁸,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
 Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
 come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the
 day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
 she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 Life and these lips have long been separated:
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

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:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
 Most 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, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
 And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives
 not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was—her promotion;
 For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well married, that lives married long;
 But she's best married, that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
 And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*]

1 Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump,
 to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleeck⁵⁹: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then musick, with her silver sound;*

Why, *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck⁶⁰?

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*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

*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.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Mantua. A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 My bosom's lord⁶¹ sits lightly in his throne;
 And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
 (Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to
 think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives;
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:

O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary,—
 And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes⁶²,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house:
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art
 poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
 Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
 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.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice⁶³, 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't thee. [Exit.]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]

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,
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.

[Retires.

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch,
 mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I 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;
 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 maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[Breaking open the door of the monument.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's 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 hi-
ther.—

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,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations^{6†},
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 merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O; no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence⁶⁵ full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death; O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that 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;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 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;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
 Come, bitter conduct⁶⁶, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar
 LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?
 Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

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,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo?—[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?

And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. [*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;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare 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,
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!

Watch. [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let
me die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[Exeunt some.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[Exeunt other watchmen.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul mur-
der comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught? what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true de-
scent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their 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.
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 kinsmen⁶⁷:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
 That, while Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
 brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
 For never was a story of more woe,
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

ROMEO AND JULIET.

¹ 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 Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*.

In the first of K. 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.

² —[carry coals.] To *carry coals*, formerly was a phrase for, to *bear injuries*.

³ —[*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.

⁴ —[*mis-temper'd weapons*—] Are *angry weapons*.

^s *Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!*] Every sonneteer characterises Love by contrarities. 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 hatefull 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:

“ Face 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. *Son.* 105.

Sir Thomas Wyatt gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of,

Description of the contrarious Passions in a Louer, amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

⁶ *Tell me in sadness,] Tell me seriously.*

⁷ *She is the hopeful lady of my earth:] This line means, my hopes are fixed on her as the heir to my estate.*

⁸ *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.

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. Chuse 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) *amongst those whom you will see here.* *Reckoning for estimation*, is used before in this very scene:

“Of honourable reckoning are you both.” STEEV.

⁹ *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. GRAY.

¹⁰ ——— crush a cup of wine.] To crush a cup, and to crack a bottle, were alike in vulgar use formerly.

¹¹ ——— teen—] Sorrow.

¹² ——— it stinted,] That is, it stopped.

¹³ *It is an honour—*] The modern editors all read, *it is an honour*. I have restored the genuine word, *hour*, which is more seemly from a girl to her mother. *Your, fire*, and such words as are vulgarly uttered in two syllables, are used as dissyllables by Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.

¹⁴ *What say you? &c.*] This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition.

POPE.

¹⁵ *Give me a torch,—*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607. “He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing.” A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant attendant 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 entered.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ We have not spoke as yet of *torch-bearers*.”

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

“ Night, like a *masque*, is enter'd heaven's great hall,

“ With thousand *torchcs* ushering the way.”

STEEVENS.

¹⁶ *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.

¹⁷ *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,—

* * * * *

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 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 expres-

sion of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats sont 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 pacific character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestic animal for his *word*: which, in time, might become proverbial. WARB.

A proverbial saying, used by Tho. Heywood, in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, act 3.

“ A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce run,

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

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

Draw dun 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*.”

STEEVENS.

¹⁸ ——— *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*. STEEV.

¹⁹ — *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 *march-pane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, vol. ii. p. 29. GRAY.

²⁰ A hall! A hall!] Is the same as, *give place, make room*.

²¹ — *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.

²² — *a princox* ;] *Princox* has the same meaning as *coxcomb*.

²³ *Enter Chorus*.] This *Chorus* added since the first edition. POPE.

²⁴ *Young Adam Cupid*,] Alluding to the famous archer *Adam Bell*. GRAY.

²⁵ *When king Cophetua &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad. POPE.

This ballad is preserved in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

²⁶ *As maids, &c.*] After this line in the quarto, 1597, 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 either the poet or his friends knew sometimes how to blot :

O Romeo that she were, O that she were,
An open *Et cætera*, thou a *Poprin Pear* !

This pear is mentioned in the *Wise Woman of Hodgson*, 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 woman never vex'd*, 1632 :

“ ——— I requested him to pull me-

“ A Katherine Pear, and had I not look'd to him

“ He would 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, nor does it appear indeed to deserve explanation.

STEEVENS.

²⁷ He *jests at scars*,] That is, *Mercutio* jests, whom he overheard.

²⁸ *Be not her maid*,] *Live not in a state of celibacy like the nymphs of Diana.*

²⁹ ——— tassel-gentle—] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for

so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *fulcon-gentle*, &c.

STEEVENS.

³⁰ *Two such opposed foes*—] This is a modern sophistication. The old books have it—opposed *kings*. So that it appears, Shakspeare wrote, 'Two such opposed *kin*. Why he calls them *kin* was, because they were qualities residing in one and the same substance. And as the enmity of opposed *kin* generally rises higher than that between strangers, this circumstance adds a beauty to the expression.

WARB.

Foes may be the right reading, or *kings*, but I think *kin* can hardly be admitted. Two *kings* are two opposite *powers*, two contending *potentates*, in both the natural and moral world. The word *encamp* is proper to *commanders*.

JOHNSON.

Foes is the reading of the oldest copy; *kings* of that in 1609.

³¹ — prince of *cats*,] *Tybert*, the name given to the cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*.

WARBURTON.

³² — a gentleman of the very first house, &c.] 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.

³³ — *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.

³⁴ *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,*] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

³⁵ — *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.

³⁶ — *my pump well flower'd.*] 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.

³⁷ — *a wit of cheverel,*] *Cheverel* is kid's skin.

³⁸ *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.

³⁹ 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.

Dr. Johnson is mistaken, *So ho!*—or *See ho!* in some counties—is the sportsman’s term when he sees a hare *sitting*, not when he *starts* her.

⁴⁰ — *what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?*] The term *merchant*, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. 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. *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. STEEV.

⁴¹ — Skains-mates.] 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. STEEVENS.

Swift has the word in his description of an Irish feast:

“ A cubit at least the length of their *skains*.”

NICHOLS.

⁴² *A lover may bestride the gossomers—*] The *gossomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer.

⁴³ *The day is hot, the Capulets abroad—*] It is observed, that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

⁴⁴ *A la stoccata—*] That is, a *stab* or *thrust* with a rapier.

⁴⁵ ——— *out of his pilcher by the ears?*] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

⁴⁶ *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That run-away's eyes may wink;*] 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 *Phæbus*, 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.

I am not satisfied with this explanation, yet have nothing better to propose.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁷ *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] Hath put *Tybalt* out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNS.

⁴⁸ ——— *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.

⁴⁹ ——— *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.

⁵⁰ *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.

STEEVENS.

⁵¹ *Faith, here 'tis: Romeo*

Is banished; &c.] Sir John Vanbrugh in the *Relapse* has copied the character of his nurse from Shakspeare.

BLACKSTONE.

⁵² *Shall play the umpire;*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses.

JOHNSON.

⁵³ *If no inconstant toy,—]* If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁴ ——— *from shrift—]* From *confession*.

⁵⁵ *For I have need &c.]* Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion. “Perhaps,” says Dr. Johnson, “Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy.”

⁵⁶ ——— *distraught,]* *Distraught* is *distracted*.

⁵⁷ ——— *a mouse-hunt in your time;]* It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman :

“Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse*.”

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.

⁵⁸ ——— *set up his rest,]* This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, is taken from the manner of firing the *harquebuss*. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “—set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother* :

“ ——— *My rest is up,*

“ Nor will I go less—— ”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Française*, tom. v. plate 48. STEEVENS.

⁵⁹ ——— *the gleek* :] So, in the *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*. STEEVENS.

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the present century by Dr. King of the Commons, in his *Art of Love*:

“ But whether we diversion seek

“ In these, in comet, or in *gleek*,

“ Or ombre, &c.”

NICHOLS.

⁶⁰ *Hugh Rebeck* ?] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin*.

⁶¹ *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;]—

These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

By *my bosom's lord*, Romeo means, *Cupid who reigns in my breast*.

⁶² *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.

This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 241. "— beholdyng an apotycaries 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 woulde make him wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde."

⁶³ *The letter was not nice,]* Was not of *small import*.

⁶⁴ *I do defy thy conjurations,]* Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villanous shame* on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he suspects he is preparing to use.

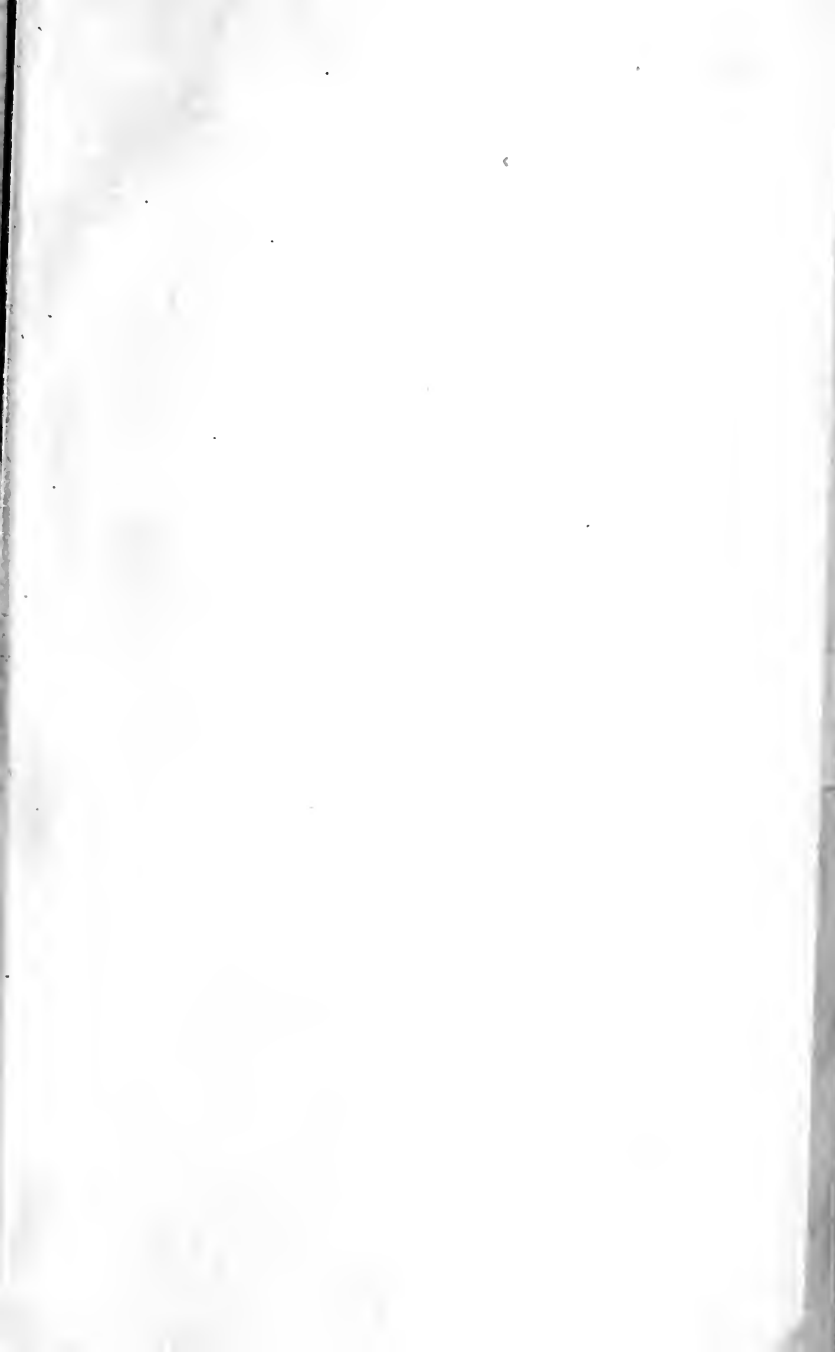
STEEVENS.

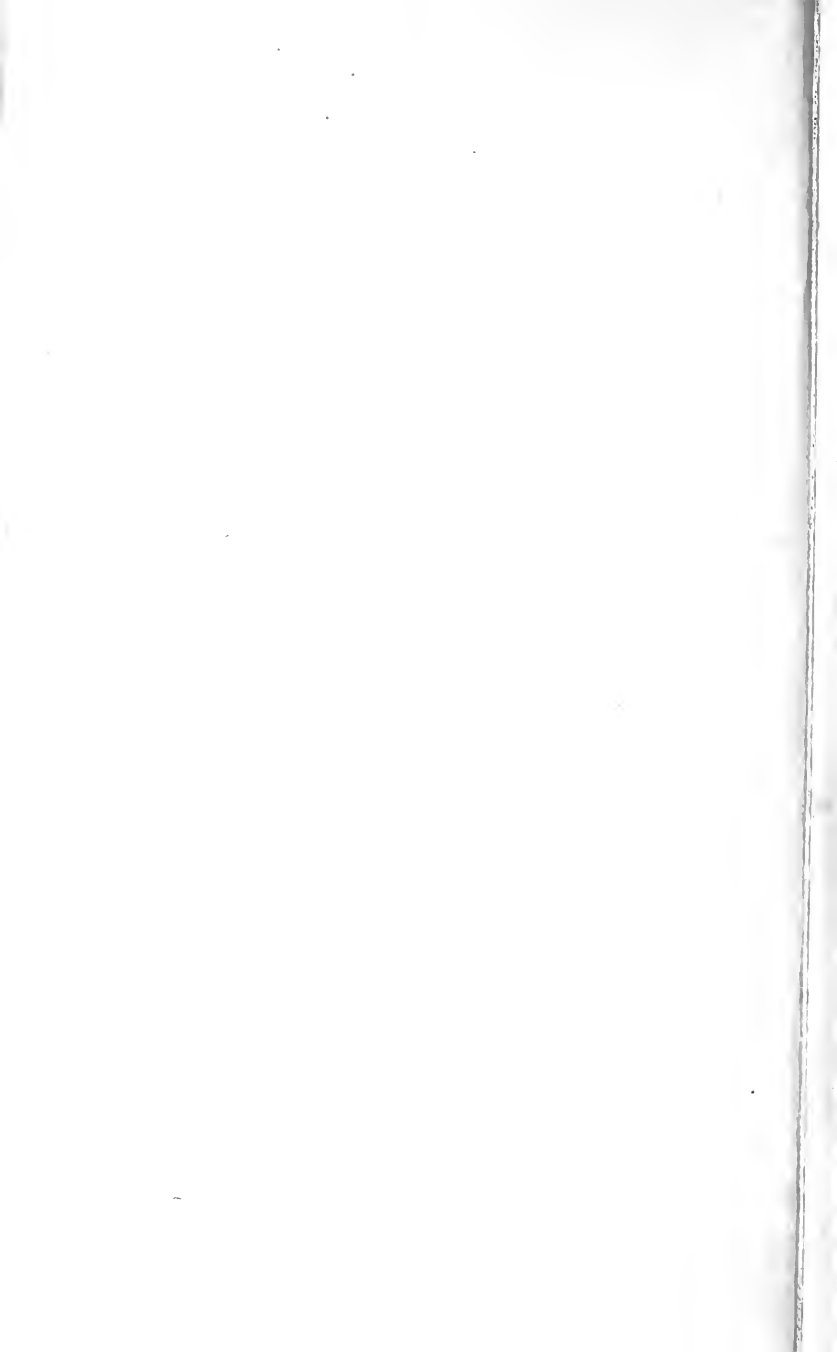
⁶⁵ ——— presence—] A *presence* is a *public room*.

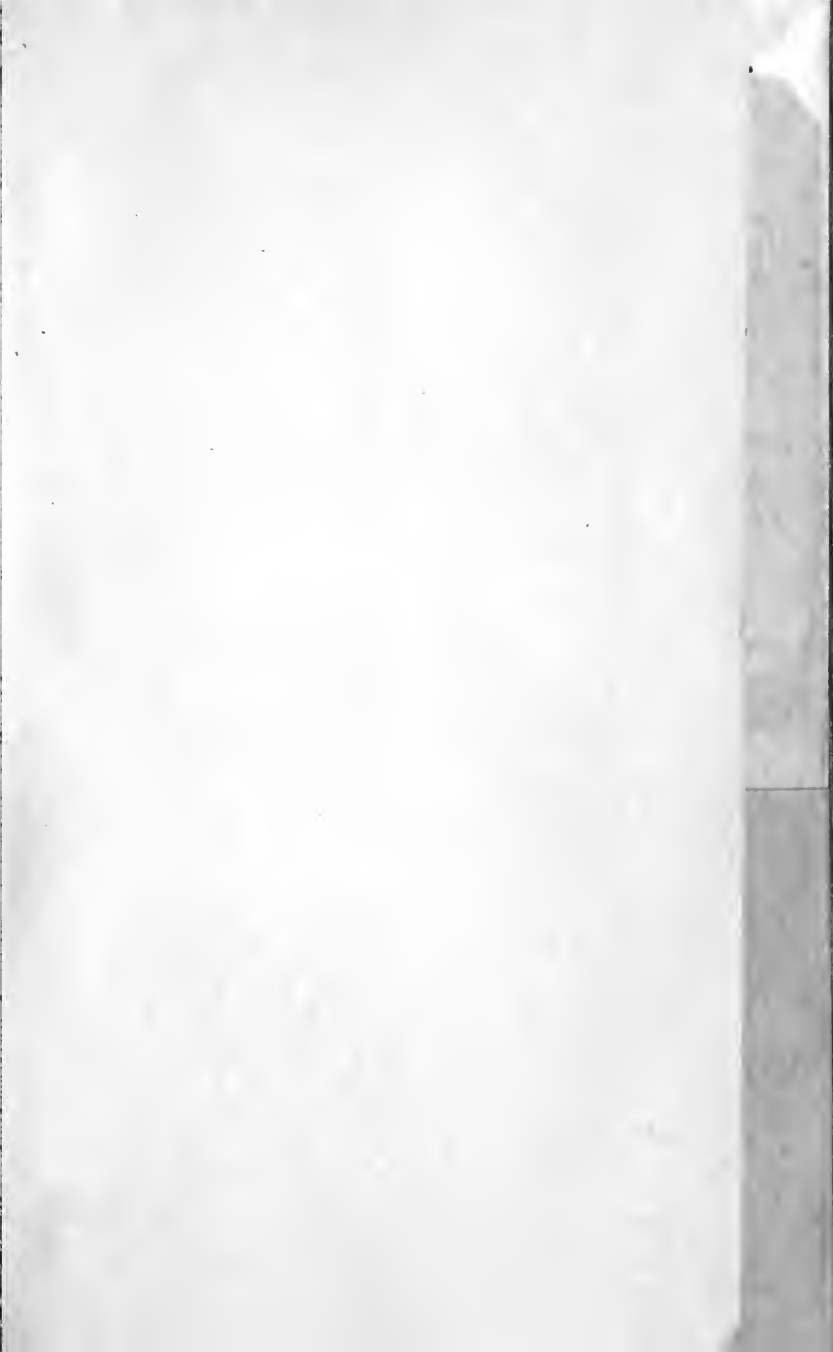
⁶⁶ *Come, bitter conduct,]* *Conduct* is here *conductor*.

⁶⁷ *Have lost à brace of kinsmen:]* *Mercutio* and *Paris*.

END OF VOLUME XIII.









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