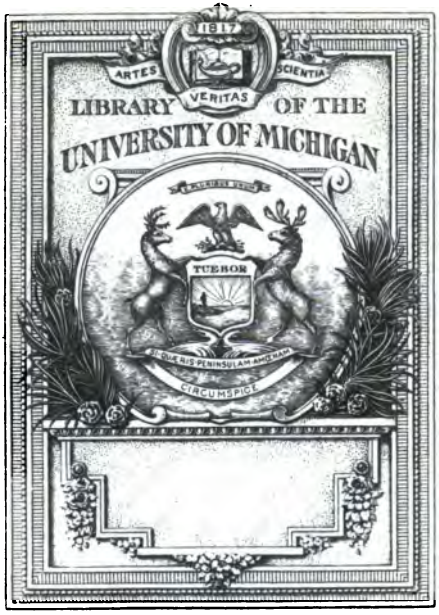
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ROMEO AND JULIET

SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO AND JULIET

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

K. DEIGHTON

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INTRODUCTION.

Date of Play.

As to the date at which *Romeo and Juliet* was first written, and what its form then was, we have no certain information. Its first printed appearance is the Quarto of 1597, but that quarto was without doubt a pirated one. The second quarto, 1599, is described on the title-page as "newly corrected, augmented, and amended"; and this edition is our best authority for the play in its complete state, though it does not enable us to decide with certainty how far the alteration of form is due to revision by the poet, how far to correction and completion of the pirated quarto. Nor of course does it give us any help as to the date of composition. Internal evidence clearly points to two periods of work, the earlier being indicated by the abundance of rhyme and of forced conceits; and it is now pretty generally held that the play in its original form, or a substantial part of it, was written in 1591 or 1592, and received its final shape in 1596. If the Nurse's words in i. 3. 23 allude, as has been supposed, to the earthquake of 1580, we have the year 1591 as the date of that part of the play, or the year 1593, if the Nurse's miscalculation is to be harmonized with her statement of Juliet's age. It is, however, to be doubted whether any particular earthquake is alluded to.

Source of the plot.

Here we are upon more certain ground. Though the story in its main incidents is found in various old romances and poems, Greek, Italian, and French, Shakespeare's main source was the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* by Arthur Brooke, published in 1562, while here and there in the play are indications that he had consulted a translation of Boisteau's *Histoire de Deux Amans* (itself an adaptation of the Italian Bandello's romance on the same subject) which appeared in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1597. He may also have seen a play, probably an English one, to which Brooke refers in his address "to the Reader," though no such play has come down to us, nor do we even know its title. Brooke's poem of alternated twelve and fourteen syllable rhymes, extends to 3026 lines, and, says Grant White,* "the tragedy follows the poem with a faithfulness which might be called slavish, were it not that any variation from the course of the old story was entirely unnecessary for the sake of dramatic interest, and were there not shown in the progress of the action, in the modification of one character, and in the disposal of another, all peculiar to the play, self-reliant dramatic intuition of the highest order. For the rest, there is not a personage or a situation, hardly a speech, essential to Brooke's poem, which has not its counterpart—its exalted and glorified counterpart—in the tragedy. To mention every point of correspondence between the poem and the play, would be to recount here the entire progress of the story in both, accompanied by a description of the characters: . . . Suffice it here to observe, that in the poem we find even Romeo's invisible and soon-forgotten

**Shakespeare's Works*, Vol. x. pp. 8-10.

mistress, the remorseless Rosaline, though without her name; Friar Lawrence addicted to study. . . . the Nurse, greedy, garrulous, gross, and faithless, just as we find her in the play; the Apothecary, whom by 'his heavy countenance' Romeo 'gessed to be poore,' . . . Tibalt, 'best exercised in feates of armes'; and even Friar John, who, seeking to be 'accompanide by one of his profession,' enters a house whence, to carry his brother Lawrence's letter to Romeo, 'he might not issue out agayne, For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne Dyed of the plague.' And not only have such minor characters and incidents of the play their germs or counterparts in the old story, but even such incidental passages as the soliloquy uttered by Juliet, terror-stricken at her imagination of what might await her in her kinsmen's vault if she should take the friar's potion, and that other soliloquy, in which she passionately calls on Night and Romeo to come to her. In brief, *Romeo and Juliet* owes to Shakespeare only its dramatic form and its poetic decoration. But what an exception is the latter! It is to say that the earth owes to the sun only its verdure and its flowers, the air only its perfume and its balm, the heavens only their azure and their glow. Yet this must not lead us to forget that the original tale is one of the most truthful and touching among the few that have entranced the ear and stirred the heart of the world for ages, or that in Shakespeare's transfiguration of it his fancy and his youthful fire had a much larger share than his philosophy or his imagination. The only variations from the story in the play are the three which have just been alluded to.—The compression of the action, which in

the story occupies four or five months, to within as many days, thus adding impetuosity to a passion which had only depth, and enhancing dramatic effect by quickening truth to vividness;—the conversion of Mercutio from a mere 'courtier,' 'bold emong the bashfull maydes,' 'courteous of his speech and pleasant of devise,' into that splendid union of the knight and the fine gentleman, in portraying which Shakespeare, with prophetic eye piercing a century, shows us the fire of faded chivalry expiring in a flash of wit;—and the bringing in of Paris (forgotten in the story after his bridal disappointment) to die at Juliet's bier by the hand of Romeo, thus gathering together all the threads of this love entanglement to be cut at once by Fate."

Outline of the play with remarks upon the characters.

Throughout this tragedy it is to be borne in mind that the scene is Italy, and the actors the passionate children of the South, passionate alike in love and in hatred. "The mid-July heat," as Dowden says, "broods over the five tragic days of the story. The mad blood is stirring in men's veins during these hot summer days," the veins of a race wearing "the shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun." Material for fateful issues is ready in the long-standing blood-feud of the families of the Montagues and the Capulets. Tragedy is, so to speak, in the air, and it needs but little that the electric current should discharge itself. The protagonists of the drama are in the hey-day of life; the hero handsome, of sprightly wit, trained in all manly accomplishments, brave, and gentle in the security of true courage, but, partly from his surroundings, as yet without a sufficient purpose in life, greatly the slave of emotion, his soul questing about for love and fancying that it has found

its desire; the heroine of but fourteen summers, yet of an age at which in those sunny climes love blossoms with a splendour unknown to maidens of the frozen North, impulsive but fancy-free, of incomparable loveliness but a stranger to the might with which such guerdon dowers her, capable of boundless devotion, delicate of mind as of person, trustful, while at the same time instinct with the sensitiveness of whitest purity. In such an atmosphere of blended romance and passion the curtain rises upon a bloody encounter between the servants of the rival houses ever glad of an opportunity to renew the ancient quarrel. While the riot is at its height, the heads of the two houses themselves appear upon the scene, no less eager than their servants to join in the fray. On the entry of Escalus, Prince of Verona, and his train, the combatants are parted, Capulet accompanying the Prince to his palace, and Montague being ordered to attend him in the afternoon to learn his pleasure regarding the affray. Montague, Lady Montague, and their nephew Benvolio remain, and Lady Montague now inquires of Benvolio as to her son, Romeo. From the conversation we learn that for some time past he has given way to a deep melancholy, the cause of which his parents have in vain sought to discover. While his conduct is still under discussion Romeo enters, and Benvolio having promised to worm his secret from him, the father and mother leave the cousins together. As might be anticipated, Romeo's secret is love, or what he takes to be love, for a certain irresponsive Rosaline. That his passion is but a faint shadow of the reality is soon evident. For when persuaded by Benvolio to unbosom himself, he does so in a string of wire-drawn

conceits, bares his wounds in flimsy tropes, languishes in clear-cut epigram, disputes in stilted antithesis, plays the mincing sonneteer;—parades, in a word, all the plague-tokens of love's green-sickness, all the emotions that if genuine would have been jealously guarded from closest gaze. His protestations of undying constancy are, however, soon to be tested. For the same night, at a ball given by the Capulets, to which in the hopes of seeing Rosaline he, though unbidden, repairs, he meets Juliet. The result is instantaneous. To him Rosaline had been

> "The summer pilot of an empty heart
> Unto the shores of nothing";

with the sight of Juliet, love finds acknowledged "empire for life." Nor is conviction less swift in hers. A few brief looks, the interchange of less than a dozen sentences, and she owns to herself the mastery of the same power. Romeo departs; but for him there can be no rest that night. He has come face to face with realities that demand exercise of will, contempt of danger, action. An hour or so later he finds his way to the garden of his hereditary foe, and by love's instinct to the very spot overlooked by Juliet's chamber. At the window stands the maiden in converse with herself upon the events of the evening, and, all unconscious of any neighbouring ear, pouring forth her heart's confession. Such confession overheard by Romeo puts an end to any hesitancy that might still linger in his mind. Discovering himself, he claims fulfilment of those vows by which in her innocent outpouring Juliet had bound herself, and now the unspoken contract of looks is

ratified by words. Yet it is not Romeo but Juliet who sees things in their practical light. For a brief space she has had her trepidations at the suddenness of her bliss; "although," she says, "I joy in thee,"

> "I have no joy of this contract to-night:
> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
> Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
> Ere one can say 'It lightens'";

but in spite of this, and though the confession of her love which in fancied security she has made to herself, and which when surprised she has no power to retract, may cause "a maiden blush bepaint" her "cheek," yet in the purity of her heart and the utter surrender of herself which she is importunate to complete, she recognizes that if Romeo's love resembles hers there is but one issue possible, and that placed as they are by the implacable hatred of their parents all scruples as to form and show must yield to more imperative demands and the sanction of marriage put its seal upon their love.* If to Romeo there comes no such swift recogni-

* Of this perfect scene it is noticeable that the beauty of thought and language is matched by the beauty of versification. "In two scenes," observes Swinburne, *A Study of Shakespeare*, pp. 35, 6, "we may say that the whole heart or spirit of *Romeo and Juliet* is summed up and distilled into perfect and pure expression; and these two are written in blank verse of equable and blameless melody. Outside the garden scene in the second act and the balcony scene in the third, there is much that is fanciful and graceful, much of elegiac pathos and fervid if fantastic passion; much also of superfluous rhetoric and (as it were) of wordy melody, which flows and foams hither and thither into something of extravagance and excess; but in these two there is no flaw, no outbreak, no superflux, and no failure."

tion of facts, he at all events needs no spur to urge him forward on the path of happiness. As the day dawns, he hurries off to the cell of his life-long friend and spiritual adviser, Father Laurence, by whose aid he hopes to attain his end. The Friar, trusting that by such alliance the feud between the two families will be healed for ever, yields to the lover's importunities and assents to a secret marriage on the same afternoon. Later in the day, Romeo through Juliet's Nurse is able to convey the glad tidings of the Friar's promise, and early in the afternoon the ceremony is performed. For the present the wedded pair separate, hopefully looking forward to the time when through the instrumentality of the Friar the minds of their parents may be prepared for a discovery of their marriage. Such hope, however, is to be suddenly dashed to the ground. The parting is just over when Romeo meets Tybalt, nephew of the Capulets, who is seeking him out in order to fasten a quarrel upon him for having uninvited been present at the last night's ball. Romeo is of course anxious to avoid fighting with Juliet's cousin, and meets his angry taunts with calm replies. His hot-blooded friend Mercutio, however, will not let Tybalt's words pass by, but draws the quarrel upon himself, and in the combat that ensues is stabbed by Tybalt under the arm of Romeo who is endeavouring to part the combatants. Mercutio dies, and Tybalt, who had left the scene, returning, Romeo's just wrath at his friend's death puts aside all considerations of prudence, and rushing fiercely upon Tybalt he lays him dead at his feet. The Prince now appears, inquires into the origin of the fray, and concludes by passing sentence on Romeo of banishment

to Mantua, sparing his life only because the quarrel had in a measure been forced upon him. Meanwhile Juliet is counting the moments for her next meeting with Romeo, when the Nurse enters with the news of Tybalt's death. So incoherent, however, are her words that Juliet at first believes it to be Romeo who has fallen. When at length she perceives the truth she bursts forth into execrations upon Romeo whose deeds have proved so far at variance with his looks. The Nurse in parasitic agreement echoes her words. This quickly produces a revulsion in Juliet's mind. She becomes conscious that Romeo has after all acted only in self-defence, reproaches herself bitterly for her doubts, and, the course of her griefs thus turned, is sensible of all that his banishment means to her—the ruin of her life. The Nurse comforts her with the promise of quickly bringing Romeo, and she nerves herself for what she knows must be a long farewell. Romeo is even more broken with grief at the sentence that has fallen upon him. The sudden strength of purpose which his love had inspired now deserts him. Seeking the Friar's cell, he abandons himself to a paroxysm of despair, threatens to take his own life, and rejects all consolation that the Friar would administer. While thus prostrated, he is aroused by the coming of the Nurse to bid him visit his bride. This summons gives the Friar the opportunity of further urging reason. With stern directness he chides the cowardly refuge to which Romeo would fly, adding to the crime of slaying Tybalt the further crime of self-slaughter, and in that the probable death of her whom he is bound to cherish, not destroy; points out that his fury is rather that of a beast than of a man, his utter self-abandonment the

weakness of a woman, his meditated desertion a perjury of the soul; then taking a gentler tone he shows how fortunate Romeo should think himself in that his sentence is exile, not death, how that Juliet is still alive and his own, how that life at Mantua may be borne with courage and patience till happier hours shall enable him to return and claim his bride, and how in the meantime tidings shall be sent to him of everything happening at Verona that may smooth the path to such good fortune. The impressionable Romeo, to whom life has hitherto been all sunshine, real grief a thing unknown, and therefore terrible to encounter, is soothed like a frightened child, and now thinks only of the near approach of joy in once more holding Juliet in his arms. The meeting alternates between rapture and despair; between happy auguries of joyous re-union and all too prescient forebodings of death's divorcing hand, and ends in

> "those caresses, when a hundred times
> In that last kiss, which never was the last,
> Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died."

Romeo now enters upon his banishment, and if the lot is one hard to endure, his trial is as nothing to that which awaits Juliet. For some time past a kinsman of the Prince, Paris by name, has been a suitor for her hand, and his suit is one welcomed by her parents, though she herself has scarcely contemplated as serious the hints that have been given her. Now "to put her from her heaviness," which at first they suppose to be on account of Tybalt's death, they determine to force the marriage upon her. Juliet receives their decision with terror.

To her mother she flatly refuses to accept Paris. With her father, who in furious anger insists on compliance, she pleads to be heard in objection to such an union. The only answer is more anger, fresh vituperation. Alone with the Nurse, she seeks comfort from one who has so often been the sharer of her hopes and her secrets, and has helped her in her marriage with Romeo. For all consolation, she gets from the treacherous old woman the advice to accept Paris:

> "O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
> Romeo's a dishclout to him,"

says this time-serving harridan, who, finding how the wind blows, is now in terror at her own share in what she looks upon as an escapade to be blotted out as best may be. Aghast at such treachery, which at first she cannot believe to be real, Juliet for ever casts her off:

> "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."

In the scene which follows, all the purity of a pure heart, all the heroism of ancient heritage and individual nobility, shine forth in steady light. Separation from Romeo, bitter as the experience comes to her new-born bliss, is bearable, and she bears it. But to shame, to a violation of her soul, anything is preferable, death but a paltry shock. She will dare all, and she accepts with alacrity the one resource the Friar can offer, a resource in its uncertainty and its gruesome concomitants many times more terrible than death. For the Friar's proposal is that the night before the threatened marriage day she

shall drink a potion which for the space of forty-two hours will throw her into a death-like trance, during which she is to be interred in the family vault, the Friar being ready with Romeo, to whom instructions are to be sent, to set her free from the tomb as soon as the effects of the potion wear off, when the pair are to make their escape to Mantua. Possessed of the phial Juliet returns home and pretends compliance with her parents' wishes. The preparations for the wedding on the day next but one are hurried forward, and on its eve Juliet retires to her chamber knowing that no respite is now possible, that the Friar's remedy is the only loophole of hope. As she prepares to follow his directions she is tortured by horrible forebodings, with doubts whether the mixture will have its promised effects, whether it may not be a poison given her by the Friar in order to shield himself from the dishonour that would fall upon him if performing a second marriage while her husband is still alive. Her over-wrought fancies then picture to her the terrors of awaking from her trance before Romeo comes to set her free, the stifling vault, the neighbourhood of her newly-buried cousin, the apparition of the spirits of the dead,—terrors sufficient she feels to drive her into madness and self-destruction. "Suddenly in her disordered vision the figure of the murdered Tybalt rises, and is manifestly in pursuit of some one. Of whom? Not of Juliet, but of her lover who has slain him. A moment before Juliet had shrunk with horror from the thought of confronting Tybalt in the vault of the Capulets. But now Romeo is in danger. All fear deserts her. To stand by Romeo's side is her one necessity. With a confused sense that this draught

will somehow place her close to the murderous Tybalt, and close to Romeo whom she would save, calling aloud to Tybalt to delay one moment—'Stay, Tybalt, stay!' —she drains the phial, not 'in a fit of fright,'* but with the words, 'Romeo! I come; this do I drink to thee.'" † The day breaks, Juliet is found to all appearance dead, and in accordance with the necessities of the climate her funeral follows without delay. The Friar has meanwhile sent news to Romeo of the threatened marriage, and instructions as to the measures to be taken. Unfortunately his messenger, another Friar, on repairing to the house of his order in Mantua and seeking for one of his brethren to accompany him to Romeo's abode, is prevented from going forth to the city in consequence of a death from the plague having occurred within the convent walls and all egress being forbidden by law. Before he can find means to deliver his letter, Romeo's servant, who had been sent back to Verona, returns to his master with tidings of Juliet's death and burial. The moment before his arrival Romeo had been indulging in one of his golden-hued visions, auguring from a dream just dreamt "some joyful news at hand," dreaming for the last time in his life. But if till now he still retains something of his wistful way of looking at life, some of that self-consciousness shown in his morbid outbursts about Rosaline, some of that indulgence in the luxury of woe which even after his union with Juliet he cannot forgo, there is from this moment no longer any blindness as to reality, no shrinking from the

* As Coleridge explains.

† Dowden, *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*, pp. 115, 6.

blow that has fallen, nothing indeterminate as to his future. Death has taken his beloved one. There remains therefore only to join her in her grave. All is to him summed up in this, and his prompt resolve is as promptly carried into action. Buying of an apothecary in Mantua a poison which is to have instantaneous effect, he sets out for Verona, and arriving at night proceeds to Juliet's grave. Thither at the same hour comes Paris to strew with flowers the last resting-place of her whom he had hoped to make his wife. As Romeo is opening the vault, Paris discovers himself and seeks to arrest the "villanous shame to the dead bodies" which he imagines Romeo in his vengeance about to perpetrate. Romeo would appease his wrath with gentle words; he shrinks from laying another sin upon his already burdened soul; he prays Paris not to tempt to fury a desperate man who comes armed against himself alone. But his words are useless. A hand to hand combat ensues and Paris is slain. Laying Paris in the monument, and taking a final farewell of Juliet, Romeo swallows off the poison and falls dead. As he does so, the Friar with implements to open the vault comes to the churchyard and entering the tomb is in time to see Juliet awaken from her trance. On his approach he had discovered Romeo's dead body, and now in answer to her inquiries has to tell her what has happened. His words are fatal, for Juliet, refusing all comfort, and taking a last kiss from Romeo's lips, seizes a dagger he is wearing and plunges it into her breast. At this juncture the city watch, brought thither by Paris's page, who, from a distance, had witnessed the combat between his master and Romeo, come upon the scene and arrest

the Friar and Romeo's servant. The news of strange events at Juliet's tomb has moreover spread to the city, and presently the Prince, followed by the Capulets, Montague, and others, hurry to the spot. The Friar and Romeo's servant relate at full the story of the marriage and the subsequent events, and the play ends with the reconciliation of Montague and Capulet over the grave of their lost ones.

We have now followed the "pair of star-cross'd lovers" in "the fearful passage of their death-mark'd love." The heritage of hate has determined in reconciliation. But at what a cost! The sole hopes of two houses lie side by side in their self-made graves, the noble Paris perishes while strewing with flowers his love's "bridal bed" in death, the witty, gallant, irrepressible, Mercutio owes his fatal wound to the intervention of his friend, "grief of" her "son's exile hath stopped" the mother's "breath"! Passion has had its day, the passion of an emotional but finely-strung soul in Romeo, whom contact with a higher nature takes out of himself, rouses from an apathy threatening to paralyse his life, ennobles into earnest purpose, strengthens for self-abandonment, though the piteous self-abandonment which sees in a ruined love the ruin of life itself: the passion of a far grander soul in Juliet who, an untaught girl, owing little to a mother's love, still less to the wise counsels of a careful father, is yet garrisoned about by the intuitions of purity, unswerving devotion, singleness of mind and directness of aim, fortitude to suffer all but the polluting touch of sin: the passion of less noble souls to which worldly honour, the dictates of family pride, the conventional obligations to maintain a tradition of uncompro-

mising hostility, merely because it is a tradition, render peace and good-will, the study of the public well-being, the comity of private life, things altogether outside their ken.

To avoid interruption of the narrative, little has been said of certain characters who play a part, subordinate indeed, but still of much importance. These are especially the Friar, Mercutio, and the Nurse. When first we meet the Friar, he is out in the early morning culling simples for use in medicine, a science he has deeply and successfully studied. He has been Romeo's spiritual adviser from early youth, his confidant in regard to Rosaline, and his aid is now sought to solve the difficulty of marriage with Juliet. A good old man who in his youth has known stormy passions and the stress of life, he has sought in religion and retirement the comfort he could not elsewhere find; his great delight is to alleviate suffering of whatever kind, and above all to promote peace among his fellow-creatures. In the matter, however, before us his pursuit of this goodly task masters his sounder judgment, and with too ready compliance he assents to Romeo's request. He in fact does evil that good may come—and with the usual result of such temporizing. His piety, benevolence, and sympathy are undoubted, but whereas in his solitary musings and his priestly intercourse with human nature he thinks to have garnered up the teachings of philosophy, he has in reality missed true wisdom of life. Face to face with Romeo's distress at the sentence of exile, he can indeed reprove his despair with wholesome counsel, and by reasonable argument bring him into a sounder frame of mind. But when he has himself to act, his stored up

wisdom only leads him wrong. He errs in being a party to the marriage, and his ingenuity and resource suggesting an escape from the inconvenient consequences of this step, he thinks to remedy his first error by a stratagem in which the child-like Juliet is to be involved. No doubt the courage to confess to the parents how matters stand would bring down upon himself much unpleasantness. It would bring down something worse upon Romeo and Juliet, and this consideration we may well believe weighs more heavily upon him than any personal penalties. Still, his duty is or should be clear before him. Even at the last when the tragic ending has come, and he is forced to unburden himself of his secret, though he palliates nothing, his confession of error is only conditional; "if aught in this," he says,

> "Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
> Be sacrificed some hour before his time
> Unto the rigour of severest law."

"If aught!" yet without his too facile compliance there would be no tragedy to bewail! Hudson has "always felt a special comfort in the part of Friar Laurence. How finely his tranquillity contrasts with the surrounding agitation! And how natural it seems that from that very agitation he should draw lessons of tranquillity!" Tranquillity, yes; but what if it be a tranquillity that differs not much from an easy-going evasion of unpleasant realities, a tranquillity which is to be maintained at the cost of three lives? According to Gervinus, the Friar "represents, as it were, the part of the chorus in this tragedy, and expresses the leading idea of the piece in all its fulness, namely, that excess in

any enjoyment, however pure in itself, transforms its sweet into bitterness; that devotion to any single feeling, however noble, bespeaks its ascendancy; that this ascendancy moves the man and woman out of their natural spheres; that love can only be an accompaniment to life, and that it cannot completely fill out the life and business of the man especially; that in the full power of its first feeling it is a paroxysm of happiness, the very nature of which forbids its continuance in equal strength; that, as the poet says in an image, it is a flower that

> 'Being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
> Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.'"

But surely Shakespeare means nothing of the kind. Surely he does not seek to "moralize this spectacle" through the agency of one who despite his long years, his acquisition of knowledge, his experience of life, his trusted philosophy, errs so grievously, errs in broad daylight, and without the excuse of passion to disturb his calm and tranquil mind. Shakespeare, it seems to me, dramatizes Brooke's narrative in his own incomparable fashion, and he does nothing more.

Mercutio is the very antithesis to Romeo. "The brooding nature of Romeo," says Dowden,* "which cherishes emotion, and lives in it, is made salient by contrast with Mercutio, who is all wit, and intellect, and vivacity, an uncontrollable play of gleaming and glancing life. Upon the morning after the betrothal with Juliet, a meeting happens between Romeo and Mercutio. Previously, while a lover of Rosaline, Romeo had culti-

* *Shakespeare, His Mind and Act*, pp. 116, 7.

vated a lover-like melancholy. But now, partly because his blood runs gladly, partly because the union of soul with Juliet has made the whole world more real and substantial, and things have grown too solid and lasting to be disturbed by a laugh, Romeo can contend in jest with Mercutio himself, and stretch his wit of cheveril 'from an inch narrow to an ell broad.' Mercutio and the Nurse are Shakespeare's creations in this play. For the character of the former he had but a slight hint in the poem of Arthur Brooke. There we read of Mercutio as a courtier who was bold among the bashful maidens as a lion among lambs, and we are told that he had an 'ice-cold hand.' Putting together these two suggestions, discovering a significance in them, and animating them with the breath of his own life, Shakespeare created the brilliant figure which lights up the first half of Romeo and Juliet, and disappears when the colours become all too grave and sombre. Romeo has accepted the great bond of love. Mercutio, with his ice-cold hand, the lion among maidens, chooses above all things a defiant liberty of speech, gaily at war with the proprieties, an airy freedom of fancy, a careless and masterful courage in dealing with life, as though it were a matter of slight importance. He will not attach himself to either of the houses. He is invited by Capulet to the banquet; but he goes to the banquet in company with Romeo and the Montagues. He can do generous and disinterested things; but he will not submit to the trammels of being recognized as generous. He dies maintaining his freedom, and defying death with a jest. To be made worm's meat of so stupidly, by a villain that fights by the book of arithmetic, and through

Romeo's awkwardness, is enough to make a man impatient. 'A plague o' both your houses!' The death of Mercutio is like the removal of a shifting breadth of sunlight which sparkles on the sea; now the clouds close in upon one another, and the stress of the gale begins." To the German critic Mercutio is "a man without culture; coarse, rude, and ugly; a scornful ridiculer of all sensibility and love, of all dreams and presentiments; a man who loves to hear himself talk, and in the opinion of his noble friend 'will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.'" Does, then, Shakespeare put into the mouth of "a man without culture" the splendid coruscations of fancy that flash forth in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab and her chariot? Is there no poetry in the soul of one who could conceive and embody images of so fine a fibre? For his ridicule, is it the ridicule of love and sensibility, or not rather ridicule of their sickly adumbrations which his keen vision pierces in the morbid parade of despair affected by Romeo at Rosaline's repulse? For such affectations Mercutio's full-blooded vitality has no sympathy, for the annihilation of such unrealities no engine seems to him better devised than unsparing raillery. He is at times coarse no doubt, but mainly with the coarseness of untameable animal spirits a-tilt against maudlin sentimentality, opposing one kind of extravagance by another, making, as it were, its protest with a defiant *abandon*. Is he ugly? well, he jocularly confesses to the enormity of "beetle-brows"; but this, the sole hint that Shakespeare furnishes us with, does not seem to argue any terrible indictment. Does he love to hear himself talk? The sin may be admitted,

but Romeo's depreciation is merely an impromptu of the moment meant to soothe the plumes of the Nurse ruffled by boisterous disregard of would-be dignity; and there is nothing in the abundant flow of Mercutio's sallies that is either rude, arrogant, malicious, or egotistical. He lunges swiftly with the rapier of his wit, but is no less ready to take thrust for thrust "and so part fair."

In Brooke's poem Juliet is called the "nurse-child," and it is to the fact that the old woman has been her foster-mother that she owes what influence she possesses. From their mutual relations it results that Juliet fails to see that the fondness of which she is the object is more the fondness of one conscious that her hold over her "lady-bird" lies in compliance with each whim and petty fancy, than any genuine love and care. The old woman is no doubt proud of her charge, and in the garrulity of old age, largely spiced with individual coarseness, she dilates upon her services with a complacent feeling of satisfaction that whatever is good in the girl had its origin in her nurture. She rejoices that Juliet should be sought by Paris, not because she knows anything of that suitor's fitness, but because it is a fine thing for a maiden to have a lover. She is equally rejoiced that Juliet should have fallen in love with Romeo. She will help in the secret marriage, because it is easier to do so than to refuse. When Juliet pours forth her maledictions upon Romeo for the slaughter of Tybalt, their echo is ready from the Nurse's tongue. When Juliet's mood changes, the Nurse veers round with an offer to fetch Romeo. When the marriage with Paris is decided upon by the parents it is plain to

her that, power and authority being on their side, all thought of resistance is out of the question. The sin of taking a second husband while the first is still alive does not seem so much as to pass before her mind. Romeo and Juliet cannot come together, therefore it is well that Paris and Juliet should:

> "I think you are happy in this second match,
> For it excells your first: or if it did not,
> Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
> As living here and you no use to him."

Believing from her behaviour on returning from the Friar's cell that Juliet has seen her mistake and now wisely acquiesces in the inevitable, the Nurse makes no more ado about the matter, but is up early in the morning to deck the bride, when to her horror she finds, as she supposes, that death has forbidden the banns of an union that to her had seemed so satisfactory a solution of all difficulties, and her optimism receives a shock that even she cannot misunderstand. Hitherto the world has to her been the best of all possible worlds. A trusted member of a high-born household, she fancies her behaviour to be modelled on their example, plumes herself on decorum, in her walks abroad must be attended by her own servant, like her betters must be careful of the proprieties of the fan, with due self-respect must bridle at the familiarities of that "saucy merchant," Mercutio, "so full of his ropery," and let it be known to all men that she is "none of his flirt-gills." She could stay all night to listen to the good counsel of the Friar, and rapturously exclaims, "O, what learning is!" for the good counsel and learning chime in with

the demands of the moment; to her the fact that Romeo will not dare to claim Juliet is an all-sufficient excuse for casting him off; her supreme law is expediency; she recognizes no dictates higher than those of personal contentment; of loyalty, love, purity, self-sacrifice, she is utterly ignorant, while believing all the time that her rule of life is squared with every requirement of

the Montagues and the Capulets, though important [illegible] the drama, do not fill up any great space in [illegible]tion. Both seem equally animated by the fierce [illegible]y of the family feud, but the former are in other respects of a gentler type than the latter. They dearly love their son, whose exile kills the mother, and whose death well nigh breaks the father's heart. The Capulets to the rancour of public hatred add a harsh repression of family affection. The father, hasty, tyrannical, and vindictive when thwarted, seems to have but little love for his daughter, and is utterly without sympathy with, or understanding of, her nature. His will must be law though it crush the heart of his child, and to gratify his pride he is ready to sell that child to a kinsman of the Prince. Yet he is not without his good points, but is jovial and hospitable, and shows a chivalry of feeling when the son of his hereditary foe comes uninvited to his banquet. The mother, if she has something more of love for her daughter, has no tenderness, and is equally impatient of opposition. Many years her husband's junior, she has evidently found but little of wedded happiness, and her proud heart asks for no reposal of trustfulness or intercourse of feeling. Her cold temperament is at the same time mixed with a passionate

resentment that is ready to poison Romeo for the death of her nephew, and she clearly would hesitate at nothing to gratify revenge or sweep an obstacle from her path. From neither has Juliet received much guidance, though plenty of discipline, to neither can she look for help in a difficulty of the heart or pardon of a transgression into which that heart has led her.

Duration of the action.

Five days. The banquet of the Capulets, [illegible]tch, is on the Sunday; on Monday afternoon the marriage [illegible] takes place; on Tuesday at dawn we witness the parting [illegible] of the lovers; the wedding with Paris, fixed for Thurs[illegible]day, is hurried forward by a day; on the night of Thu[illegible]rsday Juliet awakens at the tomb and the catastrophe comes.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
MONTAGUE, CAPULET, } heads of two houses at variance with each other
An old man, cousin to Capulet.
ROMEO, son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, FRIAR JOHN, } Franciscans.
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, GREGORY, } servants to Capulet.
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

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

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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 misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

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

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

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

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

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, and cut off their heads.

Gre. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

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

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

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

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

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

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR.

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

Gre. No.

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

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

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.

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.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

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 of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs.*

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

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

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?
Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a 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 mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
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 all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
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 prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Pursued 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 importuned 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.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*
Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ay 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.
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 raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, 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.
Ben. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide 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 starved with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
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 strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis you lived 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-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which, on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, go with me. [*To Serv., giving a paper.*] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

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

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

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

Rom. Your plâintain-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—God-den, good fellow.

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

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

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

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

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County

Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.'
A fair assembly; whither should they come? 70

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

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

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.* 80

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

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 heretics, be burnt for liars! 90
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

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

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.* 100

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. 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's 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 spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
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.

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace !
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed :
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

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

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

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

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

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

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?
This night you shall behold him at our feast ;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;

Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
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.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*] 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 hoodwink'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. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
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.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Rom. Nay, that 's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, light lights 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 not wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, 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 watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are :
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep ; 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 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 wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

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

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

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

Musicians *waiting.* *Enter* Servingmen, *with napkins.*

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

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

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

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

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

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

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

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you 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 Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

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

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

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

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

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

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
Cap. Young Romeo is it?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you,—I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; 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. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest 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. 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 purged.
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urged !
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 nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet ?
O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone ; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
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.

Ay, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.
Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not. 131
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 danced withal. [*One calls within* 'Juliet.'
Nurse. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

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

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I 'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove;'
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he 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,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
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 orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ay 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 wondering 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. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. —
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for 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 baptized;
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 camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
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.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

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

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

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 unadvised, 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. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above.*

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

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
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 music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My dear?
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,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no 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 above.*
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. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
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;

E.K.

And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower —
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings 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. L. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch on 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-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. L. 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. L. That 's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
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 changed? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. L. Not in a grave,
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. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. L. Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?
Came he not home to-night ?
Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
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. Alàs, poor Romeo ! he is already dead ; stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot thorough the ear with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft : and is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?
Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he 's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion ; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentle-

man of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashionmongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, 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 flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; 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 flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast

worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; for 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 was 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 cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon !

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer face.

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. 100

Nurse. 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. Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we 'll to dinner, thither. 111

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, [*singing*] '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 ropery ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. 119

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had,

my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you : I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave ! Pray you, sir, a word : and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out ; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself : but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill 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 shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

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 is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal 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—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.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter! 180

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring 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 10
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

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? 21
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce 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? 30
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.

Go thy ways, wench ; serve God. What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no : but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I !
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back !
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ! why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest !
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother ?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ! come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell ;
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark :
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
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. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
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. L. 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 gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow? 10

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg

for quarrelling : thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun : didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

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 shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an 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 public haunt of men :
Either withdraw into some private place,
And 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 injured 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 my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

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
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets :
Hold, Tybalt ! good Mercutio !

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio, and flies with his followers.*

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
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 peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my 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 aspired 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.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! 120

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*
Ben. Romeo away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death, 130
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* Wives, *and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
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 urged 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 hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
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,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

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 bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood: I swounded 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-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face?
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,

All perjured, all dissemblers, all forsworn.
Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
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, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. 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 moved?
But with a rearward 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 beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed.
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.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom ?
Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanished 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. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death : then banished,
Is death mis-term'd : calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banished :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her ;
But Romeo may not : more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies 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 :
This may flies do, 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 'banished'?
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. L. 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. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Knocking within.*
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*
Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there! Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study. By and by! God's will,

What simpleness is this! I come, I come! [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! 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. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
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. L. 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 amazed 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 shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
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 skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
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 misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. L. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all your state :
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence :
Sojourn in Mantua ; I 'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here :
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

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 fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
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 is mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET *above, at the window.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a 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 unpleasing 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 changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth thus affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up 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, *to the chamber.*

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*He goeth down.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art 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.*
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 couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
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. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
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,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such a man.
But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time :
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? does she not count her blest,
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-logic! 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 fettle 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 blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been,
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'

But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
Trust to 't, bethink you ; I 'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word :
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God !—O nurse, how shall this be prevented ?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself !
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd ; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman !
Romeo 's a 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. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
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. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
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. L. That 's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. L. 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 ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
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-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. L. 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.
Fri. L. 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 vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou 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, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
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 shall awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, *and two* Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.
[*Exit First Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit Sec. Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?
Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled 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 wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have 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, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.
[*Laying down her 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.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I awake 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 this many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.

SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,
What's there.

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said;
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would : I hear him near. [*Music within.*
Nurse ! Wife ! What, ho ! What, nurse, I say !

Re-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.*

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 !
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam !
Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ?
[*Undraws the curtains.*
What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down again !
I must needs wake you : Lady ! lady ! lady !
Alas, alas ! Help, help ! my lady's dead ! 10
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !
Some aqua vitæ, ho ! My lord ! my lady !

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?
Nurse. O lamentable day !
La. Cap. What is the matter ?
Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !
La. Cap. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
Cap. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretch, 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. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
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 advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
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. L. Sir, go you in ; and, madam, go with him ;
And go, Sir Paris ; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*
First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*
First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease :' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'
First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?
Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe :' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.
First Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not, then ?
First Mus. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
First Mus. What will you give us ?
Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek ; I will give you the minstrel.
First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll re you, I'll fa you ; do you note me ?
First Mus. And you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'—

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding;

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, *booted.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's 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. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Yours looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts a' dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
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 forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
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 thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Fri. J. 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.
Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, etc.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I 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. [*Aside*] For all this same, I 'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food!
[*Opens the tomb.*
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. [*Comes forward.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.*
Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. *Exit.*
Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave! O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*
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 still will stay with thee:
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, 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. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who 's there?
Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. L. Stay, then; I 'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
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. L. 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 tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*
Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no longer stay.
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
[*Exit Fri. L.*
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm.
First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?
Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me die.
[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.
First Watch. Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning'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?
First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
First 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 descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
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 mean
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 borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefix'd 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 awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:

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 sacrificed, 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 raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: 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 whiles 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's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

PROLOGUE.

1. **alike**, equal; cp. *K. J.* ii. 1. 231, "Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power: Both are *alike;* and both alike we like."

2. **fair Verona.** The capital of one of the nine provinces of Venetia, and of all the cities of those provinces second in importance to Venice alone. Originally founded by the Gauls, it afterwards became a Roman colony, and was the residence of the Lombard princes in the middle ages; later on it suffered severely from the contests between the Ghibellines and the Guelphs, the former the supporters of the imperial authority in Italy, the latter its opponents. The supposed house of the Capulets and the tomb of Juliet are still shown, though the tradition regarding both is without any authority. *Romeo and Juliet* is, however, founded on events that actually took place, and Escalus, prince of Verona, was Bartolommeo della Scala, who died in 1303.

3. **grudge**, ill will, hatred: **mutiny**, discord, the active manifestation of the ill-will cherished by the two families; for this sense of the word, cp. below, i. 5. 82, "You'll make a *mutiny* among my guests"; *Cor.* ii. 3. 264, "This *mutiny* were better put in hazard, Than stay, past doubt, for greater." The original sense of the word is merely 'movement,' thence 'commotion,' it being through the French from the Lat. *movere*, to move.

4. **Where**, in which strife: though in **civil blood, civil hands, civil** means that which relates to the community of citizens, there is probably in the latter phrase a play upon the word in its sense of 'polite,' 'well-mannered.'

5. **these two foes**, the two hostile families.

6. **star-cross'd**, destined by the stars to ill-fortune. For a fuller reference to the astrological beliefs of the time, see *Lear*, i. 2. 112-144.

7, 8. **Whose ... strife**, the ill-fated termination of whose love buries in their graves the strife that raged between their parents; **misadventured**, unfortunate; one of those adjectives formed from nouns which are so frequent in Shakespeare, and which have generally been mistaken for participles: **Do**, the quartos give *Doth*, which is justified by some on the grounds that it is the old southern plural in *-eth*, as in *M. V.* iii. 2. 33, "Where men enforced *doth* speak everything" (the reading of the first folio), by others as an instance of the singular verb where *the sense* of the subject is collective. The latter seems the more probable case here.

9. **The fearful ... love**, the terrible course of their love marked out for death; for **passage**, cp. *T. C.* ii. 3. 140, "The *passage* and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide."

11. **but**, except.

12. **the two ... stage**, that in which our stage deals for two hours, the transaction with which our play is concerned. The duration of a play is frequently spoken of in the prologues to them as being of two hours only, though three hours is sometimes given.

14. **miss**, be deficient, or, perhaps, miss the mark. This prologue, which is written on the same metrical scheme as the Sonnets, viz., two rhymed quatrains closing in a rhymed couplet, is omitted in the folios, and by some is supposed not to be Shakespeare's.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1. **carry coals**, put up with insults. A phrase very common in the old dramatists and owing its origin to the fact that the carriers of coals were the lowest of menials. Cp. *e.g. H. V.* iii. 2. 49, "Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would *carry coals*"; Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, v. 1. 18, 9, "here comes one that will *carry coals*, ergo, will hold my dog"; Chapman, *May Day*, iii., speaks of "an *un-cole-carrying* spirit." From the same source we have the word *blackguard* as a term of abuse, it being originally applied to "the smutty regiment," as Gifford calls them, "who attended the [sovereign's] progresses, and rode with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace"....

2. **colliers**, a term of contempt, not merely from their being ready to carry coals, *i.e.* put up with insults, but from the blackness of their appearance. So, in *T. N.* iii. 4. 130, Satan for his blackness is called "foul *collier*."

3. **an we be ... draw,** if our temper be up, we will draw our swords; for **an,** see Abb. § 101.

4. **Ay, ... collar,** yes, so long as you live, do your best to get out of difficulties; merely said for the sake of the pun on **colliers, choler,** and **collar.**

5. **moved,** excited, stirred to anger.

6. **But thou ... strike,** but it takes a good deal to provoke you to such a step.

7. **A dog ... me,** I am easily provoked to striking whenever I meet one of the rascally retinue of the Montague household.

10, 1. **shall ... stand,** is certain to provoke me to take up my stand for a combat with him; for **shall,** to denote inevitable futurity without reference to will, desire, see Abb. § 315: **will take the wall,** will assert my right to walk nearest the wall, on the inside of the pathway, not allow myself to be thrust off the pavement on to the roadway; and so to get the better of any one.

12, 3. **goes to the wall,** is thrust against the wall; a proverbial expression for getting the worst of a dispute. Schmidt (*Lex.*) quotes from the *Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell* (a play sometimes attributed to Shakespeare), iii. 3, "though the drops be small, Yet have they force *to force men to the wall.*"

14, 5. **the weaker vessels,** women; a term taken from the Bible, i. *Peter,* iii. 7, "Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto *the weaker vessel.*"

16. **men,** servants; cp. *Temp.* ii. 1. 274, "'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban Has a new master; get a new *man.*"

19. **'Tis all one,** that makes no difference. In the previous line Martley conjectures '*not* us' for "us," which would make Sampson's answer more pertinent.

22. **thy tool,** your weapon, sword; generally in this sense used in a contemptuous way: **here comes two,** for the inflection in *-s,* preceding a plural subject, see Abb. § 335. Malone quotes from Gascoigne's *Devise of a Masque* a passage to show that the partizans of the Montagues wore a token in their hats to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets, and that hence, throughout the play, they are known at a distance.

24. **quarrel,** provoke them to fight by using taunting words: **back,** support; now more commonly 'back *up.*' Delius compares i. *H. IV.* ii. 4. 166, "call you that *backing* of your friends? a plague upon such *backing!*"

26. **Fear me not,** do not fear as to the way in which I shall behave, do not be afraid of my running away; **me,** for me, as regards me.

27. **marry**, a corruption of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, equivalent to 'by Mary,' and used as a petty oath; a corruption employed in order to avoid the statutes against profane swearing: **I fear thee**! do you fancy that I fear you? pretending to take the words in their more ordinary sense.

28. **Let us** ... **begin**, let us make sure of having the law on our side by leaving it to them to begin the quarrel.

30. **list**, choose, please; from the A.S. *lust*, pleasure; often used in old authors as an impersonal verb, 'it lists me,' like 'it likes me.'

31. **Nay, as they dare**, don't say 'as they *please*,' but rather 'as they *dare*.' Sampson throughout the dialogue is the greater blusterer: **bite my thumb**, an insulting gesture. Singer quotes Cotgrave: "*Faire la nique*: to mocke by nodding or lifting up the chinne; or more properly, to threaten or defie, *by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke.*" An Italian custom intended to provoke a quarrel.

32. **if they bear it**, if they should take it quietly, not resent it.

36. **of our side**, on our side.

42. **If you do**, ... **you**. An elliptical expression for '*you say that you do not quarrel*, but if you do, I am ready to meet you.'

45. **Well, sir**. Sampson is non-plussed and does not like to venture on the word 'better.'

46. **here comes** ... **kinsmen**. As it is Benvolio, one of the Montagues, who first comes on the scene, Steevens is probably right in supposing that Gregory's eyes are looking in the direction from which Tybalt, who enters immediately afterwards, is coming, and does not see Benvolio.

49, 50. **thy swashing blow**, that crushing blow of yours for which you are so famous. To 'swash' is to strike with a heavy and sounding blow. Shakespeare also uses the word in the sense of 'swaggering,' *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 122, "We'll have a *swashing* and a martial outside"; and *swasher* for a bully, *H. V.* iii. 2. 30, "As young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*."

53. **What, art thou** ... **hinds**? What! have you drawn your sword to take part in a quarrel between these cowardly boors? Is that the sort of occupation for a man of your rank? If you want to fight, you will find in me a foe worthy of your steel.

54. **Turn thee** ... **death**, leave those hinds and face me from whose sword you will meet your death.

56. **manage it**, wield it, make use of it; to **manage**, in the sense of wielding weapons, was formerly a common expression; cp. *R. II.* iii. 2. 118, "Yea, distaff women *manage* rusty bills Against thy seat"; ii. *H. IV.* iii. 2. 292, "Come, *manage* me

your caliver"; 301, "a' would *manage* you his piece thus." Literally meaning to 'handle,' from Lat. *manus*, a hand, it is now more commonly used in a figurative sense: **with me**, in co-operation with me.

57. **What, drawn, ... peace!** The "fiery Tybalt" cannot conceive the idea of a sword being drawn for any other purpose than that of fighting. For **drawn**, in this absolute sense, cp. *H. V.* ii. 1. 39, "O well a day, Lady, if he be not *drawn* now."

59. **Have at thee, coward!** here goes for a blow at you. Shakespeare has also "*have* after," "*have* to," "*have* through," "*have* with"; 'let me,' or 'let us,' having to be supplied.

60. **Clubs, bills, partisans!** a common cry in affrays in London for armed persons to part the combatants. The **clubs** were those borne by the London apprentices who were called in for this purpose, though sometimes the cry was raised to stir up a disturbance; for the cry in the former case, cp. *T. A.* ii. 1. 37, "*Clubs, clubs!* these lovers will not keep the peace"; in the latter, *H. VIII.* v. 4. 53, "I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out '*Clubs!*' when I might see from far some forty truncheons drawn to her succour"; **bills**, originally a kind of pike carried by the English infantry, later on the weapon with which the civic watchmen were armed; **partisans**, much the same as the pike or halberd; etymology doubtful.

STAGE DIRECTION. **In his gown**, *i.e.* what we should now call dressing-gown; showing, as Delius points out, that he had been disturbed in his night's rest.

62. **my long sword.** "The weapon used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was used for ornament, to which we have other allusions. [*A. W.* ii. 1. 32, 3] 'Till honour be bought up and no sword worn But one to dance with'" (Singer).

63. **a crutch, a crutch!** call rather for a crutch to support your feeble limbs; the sword is no weapon for you.

65. **in spite of me**, not 'notwithstanding me,' as the words would now mean, but in malicious hostility towards me.

69. **Profaners ... steel**, who profane the use of weapons by dying them in the blood of your fellow-citizens.

74. **mistemper'd**, furious, but also involving the idea of tempered, welded, fashioned, to an evil use. To 'temper' steel is to bring it to the proper degree of hardness by plunging it into icy-cold water when red-hot; cp. *Oth.* v. 2. 253. In its metaphorical sense **mistempered** occurs in *K. J.* v. 1. 12, "This inundation of *mistemper'd* humour Rests by you only to be qualified."

75. **moved**, *sc.* to wrath.

76. **bred of an airy word,** having their origin in the breath of taunting words.

79. **ancient,** elderly.

80. **their ... ornaments,** the dress and weapons (*sc.* walking sticks) suitable to their time of life and gravity. In i. *H. VI.* iv. 1. 29, the sword is called the "*ornament* of knighthood," and in *M. A.* v. 4, 125, in the "reverend staff" (used with a *double entendre*) the reference is to the walking-sticks or staves headed with a cross piece of horn or sometimes of amber which were carried by elderly persons.

81, 2. **To wield ... hate,** to wield old weapons eaten up by rust in order to separate you whose hearts are eaten up with hatred; 'canker,' a doublet of 'cancer,' is something that corrodes, eats into, a substance, the former being used especially of rust, or of a worm that preys upon blossoms, the latter of the tumour which eats into the flesh; both from Lat. *cancer*, a crab. Cp. *V. A.* 767, "Foul-*cankering* rust the hidden treasure eats." For **partisans,** see note on l. 60, above.

84. **the forfeit of the peace,** the penalty due *for breaking* the peace. A **forfeit** is a thing lost by a misdeed, and we speak of the 'forfeit of the crime,' but not 'the forfeit of the peace.' The word is ultimately from the Lat. *foris facere*, to do or act abroad or beyond.

85. **For this time,** for the present: **all the rest,** all except Capulet.

88. **our further pleasure,** what else we are pleased to determine.

89. **Free-town,** a translation of the *Villa franca* in the Italian story on which the play is founded.

91. **new abroach,** newly stirring, running afresh; **abroach** is *on broach*, from the M. E. phrase *setten on broche*, and to *broach* is to pierce a cask in order to set the liquor running by inserting a peg or spit (*broach*). Cp. ii. *H. IV.* iv. 2. 14, "What mischiefs might he *set abroach*"; and, in the literal sense, of to spit, *H. V.*, v. *Chor.* 32, "Bringing rebellion *broached* on his sword."

92. **by,** present, at hand, on the spot.

94. **close fighting,** in hand to hand combat.

95. **in the instant,** at the instant, the very same minute.

96. **prepared,** *sc.* for fighting, by being drawn.

99. **Who,** for *who* personifying irrational antecedents, see Abb. § 264: **nothing,** in no way: **withal,** with the stroke of his sword; cp. *Macb.* v. 8. 9, "As easy mayest thou *the intrenchant air* With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed"; *Haml.* iv. 1. 44, "hit *the woundless air*"; *Temp.* iii. 3. 61-4, "the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well *Wound the loud winds*, or with bemocked-at stabs Kill the *still-closing* waters."

101. **more and more**, reinforcements to both parties: **on part and part**, on one side and the other.

102. **parted either part**, separated the two parties.

104. **the worshipp'd sun**, not of course literally as with the Persians, but figuratively, joyously welcomed; and perhaps with an allusion to worshipping the rising sun, *i.e.* courting those on the high road to power.

106. **Peer'd forth**, peeped out from; *peer*, from Low G. *piren*, to look closely, distinct from *peer*, a shortened form of *appear*, as in *W. T.* iv. 3. 1, "When daffodils begin to *peer*"; for **forth**, as a preposition, cp. *A. C.* iv. 10. 7, "They have put *forth the haven*": **golden ... east**, of course **golden** only when the sun is rising.

107. **drave**, Shakespeare frequently uses this form as well as *drove*.

108. **sycamore**, "properly 'sycomore,' Gk. συκόμορος, *i.e.* fig-mulberry tree.... The trees so called in Europe and America are different from the Oriental sycamore" ... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

109. **That westward ... side**, that grows on the west side of the city.

111. **I made**, I directed my steps: **ware of me**, aware of my approach; literally on guard against, from A.S. *wær*, cautious.

113. **affections**, inclinations.

114. **Which then ... found**, which (*sc.* Benvolio's inclinations) then most desired a place where fewest people would be found. The first quarto gives "That most are busied, when they're most alone," and this reading, first introduced by Pope, has been adopted in the Old Variorum Shakespeare, and by Knight, Dyce, Staunton, and Clarke; for **most might** Allen conjectures *more might*, remarking, "Shakespear was not the man (in Romeo and Juliet, at least) to let slip the chance of running through the Degrees of Comparison, *many, more, most*": **Being ... self**, finding my own wearisome company more than enough for myself.

115. **Pursued ... his**, followed my own inclination to solitude without owing any prompting to his inclination; for **his** Thirlby conjectured *him*, which was adopted by Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson.

116. **who gladly ... me**, who was only too anxious to escape me.

119. **his deep sighs**, the breath of the deep sighs he drew. Delius compares *T. A.* iii. 1. 212, "Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim."

120. **all so soon**, as soon as ever.

121. **should**, was bound to.

123. **heavy**, in mind; for sake of the antithesis with **light**.

124. **pens himself**, shuts himself up; to *pen* is connected with *pin*, and comes ultimately from the Lat. *penna*, a feather.

127. **portentous**, ominous.

131. **Have you ... means**, have you made any great effort to discover it, have you pressed him with persistent questioning or sought to get to the bottom of the matter through his associates?

133. **his own ... counsellor**, resolutely keeping his own secret, confiding in no one.

136. **So far ... discovery**, as much beyond the possibility of being sounded, of having the depth of his thoughts measured, and of being got to reveal his secret: to *sound* is to measure depth with a plummet; the etymology of the word is doubtful.

137. **envious**, malignant: **worm**, the canker worm; see note on l. 81, above, and cp. *T. N.* ii. 4. 113-5, "She never told her love, But let concealment like a worm i' the bud Feed on her damask cheek."

142, 3. **so please ... denied**, if you will be good enough to withdraw out of sight, I will ascertain the cause of his dejection, or at all events will not allow myself to be easily put off in my endeavour to do so. In the sense of 'provided that,' 'on these terms,' **so** is sometimes preceded by *be it* (*i.e.* if it be), as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 39, "*Be it so* she will not," sometimes is used elliptically, as here, and in both cases sometimes with, and sometimes without, *that* following it; see Abb. § 133; for **know**, in the sense of 'ascertain,' 'make oneself acquainted with,' cp. below, v. 3. 198, "Search, seek, and *know* how this foul murder comes"; **grievance** is more commonly used by Shakespeare for 'grief,' 'sorrow,' 'suffering,' as here, though sometimes in the more modern sense of 'cause of complaint,' as below, iii. 1. 55, "reason coldly of your *grievances*"; for **denied**, = refused an answer, or an entreaty, cp. *R. II.* v. 3. 103, "He prays but faintly and would be *denied*."

144. **happy**, fortunate, successful in your attempt.

145. **To hear true shrift**, as to obtain from him a true confession of his sorrow; for the omission of *as* after **so**, see Abb. § 281; **shrift**, more usually in Shakespeare for confession made to a priest, and the absolution consequent upon it, but sometimes, as here, for confession only; while in *Oth.* iii. 3. 24, it means a penitential exercise or rigorous discipline. "The verb *to shrive* is M. E. *schriven, shriven* ... —A.S. *scrifan*, to shrive, to impose a penance or compensation, to judge. .. But although it thus appears as a strong verb, it does not appear to be a true Teutonic word. It was rather borrowed (at a very early period) from Lat. *scribere*, to write, to draw up a law.... The particular sense is due to the legal use of the word, signifying (1) to draw up a law, (2) to impose a legal obligation or penalty, (3) to impose or

prescribe a penance.... The substantive *shrift* is M. E. *shrift*... A.S. *scrift*, confession, ... and just as the A.S. verb *scrifan* is due to Lat. *scribere*, so A.S. *scrift* is due to Lat. p.p. *scriptus*" ... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*)

146. **morrow**, morning; 'good morrow,' or 'good day,' was the salutation used until noon, after which time it became 'good e'en' (evening): **so young**, so early. Steevens compares *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540, "It is yet *young* nyghte, or there is moche of the nyghte to come."

147. **new**, newly, just now.

149. **lengthens**, causes to seem tedious.

154. **where**, with whom; **where** is often used by Shakespeare in a wide sense = in which, in which case, on which occasion, etc. Cp. *W. T.* v. 1. 213, "you have broken from his liking *Where* you were tied in duty," almost = towards whom; *H. V.* i. 2. 121, "They have a king and officers of sorts, *Where* some like magistrates correct at home," almost = in whose case, among whom.

155. **in his view**, in appearance, to look at; cp. *M. V.* iii. 2. 132, "You that choose not by the *view*"; **view**, sight: **still**, ever.

156-8. **Should ..., will!** apparently means 'should be able to find the means of wounding those he chooses to wound." Steevens explains, "Romeo laments that love, though blind, should discover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himself of them; should perceive the road which he is forbidden to take"; Singer, "That is, should blindly and recklessly think he can surmount all obstacles to his will." But the personification of love seems to show that it is the objective power of love over others, not his own subjective inability, that Romeo laments; and to "see pathways to his will" is equivalent to 'to see the way to carry out his will,' 'be able to carry out his will.'

159. **What fray was here?** What disturbance, conflict, has been raging here? said as he notices the marks of the struggle and the blood of the combatants still fresh on the ground.

161. **Here's much hate!** this conflict has much to do with hatred, *i.e.* so far as the rival families are concerned, but has more to do with love, *i.e.* so far as he is concerned (the object of his love, Rosaline, belonging to the Capulet family); the two things, love and hatred, being in this case so intimately blended, Romeo says he may well speak of brawling love and loving hatred.

162-7. **Why, then, ... it is!** Hudson well remarks, "Such an affected way of speaking not unaptly shows the state of Romeo's mind; his love is rather self-generated than inspired by any

object. As compared with his style of speech after meeting with Juliet, it seems to mark the difference between *being love-sick* and *being in love.*" At the same time it should be remembered that such description of love by means of antitheses was common among the sonneteers and the Provençal and Italian poets. Farmer quotes several such laboured contrarieties: **create**, for the omission of *-ed* in the past participles of verbs ending in *-te*, *-t*, and *-d*, see Abb. § 342: **well-seeming**, apparently well proportioned, symmetrical: **that is not what it is**, that is a contradiction to itself.

168. **that feel** ... **this**, who feel no satisfaction in such love.

169. **coz**, an abbreviation of 'cousin.'

170. **Good heart**, dear friend: **At thy** ... **oppression**, at the burden your warm heart has to bear.

171. **Why, such** ... **transgression**, why, such are the cruelties of which love is commonly guilty. To complete the metre of the line, Collier inserted *Benvolio* after **such**; Keightley conjectured *gentle cousin*; Orger, *such a love is*, etc.

173-4. **Which thou** ... **thine**, which griefs you will increase and multiply by causing my breast to be burdened with griefs of yours.

175. **too much**, "used substantively as a compound word" (Delius).

177. **Being purged** ... **eyes**, which when it is purified of its smoky character, *i.e.* of the doubts and anxieties with which it is clouded, blazes up as a bright fire in the eyes of lovers; *urg'd*, *puff'd*, *rag'd*, have been suggested for **purged**, but there seems no need of alteration.

178. **Being vex'd**, ... **tears**, which if it is thwarted, chafed by restraint, becomes a sea, etc. The idea is that of a sea swollen by torrents, and raging against its confining shores; cp. *J. C.* i. 2. 101, "The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores."

179. **What is it else?** do you ask to what else it may be likened?

180. **A choking** ... **sweet**, at one time a bitter so powerful as almost to choke the swallow, at another, something as delicious as fruits used in preserving. As Shakespeare, *J. C.* i. 1. 4, uses "a labouring day" for "a day on which men labour," and *A. C.* iii. 13. 77, "his all-obeying breath" for "breath which all obey," so a **preserving sweet** seems to mean 'a sweet of the kind used for preserving.' Ulrici, who takes **preserving** as = 'preserved,' explains, "Love may be compared to a preserved sweet because, although against our will, it is kept and cherished"; which appears to me a very forced meaning.

181. **Soft!** gently; do not be in such a hurry: **along**, *sc.*

with you; the omission of 'with me, you,' etc., is frequent in Shakespeare.

182. **An if.** On the insertion of 'if' after 'and' (an), when the subjunctive, falling into disuse, was felt to be too weak unaided to express the hypothesis, see Abb. § 103.

183. **lost.** Daniel adopts *left*, a conjecture by Allen, who says, "It is exactly in Romeo's manner, in this dialogue, that he should take up the very word of Benvolio in his answer." He adds that the converse misprint of *left* for *lost* occurs in *Cor.* i. 4. 55, and Daniel refers to *Haml.* iii. 1. 99, where the quartos read *lost*, the folios *left*.

184. **some other where**, elsewhere; in another place.

185. **in sadness**, in all sober truth, in earnest; a sense frequent in Shakespeare, *e.g. M. W.* iii. 5. 125, *T. S.* v. 2. 64. So *sadly* below, i. 1. 187, *M. A.* ii. 3. 229, and *sad* constantly: for the uninflected **who**, see Abb. § 274.

186. **what ... tell thee?** Romeo pretends to misunderstand Benvolio's use of **sadness**.

188. **will**, testament.

189. **word**, *sc.* "sadness": **ill-urged**, which you do wrong to make use of so persistently.

190. **In sadness, ... woman.** Romeo here combines the two senses, seriousness and sorrow.

192. **mark-man**, aimer; the earlier form of *marksman*.

193. **A right fair mark**, a mark easily distinguished.

194, 5. **Well, ... arrow**, well, in that hit of yours, *i.e.* in assuming that she must easily be hit, your aim is beside the mark: for it is impossible for Cupid's arrow to hit her, she refuses to allow Cupid's arrow to reach her bosom: **Dian's wit**, Diana's wisdom, prudence, in repelling all love attacks.

196. **And, in strong ... arm'd**, and secure in the proof-armour of chastity; 'armour of proof' or 'proof-armour' is armour which has been tested in the manufactory by a severe strain being put upon it; so we speak of swords, guns, cannon, being 'proved' before they are issued for use. Steevens sees in these lines an oblique compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who would be gratified by praise of her chastity and beauty.

197. **unharm'd.** This, the reading of the first quarto, seems quite satisfactory; but several editors approve of Collier's conjecture *encharmed*, and Grant White is inclined to read "*'Gainst* love's ... *encharmed*," following, as regards the preposition, the text of the first quarto.

198. **She will not ... terms**, she will not suffer herself to be besieged by propositions of love. Probably in **terms** there is

an allusion to the conditions offered by besiegers to the besieged, *i.e.* she will not make peace with her lovers on the terms of love which they propose.

199. **Nor bide ... eyes**, nor wait the shock of dangerous love-looks. Cp. *M. A.* i. 1. 327, "I will ... take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong *encounter* of my amorous tale."

200. **saint-seducing**, sufficiently powerful to overcome the scruples of the most saintly persons.

202. **That, when ... store**, that with her death perishes that with which she is so richly endowed, viz. beauty. Theobald, however, plausibly conjectured "with her dies beauty's store," which several editors have accepted, and which tallies closely with the purport of the earlier Sonnets, probably written about the same time with *Romeo and Juliet*.

204. **in that sparing ... waste**, in being thus sparing of herself, in not allowing her beauty to be propagated by succession, she is guilty of great waste. This thought, again, is closely paralleled by the first Sonnet, where the theme is precisely the same; "Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament And only herald to the gaudy spring, Within thine own bud buriest thy content, And, tender churl, *mak'st waste in niggarding*."

205, 6. **For beauty ... posterity**, for beauty, by her severity made to pine away, prevents all succession of like beauty; beauty perishes without an heir. Cp. *V. A.* 751-60.

207, 8. **she is too fair ... despair**, fair and wise as she is, her beauty being set off by her wisdom, her personal charms enhanced by her mental graces, it is wrong that she should inherit bliss by driving me to despair. I take **wisely too fair** to be nothing more than an expansion of **too wise, too fair.** Delius (*apud* Furness) explains, "The excess of her beauty does not accord with the excess of her wisdom; she ought not to try to win heavenly bliss while burdening herself with sin by plunging Romeo into despair." Malone, "There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliss."

209, 10. **in that vow ... now**, by that vow (that she will die unmarried) which I live to tell you, my life is made a living death.

211. **ruled**, guided, advised.

213. **By giving ... eyes**, by allowing your eyes to dwell on the beauty of others, not restricting yourself to the contemplation of her charms only.

214, 5. **'Tis the way ... more**, the only result of examining the beauty of others would be to make me more curious in noting that beauty of hers which is so exquisite; cp. *T. C.* iii. 2. 60,

"she 'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she *call your activity in question*," *i.e.* if she examines it by trying, as Schmidt explains. Here, however, **exquisite** and **question**, both being of the same origin, have suggested each other.

216, 7. **These happy masks ... fair?** The gist of these lines is as follows; when we behold the masks worn by ladies, the fact of their being black only serves to make us think of the fair complexions they hide; and so, if I look at other beauties, I shall only be led to think of Rosaline: men may lose their eyesight, but that does not prevent their remembering with a yearning regret that they once had that precious possession; and so, if I examine other features, my doing so will only serve to call up the painful remembrance that I have before looked on other features more beautiful (*sc.* those of Rosaline): if you show me some one exquisitely lovely, the only result will be to put me in mind of one whose loveliness far surpassed hers: **These**, used generically, these masks that we are so familiar with: **fair**, used in a double sense (1) beautiful, (2) fair as opposed to dark.

218. **strucken.** Shakespeare uses *struck*, *strucken*, *stroken*, *stricken*, and perhaps other forms of the participle.

220. **passing**, surpassingly; an adverbial use very frequent in Shakespeare, in the same sense as **pass'd** just below.

221. **what doth ... serve**, what purpose does her beauty serve; *i.e.* it serves no other purpose: **note**, memorandum, writing from which something may be gathered.

224. **I 'll pay ... debt**, I will render you that instruction, teach you to forget, or else die owning myself your debtor. For **doctrine**, cp. *A. C.* v. 2. 31, "I hourly learn a *doctrine* of obedience."

SCENE II.

1. **bound**, *sc.* to keep the peace.

2. **In penalty alike**, under the same penalty for disobedience.

3. **Of honourable ... both**, both of you are esteemed as honourable men.

4. **at odds**, at enmity.

7. **But saying ... before**, I have nothing to say beyond saying, etc.

8. **is yet ... world**, as yet knows nothing of the world, is hardly out of the nursery.

10. **Let two ... pride**, let the leaves and flowers of one more summer fade.

13. **marred**, *sc.* by their youth and beauty quickly fading. For the jingle of **marr'd** and **made**, very frequent in Shakespeare,

cp. *e.g. M. N. D.* i. 2. 39, "And *make* and *mar* The foolish Fates."

14. **The earth ... she**, all my children, on whom I pinned my hopes, have died except her.

15. **She is ... earth.** If the reading is genuine, this probably means 'she is the heiress of my property on whom my hopes are centered'; some take **earth** to mean *body*, as in *Sonnet* cxvi. 1, "Poor soul, the centre of my sinful *earth*," while others explain "she is the hopeful mistress of my world, my life." Steevens quotes the French phrase *Fille de terre*, *i.e.* heiress, in support of the first given meaning, but the expression is not exactly analogous. The line is not found in the first quarto; and, as it has no line to rhyme with it, whereas the rest of the speech is complete in this respect, there is probably some corruption.

17. **My will ... part**, my consent depends upon hers; my will is but an adjunct to her consent, if you obtain the latter, the former follows as a part and parcel of it.

18, 9. **An she agree ... voice**, if she assents, my consent and approval go with that choice which she is free to make. Walker and Dyce hyphen **fair according**, and in l. 20 **old accustomed.**

22, 3. **and you ... more**, and your presence among the full assemblage, welcome as that presence will be, adds to the wealth of company that will grace my halls.

24. **my poor house.** Said with an assumption of humility.

25. **that make ... light**, whose beauty is sufficient to light up the darkness of night.

26. **comfort**, pleasure, contentment of mind: for **young men**, Daniel follows the first quarto in reading *youngmen*, taking it to = *yeomen*, a word which Johnson had conjectured here.

27, 8. **When ... treads**, Malone compares *Sonn.* xcviii. 2, 3, "When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim Hath put a spirit of youth in everything": **limping winter**, winter that is so long in passing away.

30. **Inherit**, possess, enjoy; cp. *Cor.* ii. 1. 215, "I have lived To see *inherited* my very wishes"; *Cymb.* iii. 2. 63, "Tell me how Wales was made so happy as To *inherit* such a haven."

32, 3. **Which on more view ... none.** The first quarto gives "Such amongst view," etc.; the reading in the text is that of the fourth and fifth quartos, which vary from the second and third only in having **on** for *one*. With this reading, the meaning seems to be, her, who when you have carefully eyed a large number of those present, my daughter among the rest, may seem to you to hold the first place, though being but one she does not count for anything in reckoning; **none**, as is generally admitted, clearly refers to the old proverb that one is no number, a

proverb to which Shakespeare refers, *Sonn.* cxxxvi. 8, "Among a number *one is reckoned none.*" This explanation in its more important point is essentially that given by Singer, though the latter words he explains "though she may be reckoned nothing, or held in no estimation." On *which* used interchangeably with *who*, see Abb. § 265. The majority of editors take **mine** as the subject to **May stand**; but to this there seems the objection that Capulet is trying to persuade Paris that he may easily find some one as well fitted for a bride as his own daughter, and therefore would not be likely to suggest that she might hold the first place. But for this objection, I should be inclined to follow (with Steevens and Staunton) the reading of the first quarto, "Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one," etc., though while we say "amongst many," it is perhaps doubtful whether we could say "amongst view of many." The conjectures are many: "Within your," Johnson; "On which more," Capell; "Amongst such," Ulrici; "Such as on," Keightley; "Whilst on," Mason, followed Dyce; "Such amongst few," Badham: while the punctuation of the former of the two lines is equally various. Possibly we should read 'Such amongst *view'd*,' *i.e.* seen among such, my daughter, being one of many, may, etc.

34. **trudge**, properly meaning to walk along with a heavy step, is here and elsewhere in Shakespeare used to express a busy activity.

37. **My house ... stay**, I am waiting to give them hearty welcome to my house.

38-41. **It is written ... nets**, the servant is of course turning the sayings topsy-turvy: **meddle with**, busy himself with: **yard**, yard-measure: **last**, wooden mould of the foot on which shoes are shaped and sewn.

43. **I must to.** On the omission of the verb of motion, see Abb. § 405.

44. **In good time**, in good luck, Fr. *à la bonne heure;* said as he sees Benvolio and Romeo approaching, as from them he will be able to find out the directions given to him.

45. **one fire ... burning.** A reference to a fire in a grate being extinguished by the more powerful fire of the sun; cp. *Cor.* iv. 7. 54, "One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail"; *T. G.* ii. 4. 192, 3, "Even as one heat another heat expels, Or as one nail by strength drives out another"; and Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, l. 207, "as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive."

46. **another's anguish**, the anguish caused by another pain; the subjective genitive.

47. **holp**, Shakespeare uses both *holp* and *helped*, the former more frequently: **backward**, in the reverse direction.

51. **Your plantain-leaf**, the plantain-leaf which you know so well; cp. *Haml.* iv. 3. 22, 4, "*Your* worm is *your* only emperor for diet ... *your* fat-king and *your* lean-beggar is but variable service"; *A. C.* ii. 7. 29-31, "*Your* serpent of Egypt is bred now of *your* mud by the operation of *your* sun: so is *your* crocodile"; and see Abb. § 220: the **plantain-leaf**, the leaf of this herb, or rather weed, was of old supposed to be efficacious in case of fresh wounds and various other ailments; cp. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 74, where Costard calls for it for his broken shin.

52. **your broken shin**, your shin the skin of which has been broken; **your**, as in the line above. As a plantain-leaf was used to staunch blood and not for a fracture of a bone, Ulrici supposes a sarcasm here, 'Thy remedy is as excellent for my complaint as a plantain leaf is for a broken shin.' But a 'broken head' or a 'broken shin' meant a head or a shin of which the skin had been abraded, not in which the bone had been fractured; so in i. 3. 39, "*broke* her brow" means 'knocked the skin off her forehead.' Romeo is of course teazing Benvolio by his inconsequent remarks, but no such deep meaning is intended as Ulrici suspects.

54. **bound ... is**, shackled in fetters heavier than those put upon a madman; in former days the restraints put upon lunatics were cruelly severe, they being shut up in dark rooms, heavily fettered and frequently whipped; cp. *T. N.* iii. 4. 148, 9, "Come, we'll have him in a dark room and *bound*," said of Malvolio whom they pretend to be mad. Romeo's fetters are of course those of love.

56. **God-den**, a contraction of 'God give you good even,' found in many similar forms, such as that given in reply by the Servant.

58. **mine own ... misery**, my own miserable fortune.

59. **Perhaps ... book**, "for that purpose, the Servant means, it is not necessary for a man to have learnt to read" (Delius).

62. **Ye say ... merry**! thanks for your honest answer and farewell! **rest you merry**, or "God rest you merry," as in *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 65, was a common form of farewell among the lower orders, and equivalent to 'good luck to you.' The Servant, getting nothing but "riddling shrift" from Romeo, is about to proceed on his way.

64. **County**. Another form of 'Count,' oftentimes used by Shakespeare; originally meaning a companion, *i.e.* of some great leader, the modern 'county' = shire, being the portion of territory of which the Count had the government. Capell pointed out that this list of guests becomes metrical if **Anselme** is changed to *Anselmo* and an epithet given to **Livia**. Following this suggestion, except that he inserts *and* before **Livia**, Dyce prints the passage as metre. Very possibly, as Delius suggests, Romeo in reading it aloud inserts some of the epithets which help to make it metrical.

70. **should they come?** are they expected to come: **Up,** *&c.* to the house. Possibly with an allusion to the common expression "Marry, come up" as used by the Nurse, ii. 5. 63, below.

72. **Whither?** All the old copies give "Whither to supper?" which some editors retain, perhaps rightly. The alteration was suggested by Warburton and first accepted by Theobald.

76. **I should ... before,** I should have done better before putting these questions to you, to have asked you who your master is.

78. **great rich,** very rich; **great,** used adverbially as in ii. *H. VI.* iii. 1. 379, "as 'tis *great* like he will."

79. **crush a cup of wine,** as we now say 'crack a bottle of wine.' Steevens quotes several instances of the expression from old writers.

79, 80. **Rest you merry!** See above, l. 62.

81. **this same ancient feast,** this time-honoured festival of which he speaks and which we all know so well. The expression "this same" or "that same" is frequently used with a contemptuous emphasis, like the modern vulgarity "this here," and even when no contempt is intended there is generally a sort of familiarity implied.

84. **unattainted eye,** unbiased, impartial, eye; eye not prejudiced by your admiration for Rosaline.

85. **show,** point out to you.

86. **And I ... crow,** and I will convince you that she whom you think so lovely is but a poor creature after all.

87, 8. **When the devout ... fires,** when my eye, that now worships with such devout belief in her beauty, perjures itself by such heresy as you suggest, then let tears turn to fires. The old copies give 'fire,' which was altered by Pope to **fires** for the sake of the rhyme with **liars**; Grant White remarks, "The mere difference of a final *s* seems not to have been regarded in rhyme in Shakespeare's day, and the reading 'fires' tends to impoverish a line not over-rich."

89, 90. **And these, ... liars!** and may these eyes, which, though often drowned in tears, refused to die, be burnt as liars, transparent heretics as they will then prove themselves to be! In **transparent** there is a pun upon 'evident,' in the figurative sense, and 'clear,' in the literal sense.

92. **her match,** her equal, much less her superior.

93. **you saw her fair,** in your eyes she seemed fair.

94. **Herself poised ... eye,** each of your eyes being filled with her image, whereas, in order that you should judge impartially, her image in your one eye should have been balanced by the image of some other fair one in your other eye; to 'poise,' or 'peize' as

Shakespeare sometimes writes it, is to weigh, balance, from Old F. *peiser*, to weigh.

95. **scales**, pair of scales, used as a singular; conversely, in *M. V.* iv. 1. 255, *balance* is used as a plural, "*Are* these *balance* here to weigh The flesh?"

96. **Your lady's love.** As it is neither the love which he bore to the lady, nor the love which the lady bore to him, we should probably read, with Theobold, *lady-love*. Though we do not find the word elsewhere in Shakespeare, Dyce has shown that it was already in use.

97. **shining**, *sc.* in all the splendour of loveliness.

98. **And she ... best**, and she who now seems to you fairest in all the world will scarcely seem fair at all; **scant**, as an adverb, occurs here only in Shakespeare.

99. **along**, see note on i. 1. 181; **no such ... shown**, not in the expectation, or for the purpose, of being shown such a sight.

100. **splendour of mine own**, the splendid beauty of her whom I love.

SCENE III.

2. **What**, an exclamation of impatience at not finding her; so *why* frequently in the same way: **lady-bird**, a term of endearment; the lady-bird is really a small scarlet insect which flits about from leaf to leaf.

3. **God forbid**! *sc.* that anything should have happened to her.

4. **How now**! what's the matter, that you call out in this way for me!

6. **This is the matter**, this is what I want to speak to you about: **give leave awhile**, leave us alone for a time; cp. *K. J.* i. 1. 230, "James Gurney, wilt thou *give us leave awhile?*" and i. *H. IV.* iii. 2. 1, "Lords, *give us leave;* the Prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference."

8. **I have remember'd me**, on second thoughts, there is no need for you to leave us; **me**, used reflexively; cp. *T. N.* v. 1. 286, "alas, now *I remember me*," *i.e.* now that I come to think of the matter again: **thou's**, a colloquialism for 'thou shalt,' as in *Lear*, iv. 6, 246, "*ise* try" is a provincialism for '*I shall* try': **counsel**, consultation, deliberation.

9. **of a pretty age**, well grown, of a marriageable age.

10. **Faith**, in faith, assuredly: **unto an hour**, exactly.

11. **lay**, stake as a wager.

12. **to my teen**, to my sorrow, sorry as I am to say it; cp. *Temp.* i. 2. 64, "To think of the *teen* that I have turned you to." Here of course for the sake of the jingle with "four*teen*."

14. **Lammas-tide**, "a name for the first of August.... The literal sense is 'loaf-mass,' because a loaf was offered on this day as an offering of first fruits [*sc.* of the harvest]...—A.S. *hláf*, a loaf, and *mæsse*, a mass" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): **-tide**, for time, as Nares remarks, adding, "*Tide* was also scrupulously used by the Puritans, in composition, instead of the popish word *mass*, of which they had a nervous abhorrence. Thus, for Christmas, Hallowmass, Lammas, they said Christ-*tide*, Hallow-*tide*, Lamb-*tide*," Lammas being in those days popularly supposed to be derived from *lamb* and *tide*.

15. **Even or odd, ... year**, whether the number of days between now and Lammastide be even or odd, on that day and no other.

16. **Come ... night**, an instance, as Wright remarks, note on *M. N. D.* i. 2. 6, 7, of an uneducated person's anxiety to be scrupulously exact.

17. **Susan**, her own daughter.

18. **of an age**, of one and the same age.

19. **She was too good for me**, I did not deserve so good a child, and therefore she was taken from me; a pathetic expression still to be heard among the poorer classes.

22. **the earthquake**. It has been supposed by some that Shakespeare is here alluding to the earthquake that took place in England in 1580, and that therefore the play was written in 1591, by others that he alludes to the far more serious earthquake in Italy in 1570.

23. **wean'd**, made to give up being suckled. The word is from the A.S. *wenian*, to accustom, and, as Skeat points out, the child who is being accustomed to bread, etc., is at the same time disaccustomed to, or weaned from, the breast. Hence our present use of the word in the sense of 'disaccustom to.'

25. **laid ... dug**, *sc.* in order to make the dug distasteful to the child, **wormwood** being a plant with a bitter juice. Skeat has shown that the word has really nothing to do with either *worm* or *wood*, but is from the A.S. *wermód* = mind preserver, from A.S. *werian*, to protect, and A.S. *mód*, mind, thus pointing back "to some primitive belief as to the curative property of the plant in mental afflictions."

26. **Sitting ... wall**, again wishing to display her extreme accuracy.

28. **Nay, ... brain**, for, believe me, I remember the circumstances most minutely; the use of **Nay** here is elliptical, and equivalent to 'nay, do not wonder, for,' 'nay, you need not doubt my memory, for'; **bear a brain**, much the same as the more modern 'have a good head,' an expression of which the commentators quote many instances from old writers.

31. **To see ... dug!** what a pretty sight it was to see it get angry and quarrel with the dug! **tetchy**, fretful, peevish; the sense, says Skeat, is 'full of *tetches* or *teches*, *i.e.* bad habits, freaks, whims, vices'; of course nothing to do with *touchy*, which is often used in the sense of *peevish*.

32. **Shake ... dove-house.** Wise (*Shakespeare: His Birthplace and its Neighbourhood*, p. 112), remarks, "a peculiar use of the verb 'quoth' is noticeable among the lower orders in Warwickshire. It is universally applied to inanimate things: for instance, though the ploughshare could not speak, still the verb 'quoth' would not be inapplicable to it. 'Jerk, quoth the ploughshare,' that is, the ploughshare went—to use a vulgarism—jerk. So, precisely in this sense in *Romeo and Juliet* the old Nurse says, 'Shake, quoth the dove-house,' that is, the dove-house went or began shaking." Cp. Heywood, *The Fair Maid of the West*, iv. 1, "I was sent to the top-mast to watch, and there I fell fast asleep. 'Bounce,' *quoth the guns*, down tumbles Clem [the speaker]." Here the shaking, on the child's distaste with the dug, is ominous of the Nurse's duty being at an end.

32, 3. **'twas no need ... trudge**, there was no need to bid me pack off about my business, for the child's quarrelling with the dug was enough to show that my duties were over.

35. **for then ... alone**, *i.e.* for then she was between two and three years old; the first quarto gives *high-lone*, and Dyce has shown that the phrase *a high lone*, for quite alone, was in use by old writers.

35, 6. **nay ... about**, nay, not only could stand alone, but, I swear, could have run about everywhere though her feet were not as steady as they might be; **the rood**, the cross (of Christ), sometimes used for the crucifix, *i.e.* the cross with a figure of Christ on it.

37. **broke her brow**, broke the skin of her brow by a fall as she was running about on her not too steady feet. See note on i. 2. 52.

39. **Peace, ... grace**, very good, I have done. May God set the mark of his favour upon you, show that He loves you! **to**, for, as an object of.

41, 2. **An I might ... wish**, if I might only live to see you married, my fondest wish would be gratified; **once** belongs to **live** not to **married**.

45. **How stands ... married?** how are you disposed as regards marriage? is your inclination for or against marriage? Cp. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 131, "Orlando hath a *disposition* to come in disguised against me to try a fall."

48. **I would say ... teat**, *i.e.* but if I were to pay you that compliment, I should also be complimenting myself.

50. **ladies of esteem**, honourable ladies, ladies of rank and character.

51. **by my count**, if my memory is right.

52, 3. **I was ... maid.** "In the old poem Juliet's age is set down at sixteen [l. 1864, "Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres"]; in Paynter's novel at eighteen ["sith as yet shee is not attayned to the age of xviii. yeares"]. As Shakespeare makes his heroine only fourteen, Lady Capulet would be eight and twenty; while her husband, having done masking some thirty years, must be at least three score. Knight veils the disparity, and perhaps improves the passage [by reading *a* for **your**], but we believe without authority" (Staunton).

54. **for his love**, in marriage; as his bride.

56. **As all the world**—the Nurse's enthusiasm is too great for expression: **a man of wax**, "well made, as if he had been modelled in wax" (Weston); an explanation which Dyce confirms by a quotation from *Fair Em*, a play sometimes attributed to Shakespeare, i. 3. 50-2, Simpson's ed., "A body, were it *framed of wax* By all the cunning Artists of the world, It could not better be proportioned."

63. **every married lineament**, all his features, each of which is in such complete harmony with the rest; cp. ii. *H. IV.* v. 1. 77, "their spirits are so *married* in conjunction with the participation of society"; *T. C.* i. 3. 100, "The unity and *married* calm of states."

64. **And see ... content**, and mark "how one sets off another's beauty, to satisfy the eye" (Schmidt).

65, 6. **And what ... eyes**, and whatever is not clearly expressed in the lines of that face, in those lineaments, find illustrated by the light of his eyes. In old books the text was illustrated by comments in the margin, to which the reader was often directed by an index finger (☞). For other instances in Shakespeare of a face compared to a book, cp. *K. J.* ii. 1. 485, *Lucr.* 615, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 122; for the form **margent**, cp. *Haml.* v. 2. 162, *Lucr.* 102, *L.L.L.* ii. 1. 246, in the two latter the figure being the same as that in the text.

67, 8. **This precious book .. cover**, to him, though full of excellence, yet incomplete, the bonds of marriage will give that grace of completeness which the binding gives to the book; cp. *K. J.* ii. 1. 437, 8, "He is the half part of a blessed man Left to be finished by such as she." Mason points out that in **cover** there is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, styled *feme covert* in law-French.

69, 70. **The fish ... hide**, as the beauty of the element in which it lives sets off the beauty of the fish, so man is graced by his

union with woman: pride is taken in covering with a beautiful outside that which is beautiful within, and his innate virtues will find their complement in your outward beauty. I cannot believe with Farmer that there is any allusion to the fish-skin covers in which books were sometimes bound, or with Clarke that Lady Capulet means to say "the fish is not yet caught which is to supply this 'cover' or 'coverture.' The bride who is to be bound in marriage with Paris has not yet been won."

71, 2. **That book ... story**, that book which locks in a golden story in golden clasps is by many prized as much for those clasps as for its precious contents; and your outward beauty will be as much regarded as his inward excellence.

73, 4. **So shall ... less**, so shall you be a sharer in all that adorns him, and by taking him in marriage shall in no way lessen your own estimation. These two lines summarize the whole passage from "This precious book" to "golden story," and are entirely opposed to the interpretations of ll. 69, 70, given by Farmer and Clarke.

75. **like of**, approve of, accept; for this partitive sense, cp. *Temp.* iii. 1. 57, "a shape to *like of*"; *M. A.* v. 4. 59, "if you *like of* me."

76. **I 'll look ... move**, I will look with the object of liking, if so be that looking is likely to cause liking. Quibbles abound so greatly in this scene that **I 'll look to** may have the double meaning of 'I will expect to.'

77. **endart mine eye**, set darts in; see Abb. § 440, on the force of *en-* as a prefix.

78. **Than your consent ... fly**, than you would approve of my doing.

80. **asked for**, inquired about: **cursed**, "because she is not at hand to help" (Delius).

81. **in extremity**, on the tip-toe of bustle: **wait**, attend upon the guests: **straight**, straightway; at once.

83. **stays**, is waiting for your coming.

SCENE IV.

STAGE DIRECTION. **Maskers**, men wearing masks and prepared to take part in a masquerade, *i.e.* an assembly of maskers or buffoons, not the same as *masque*.

1. **this speech**, which they had prepared; see note on l. 3.

2. **Or shall we on**, or shall we go forward, on to the house.

3. **The date ... prolixity.** "In Henry VIII., when the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he

appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before him to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions allusion is here made. So, in Histriomastix, 1610, a man wonders that the *maskers* enter without any compliment: 'What come they in so blunt, *without device?*'... Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in Timon [i. 2. 121, *et seqq.*], where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech" (Steevens).

4. **hoodwinked with a scarf**, with his eyes blinded with a scarf; to 'hoodwink' is to blind the eyes by covering the head with a hood, as hawks were blinded, until the moment arrived for flying them at their prey, by a hood drawn over their eyes; the word is used figuratively in *Macb.* iv. 3. 72, "the time you may so *hoodwink*"; and *Cymb.* v. 2. 16, *Temp.* iv. 1. 206. The object here is of course to symbolize Cupid's blindness.

5. **Bearing ... lath.** "The Tartarian bows, as well as most of those used by the Asiatic nations, resembled in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-reliefs. Shakespeare used the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape [when bent] is the segment of a circle" (Douce); **painted ... lath**, not a real bow made of yew, but a painted imitation made of a slip of such wood as is used for toys.

6. **like a crow-keeper**, as a crow-keeper scares crows; a **crow-keeper** is a boy employed to scare birds from the crops, of which crows are supposed to be the greatest enemies; but the word is also used of a stuffed figure, made of sticks with an old coat covering it, and sometimes armed with a bow; in this passage, as Nares points out, such a figure is clearly meant.

7, 8. **Nor no ... entrance**, nor any halting prologue, indistinctly delivered as the actor follows the prompter reading from the book at the wings of the stage, to gain admission for us. For the emphatic double negative, see Abb. § 406. Ulrici supposes a **without-book prologue** to be a prologue not in the book—that is, not composed by the poet; but this seems a forced meaning, and probably nothing more is meant than a contrast between prologues read out from the book and those delivered from memory: **entrance**, a trisyllable *ent(e)rance*; see Abb. § 477.

9. **But let them ... will**, but, let them judge of us as they please, take our measure by whatever standard they choose.

10. **We 'll measure ... gone**, we will just go through a dance with them and then depart; **a measure**, though used for dancing

to music generally, was especially applied to a slow, stately, dance resembling the later minuet: **them**, for them, for their behalf, but probably used here to correspond with **measure us** in the previous line. On what is commonly called the ethical dative, see Abb. § 220.

11. **Give me a torch**, let me play the part of torch-bearer: **I am not for**, I am not inclined for, do not care to take part in: **ambling**, used contemptuously of an affected manner of movement; cp. *Haml.* iii. 1. 151, "you jig, you *amble*, and you lisp ... and make your wantonness your ignorance."

12. **Being ... light**, the same pun as in i. 1. 164.

13. **we must ... dance**, we shall not be contented unless you dance.

15. **nimble**, light, and so enabling the wearers to be nimble, active: **soul**, of course with the sorry pun which Shakespeare has again in *M. V.* iv. 1. 123, *J. C.* i. 1. 15.

16. **So stakes me, ... move**, which so pins me down that I cannot move; for the omission of the relative, see Abb. § 244.

18. **above ... bound**, to a height to which without them you could not leap.

19. **enpierced**, pierced in my heart; see Abb. § 440.

20. **and so bound**, and with that restraint, pinned down as I am by his shafts; of course for the sake of the quibble. Steevens quotes a similar quibble in *Paradise Lost* iv. 18, though there the substantive means boundary, limit.

21. **bound a pitch above**, soar above. Taken in connection with the previous line, **pitch** is probably used in the technical sense of the height to which a falcon towers; for that sense used figuratively, as here, cp. *R. II.* i. 1. 109, "How high a *pitch* his resolution soars"; *J. C.* i. 1. 78, "Will make him fly an ordinary *pitch*": **dull**, heavy, laden.

29. **a case**, a mask.

30, 1. **A visor ... deformities**, a fig for masks! I care nothing what prying eye examines the blemishes of my face, notes the plainness of my face. **A visor for a visor**! apparently means 'I care not a jot, not the value of a mask, for the concealment of my plainness which a visor affords: **quote**, cp. *T. C.* iv. 5. 233, "I have with exact view perused thee, Hector, And *quoted* every joint"; *Haml.* ii. 1. 112, "I am sorry that with better heed and judgement I had not *quoted* him."

32. **Here are ... me**, if anything is to blush for me, it shall be these beetle-brows of mine, *i.e.* I'll face them all without being in the least ashamed of myself: **beetle-brows**, probably heavy and shaggy, bushy, brows: the etymology is doubtful, but "it is probable ... that the comparison is to the short tufted antennæ of

some species of beetles, projecting at right angles to the head, which might have been called 'eyebrows' in Eng. as well as in Fr.; for the expression *sourcils de hanneton* 'cockchafers' eyebrows' is the name given to a species of fringe made in imitation to the antennæ of these insects" (Murray, *Eng. Dict.*).

33, 4. **and no sooner ... legs**, and let us all, as soon as we enter, engage in the dance; *i.e.* so as more easily to escape observation.

35. **Tickle ... heels**, caper about in the dance; **senseless**, without feeling, which may be tickled without objecting to it, but also with an allusion to the empty-headedness of the **wantons** themselves. In the days before carpets, it was customary to strew the floors with rushes.

37. **For I am ... phrase**, for I am fortified against such frivolities by an old-world proverb which suits my frame of mind. The **grandsire phrase** is apparently that of the following line, of which Steevens gives an illustration from Ray's *Proverbs*, "A good *candle-holder*," *i.e.* spectator, "proves a good gamester." Some commentators include the next line also, while Malone refers the phrase to that line alone. Milton uses "proverbed" as = 'made a byword of,' *S. A.* 203, "Am I not sung and *proverbed* for a fool In every street."

39. **The game ... done.** Malone says the proverb "Our sport is at the best" (see below i. 5. 117) meant 'we have had enough of it'; Ritson that the allusion is to "a proverbial saying which advises to give over when the game is at the best"; though how this would apply to Romeo's state of mind, it is not easy to see. Possibly the meaning is 'The game (*i.e.* dancing) was never one I much cared for, and I am not going to argue the point further.'

40. **Tut, dun's the mouse ... word**, nonsense! what have you to do with the word dun (done)? It comes very well from the lips of a constable in his favourite phrase, but not from a fine fellow like you. What precise meaning the phrase had has not been discovered, though there is of course a reference to the colour of the mouse, and the same quibble with *done* is found in many old writers. Nor is it clearer why the monopoly should belong to the constable. Malone, indeed, supposes it to have meant "Peace, be still!" but the passage he quotes seems to prove nothing. Possibly it had no more pertinence to the occasion than the oft-repeated exclamation of Mr. F.'s Aunt, "There's milestones on the Dover road," while it was equally comforting to the speaker with the old lady's "blessed word" Mesopotamia. For **word**, = saying, cp. *R. II.* i. 3. 152, "The hopeless *word* of 'never to return.'"

41, 2. **If thou art dun ... love.** "*Dun is in the mire* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A *log* of wood is

brought into the midst of the room: this is *Dun* (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement; and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it" (Gifford). The saying, which was also the name of a tune, was a very old one, and Douce quotes it from the Manciple's prologue in Chaucer, l. 4: **this sir-reverence love**, this dung-heap, love. The term **sir-reverence** is a corruption of 'save reverence,' Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ*, an apologetical expression for the use of anything indelicate, and later on "in one instance became the substitute for the word which it originally introduced; as 'I trod in a *sa' reverence*'—dropping the real name of the thing" (Nares).

43. **we burn daylight**, we are wasting time; originally used of burning candles by daylight, as Mercutio explains in answer to Romeo's literal acceptation of the words.

45. **light lights**. The quartos, except the first, give "*lights lights* by day." I have followed Daniel in adopting Nicholson's easy and most satisfactory emendation.

46, 7. **Take our good meaning ... wits**, take our words as they were meant, for it is in that meaning that our good sense shows itself much oftener than in the use of our five wits; if our words are strictly taken, they are often misunderstood. The **five wits** were common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation (*i.e.* judgment), and memory; though the phrase was sometimes used as an equivalent to the five senses.

48. **mask**, masquerade, masked ball; not a masked entertainment such as that in the *Tempest*, iv. 1, or Milton's *Comus*.

53. **Queen Mab**. The origin of the name **Mab** is uncertain, and Shakespeare, according to Thoms, is apparently the earliest writer to give her the title of queen. He mentions that Beaufort, in his *Antient Topography of Ireland*, speaks of *Mabh* as the chief of the Irish fairies, and adds that the word *Mab* is Celtic, meaning both in Welsh, and in the kindred dialects of Brittany, a child or infant, "and it would be difficult to find an epithet that better befits Shakespeare's description of the dwarf-like sovereign." If Shakespeare was the first to apply the designation of Fairy Queen to Mab, that designation seems to have been a well-recognized one, for Jonson in his *Satyr*, written in 1603, speaks of "a bevy of Fairies, attending on Mab their queen."

54. **the fairies' midwife**, the fairy whose "department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*" (Steevens); see l. 94, below.

55. **In shape ... agate-stone**, in size no bigger than the small figures engraved, or cut in relief, on agate stones set in rings. Shakespeare again refers to these figures as symbols of diminutiveness, in *M. A.* iii. 1. 65, where Beatrice is said to compare a tall man to "a lance ill-headed" and a short one to "*an agate vilely cut*"; while in ii. *H. IV.* i. 2. 19, Falstaff, speaking of his page, says "I was never manned *with an agate* till now."

56. **On the ... alderman.** In the first quarto for **alderman** we have *burgomaster*, the Dutch equivalent of our *mayor*, and Steevens points out that in the old pictures of these dignitaries the ring is generally placed on the *fore-finger*, whereas in England it appears to have been more commonly worn on the thumb.

57. **atomies**, only another form of *atoms*, the Lat. pl. of *atomus*, *atomi*, being treated as an English singular; literally something so small as to be incapable of division; cp. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 245, "It is as easy to count *atomies* as to resolve the propositions of a lover."

59. **long-spinners' legs**, what children call a 'daddy-long-legs,' but different from the common spider; cp. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 21, "Hence, you *long-legg'd spinners*, hence!"

60. **cover**, awning, hood.

61. **traces**, that by which the vehicle is drawn.

64. **grey-coated gnat**, what Milton, *Lycidas*, 28, calls the "gray-fly," either the trumpet-fly, or possibly the cricket.

66. **Prick'd ... maid**, taken out with a needle from the finger of a lazy maid. It was of old popularly believed that small parasites were sometimes harboured in the flesh of the fingers of lazy persons. Nares quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Woman Hater*, iii. 1. 111, 2, "Keep thy hands in thy muff and warm the idle *Worms in thy fingers' ends.*"

67-9. **Her chariot ... coachmakers.** Lettsom would place these lines after l. 58, as "it is preposterous to speak of the parts of a chariot before mentioning the chariot itself": **joiner**, carpenter, **grub**, worm; the **squirrel** and the **grub**, because the former is fond of cracking nuts, and the latter of boring its way through the shell, both eating the kernel and so hollowing out the shell which thereby becomes fitted for a coach for fairies.

69. **Time out o' mind**, from time immemorial.

70. **in this state**, with this pomp and splendour.

72. **court'sies**, bowing and cringing in the presence of those whose favour they seek to win.

73. **straight**, straightway, immediately.

76. **Because ... are**, allusions to the sweatmeats eaten by ladies to sweeten the breath are very common in the old dramatists, and one of the names given to them was "kissing-comfits," as in *M. W.* v. 5. 22.

78. **smelling out a suit**, scenting out some appointment, office, etc., for which he might become a suitor to the king, or to those high in his favour. As courtiers have already been mentioned, it has been proposed to substitute 'counsellor's' here.

79. **tithe-pig**, a pig given to a priest in payment of tithes, or tenth parts of the parishioner's annual income.

81. **another benefice**, *i.e.* an increase to his income by his being presented with a richer living, better church preferment, or perhaps a living in addition to that already held by him, it being common in those days for priests to hold more than one living at a time.

84. **Spanish blades.** The toledo, a sword made at Toledo, in Spain, was in high favour formerly, the steel of the blade being of great excellence and finely tempered.

85. **Of healths ... deep**, of potations without stint; of cups which no thirst could drain dry; the pledges drunk to the health of friends, mistresses, etc., are put for the cup from which they are drunk.

86. **Drums in his ears**, he dreams that the signal for battle has been sounded by the drums, and he must up and arm.

87. **swears a prayer or two**, his vocabulary is so largely made up of oaths that even when in his alarm he tries to remember a prayer, he cannot do so without an admixture of blasphemy; cp. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 150, "Then a soldier, *Full of strange oaths*, and bearded like the pard."

88. **And sleeps again.** Cp. *Macb.* ii. 2. 22-5, where, during the murder of Duncan, the sleeping chamberlains start up in their sleep, "There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder': I stood and heard them: But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep."

89. **That plats ... night.** "It was believed that certain malignant spirits ... assumed occasionally the likeness of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots" ... (Douce).

90. **And bakes ... hairs**, and causes the hair of those who are uncleanly in person to become caked in elf knots; the reference is said to be to a horrid disease called *plica polonica*, in which the hair became injected with blood, an infliction superstitiously

attributed to the malice of wicked elves. See next note, and cp. *Lear*, ii. 3. 10, "my face I'll grime with filth; Blanket my loins; and *elf my hair in knots*." For **baked** = caked, clotted, cp. *Haml.* ii. 2. 481, "horridly trick'd With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, *Baked* and impasted with the parching streets." Queen Mab's hatred of sluttishness is again referred to in *M. W.* v. 5. 50, "Elves, list your names; silence, you airy boys. Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept, There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: *Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery*"; a passage which Jonson has imitated in his *Satyr*, 34-7, where, speaking of "Mab, the mistress Fairy," he says, "She that pinches country wenches, If they rub not clean their benches, And with sharper nails remembers When they rake not up their embers."

91. **Which once ... bodes**, the disentangling of which forebodes, etc. The nominative to **bodes** is the adjectival clause **Which untangled**; so the noun clause in *Haml.* iii. 1. 182, "Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus From fashion of himself," *i.e.* the beating of his brains puts; *A. C.* i. 2. 115, "our ills told us *Is* as our earing," *i.e.* the telling of our ills is, etc. Why the disentanglement should have this effect is not clear, unless it is that it would further provoke the malice of Mab at seeing her work undone. On this subject of "elf-locks" and the "*en*tangling" or the "*un*tangling" there has in recent years been much controversy. Daniel, in the revised edition of our play, published by the New Shakspere Society, prefers "*en*tangled," believing the entanglement, not the disentanglement, to be inauspicious. W. G. Black, in *Notes and Queries*, 5th *Series*, xi. 22, quotes a passage from *Sir T. Overburie's Vision*, 1616, which perhaps bears out Daniel's contention; and W. G. Stone, in the same journal, xi. 205, quotes from Turner's *Remarkable Providence*, 1697, a further passage in support of the same view. "'Pride of Hair was punished,' saith Dr. Bolton, 'at first with an ugly Intanglement, sometime in the form of a great Snake, sometime of many little ones, full of Nastiness, Vermin, and noisome Smell; and that which is most to be admired, and never Age saw before, pricked with a Needle, they yielded bloody drops. This first began in *Poland*, afterwards entered into *Germany*; and all that then cut off his horrible snaky Hair, either lost their Eyes, or the Humour falling down upon other Parts tortured them extremely'..." Brinsley Nicholson remarks that "while a felting or inextricable interlacing of the hair—a result of neglect and want of cleanliness—was doubtless known in England (a state called by Dr. Copland 'false plica'), there is not, so far as I am aware, any recorded instance of the occurrence of the true *plica polonica* in England so early as Shakespeare's time." J. W. Legg says that if there is an allusion here to the

plica polonica, "it is absolutely necessary to accept the early reading 'untangled.' If we accept 'entangled' as the reading, then we must reject any allusion under the name of 'elf-locks' to the *plica:* for the entanglement of the *plica* boded no misfortune; it was a piece of great good fortune, which lasted for ever if the hair did not become untangled."

93. **Thou talk'st of nothing**, your talk is all nonsense.

95. **fantasy**, fancy; of which it is the older form.

96. **of substance**, as regards substance; in the matter of substance.

97. **wooes**, with the hope of softening it.

98, 9. **Even now ... And**, at one moment ... and at the next.

100. **dew-dropping south**, so *Cymb.* iv. 2. 34-9, "the *spongy* south"; and of the south wind, *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 50, "Like *foggy* south *puffing* with wind and *rain*."

101. **This wind ... ourselves**, this inconstancy, in which we resemble the wind, diverts us from our purpose, is hindering us from joining the festivities.

103. **misgives**, forebodes; more commonly with the reflexive pronoun.

104. **yet ... stars**, as yet impending in the stars that govern our fates, not yet fallen, but threatening to do so.

105. **shall bitterly ... date**, is surely about to start on that cruel course which shall end so fatally. Cp. below, ii. 2. 117.

106. **expire**, for other instances of intransitive verbs used transitively, see Abb. § 291.

107, 8. **Of a despised ... death**, of my unfortunate life prematurely paying the penalty of an undeserved death; **despised**, held of no account by the powers above; not thought worthy of being allowed the ordinary span.

110. **lusty gentlemen**, my brave fellows.

114. **strike, drum**, said to the attendant bearing the drum, which gives the signal for resuming the march of the procession.

SCENE V.

1, 2. **Where's Potpan ... away?** What can Potpan be about, that he is not here to help in removing the plates and dishes? **he shift ... a trencher!** does *he* call himself a waiter? he is a pretty sort of fellow to call himself a waiter when he thus neglects his duties; a **trencher**, from F. *trencher*, to cut, was a wooden platter used to cut food upon, and cleaned by scraping: **shift a trencher**, as we should now say 'change the plates.' Nichols

points out that these platters were continued much longer in public societies, particularly in Colleges and Inns of Court, and that they are still retained at Lincoln's Inn.

3, 4. **When good ... thing**, when it comes to this that nearly every one forgets his duties, that perhaps only one or two—and those fellows with hands begrimed with their dirty work—remember to do their work, things are at a pretty pass; **shall** has the idea of inevitable consequence; **foul**, used in the double sense of 'shameful' and 'dirty.'

5. **joint-stools**, stools that folded up when not in use: **court-cupboard**, "a sort of movable sideboard without doors or drawers, in which was displayed the plate of the establishment" (Dyce).

6. **plate**, the silver dishes, forks, spoons, etc., of which it was necessary to take care that they should not be stolen; the word is nothing more than the feminine of the F. *plat*, flat, but in the form *plata* was by the Spanish used of silver plate. **Good thou**, my good fellow; on the use of **thou**, see Abb. §§ 231, 232.

7. **marchpane**, a confection common in the desserts of our ancestors, of which various recipes are given, the ingredients being principally almonds, filberts, sugar, and flour: **as thou lovest me**, if you love me, as I am sure you do.

12, 3. **Cheerly, boys**; ... **all**, stir yourselves, my boys; don't grudge a little extra labour: he who lives longest will inherit most; the latter words being a proverb (somewhat like "the devil take the hindmost") meaning 'he who works hardest and lives longest will fare the best.'

14. **gentlemen**, said to Romeo and his friends.

15. **a bout with you**, a turn at dancing with you. Daniel follows the later quartos and the folios in reading "walk a bout" (*i.e.* the adverb 'about,' generally written in Shakespeare's day as two words), comparing *M.A.* ii. 1. 99, "Lady, will you *walk a bout* with your friend," said as an invitation to dance.

16. **my mistresses**, my fine madams.

17. **Will now ... dance**, will have the courage, by refusing to dance, to admit that she has corns: **makes dainty**, hesitates about dancing.

18. **am I ... now?** have I touched you to the quick by hinting that some of you possibly have corns? Corns being commonly caused by wearing too tight shoes, the ladies by admitting that they were troubled in this way, would be confessing to the vanity of trying to make their feet look smaller than they naturally were.

19. **I have seen the day**, I can well recall the time.

22. **'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone**, but that is long, long, ago; said with a regretful repetition. Cp. the solemn repetition in

Macb. v. 5. 19, "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day."

24. **A hall, a hall!** Clear the room for the dance; as we say, "A ring, a ring!" when preparations are being made for a fight with fists: **foot it**, dance away merrily! So, *Temp.* i. 2. 380, "*Foot it* featly here and there"; for **it**, used indefinitely, see Abb. § 226.

25. **you knaves**, you fellows there; *knave*, from A.S. *cnafa*, a boy, was of old used in the sense of *servant*, the modern sense being of later origin; and Capulet here uses the term in good-humoured command: **turn the tables up**, fold up the tables (and set them against the wall to give more room); tables in former days were like the modern camp tables, the leaves and the frame on which they were spread out being made to fold up.

28. **cousin.** Used in Shakespeare for any relationship not of the first degree.

31. **Were in a mask**, took part in a masquerade: **By 'r lady**, by our lady, *i.e.* the Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ; a common form of petty oath.

33. **nuptial**, marriage; in Shakespeare's day the word was used in the singular, as conversely 'funerals,' F. *funerailles*, Lat. *funera*, both plural, where we should use the singular.

34. **Come pentecost ... will**, however quick Pentecost may come; not till Pentecost, however near that may be. **Pentecost**, Whitsuntide, originally a Jewish festival, Gk. πεντεκοστὴ (ἡμέρα), the fiftieth (day), *sc.* after the Passover.

35. **we mask'd**, we took part in a masquerade.

36. **elder**, older; we now use the word only *in comparison* of ages.

37. **Will you ... that**, nonsense! how can you say such a thing.

38. **ward**, one under guardianship; not yet of age.

39. **What lady**, the use of **what** is less definite than if the question had been 'who is that lady?'

39, 40. **which ... knight**, who graces the hand of yonder knight by taking it in the dance: on **that ... which**, see Abb. § 267.

43, 4. **It seems ... ear.** Steevens compares *Sonn.* xxvii. 11, 2, "Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night, Makes black night beauteous and her old face new": **Ethiope's**, generically for any dark-skinned race; in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 35, it is ever used figuratively of written *words*, "Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect Than in their countenance."

45. **too rich for use**, too splendid for common wear; cp. *M. A.* ii. 1. 340-2, where Beatrice, on the Prince asking whether she would have him as a husband, replies, "No, my lord, unless I

might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day."

46. **trooping with crows**, the reference is to a flock of crows alighting on a field and marching about in search of worms.

47. **her fellows**, not 'her equals' but 'her associates,' those like her taking part in the dance.

48. **The measure ... stand**, as soon as the dance is over, I will watch to see where she takes up her position, *i.e.* to wait till she accepts a partner for the next dance. In **watch ... stand** Shakespeare was probably thinking of the station taken up by the huntsman watching for game, as in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 10, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 111, Juliet being the game which Romeo is to stalk.

49. **my rude hand**, my hand which will be guilty of profanity in venturing to touch hers.

50. **forswear it, sight!** he appeals to his eyes to disclaim having ever before seen real beauty.

52. **should be a Montague**, cannot possibly be any but a member of the house of Montague; ought to be a member, etc., unless I am greatly mistaken; **should** being the past tense of *shall*, inherits the idea of necessity belonging to that word.

54. **an antic face.** "Tybalt refers to the mask which Romeo had donned, a grinning face such as merry-andrews wear" (Delius); **antic**, originally, as here, an adjective, and a doublet of *antique*, meaning "old," then "old-fashioned," and finally "fanciful," "odd."

55. **To fleer ... solemnity**, to grin and mock at our festivities; **solemnity**, originally something occurring annually like a religious rite, Lat. *solemnis*, annual, then anything celebrated with pomp and parade; cp. *Macb.* iii. 1. 14, "To-night we hold a *solemn supper*, sir"; *T. A.* v. 2. 115, "And bid him come and *banquet* at thy house, When he is here, even at thy *solemn feast*"; especially a nuptial celebration, as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 376, "A fortnight hold we this *solemnity*, In nightly revels and new jollity."

56. **by the stock ... kin**, I swear by the honour of that family to which I am proud to belong.

57. **I hold ... sin.** Here **it** is really superfluous, the construction being 'I hold the striking of him dead not a sin, no sin.' Abbott (§ 417) takes **To strike** as equivalent to a noun absolute.

60. **in spite**, out of malice; with a malicious intention, *sc.* that of scorning.

61. **To scorn at.** Though we still use the preposition **at** after 'scorn' as a substantive, we omit it after the verb.

62. **Young Romeo is it?** this is said more as an assertion than

as a question; a question to which the speaker felt that he knew the answer.

63. **Content thee**, do not vex yourself, keep your temper; as frequently in Shakespeare in the imperative mood with the reflexive pronoun.

64. **bears him**, carries himself, behaves; **portly**, "this word, in our day, in addition to the sense of 'dignity,' comprises somewhat of large and cumbrous; which formerly it did not include" (Clarke).

65, 6. **brags ... be**, is proud of him as being: **well-govern'd**, of well-regulated character and conduct.

67. **for the wealth**, even if by so doing I could acquire the wealth.

68. **do him disparagement**, offer him an indignity; act towards him in a way unworthy of his rank (O. F. *parage*, lineage, rank).

69. **be patient**, restrain yourself; be calm.

70. **the which**, giving a more definite force than *which* alone, "is generally used either where the antecedent, or some word like the antecedent, is repeated, or else where such a repetition could be made if desired. In almost all cases there are two or more possible antecedents from which selection must be made" (Abb. § 270).

71. **Show a fair presence**, look pleasant and courteous.

72. **An ill-beseeming semblance**, in apposition with **frowns**; which give a look to the feast that ill becomes it.

74. **shall be**, said with imperious command; I am determined that he shall be allowed to take part in the feast.

75. **What, goodman boy**! What! my fine fellow, do you presume to say who shall be endured and who not? **goodman boy**, used in the same sarcastic sense in *Lear*, ii. 2. 48, "With you, *goodman boy*, an you please"; the term *goodman* was more commonly applied in good-natured familiarity, to old men, like 'gaffer,' a corruption of grandfather: **go to**, don't talk nonsense; a phrase very commonly used in reproof or in exhortation.

77. **You 'll not endure him**! do *you* tell me you'll not endure him? **you**? said with great scorn.

77, 8. **God shall ... guests**! is it you, in Heaven's name, that are going to raise a riot among my guests? **God ... soul**, used as a form of oath, and equivalent to the more modern vulgarism, 'As I hope to be saved.'

79. **You will set cock-a-hoop**? *You* are going to set everything at sixes and sevens, are you? *You* are going to set all by the ears, are you? The origin of the phrase 'to set cock-a-hoop' is doubtful. Blount, *Glossographia*, 1670, says that the 'cock' was

the spigot of a vessel, and that this being taken out and laid on the 'hoop' of the vessel "they used to drink up the ale as it ran out without intermission ... and then they were *Cock-on-Hoop, i.e.* at the height of mirth and jollity".... But there is no clear evidence that 'cock' ever meant a spigot, or that the 'hoop' of the vessel was used as a place on which to lay it. Whatever its origin, the phrase came by extension to mean (*a*) To abandon oneself to reckless enjoyment, (*b*) To cast off all restraint, become reckless, (*c*) To give a loose to all disorder, to set all by the ears. In modern use 'cock-a-hoop' means elated, exultant, boastfully and loudly triumphant. The attempt to connect 'hoop' with the F. *huppe*, a tufted crest, or with 'whoop' as in 'war-whoop,' are mere guesses. See Murray's *Eng. Dict.* : **you 'll be the man** ! *you* are going to take this upon you, are you ! a pretty fellow *you* to assume this function !

81. **is 't so, indeed ?** Ulrici points out that this is an answer to some remark of one of the guests, and so also the words, 'I know what,' in the next line, are an interrupted answer or address to a guest. So, too, perhaps, the words 'marry 'tis time,' in the following line.

82. **This trick ... you**, you may possibly find that this freak of yours will hereafter cost you dear. The reading of the old copies is "This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what": and if this is the genuine reading, the meaning will be "this freak of yours may chance to cost you dear in a certain way that I am not going to mention"; a dark hint probably that Tybalt will find himself not mentioned in his will.

83. **You must contrary me** ! the idea that you of all men in the world should venture to cross me in this way ! The verb **contrary** (with the accent penultimate) was common in former days, and the adjective with the same accent is still to be heard among uneducated persons.

84. **Well said, my hearts** ! Well done, my brave fellows; **my hearts**, an exclamation of encouragement; so "my hearties" still among sailors: **a princox**, a conceited upstart; derived by some from Lat. *præcox*, early ripe, precocious; by others from *prime-cock*, a cock of fine spirit, hence a pert, conceited, forward person.

86. **I 'll make you quiet**, if you will not be quiet of your own accord, I will take means to make you so.

87, 8. **Patience ... greeting**, enforced patience meeting with passionate anger in my breast makes me tremble all over with their hostile encounter, *i.e.* what with this restraint put upon me by my uncle and my own passionate indignation, I am all of a tremble; cp. *Macb.* i. 3. 139, 40, "My thought, ... Shakes so

my single state of man," though the shaking there is figurative. Steevens quotes the proverb "*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog."

89, 90. **but this intrusion ... gall**, Romeo may enjoy himself for the moment, but hereafter he shall pay dearly for having thrust himself in upon our festivities. Lettsom takes **sweet** as a substantive and **convert** as transitive, but the verb is frequently used intransitively in Shakespeare, and it seems unnecessary to insist upon the antithesis.

92-4. **the gentle fine ... kiss**, the appropriate penance, which I shall think a light one, is that my lips, here ready for the purpose, should smooth away that profane touch by a tender kiss, as devout pilgrims wipe out their sins by kissing the shrine to which they have made their pilgrimage; the reading of the old copies is "gentle *sin*," or "*sinne*," and is retained by Ulrici and Delius, though their explanation seems very forced. Ulrici shows that 'Romei' was formerly a title given to pilgrims to Rome, by later Italian writers to pilgrims generally, and thinks that this accounts for Romeo's assuming a pilgrim's dress.

96. **which mannerly ... this**, which, instead of being guilty of profanation in touching mine, only shows a courteous reverence.

97, 8. **For saints ... kiss**, for even saints allow their hands to be touched by pilgrims, and joining hand in hand is the salutation used by holy palmers. Palmers were pilgrims who had visited the sacred shrine in Palestine, and brought back palms in token of their having accomplished their pilgrimage. They are here called **holy** as having thus earned forgiveness of their sins.

101. **what hands do**, *sc.* kiss, as Juliet had said that the hands of holy palmers did.

102. **They pray, ... despair**, their province is to pray, yours to answer their prayer; which unless you do, my faith will turn to despair. Grant White follows the old copies in putting a comma only after **do** in the previous line, and explains, "they [*i.e.* the lips] pray that they may do what hands or palms do: grant thou this," etc.

103. **do not move**, do not allow themselves to be won over from what they know to be right.

104. **move not**, pretending to take her words literally: **my prayer's effect**, the result of my prayer, that which my prayer has been effectual in obtaining.

106. **took**, frequent in Shakespeare, as well as *taken*.

107. **O trespass sweetly urged!** how sweetly do you accuse me of sin! it is no pain to be accused of sin in such terms as you use.

108. **You kiss by the book**, "you kiss methodically; you offer as many reasons for kissing, as could have been found in a

treatise professedly written on the subject" (Anmer, *i.e.* Steevens). So, in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 95, "we quarrel in print, *by the book*," *i.e.* according to rules duly laid down; cp. *Haml.* v. 1. 149, "we must speak *by the card*," *i.e.* with the utmost preciseness.

110. **What**, who; but with a sense of indefiniteness.

114. **lay hold of her**, win her as his bride.

115. **the chinks**, her father's wealth; the chinking coin.

116. **O dear account ... debt**, O sad relation! then is my life forfeited to, at the mercy of, one who is my foe; since, as Staunton says, bereft of Juliet he could not live.

117. **the sport...best**, we shall not by staying see anything better than what we have seen.

118. **Ay, so ... unrest**, Romeo, applying the words in a larger sense, says, I fear indeed that I shall never know such happiness as I have known this night.

120. **a trifling ... towards**, a slight banquet, feast, nearly ready. Schmidt takes **banquet** here as = dessert, which seems to me to spoil Capulet's affected humility: **towards**, in this sense Shakespeare more commonly uses *toward*, as *e.g. M. N. D.* iii. 1. 81, *Haml.* v. 2. 376.

121. **Is 't e'en so?** must you really go? said in answer to the excuses of Romeo and his friends: **thank you all**, *i.e.* for coming.

124. **sirrah**, said to one of the servants: **by my fay**, assuredly; **fay**, a corruption of 'faith': **waxes**, grows, is becoming.

126. **yond**, properly an adverb, as *yon* is properly an adjective.

129. **that ... be**, a confusion of 'That, I think, *is*,' and 'I think that that *be*' (Abb. § 411); but probably a confusion that would only be put into the mouth of an illiterate person.

133. **My grave ... bed**, I am not likely ever to marry; except my union with death I shall have no marriage. Cp. Romeo's lament, v. 3. 102-5.

136. **My only ... hate!** To think that the only love I can ever feel should have sprung from him whom above all men I am bound to hate! **hate**, object of hatred.

137. **Too early ... late!** Alas, that I should ever have seen him, without knowing who he was, and should have found out who he is only when it is too late to recall the love I have given him!

138, 9. **Prodigious ... enemy**, portentous to me is the offspring to which love has given birth, seeing that I am compelled to love him who is (by the inheritance of an ancestral feud) a hated enemy.

140, 1. **A rhyme ... withal.** The Nurse having overheard Juliet's last words, she, from terror of their being reported to her parents,

pretends that she is only repeating some lines she has just heard; **Anon, anon**, coming, coming; as a more modern writer would say; literally in one (moment), A.S. *on*, in, and *án*, an old form of *one;* see the amusing dialogue between the Prince and Francis in i. *H. IV.* ii. 4.

ACT II. PROLOGUE.

1, 2. **Now old desire ... heir**, Romeo's passing fancy for Rosaline is now at its last gasp, and his newly-conceived love for Juliet is hastening to take its place in his heart. The desire for something of the nature of a toy, something that merely captivates the fancy, is giving way to real passion; mere desire has had its day and is now succeeded by a warmer, truer, feeling. Cp. Tennyson, *The Gardener's Daughter*, 13-20.

3. **fair**, beauty; frequently of old used in this sense, whether in the abstract or the concrete sense: **for ... for**, on the doubled preposition, see Abb. § 407: **would die**, determined to die.

4. **With tender ... fair**, Benvolio's prophesy, i. 2. 94-9, has now come true.

6. **Alike bewitched**, *i.e. both* equally bewitched.

7. **his foe supposed**, her whom, as belonging to the Capulet family, he would naturally regard as an enemy: **complain**, pour forth his plaints of love; cp. *T. G.* v. 4. 5, "The nightingale's *complaining* notes."

8. **And she steal ... hooks**, and she only by stealth pluck the tempting fruits which love displays with such dangerous lure.

11. **And she ... less**, while to her, equally love-stricken, the means are much less; a *nominativus pendens*.

14. **Tempering ... sweet**, mingling with the keen dangers delights as keen; correcting the sharp taste of danger by the sweetness which followed upon its being braved.

SCENE I.

1, 2. **Can I go ... out**, can I leave the place and return home when she, who is the fountain of my life, is here? turn back, gross, earthy body, and find in her the pivot on which you revolve; for **earth**, in the sense of what is gross or dull, cp. *Temp.* "What ho! slave! Caliban? Thou *earth*, thou!" *R. II.* iii. 4. 78, "Darest thou, thou little better thing than *earth* Divine his downfal?" For the simile Delius compares *T. C.* iii. 2. 186, "As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, *as earth to the centre.*"

3. **wise**, *sc.* in betaking himself to bed.

4. **on my life**, I will stake my life : **stol'n him**, we should now omit the reflexive pronoun.

5. **orchard**, garden, as always in Shakespeare ; properly a yard of *orts* or *worts*, *i.e.* vegetables ; now used only for a garden or enclosure of fruit-trees.

6. **I 'll conjure too**, I will not only call, but also conjure him in the terms suitable to one in love ; as he does in the following lines.

7. **humours**, "amorous fancies" (Clarke). The various words are in imitation of those used by conjurers in their invocations.

8. **Appear thou ... sigh.** He calls upon him to appear in the form of a sigh (a form appropriate to lovers) as conjurers and witches invoked spirits in any form suitable to their ends.

9. **Speak ... satisfied**, utter but a single rhyme, the language in which lovers speak, and I shall know that all is well with you, that you have not broken your neck in the leap you took.

11. **my gossip Venus**, my dear old crony Venus. A **gossip** is literally a god-relative, a sponsor in baptism, and as these sponsors were frequently talkative old women, it came to mean an idle, chattering person, and lastly idle talk, the modern sense.

12. **nick-name.** Properly *an eke-name*, a name used to eke out a name, an additional name, frequently with a familiar or endearing or contemptuous sense ; cp. *newt* = an ewe, and conversely *an auger* = a nauger : **purblind**, originally, as here, pure-blind, wholly blind ; so again in *T. C.* i. 2. 31, "*purblind* Argus, all eyes and no sight" ; though Shakespeare also uses the word in its more modern and less correct sense of partly blind, short sighted, *V. A.* 679, i. *H. VI.* ii. 4. 21.

13. **Adam Cupid.** The old copies give *Abraham Cupid ;* Upton conjectured **Adam**, which has been adopted by most modern editors, the allusion being to Adam Bell, a notable archer, said to be meant in *M. A.* i. 1. 261, "If I do, hang me in a bottle and shoot at me ; and he that hits me let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called *Adam.*" Dyce conjectured that Abraham was a corruption of *abron*, *i.e.* auburn, and this reading has been accepted by Grant White and Hudson. Schmidt explains the old reading as being "in derision of the eternal boyhood of Cupid, though, in fact, he was at least as old as Abraham"—a very far-fetched explanation, as it seems to me. Others, again, take *Abraham* as an allusion to the Abraham, or Abram, men, as cheats and begging impostors were formerly called, Cupid's roguery in love matters being the point of the raillery : **he that shot so trim**, from the ballad of 'King Cophetua and the beggar maid,' once so popular, of which Malone quotes the following

stanza, "The *blinded* boy that *shoots so trim*, From heaven down did hie, And drew a dart and shot at him, In place where he did lie."

16. **The ape**, "an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*" [*Lear*, v. 3. 305] (Malone); so "poor monkey," *Macb.* iv. 2. 59.

18. **high forehead.** Formerly considered a great beauty, as a broad forehead is nowadays; so in *Temp.* iv. 1. 250, *A. C.* iii. 3. 35, low foreheads are disparaged, though nowadays, if broad also, they are admired by many. As Grant White says, "There are fashions even in beauty."

19. **in thy likeness**, in your own form and shape; not as in the case of conjurers' invocations in some transformed shape.

20. **An if**, see Abb. § 103: **thou wilt anger him**, *sc.* by venturing to make use of his mistress's name.

23. **only but**, one of the two words is superfluous.

25. **To be consorted ... night**, to hold communion with the dewy night; but with a quibble upon **humorous**. Steevens quotes several instances from old writers of the word used in a literal sense, *e.g.* Chapman's translation of Homer's *Iliad*, bk. ii., "The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humourous* night."

27. **cannot hit the mark**, cp. above, i. 1. 213-7.

28. **truckle-bed**, properly a bed on wheels (Lat. *troclea*, a wheel) which was used by attendants, and in the daytime wheeled under the 'standing bed'; cp. *M. W.* iv. 5. 7; sometimes called a 'trundle-bed,' as the first quarto reads. In speaking of his bed as a truckle bed, Mercutio probably means that any bed, even a truckle-bed, would be better than a "field-bed," *i.e.* lying upon the cold ground.

29. **to sleep**, *sc.* in.

30. **Go, then**, yes, let us go.

31. **that means ... found**, that is determined not to be found; that 'means not-to-be found,' not that 'means-not to be found.'

SCENE II.

1. **He jests ... wound**, Mercutio, who never felt the wound of love, may well jest at the scars which Cupid's arrows have left in my heart. That this is not a general, but a particular, remark is, I think, proved by the answering rhyme, as Staunton has noticed. And as neither the folios nor the quartos make any division of scene, such division, originally due to Rowe, seems clearly wrong.

2. **soft!** he bids himself 'hush,' cautions himself to talk in a lower voice.

4. **envious**, jealous.

7. **Be not her maid**, no longer serve her, no longer keep a vow to live unmarried; as Diana's votaries pledged themselves to do.

8. **Her vestal ... green**, the life of chastity to which she binds her priestesses is one of sickly, jaundiced, hue. In **sick and green** there is probably, as Delius suggests, an allusion to the "green-sickness" of which Shakespeare often speaks, and which in iii. 5. 157, below, Capulet applies as an epithet to Juliet in his anger at her refusal of Paris, "Out, you *green-sickness* carrion! out, you baggage! You tallow-face,"—an ailment of languishing girls characterized by a pale complexion. The reading of the first quarto is *pale* for **sick**, and this is preferred by many editors. Collier would change **sick** into *white*, seeing in the line an allusion to the white and green livery formerly worn by the Court fools; but it seems unlikely that Shakespeare would use the word **fools** in this literal sense when referring to Juliet, while, as Grant White points out, if such an allusion were intended, it would be obtained from the reading of the first quarto, *pale*, without the violent change to *white*; **vestal livery**. Vesta was the Roman goddess of the hearth, corresponding with the Greek Hestia, and her priestesses were vowed to a life of chastity and celibacy; cp. *Per.* iii. 4. 10, "A *vestal livery* will I take me to, And never more have joy."

12. **what of that?** but that matters little.

13. **discourses**, is eloquent in its mere look.

16. **some business**, some private affairs of their own which would be hindered by their having to perform their nightly duty of lighting up the sky.

17. **in their spheres**. According to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, round about the earth, which was the centre of the system, were nine hollow spheres, consisting of the seven planets, the fixed stars or firmament, and the *Primum Mobile*; the spheres with the stars and planets in them being whirled round the earth in twenty-four hours by the driving power, the *Primum Mobile*.

21. **the airy region**, the upper air; **region**, was originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs. In later times the atmosphere was divided into three regions, upper, middle, and lower. Cp. also *Haml.* ii. 2. 509.

24, 5. **O, that ... cheek**, cp. Tennyson, *The Miller's Daughter*, 169-186.

28. **winged messenger**, angel.

29. **white-upturned**, turned up in adoration so that the pupils are scarcely seen.

30. **fall back**, stand back in awe, and also in order to get a clearer view.

31. **lazy-pacing**, slowly drifting. Grant White compares *Macb.* i. 7. 21-5; **lazy-pacing** is Pope's conjecture for *lasie pacing*, of the first quarto; the remaining quartos and the folios give *lazie*, or *lazy, puffing*.

34. **refuse**, disown, disclaim; cp. *T. C.* iv. 5. 267, "We have had pelting wars, since you *refused* The Grecians' cause."

37. **speak at this**, answer her without allowing her to go further, interrupt her at this point.

39. **Thou art ... Montague.** Staunton explains "That is, as she afterwards expresses it, you would still retain all the perfections which adorn you, were you not called *Montague*"; and so substantially Grant White, though Dyce calls such an explanation "unintelligible." Others follow Malone in putting the comma after **though**, as used in the sense of *however*, with the explanation that Juliet is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent though he is a Montague, to prove which she asserts that he merely bears the name, but has none of the qualities of that house. Various emendations have also been proposed, but Staunton's explanation seems to me quite satisfactory.

42. **be some other name**, be somebody else in name than Montague. Lettsom objects that Shakespeare could not have written "*be* some other name"; but after the expression "What's Montague?", where "Montague" is used as though it were a *thing*, there seems no reason why we should not have "be some other name."

46. **owes**, owns; as frequently in Elizabethan literature, the final *n* of the M. E. *owen*, to possess, being dropped. The modern sense of the word 'to be in debt,' 'to be obliged,' comes from the sense of possessing another's property, but the word has no etymological connection with to 'own' = to possess; it being from the A.S. *ágan*, to have, while the latter is from the A.S. *ágnian*, to appropriate, claim as one's own, from *ágn*, contracted form of *ágen*, one's own (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

47. **doff**, put off; do off, as *don*, do on; *dup*, do up; *dout*, do out.

48. **for thy name**, in exchange for your name.

53. **So stumblest on my counsel**, come so unexpectedly upon my secret thoughts; cp. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 216, "Emptying our bosoms of their *counsel* sweet," *i.e.* confiding to each other our inmost thoughts.

53, 4. **By a name ... am**, if I could let you know who I am

without using a name, I would gladly do so, for it is impossible for me to name myself without distressing you.

55. **saint.** Delius points out that this word recalls their first meeting when, as a pilgrim, Romeo had thus greeted Juliet.

58. **drunk,** unconsciously acknowledging the avidity with which she had listened to his words.

61. **if either thee dislike,** if either be unpleasant to your ears; **dislike** is really impersonal, as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 49, "I 'll do 't; but *it mislikes me.*"

64. **And the place death,** and to venture here is to risk your life.

66. **o'er-perch these walls,** fly over these walls and settle here, as a bird settles upon a branch after a flight from some other spot; a *perch* is literally a rod, bar, then a bough or twig on which a bird settles.

67. **stony limits,** limits formed of stone, *i.e.* walls; **stony,** more commonly used as = of the nature of.

69. **are no let to me,** are no hindrance to me, cannot bar my way and keep me out.

71. **Alack,** according to Skeat, either a corruption of 'ah! lord,' or, which seems more probable, from *ah!* and M. E. *lak,* loss, failure.

73. **proof against,** able to endure, hold out against; see note on i. 1. 216.

76. **but thou love me ... here,** except, unless, you love me, I am quite willing that they should find me here and kill me; without your love, life to me is not worth living.

78. **Than death ... love,** than that my death should be delayed if I am to be without your love; **prorogued,** the Lat. *prorogare* was to propose a further extension of office, hence to defer, though literally meaning only to ask publicly, from *pro-,* publicly, and *rogare,* to ask.

81. **counsel,** advice.

83. **vast shore.** "Lat. *vastus,* empty, waste" (Walker).

84. **I would adventure for,** I would make my voyage in quest of, however great the danger.

88. **Fain ... form,** gladly would I, if it were possible, stand on ceremony with you, treat you with distant formality; **Fain,** properly an adjective.

89. **but farewell compliment,** "but away with formality and punctilio" (Staunton); I now cast such things to the winds.

93. **laughs,** good-humouredly disdains to punish them. Douce compares Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Art of Love,* i. 633,

"For Jove himself sits in the azure skies, And laughs below at lover's perjuries," from which he thinks that Shakespeare borrowed.

94. **pronounce it faithfully**, assure me of your love without adding an oath to confirm your words.

97. **So**, provided that.

98. **fond**, foolishly loving; **fond**, originally *fonned*, the past participle of the verb *fonnen*, to act foolishly, from the substantive *fon*, a fool.

99. **light**, full of levity, wanton.

101. **more cunning ... strange**, more skill in affecting coyness.

104. **passion**, passionate confession; the word was formerly used of any strong emotion.

106. **Which the dark ... discovered**, which (love) has been revealed to you by the darkness of the night whose office should be to conceal; which you have discovered thanks to the darkness of the night.

110. **circled**, revolving; not, I think, 'round,' as Schmidt explains.

111. **likewise**, equally.

113. **gracious**, attractive, finding favour in my eyes; cp. *T. A.* i. 1. 429, "if ever Tamora Were *gracious* in those princely eyes of thine." This is the reading of the first quarto, the other old copies giving *glorious*, which Grant White thinks more suitable to the context.

114. **of my idolatry**, that I worship.

117. **I have ... to-night**, I feel no joy in now ratifying with oaths a contract between us. Like Romeo, i. 4. 106-11, she has a presentiment of some evil befalling their plighted love.

118. **unadvised**, imprudent, formed without sufficient consideration.

121, 2. **This bud of love ... meet**, this new love of ours, cherished in our hearts, may expand into full growth by the time we next meet, as beneath the summer's warmth the bud expands into a beauteous blossom.

as that ... breast, "as to that heart within my breast" (Delius).

126. **satisfaction**, Delius points out the double sense here of *payment* and *comfort*.

129. **And yet ... again**, and yet I wish I had not given it, in order that I might now again have the joy of giving it.

131. **frank**, liberal, free of hand; cp. *Lear*, iii. 4. 20, "Your old kind father, whose *frank* heart gave all."

132. **the thing I have**, *sc.* her own infinite love.

148. **If that ... honourable**, if your love is honourable in its intentions; for **that**, as a conjunctional affix, see Abb. § 287.

145. **procure to come**, arrange to have sent.

146. **the rite**, *sc.* of marriage.

152. **By and by**, in a minute, directly.

153. **suit**. Malone quotes from Brooke's poem, *Romeus and Juliet*, "and now your Juliet you beseekes To *cease your sute*, and suffer her to live emong her likes."

154. **So thrive my soul**—may my soul prosper (according as I mean well to you), the concluding words being broken off by Juliet's farewell.

156. **A thousand ... light**, in answer to Juliet's wish of *good-night* he says, nay, not *good* night but *bad* night, night made a thousand times the worse by the absence of you who are its only light.

158. **toward ... looks**, *sc.* as schoolboys go toward, etc.

159. **Hist**! Listen!

159, 60. **O, for ... again**! would that I had a voice that would bring back my gentle Romeo as surely as the falconer's voice brings back the tassel-gentle! "The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the gosshawk; so called because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female ... This species of hawk had the epithet *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man" (Steevens). "It appears," adds Malone, "that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince, and thence was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo."

161. **Bondage .. aloud**, one fettered, constrained by fear of being overheard, like me, is as much unable to call aloud as one whose voice is stopped by hoarseness of the throat.

162. **Else ... lies**, otherwise by my loud cries I would rend the cave in which Echo dwells; **Echo**, an Oread who by Juno was changed into a being neither able to speak until somebody had spoken, nor to be silent when anybody had spoken.

163. **And make .. mine**, and, by compelling her to repeat my cries, make her hoarser than myself even. Dyce compares *Comus*, 208, "And *airy tongues* that syllable men's names On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

166. **silver-sweet**, in allusion to the sweet tone of bells made of silver.

167. **attending**, attentive.

173. **to have ... there**, in order to keep you standing there.

175. **to have ... forget**, so that you may continue to forget.

176. **Forgetting ... this**, forgetting that I have any home but this, forgetting that this is not really my home.

178. **a wanton's bird**, the pet bird of a mischievous girl, a girl that loves to teaze her pets.

180. **gyves**, chains, fetters.

182. **So loving-jealous ... liberty**, so fond of it and yet so jealous of its getting its liberty.

186. **shall say good night**, shall continue saying 'good night.'

188. **so sweet to rest**, having so sweet a resting place.

189. **ghostly father**, spiritual father; **father**, a title given to catholic priests.

190. **my dear hap**, the good fortune that has befallen me; **hap**, fortune, chance, accident, from which we get to 'happen' and 'happy.'

SCENE III.

1. **grey-eyed**, of a pale blue not yet tinted with the coloured rays of the sun.

2. **Chequering**, interlacing, variegating; a 'chequer' was originally a chess-board, a board divided into squares coloured alternately dark and light, then, among various other senses, an alternation of colours. Cp. *M. A.* v. 3. 27, "the gentle day, Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about, Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey;" where "grey" is used as in l. 1, above.

3. **flecked**, spotted, streaked.

4. **From forth ... wheels**, out of the path about to be taken by the sun's bright wheels: **Titan**, the original Titans dwelt in heaven, from which, after a contest, they were hurled by Zeus beneath Tartarus; among their descendants were Helios (the sun) and Selene (the moon); the fiery wheels are those of the chariot which Helios drove round the world each twenty-four hours.

6. **dank**, moist, damp; according to Skeat, probably a nasalized form of the provincial English *dag*, dew.

7. **osier cage**, basket made of withes; the **osier** is the water-willow: **of ours**, belonging to our monastery.

8. **baleful**, poisonous, harmful, *i.e.* if not properly used, but containing valuable medicinal properties.

9, 10. **The earth ... womb**, that is the mother of all nature, is also the tomb of all nature; and, conversely, that in which all things are buried, is that from which all things spring.

11. **from her womb**, sprung from her.

12. **We sucking ... find**, we find drawing their nourishment from the bosom of their natural mother.

13. **virtues**, useful properties.

15. **mickle** ... **grace**, abundant and mighty is the excellence; **mickle**, like *much*, from the A.S. *mycal*, great, and connected with Gk. μεγάλος.

16. **stones**, minerals: **their true qualities**, their properties when turned to their right use.

19, 20. **Nor aught** ... **abuse**, nor anything so good that, if diverted from its proper use, does not forswear its original nature and, by the accident of being thus diverted, become harmful; in **stumbling** the meaning is that its original tendency was good, but that something coming in its way caused it to stagger from its path.

22. **And vice** ... **dignified**, and vice sometimes a worthiness by the way in which it works, by the good result it effects, though its intention was evil.

23. **infant**, as yet undeveloped: for **small**, the reading of the first quarto, the other copies give *weak*, which Daniel prefers as marking the contrast with **power** in the next line.

24. **medicine power**, medicinal power.

25, 6. **For this**, ... **heart**, for this, if smelt, by the property of its odour cheers the frame through every part, whereas, if tasted, it destroys the heart and with it all the senses. It seems better, with Delius, to take **that part** to mean 'the odour,' than with Malone, to understand it as 'the part that smells, the olfactory nerves.' For **slays**, the second quarto gives the tempting reading *stays*, *i.e.* brings to a standstill, which Mommsen adopts; in *H. V.* ii. 1. 92, 3, we have the expression "The King has *killed his heart*," but there it is a metaphor and is put into the mouth of the Hostess.

27. **encamp them still**, ever pitch their camp.

28. **rude will**, brutal obstinacy, perverseness.

30. **the canker**, the worm that preys upon blossoms; Lat. *cancer*, a crab. Hunter remarks, "The beautiful lines given to the Friar are introduced for the sake of repose; but in the choice of the topic in these seven [eight] lines [*i.e.* ll. 23-30] the Poet seems to have had a further view. Poison is hereafter to become a main agent in the piece, and the Poet prepares the audience for the use of poison by familiarizing them, in the early portion of the play, with the idea, and thus preparing them to witness the use of it without being so much shocked as they would be were no such preparation made."

31. **Benedicite**, an ecclesiastical salutation at meeting or parting; literally 'bless, praise,' sc. God.

32. **What early** ... **me**? what voice so early greets me so pleasantly?

34. **to bid good morrow to**, *i.e.* to leave; literally to salute with the words 'good morning,' *i.e.* with words used after one has risen.

35. **keeps his watch**, is ever wakeful, ever present and on the alert.

37. **unbruised youth**, youth that has not yet known the wounds of time and trouble: **unstuff'd brain**, brain free from anxieties.

38. **golden sleep**, calm and invigorating sleep.

40. **distemperature**, uneasiness of mind, mental disorder; cp. *Per.* v. 1. 27, "Upon what ground is his *distemperature?*"

43. **the sweeter ... mine**, all the sweeter was the rest I enjoyed.

46. **that name's woe**, the sorrow that name used to cause me, *sc.* by Rosaline's unkindness to his suit.

47. **That's my good son**, well done, my son; I am glad to hear that, my son; an exclamation of approval very common in Shakespeare, *e.g. Temp.* i. 2. 215, "Why, *that's* my spirit!" *Cor.* v. 3. 76, "*That's* my brave boy."

51, 2. **both our ... lies**, the remedy for the disease of both of us lies in your hands; **lies**, a confusion of proximity due to the singular nouns *help* and *physic* coming between the nominative and the verb; and perhaps in part, as Delius says, because **both our remedies** is in reality a singular — the remedy of both of us.

53. **no hatred**, *i.e.* towards her whom I have called "mine enemy."

54. **My intercession ... foe**, the intercession I make with you on my own behalf is one which will benefit my foe also.

56. **Riddling ... shrift**, if your confession is made in riddles, the absolution you will receive from me will be equally ambiguous; for **shrift**, see note on i. 1. 165, above.

60. **And all combined**, and the union between us is complete.

63. **as we pass**, as we walk along.

65. **Saint Francis**, the patron saint of his Order, the Franciscan.

69. **Jesu Maria**, O Jesus, son of the Virgin Mary; **Jesu**, the vocative case.

69, 70. **what a deal ... Rosaline**, what floods of salt tears have coursed down your cheeks on Rosaline's account, and made them pale; **sallow**, used proleptically.

72. **To season ... taste**, to give freshness and relish to that love which now no longer has any taste of such seasoning, which now has lost all relish to your palate; cp. *T. N.* i. 1. 30, "she will veiled walk And water once a day her chamber round With eye-

offending brine; all this to *season* A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh And lasting in her sad remembrance." Daniel conjectures 'that of itself doth taste.'

73. **The sun ... clears**, the sun has not yet cleared away the vapours caused by your thick sighs for Rosaline; cp. Romeo's words above, i. 1. 188, "Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs."

77, 8. **If e'er ... Rosaline**, if ever you were really yourself, not a counterfeit, and if these woes you pretended to feel were genuine, then they and you alike belonged to Rosaline and no one else.

80. **Women ... men**, when men show themselves such weak creatures, there is nothing wonderful in women being frail.

82. **doting**, loving to excess, foolishly.

83, 4. **Not in a grave ... have**, I did not bid you bury love in a grave only in order that as soon as you had buried one you should exhume another.

86. **Doth grace ... allow**, meets kindness with kindness, love with love.

87, 8. **she knew ... spell**, her refusal to give love in return was only because she knew that your love was but a parrot-like acquaintance with such love.

90. **In one respect**, in consideration of one point.

92. **To turn**, as to turn.

93. **I stand ... haste**, it is imperative upon me to make great haste, I depend, for success, upon losing no time; see Abb. § 204.

94. **Wisely ... fast**, an adaptation of the Latin saying, *Festina lente*.

SCENE IV.

1. **Where ... should ... be?** where can this troublesome fellow, Romeo, possibly have got to?

3. **man**, servant.

4. **pale**, a depreciatory epithet, as Capulet below, iii. 5. 158, calls Juliet "tallow-face."

11, 2. **Nay, he will answer ... dared**, nay, he will not merely answer the letter in writing, but will answer its writer in person, and show him what he dares do being challenged; for **answer**, = meet in combat, cp. *A. C.* iii. 13. 27, "And *answer* me declined, sword against sword." For the play on the two senses of *dare*, Delius compares ii. *H. VI.* iii. 2. 203, "What *dares* not Warwick, if false Suffolk *dare* him?"

13. **he is already dead**, *i.e.* and therefore there is no need for Tybalt to challenge him.

15. **pin**, centre; literally the wooden peg by which the target was fastened to the mark at archery practice.

16. **butt-shaft**, arrow used in shooting at the butts; a **butt** was properly a mound or erection on which the target was set up, O. F. *but*, a goal: **a man**, the proper sort of person, seeing what his condition is.

17. **Why, what is Tybalt?** why, what is there about Tybalt that is so terrible?

18. **prince of cats.** "*Tybert* is the name given to the cat in *Reynard the Fox*" (Warburton); and that name, or *Tibalt*, is in old writers frequently used of cats.

18, 9. **he 's the courageous ... compliments**, he is at the head of the troop of valiant formalists, men versed in all the nicest forms of ceremony.

19, 20. **as you sing prick-song**, with the minutest attention to every detail; **prick-song**, "harmony pricked or noted down, in opposition to plain-song, where the descant rested with the will of the singer" (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, etc., quoted by Dyce).

20, 1. **rests me ... bosom**, poises his weapon during the time that a musician could count one, two, and by the time that he could count three, has it right through you; a **rest** is a pause in musical time, and a **minim**, formerly spelt *minum*, was once the shortest note, from Lat. *minimum*, the least. For **one, two**, cp. *Temp.* iv. 1. 44, 5, "Before you can say 'come' and 'go,' And breathe twice and cry 'so, so.'

21, 2. **the very ... button**, one who in fencing can hit a button with as much certainty as a butcher can stick a pig. Staunton quotes Silver's *Paradoxes of Defence*, 1599, "thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon anie button."

22, 3. **a gentleman ... cause**, "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" (Steevens). These *causes* are wittily ridiculed in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 51, *et seqq.*

24. **the immortal ... reverso.** "The *passado*, more properly *passata*, meant a step forward or aside in fencing ... The *punto reverso* was also an Italian term, meaning a back-handed stroke" (Staunton): **the hai.** "The *hay* is the [Italian] word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist" (Johnson).

26. **fantasticoes**, fantastic fellows with their duelling jargon.

27. **these new tuners of accents**, these fellows who are ever introducing new terms: **a very good blade!** a fine fencer! the weapon being put for the wielder of it.

28. **tall**, lusty, spirited; in this sense a term generally used by Shakespeare either with irony, or as a piece of bragging, or put into the mouth of mean persons; cp. the phrase "a *tall* man of his hands," *M. W.* i. 4. 26; "a *tall* fellow of thy hands," *W. T.* v. 2. 177.

29. **grandsire**, my staid, sober friend.

29, 30. **these strange flies**, this new kind of buzzing insects, these fellows who are here, there, and everywhere with their incessant chatter; cp. *Haml.* v. 2. 84: **fashion-mongers**, fellows who are for ever inventing some new fashion or other: **these pardonnez-moys**, these fellows with their everlasting affectation of courtesy; these fellows who ever have on their lips the phrase *pardonnez moy*, excuse me.

31. **Stand ... form**, are so punctilious in observing the new formalities; with a pun on **form** in the sense of a long wooden seat.

32. **Oh, their bons, their bons**! oh, how sick I am of their eternal exclamation of *bon! i.e.* good. The old copies give 'their *bones*, their *bones*,' and though Theobald's correction is almost certainly right, there is probably a pun on *bones* in allusion to the former sentence.

34. **Without his roe.** "That is, he comes but half himself; he is only a sigh—*O me! i.e. me O!* the half of his name" (Seymour): **like a dried herring**, from which, before it was dried, the roe had been taken out to be preserved separately.

35. **fishified**, made like a fish: **Now ... numbers**, now is he given up to such love-songs.

36. **Laura**, Petrarch's mistress, to whom so much of his poetry is addressed: **to**, compared with.

37. **marry, ... her**, by the holy Virgin, she was more fortunate than Rosaline in the poet who celebrated her perfections.

38. **a dowdy**, a mere slattern: **a gipsy**, a sun-burnt vagabond; from M. E. *Egypcien*, an Egyptian, the gipsies, though really of Indian origin, being formerly supposed to have come from Egypt. Cleopatra, though by birth an Egyptian, was by descent Greek. **hildings**, menial wretches. "*Hilding* is short for *hilderling* and *hilderling* stands for M. E. *hinderling*, base, degenerate"... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

39. **a grey eye ... purpose**, a lady whose grey eyes were fairly good, but nothing to be compared with those of Rosaline.

41. **slop**, baggy trousers; more commonly in the plural, as in *M. A.* iii. 2. 36, "a German from the waist downward, all *slops*"; ii. *H. IV.* i. 2. 34, "What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my *slops*?"

44. **The slip ... conceive**, why, the slip; are you so dull that you cannot see my little joke? *slips* were pieces of counterfeit money, brass covered over with silver, and to 'give one the slip' is to play one the trick of stealing away unnoticed.

45. **great**, important.

46. **may strain courtesy**, may be forgiven if he does not stand upon ceremony.

48. **to bow in the hams**, to be particularly polite; to bow low in respect to the knee, to curtsy, as Romeo interprets the phrase, not to treat us as you did.

50. **Thou hast ... it**, "your reply was of a piece with my speech" (Grant White); but though **kindly** is primarily used as = of the same kind, or sort, the way in which "courtesy" and "courteous" are insisted upon shows that there is a play upon the other sense of the word.

53. **Pink for flower**, by pink you mean flower; you are using the species for the genus.

55. **then is ... flowered**, then is my court-shoe well flowered, ornamented, for it is pinked (*i.e.* punched with holes in patterns) abundantly. This 'pinking' is still to be seen in ladies' shoes; **pump**, so called because worn for pomp; from F. *pompe*, pomp, state, show.

56. **follow me this jest**, cap this jest for me by another, and another, till, etc.

57. **the single sole of it**, pumps are made with thin, or single, soles to give lightness in dancing.

57, 8. **that, when ... singular**, that, when its thin sole is worn out, there may remain nothing but the bare feet. Mercutio s jest is something like the phantom grin of the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland*, and to try to embody his wit as the weaving of coarse canvas out of the spider's web.

59. **O single-soled ... singleness!** O threadbare feet, unique only in being so silly! Singer has shown that **single-soled** or 'single-souled' was often used for 'simple,' 'silly,' and sometimes meant 'threadbare.' He quotes from Cotgrave, "*Monsieur de trois au boisseau et de trois à un épée*: a threadbare, coarse-spun, *single-soled* gentleman."

60. **my wits faint.** This, the reading of the later quartos and the first folio, seems better than that of the first quarto more generally adopted, "my wits fail."

61, 2. **Switch ... match**, give me whip and spurs, whip and spurs; for I'll cry 'Done with you!' I'll make a match with you, enter myself for a race against you. I have adopted Capell's **for** in place of 'or,' the reading of the old copies, since an alternative seems to make nonsense of the passage.

63. **the wild-goose chase.** "A kind of horse race which resembled the flight of *wild geese* [which fly in a long stream, marshalled by one of the older birds]. Two horses started together; and whichever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other won the race"... (Holt White). The references to this kind of 'steeple-chase' are frequent in the old dramatists.

65, 6. **was I ... goose?** did I touch you there in my reference to the goose? did you feel that the cap fitted you when I mentioned the word goose? The expression, 'to be here, or there, with' a person seems to have been especially used of contemptuous exclamations, gestures, etc.; thus in *W. T.* i. 2. 217, "They *'re here with me* already, whispering, rounding 'Silicia is a so-forth.'" In *Cor.* iii. 2. 73, "here be with them" means 'here salute them with a courteous wave of the bonnet.'

67, 8. **Thou wast ... goose,** you were never with me for any purpose except that of playing the part of a goose; the words **with me** being taken in their literal sense.

69. **I will bite thee by the ear.** "This odd mode of expressing pleasure, which seems to be taken from the practice of animals, who, in a playful mood, bite each other's ears, etc., is very common in our old dramatists" (Gifford on Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, v. 4). Cp. *e.g.* Chapman, *Byron's Tragedy*, v. 1, "let me draw Poison into me with this cursed air, If he bewitched me and transformed me not; *He bit me by the ear* and made me drink enchanted waters."

70. **bite not,** according to Steevens a proverbial saying.

71. **sweeting,** an apple of that name, remarkable for its sweetness, which is still grown about Stratford. Often used as a term of endearment, as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 252, *T. N.* ii. 3. 43.

73. **And is it not ... goose.** An allusion to the apple sauce usual with roast goose.

74. **cheveril,** kid leather, *i.e.* something very pliant, capable of being stretched; O. F. *chevrele*, kid, diminutive of *chevre*, from *capra*, a she-goat. Cp. *H. VIII.* ii. 3. 32, "which gifts ... the capacity Of your soft *cheveril* conscience would receive, If you might please to stretch it."

76. **for that word 'broad,'** for the sake of bringing in that word 'broad.' "What Romeo means," says Collier, "is that Mercutio has proved himself 'far and wide abroad' a goose"; possibly as Singer suggests Romeo is playing on the term '*brood*-goose,' *i.e.* a brooding-goose, which we have in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*, iii. 1. 54, "They have no more burden than a *brood-goose*, brother."

80. **by art ... nature**, not merely your natural self, but yourself improved by art, *i.e.* by the cultivation of your natural wit.

81. **a great natural**, a loutish idiot; one born a fool; cp. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 52, "when Fortune makes Nature's *natural* the cutter off of Nature's wit," referring to the professional Fool, Touchstone; also l. 57, "hath sent this *natural* for our whetstone."

82. **bauble**, the Fool's sceptre, a short stick ornamented at the top with a fool's head, or a doll; or sometimes an inflated bladder with which the Fool belaboured those who offended him.

84. **against the hair**, against the grain, with a pun on the word **tale** (tail); *T. C.* i. 2. 27, "he is melancholy without cause, and merry *against the hair*"; *M. W.* ii. 3. 41, "if you should fight, you *go against the hair* of your professions."

88. **to occupy the argument**, to take part in the discussion; to **occupy**, a cant term; see ii. *H. IV.* ii. 4. 161, "these villains will make the word as odious as the word '*occupy*'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted."

89. **Here 's goodly gear**! here's a pretty business! said as he sees the Nurse approaching; but also with a play on the word **gear** in the sense of 'dress,' here's a fine object! Cp. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 303, "Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless *gear*." The original sense of the word is 'preparation,' hence 'dress,' 'harness,' 'tackle.'

90. **A sail, a sail**! the exclamation of the watch at sea when a strange vessel is seen approaching. Cp. Samson's sarcastic exclamation as he sees Dalila approaching in all her finery, *Samson Agonistes*, 710, *et seqq.*, "But who is this, what thing of sea or land? Female of sex it seems, That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay, Comes this way, sailing Like a stately ship Of Tarsus, bound for the isles of Javan or Gadire, With all her bravery on, and tackle trim, Sails filled, and streamers waving," etc.

91. **a shirt and a smock**, a man and a woman; the undergarment of each being used for the persons.

93. **Anon**! here! present.

94. **My fan.** The commentators point out that the fans of those days were very large and might well require a man to carry them.

95. **Good Peter, ... face**, do, good Peter, give it to her, etc.

97. **God ye ... gentlemen**, see note on i. 2. 57.

99. **Is it good den**? is it so late as that? is it past noon, that one ought to say 'good even'?

105. **I am the youngest ... worse**, I am that 'young Romeo

you seek, the youngest in fact of those who bear that name, in the absence of any less worthy of it. Romeo jestingly alters the ordinary form of excuse, 'for fault of a better.'

107. **is the worst well?** does this 'worst,' as Romeo by inference calls himself, satisfy you? **took**, understood.

109. **confidence**, conference; as in *M. A.* iii. 5. 3, "Marry, sir, I would have some *confidence* with you that decerns you nearly" (Dogberry's speech); and again *M. W.* i. 4. 172.

110. **indite**, invite; which the first quarto reads, though the word is doubtless Benvolio's mocking imitation of the Nurse's "confidence."

113, 4. **lady, lady, lady**, the burden of the Ballad of Susanna, of which Staunton quotes a stanza from Percy's *Reliques*.

116. **merchant**, formerly used in a contemptuous sense, like the modern 'huckster': **ropery**, possibly only the Nurse's mistake for 'roguery,' though the word was commonly used for roguery, mischief, with an allusion to the hangman's rope; so also 'rope-tricks,' 'rope-ripe,' 'roper.'

118. **stand to**, maintain.

120. **a'**, he; in Old English *ha* and *a* are sometimes found = he, she, it, they; **a'** is common in the old dramatists, and we even find *'am* for *them*, *e.g.* Middleton, *The Phœnix*, ii. 2, "Should still affect *'am*."

120, 1. **I'll take him down**, I'll make him pay for it: **an a'... is**, *and would do so* even if it were, etc.: **Jacks**, saucy fellows; so "a Jack-sauce," *H. V.* iv. 7. 148. Skeat quotes Tyrwhitt on Chaucer's 'Sir John': "I know not how it has happened that in the principal modern languages, John, or its equivalent, is a name of contempt, or at least of slight. So the Italians use *Gianni*, from whence *Zani*; the Spaniards *Juan*, as *bobo Juan*, a foolish John; the French *Jean*, with various additions; and in English, when we call a man *a John*, we do not mean it as a title of honour...."

122. **scurvy**, literally afflicted with scurf, hence mean, vile.

123. **flirt-gills.** "An arbitrary transposition of the compound word *gill-flirt*, that is a *flirting-gill*, a woman of light behaviour... *Gill* was a current and familiar term for a female"... (Nares): **skains-mates.** "The word *skain*, I am told by a Kentishman, was formerly a familiar term in parts of Kent to express what we now call a *scape-grace*, or *ne'er-do-well*.... Even at this day, my informant says, *skain* is often heard in the Isle of Thanet, and about the adjacent coast, in the sense of *reckless, dare-devil* sort of fellow" (Staunton). Others derive the word from *skean*, a sword, and *mate*, companion, *i.e.* brothers of the sword, roystering companions, with which Schmidt compares the G. *spiesgeselle*.

124, 5. **And thou ... pleasure**, and you could stand there could you, and allow me to be insulted as any scoundrel chose! shame on you for your cowardice!

133. **what she bade ... myself.** Distrusting Romeo's attendant, the Nurse comes to the conclusion that she cannot better perform her errand than by keeping back the very object of that errand.

134. **a fool's paradise**, a state of fallacious happiness. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 495, has a "Paradise of Fools" which he makes identical with the Limbo to which he consigns all popish observances, insignia, and their wearers.

138. **weak dealing.** 'Wicked' has been suggested for **weak**, but the point seems to lie, as Clarke observes, in the Nurse's intending to use a most forcible expression, and blundering upon a most feeble one. Fleay, *apud* Daniel, suggests that, if any change is needed, the old word *wicke*, still in use in the midland counties in the sense of *foul, wicked*, should be adopted.

139. **commend me**, give my best compliments; literally recommend me to her favour (by bearing my loving greetings).

141. **Good heart**, my good fellow; a form of familiar address, like 'poor heart,' 'old heart,' 'noble heart.'

152. **Go to**, nonsense, you must.

156. **a tackled stair**, a rope ladder; like the ratlines or ratlins of a vessel, the small transverse ropes across the shrouds forming a ladder.

157, 8. **which to the high ... secret**, by which I must in the darkness of night convoy myself to the summit, pinnacle, of my happiness; the 'top-gallant sail' in a vessel is the sail above the top-sail, and the nautical figure in **top-gallant** and **convoy** is suggested to Romeo's mind by the "tackled stair."

159. **quit**, requite; as very frequently in Shakespeare, both in a good and a bad sense.

164. **Two may keep ... away**, two may keep a secret, if one is away.

168, 9. **that would ... aboard**, that would be only too glad to 'get a cut at her,' to make her his own: **lieve**, gladly; **lieve**, or *lief*, like "fain" in the previous line, is properly an adjective meaning dear, pleasing.

170. **sometimes.** "But a few hours have in fact elapsed since last night's interview between the lovers, yet the dramatic effect of a longer period is thus given to the interval by the introduction of the single word 'sometimes'" (Clarke): **and tell her**, by telling her: **properer**, handsomer; *proper*, Lat. *proprius*, one's own, then what becomes a man, and so handsome.

172. **versal**, universal.

173. **Doth.** An instance of the singular inflection preceding a plural subject: **a letter**, one and the same letter: **rosemary**, in *Haml.* ii. 5. 175, Ophelia says, "There 's *rosemary*, that 's for remembrance," to which adage Juliet in her "prettiest sententious of it" was probably referring; the word has nothing to do with either the flower or with the name Mary, being from the Lat. *ros marinus*, dew of the sea, *i.e.* the plant that delights in the spray of the sea

175. **that 's the dog's name.** From its resemblance to the snarling of a dog, the letter R was by the Romans called 'the dog's letter,' and Jonson in his English grammar says "R is *the dog's letter*, and hurreth in the sound." The Nurse having heard the adage, substitutes **name** for *letter*.

175, 6. **R is for the—No; ... letter**, R is for the dog, she was going to say, but breaks off and continues, I know your name does not begin with such an ugly sound. The old copies give "R is for the no," which Tyrwhitt emended "R is for the dog, No"; the reading in the text is Ritson's conjecture.

176, 7. **she hath ... of it**, she frames the prettiest sentences or sentiments about it.

182. **apace**, quickly; "at an earlier period the word was written as two words, *a pas*, as in Chaucer.... It is also to be remarked that the phrase has widely changed its meaning. In Chaucer ... it means 'a foot-pace,' and was originally used of horses when proceeding slowly, or at a walk. The phrase is composed of the Eng. indef. article *a*, and the M. E. *pas*, Mod. E. *pace*, a word of F. origin" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

SCENE V.

3. **that 's not so**, it is impossible that that should be the case.

4. **O, she is lame**, not literally, but in comparison with what a messenger of love should be.

6. **Driving ... hills.** It is perhaps doubtful whether this means 'when they drive back shadows beyond frowning hills and so cause them to disappear'; or 'when they drive back shadows that rest upon the frowning hills'; *lour* is said to be connected with *leer*, M. E. *lere*, A.S. *hleór*, the cheek, hence the face, look.

7. **doves**, sacred to Venus; cp. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 171, "By the simplicity of *Venus' doves*"; *M. V.* ii. 6. 5, "O, ten times faster *Venus' pigeons* fly To seal love's bonds new-made"; also *V. A.* 1189–92.

8. **wind-swift**, swift as the wind; cp. *T. C.* iv. 2. 14, "wings more *momentary-swift* than thought."

9, 10. **upon the highmost ... journey**, at its zenith; **journey**, is in itself literally a day's travel.

12. **affections**, passions; the warm feelings which youth and love inspire.

14. **bandy.** A metaphor very common in Shakespeare and the old dramatists from the game of tennis in which the ball is banded or bandied; *i.e.* struck forwards and backwards, from each end of the court; the origin of the word is obscure: **love**, the concrete lover, while in the next line the word is used in the abstract.

16. **But old ... dead**, but old folks, like my Nurse, do many of them behave as if they had no life at all in their limbs. The reading of the old copies is *fain* or *faine;* **feign** is Johnson's conjecture. After **old folks** there is a slight aposiopesis, Juliet qualifying her statement by the word **many**, and there seems no difficulty in **feign ... dead** in the sense of 'pretend they have no life, no strength in them for the duty they have to do.' Dyce conjectured that the 'copy' of the printer of the second quarto had *more yfaith* and was corrupted by him into *many fain.*

17. **pale as lead.** Here it is objected that lead is not pale, and *dull* has been suggested in its place; but lead in its original state is of an ashy colour, and the epithet **pale** is applied to it by Chaucer.

18. **honey**, sweet, darling; also used as a substantive in this sense, *Oth.* ii. 1. 206.

22. **news**, frequently used by Shakespeare as a plural noun, like the F. *nouvelles*, of which it is a translation; so Lat. *nova*, new things, *i.e.* news.

24. **By playing ... face**, by giving voice to it with the accompaniment of so sour a face.

25. **a-weary.** The **a-** represents a corruption of the A.S. intensive *of*, thoroughly, as in '*a*feard,' '*an*-hungered,' etc.: **give me leave**, excuse me.

26. **what a jaunce ... had!** what a hunt I have had to find him! cp. below l. 53, and *R. II.* v. 5. 94, "Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by *jauncing* (*i.e.* hard riding) Bolingbroke." The word is from the F. *jancer;* Cotgrave gives "*Jancer un cheval.* To stir an horse in the stables till he sweat withal"; connected with our *jaunt.*

34. **Is longer ... excuse**, takes longer to tell than the tale would which you make excuses for not telling.

36. **I 'll stay the circumstance**, I will wait for the details.

38. **you have made ... choice**, this is a pretty choice you have made in choosing Romeo for a husband; **simple**, foolish.

39. **no, not he**, he's not the sort of man you ought to have chosen.

39, 40. **though his face ... men's.** The Nurse pretending or in-

tending to qualify her complimentary estimate by some detraction, only intensifies her praise.

41, 2. **not to be talked on**, not worth speaking about; **on** for *of*, as frequently in colloquial language: **compare**, comparison; frequent in Shakespeare as a substantive.

43. **flower of courtesy**, as in ii. 4. 56 we had "pink of courtesy."

44. **Go thy ways**, here **ways** is not the plural, but the old genitive used adverbially, on your way.

44, 5. **have you ... home?** is dinner over?

48. **what a head**, *i.e.* aching head.

50. **My back ... side**, perhaps means 'and my back, too, how it aches!'

51. **Beshrew**, a mild form of imprecation, to *shrew* meaning to 'curse.'

52. **jaunting**, see above, l. 26.

59. **Where should she be?** where else do you expect her to be?

61. **O God's lady dear**, O, by the blessed Virgin!

62. **so hot**, so eager, so impatient: **marry, come up**, a vulgar phrase of reproof or impatience: **I trow**, literally 'I trust,' 'believe,' but often used to express surprise or indignation.

63. **Is this ... bones?** Is this how you reward me for all my trouble?

65. **Here 's such a coil!** what a fuss you make of the matter! **coil** is frequently used by Shakespeare in the sense of bustle, stir, turmoil. "Like many half-slang words," says Skeat, "it is Celtic. Gaelic *goil*, boiling, fume, battle, rage, fury"....

68. **hie you**, hasten.

71. **They 'll be ... news**, you have such a guilty conscience (*sc.* as to having given your love to Romeo) that anything is enough to call up a blush into your cheek.

75. **in your delight**, in order that you may reap the benefit, that you may enjoy happiness, while I profit nothing by my pains.

SCENE VI.

1. **So smile the heavens**, may the heavens so smile! may Providence so approve of this marriage that, etc.

4, 5. **It cannot ... sight**, it cannot outweigh the joy that the sight of her for one short minute gives me, even though I have to endure the bitterest sorrow the next minute; **the exchange of joy** does not mean the exchange from some past sorrow, but the enjoyment of happiness in the present, which may have to be exchanged for sorrow hereafter.

6. **close**, unite.

7. **dare**, subjunctive, may dare.

8. **It is enough ... mine**, it is enough for me to have once called her mine. Cp. Dryden, transl. of Horace, *Odes*, i. 29, "Not Heaven itself upon the past has power, But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

9. **These violent ... ends.** Walker points out that **violent** is used in the first instance as a trisyllable and in the second as a dissyllable.

10. **And in ... die**, and perish when at their summit of enjoyment. Malone compares *Lucr.* 894, "Thy violent vanities can never last."

11. **kiss**, meet, as though they were friends.

12. **Is loathsome ... deliciousness**, cloys the taste from the very fact of being so luscious.

13. **confounds**, renders it incapable of proper appreciation.

14. **long love**, enduring, lasting, love.

15. **Too swift ... slow.** Another version of the proverb "The more haste, the less speed."

16, 7. **so light ... flint.** The corresponding line in the first quarto is "So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower," of which, as Grant White remarks, the words in the text do not seem an improvement; **everlasting**, of course not in its strict sense.

18. **gossamer**, "fine spider-threads seen in fine weather.... Of disputed origin: but M. E. *gossomer* is literally *goose-summer*, and the provincial E. (Craven) name for *gossamer* is *summer-goose* ... The word is probably nothing but a corruption of 'goose-summer' or 'summer-goose,' from the downy appearance of the film"... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

20. **vanity**, the unsubstantial delight felt by lovers.

22. **shall thank you**, shall requite you for your kind salutation; I will leave Romeo to acknowledge your greeting.

23. **As much ... much**, 'nay,' says Juliet, 'I must greet him as well as you, for if, without my doing so, he gives thanks for both of you, his thanks will be more than I desire.'

24. **measure**, apparently used in a double sense, (1) great quantity, (2) the vessel containing the quantity.

25. **Be heap'd**, be filled to the brim; cp. *Luke*, vi. 38, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good *measure, pressed* down, and shaken together, and *running over*, shall men give into your bosom."

26. **To blazon it**, to depict it in worthy colours; to **blazon** is "to pourtray armorial bearings ... —F. *blazon*, 'a coat of arms;

in the 11th century a buckler, a shield; then a shield with a coat of arms of a knight painted on it; lastly, towards the fifteenth century, the coats of arms themselves'; Brachet"... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

27. **neighbour**, neighbouring; cp. *R. II.* i. 1. 119, "Such *neighbour* nearness to our sacred blood": **rich music's tongue**, identifying Juliet's voice with music.

28. **the imagined happiness**, the happiness wrapped up in the soul.

29. **in either**, each in the other.

30. **Conceit**, conception; literally that which is conceived; used in Shakespeare for idea, fanciful thought, mental faculty, etc.

31. **Brags ... ornament**, is proud of the reality and does not care to set forth its possession by mere ornament, does not value any such display as you would have me make in words.

32. **They are but ... worth.** Cp. *M. A.* ii. 1. 318, "I were but little happy, if I could say how much"; *A. C.* i. 1. 15, "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

34. **I cannot ... wealth.** The reading in the text, that of the second and third quartos, seems intelligible enough, and means 'I cannot sum up the total of half my wealth'; but Capell altered it to "I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth," which most modern editors follow.

35. **make short work**, finish the business off quickly.

37. **incorporate two in one.** Cp. *Matthew*, xix. 5, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; *and they twain shall be one flesh.*"

ACT III. SCENE I.

2. **abroad**, out in the town.

4. **For now, ... stirring**, for in these hot days men's passion bursts out into fury. According to Johnson, it is observed that in Italy almost all assassinations take place in the summer.

6. **claps me**, see Abb. § 220.

7, 8. **by the operation ... cup**, by the time his second draught has begun to work upon him: **the drawer**, the waiter who draws the wine from the casks.

11. **a Jack**, see note on ii. 4. 121.

12, 3. **and as soon ... be moved**, and as soon provoked to be ill-tempered, and as soon in the mood to be provoked.

15. **two such**, Mercutio pretends to take Benvolio's 'what to' for 'which two.'

20. **hazel eyes**, eyes of the colour of the hazel-nut, light brown.

22. **beaten as addle**, beaten till it becomes as addled; **addle**, more properly *addled*, is literally diseased, from A.S. *ádl*, disease, but used of an egg when it will not hatch.

30. **the fee-simple**, the most absolute property; an estate in fee-simple is the greatest estate or interest which the law of England allows any person to possess in landed property, cp. *A. W.* iv. 3. 312, "Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell *the fee-simple* of his salvation, the inheritance of it."

32. **O simple**! O foolish fellow.

37. **And but one ... us**? and is that all you want with us?

38. **make it ... blow**, couple the 'word' with a 'blow'; a reference to the phrase "a word and a blow," *i.e.* readiness to follow up an angry word by a blow.

41. **Could you not ... giving**? could you not find occasion for a quarrel without waiting for some provocation?

42. **consort'st with**, are a friend, companion of.

43. **Consort**, an old term for a company of musicians; cp. *T. G.* iii. 2. 84, "Visit by night your lady's chamber-window With some sweet *consort*."

45. **my fiddlestick**, *i.e.* his sword with which he will play a tune on them that will make them dance to get out of its way. Cp. Faulconbridge's scornful use of "toasting-fork" for "sword," *K. J.* iv. 3. 99.

46. **'Zounds**, a corruption of "God's wounds," *i.e.* the wounds of Christ when crucified, often spelt *'sounds;* so *'sblood* for "God's blood," *'sbody* for "God's body," etc.

49. **And reason ... grievances**, and discuss in temperate language the matter in dispute, the cause of complaint you have against each other. The old copies give "*Or* reason," the word being probably caught from the line below; **and** is Capell's emendation.

50. **depart**, part, separate; cp. *Cymb.* i. 1. 108, "The loathness to *depart* would grow."

52. **budge**, stir a step; F. *bouger*, to stir; for the emphatic double negative, see Abb. § 406.

53. **my man**, he whom I am in search of.

54. **But I 'll ... livery**, but assuredly he does not belong to the same household with you; pretending to take **man** in the sense of 'servant,' as two lines below.

55. **Marry, ... follower**, I'll swear he will be ready enough to follow you to the field of combat, if you care to show him the way; for the definite article omitted in adverbial phrases, see Abb. § 90.

56. **Your worship**, said ironically.

57. **the hate.** This is the reading of the first quarto; the remaining quartos and the folios give "the love," which some editors prefer. But an antithesis to Romeo's emphatic "love," two lines lower, seems to be plainly intended.

57, 8. **can afford ... this**, will not allow me to use any better term.

60, 1. **the appertaining ... greeting**, the rage which would otherwise belong to, be the necessary consequence of, such an insolent address; for other instances of transposition of adjectival phrases, see Abb. § 419*a*.

63. **Boy**, used as a term of contempt, and not necessarily indicating seniority in the speaker; **the injuries**, the insult you have put upon me (in coming uninvited to Capulet's feast); for **injuries**, in this sense, cp. iii. *H. VI.* iv. 1. 107, "But what said Warwick to these *injuries?*" *i.e.* the insulting words used by the queen.

66. **devise**, imagine, conceive.

68. **tender**, hold dearly, cherish; F. *tendre*, adjective, tender.

71. **Alla ... away**, an appeal to the sword wins the day; **stoccata** is the Italian term for a thrust of a sword, and *Alla* means 'to the,' the phrase being equivalent to our 'Come on,' said as a challenge. I take the line to refer to Romeo's declining the combat, as though Mercutio had said 'See, a challenge is enough to cow Romeo,' not to refer to what Mercutio himself is going to do, *i.e.* fight with Tybalt. The stage direction in the margin, *Draws*, is not found in the old copies, but was first inserted by Capell, and is perhaps not necessary. For **carries it away**, cp. *Haml.* ii. 2, 377, "Do the boys *carry it away?*" *i.e.* get the better in the contest, win the day.

72. **rat-catcher.** See note on ii. 4. 18: **will you walk?** will you go with me to a spot where we can decide our differences by the sword?

74. **your nine lives**, in allusion to the nine lives that a cat is said to have.

75. **to make bold withal**, to take the liberty of ending.

75, 6. **and, as you shall ... eight**, and according as opportunity serves, to cudgel soundly the remaining eight; **as you shall use me**, according as you treat me when I have put an end to one of your nine lives, *i.e.* unless I find you more than a match for me, which I have no fear of; for **dry-beat**, cp. below, iv. 5. 126, "I will *dry-beat* you with an iron wit"; and *C. E.* ii. 2. 63, "Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another *dry basting*"; the idea being that of beating something moist until all the moisture is expelled from it.

77. **pilcher**, scabbard; probably for *pilch*, a leathern garment, a garment made of skins; Lat. *pelliceus*, made of skins. The word is not found elsewhere in this sense, and it has been conjectured that the final *-er* is a printer's addition, or a mistake for *pilch, sir;* so Dekker, *Satiromastix*, "how thou amblest in leather *pilch* by a play-waggon": **ears**, hilts, which stood out from the blade as ears do from the head; used also for the handles of a jug, as in *T. S.* iv. 4. 52, "Pitchers have *ears*," with a quibble.

77, 8. **lest mine ... out**, lest you find mine a good deal too close to your head before you have drawn your sword.

79. **I am for you**, I am ready to meet you.

81. **your passado**, let me see you make a thrust, a pass; see above, ii. 4. 26.

83. **for shame**, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

85. **bandying**, exchanging of blows, fighting; see note on ii. 5. 14.

STAGE DIRECTION. **under Romeo's arm**, *i.e.* Romeo having rushed between them to part them, Tybalt aims a blow at Mercutio, the sword passing under Romeo's arm.

87. **I am sped**, I am done for, my business is settled: cp. *M. V.* ii. 9. 72, "So be gone: you are *sped*," *i.e.* you have got your dismissal. The original sense of 'speed' is 'success,' then 'a hasty issue.'

88. **and hath nothing**, without any hurt.

90. **villain**, not used in the same strong sense as at present; the original meaning being 'a farm-servant'; here = 'you rogue,' said good humouredly.

94. **a grave man.** With a pun on 'grave' = tomb, a pun which Marston borrows in *The Insatiate Countess*, v. 2. 65: **to-morrow.** In Italy, as in all hot climates, the funeral follows closely upon death: **I am peppered, ... world**, as regards this world I am finished off; cp. i. *H. IV.* ii. 4. 212, "I have *peppered* two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits."

96, 7. **a dog ... death**! to think that I should meet my death at the hands of a wretched fellow like Tybalt!

97, 8. **that fights ... arithmetic**, that is a mere calculating assassin; referring to the fact that Tybalt had taken the opportunity of Romeo's being between them to aim a cowardly blow at him and then to fly.

98, 9. **Why the devil ... arm**, *i.e.* if you had not so officiously interfered, I should have killed him instead of his killing me.

100. **I thought ... best**, I did what I thought was for the best.

103. **I have it**, I am done for; like the Lat. *habet*, he has it,

said when a fatal blow was given in the gladiatorial shows at Rome; see note on ii. 4. 24.

104. **your houses**! curse your families, and their quarrels which have brought me to this pass! On Mercutio's death Hallam remarks, "It seems to have been necessary to keep down the other characters that they might not overpower the principal one; and though we can by no means agree with Dryden, that if Shakespeare had not killed Mercutio, Mercutio would have killed him, there might have been some danger of his killing Romeo. His brilliant vivacity shows the softness of the other a little to a disadvantage."

105. **near ally**, near relation; in the dramatis personæ he is described as a "kinsman of the prince."

106. **My very friend**, my true, close, friend.

108. **Tybalt's slander**. His slanderous accusation in l. 59 above.

108, 9. **that an hour** ... **kinsman**, who, by my marriage with Juliet, has only just become my kinsman.

111. **And in my** ... **steel**, and melted the courage of my temperament. Though here the result is that of softening, there is in **my temper** probably an allusion to the tempering of steel, *i.e.* hardening by cooling it.

113. **hath aspired the clouds**, has been wafted to heaven; for **aspire** without a preposition, Malone quotes Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, "And both our souls *aspire celestial thrones*." So *Faire Em*, i. 68, "And to *aspire that bliss* ... Thyself and I will travel in disguise"; for prepositions omitted after verbs of motion, see Abb. § 198.

114. **Which too** ... **earth**, prematurely scorning to remain on earth.

115. **doth depend**, hangs over like an ominous cloud, and presages other evils to come.

116. **others**, other calamities.

119. **respective lenity**, gentleness that pays any respect to, has any regard for, considerations of kinsmanship; for **respective**, cp. *K. J.* i. 1. 188, "'Tis too *respective* and too sociable for your conversion."

120. **my conduct**, my guiding principle; cp. below, v. 3. 116, "Come, bitter *conduct*, come unsavoury guide," said of the poison Romeo is about to drink.

121. **take** ... **again**, I hurl back in your teeth the word 'villain' with which just now you slandered me.

122-4. **for Mercutio's soul** ... **company**. Cp. *H. V.* iv. 6. 15-7, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company

to heaven; Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast," said by York on Suffolk's death in battle.

126. **consort**, accompany.

127. **Shalt with him**, shall accompany him.

129. **are up**, are in a state of commotion.

130. **will doom thee death**, will condemn you to death.

132. **fortune's fool**, the sport of fortune; cp. i. *H. IV.* v. 4. 81, "But thought 's the slave of life, and life 's *time's fool.*"

135. **Up, sir**, come along, make haste; cp. *M. W.* iii. 3. 179, "*Up*, gentlemen, you shall see some sport anon: follow me, gentlemen."

136. **obey**, to obey; dependent on **I charge thee.**

138. **discover**, show, relate.

139. **manage**, course and conduct.

144. **as thou art true**, I call upon you in the name of your justice.

149. **spoke him fair**, used fair words to him, tried to turn away his wrath by conciliatory words.

150. **nice**, trivial, petty; *R. III.* iii. 7. 175, "But the respects thereof are *nice* and trivial."

150, 1. **urged withal ... displeasure**, and further pointed out how by quarrelling they would incur your deep displeasure.

153. **take truce with**, obtain peace; cp. *K. J.* iii. 1. 17, "*With* my vex'd spirits I cannot *take a truce.*"

154. **but that he tilts**, and prevent him from tilting.

156. **all as hot**, equally passionate.

157, 8. **beats ... aside**, put aside, foils, the deadly thrust of Tybalt's sword.

159, 60. **whose dexterity ... it**, who dexterously turns it back upon him: **Romeo he**, for the redundant pronoun after a proper name, see Abb. § 243.

164. **envious**, malignant: **hit the life ... Mercutio**, mortally wounds Mercutio.

167. **Who had ... revenge**, into whose breast the thought of revenge had only just entered, *i.e.* on hearing of Mercutio's death.

173. **Affection makes him false**, his love for Romeo and his friend Mercutio makes him partial in his story.

174, 5. **Some twenty ... life**, *i.e.* it was no fair fight as Benvolio would make out, but a treacherous attack made upon Tybalt by a number of Romeo's followers.

179. **Who now ... owe?** who must be made to pay the price of his death?

181. **His fault ... end**, his fault (in taking upon him to avenge Mercutio's death instead of leaving punishment to the law) has merely ended that life which would have been cut short by the ordinary course of justice.

184. **I have ... proceeding**, the course which the hatred between you has taken has affected me personally.

185. **My blood**, he who was my blood relation; cp. *J. C.* i. 1. 56, "And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's *blood?*" *i.e.* Pompey's sons: **a-bleeding**, the prefix is the preposition *on*, *i.e.* in the act of bleeding; as in *Oth.* iv. 1. 188, "I would have him nine years *a-killing*." See Abb. § 24.

186. **amerce**, fine, mulct, punish; Lat. *merces*, reward, used in the sense of punishment: **strong**, heavy, powerful in the effect it will produce.

187. **the loss.** Allen conjectures '*this* loss.'

189. **purchase out**, buy out, redeem; so *K. J.* iii. 1. 164, "Dreading the curse that money may *buy out*"; **out** having the intensive force of doing a thing completely.

192. **attend our will**, be observant of our decision.

193. **pardoning**, when it pardons.

SCENE II.

2. **Phœbus' lodging**, the western ocean. Malone thinks that Shakespeare probably had in mind Marlowe's *Edward II.* iv. 3. 42-6, "*Gallop apace*, bright Phœbus, through the sky, And dusky night, in rusty iron car, Between you both shorten the time, I pray, That I may see that most desired day, When we may meet these traitors in the field."

3. **Phaethon.** The son of Helios (the Sun-God), who, when allowed for one day to drive his father's chariot across the heavens, drove so furiously that the horses rushed out of the usual track, and came so near the earth as almost to set it on fire.

6. **runaways' eyes.** The emendations and their explanations of this phrase occupy twenty-eight pages of small print in Furness's quarto edition of this play. Of those emendations, if emendation was necessary, the more reasonable are *runagates*, *rude day's*, *Luna's*, *sunny day's*, *noonday's*, *sun-aweary*: but no emendation seems required. The latest contribution to the discussion is by Professor Hales, in *Longman's Magazine* for February, 1892, from which I take the following extracts: "Surely the words 'untalked of and unseen' show that by the much disputed word in the preceding line is meant some spying busybody, some tale-telling lounger, some impertinent tattler,

who, if the night were clear, would mark the lover making for his love, and officiously report what he had seen up and down the town. ... Juliet's fear is natural enough. Some scandal-mongering Montagu might be hovering around the premises as her bridegroom drew near. By night and day Paul Prys and Peeping Toms, and such gentry, are hanging about the streets, prowling quidnuncs, self-appointed inquisitors, indefatigable gossips, zealous eavesdroppers, listening and peeping and sneaking.... Evidently if 'runawayes' can denote this species of creature, it would make capital sense in the speech of Juliet that concerns us." Professor Hales then proceeds to illustrate the word by a passage from Spenser's 'Epithalamion,' a poem of about the same date with *Romeo and Juliet*. "These are Spenser's lines—he, like Juliet, is apostrophizing Night:

> Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
> That no man may us see;
> And in thy sable mantle us enwrap
> From fear of peril and foul horror free.

'That no man may us see' seems exactly to equate 'that runawayes eyes may wink.'" Mentioning that, since he himself noticed the parallelism, Dr. Mommsen had also observed it, but preferred Collier's conjecture 'enemies,' Professor Hales continues, "And now as to this word 'runawayes.' First, let me remark, it ought probably to be printed in our modern English 'runaways',' not 'runaway's'; that is, it should be parsed as a genitive plural. In the next place, it is, I believe, in the sense we are considering a ἅπαξ λεγόμενον, not only in Shakespeare, but in English literature. It must be remembered, however, that this is not a fatal fact; there are analogous cases. And the question rather to be asked is, whether there is any internal reason why it should not bear the meaning we have in view. Now *away* in our language, besides signifying 'from' or 'off,' signifies also vigorously, incessantly. Observe the colloquial phrases, 'he talked *away*,' 'fire *away*,' etc. And so a 'runaway' might well denote not only a fugitive, as of course it commonly does, but also one that is perpetually running, that is always a-foot, that runs to and fro.... It is undeniable that 'away' in *runaway* might have such a force. And if the word is not actually found elsewhere with such a meaning, it is certainly found in combinations that suggest it, and certainly there are kindred formations that countenance it. Thus *King Richard III.* v. iii. 315.

> Remember whom you have to cope withal:
> A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and *runaways*,
> A scum of Britons, and base lackey peasants,
> Whom their o'ercharged country vomits forth
> To desperate ventures and assured destruction.

... Hunter, who understood *runaways* in the sense adopted in this paper, pointed out a late authority for it in *Dyche's Dictionary*, 1735: 'Runagate or Runaway, a rover, a wanderer.'" Space does not admit of my quoting several apt illustrations from parallel phrases in classical and early English literature, which Professor Hales has adduced; but I may add that the retention of *runnawayes* has the powerful support of Professor Dowden, who, in his *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*, p. 135, edn. of 1875, compares for an echo of sense and speech, *M. V.* ii. 6. 46, "*Jessica.* Love is blind, and lovers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit.... *Lorenzo.* But come at once; For the *close night* doth play the *runaway.*"

8. **thou day in night**, you (*sc.* the night) who will be to me bright with all delight.

9. **thou**, *i.e.* in effect, the happiness which Romeo's coming will bring, which is synonymous and coeval with Romeo's coming.

11. **black-brow'd night**, night which though frowning in look is so welcome in Juliet's eyes. Steevens compares *K. J.* v. 6. 17, "Why, here walk I, in *the black brow of night.*"

13. **cut him ... stars**, cut him out into patterns or shapes of stars.

14. **fine**, bright, resplendent.

16. **garish**, glaring; literally 'staring'; cp. *Il Penseroso*, 141, "Hide me from day's *garish* eye."

18. **But not possess'd it**, but not yet entered upon possession: **though I am sold**, though Romeo has purchased me at the price of his love.

20-2. **As is the night ... them.** Cp. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 3-6.

24. **But Romeo's name**, merely his name, that single word.

28. **well-a-day.** A corruption of *walawa*, an interjection made up of two interjections *wa* and *la*, which was gradually modified into the feebler form 'well-away,' and then into 'well-a-day.' In *Per.* iv. 4. 49, the word is used as a substantive. Decker writes *wellada*, as well as *hoida* or *hoyda* for the later 'hey-day.'

31. **envious**, malicious, cruel; as more usually in Shakespeare.

31, 2. **Romeo ... cannot**, the mischief is not heaven's doing, but Romeo's.

34. **What devil ... thus?** surely you must be a devil to cause me the tortures of the damned by exclaiming 'Romeo,' 'Romeo,' and keeping me in this suspense.

35. **should be roar'd ... hell**, hell with its outcries of the tortured would be the fitting place for exclamations that torture me so.

36. 'I,' formerly the adverb 'ay' = yes, was frequently written 'I.'

38. **cockatrice**, a fabulous creature, said to be from the egg of a cock, and having the form of a serpent with a cock's head, which was supposed to kill with its mere look. Sometimes identified with the basilisk.

39. **I am not ... an I**, I am a dead woman if it is possible that you should answer in the affirmative as to Romeo having slain himself.

40. **Or those eyes ... 'I,'** or if those eyes are closed in death, and thus oblige you to answer in the affirmative; with a further pun on *eyes* and *I*.

42. **Brief sounds ... woe**, *let* brief sounds (*i.e.* a single word) show whether I am happy or miserable, whether Romeo is alive or dead.

44. **God save the mark!** This expression, which occurs again in i. *H. IV.* i. 3. 56, *Oth.* i. 1. 33, and with the variation "God *bless* the mark!" in *M. V.* ii. 2. 25, *T. G.* iv. 4. 21, has never been fully explained. Schmidt, it is true, has seen that the reference is to personal blemishes, tokens, as they were called, which were considered ominous, and that the phrases "God bless the mark," "God save the mark," were used to avert the evil omen; but in giving the words "saving your reverence, under your pardon," as its equivalent, he somewhat misses its force. To a friend, learned in Irish ways and Irish folk-lore, I owe the following fuller account of the superstition. "The superstition of the evil eye," he says, "which was originally a purely eastern one, is still prevalent among the Keltic population of Ireland. If a child is born with any peculiar mark on the skin of the leg, face, arm, etc., it is customary for the midwife to touch it, saying 'God bless the mark!' Also, later on in life, if any one laughs at such a mark, and the person who has the mark falls ill, it is firmly believed that the illness is the result of the evil eye. In the year 1867 I knew a peasant's child who had a red mark on his arm. He was playing about when a woman observed this mark and laughed at it. A few days later the child fell sick, and the father went to the woman and accused her of 'making a bad eye' (I translate the Irish idiom) on the child. He then told her that unless she came, spat on the mark, and said 'God bless the mark!' he would bring her before the bench of magistrates. On her refusal, they came before my father who, to satisfy both parties, bade the woman do as the man had asked her. Accordingly the woman went, spat on the place, crossed herself, and said 'God bless the mark!' The child recovered, as he would have done, of course, without this ceremony, and the woman, having got the name of the 'evil

eye,' left the neighbourhood. This treatment for being 'overlooked,' as they call it, has been in the country from time immemorial, and I have no doubt gave rise to the expression 'God bless, or save, the mark!'" Allusion to some such ceremony seems to be made in a line in Beaumont and Fletcher's (?) play of *The Noble Gentleman*, iv. 4. 93, "*God bless the mark*, and every good man's child!"

47. **gore-blood.** "That is, clotted, congealed blood.... As the nurse says of Tybalt, 'all in *gore-blood*,' exactly so would an East Anglian nurse say on a like occasion. Or, perhaps, 'all of a *gore*,' or 'all of a *gore of* blood'" (Forby). Halliwell quotes Vicars's *Virgil*, 1632, "Whose hollow wound vented much black *gore-bloud*." **swounded**, swooned; *swound* is a form frequently found in the old copies of Shakespeare, and **swounded** is perhaps an intentional vulgarism here.

50. **Vile earth**, *sc.* her own body: **resign**, *sc.* yourself.

51. **press ... bier**, make heavy by your weight a single bier; **bier**, is the frame on which a coffin is borne; from the same root as *bear*.

55. **What storm ... contrary?** What storm is this that blows at the same time from two such opposite directions? what calamity is this of such a double and different nature?

58. **trumpet**, *sc.* of the Archangel, to be blown on the Day of Judgement.

61. **he is banished**, for the redundant pronoun after a proper name, see Abb. 243.

64. **O serpent ... face.** Cp. *Macb.* i. 5. 66, 7, "look like the innocent *flower*, But be the *serpent* under it"; iii. *H. VI.* i. 4. 137, "O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!"

65. **keep**, inhabit, occupy; very frequent in Shakespeare, and still in use in the universities, where a man is said to 'keep' in such and such rooms.

68. **Despised**, hateful; cp. above, i. 4. 110, and below, iv. 5. 59: **show**, appearance.

71. **what hadst ... hell**, what were you busy about in hell, and how came you to be there, as you must have been?

72. **bower**, enclose; the substantive originally means a place to dwell, a chamber, then more commonly a shady recess formed by trees and shrubs, a sense here implied in allusion to **paradise**, *i.e.* a pleasure-ground, garden, particularly the garden of Eden.

74, 5. **Was ever ... bound.** For this metaphor, see above, i. 3. 67.

75, 6. **O, that deceit ... palace!** Cp. *Temp.* i. 2. 457, "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple"; said by Miranda of Ferdinand.

78. **All perjured ... forsworn.** With Daniel, I have substituted Fleay's conjecture for the reading of the old copies, "All perjured, all forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers."

79. **man,** servant: **aqua vitæ,** brandy, or 'strong waters' of some kind.

84. **may be crown'd,** may fitly be crowned, need not blush to be crowned.

89. **smooth thy name,** restore to its former state after being mangled by my cruel words; cp. above, i. 5. 98.

92. **That villain ... husband,** I sufficiently answer my own accusing question when I say that that villain cousin sought my husband's death.

93. **foolish tears.** Steevens compares Miranda's words, *Temp.* iii. 1. 73, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of."

94. **Your tributary ... woe,** your drops are properly due to woe; in **tributary** and **belong** together there is something of redundancy.

98. **All this is comfort,** there is nothing in this but what should give me comfort.

99. **worser,** in form a double comparative.

101. **presses,** forces itself upon, thrusts itself into.

105. **Hath slain ... Tybalts,** outweighs to me the death of ten thousand Tybalts; is sufficient to make me acquiesce in the death of ten thousand such relatives as Tybalt.

108. **And needly ... griefs,** and demands to have some companion calamity; **needly,** not elsewhere used by Shakespeare.

109, 10. **Why follow'd ... both,** why did she not follow up her news by saying that my father, or my mother, or both, were dead.

111. **Which modern ... moved,** news which might have called forth ordinary lamentation; **modern,** always used by Shakespeare in the sense of commonplace, common, trite; cp. *e.g. A. W.* ii. 3. 2, "we have our philosophical persons, to make *modern* and familiar, things supernatural and causeless"; *Macb.* iv. 3. 170, "where violent sorrow seems A *modern* ecstasy; the dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who."

112. **a rearward,** as a rear-guard, as something supplementary; cp. *M. A.* iv. 1. 128, "For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die ... Myself would, *on the rearward* of reproaches, Strike at thy life," *i.e.* follow up my reproaches by killing you. For **rearward** Collier conjectured 'rear-*word*,' which Lettsom approves and Hudson adopts.

117. **In that word's death,** in the death that is comprised in that single word: **sound,** *i.e.* adequately, to the full extent.

120. **bring**, conduct.

121. **Wash they**, let them wash.

123. **beguiled**, cheated of your purpose, rendered useless.

125. **made you for**, intended you for.

127. **my wedding-bed**, *sc.* the grave; cp. above, i. 5. 133.

132. **my true knight**, it being customary in the days of chivalry for ladies to adorn their lovers with some mark of their favour.

SCENE III.

1. **fearful**, apparently combining the sense of 'full of fear' and of 'terrible' in consequence of the awful nature of his calamities.

4. **doom**, sentence.

5, 6. **What sorrow ... not?** With what fresh sorrow am I to become acquainted?

8. **tidings**, news, information; used by Shakespeare both as a singular and a plural noun; literally things that happen, and then information about such things.

9. **dooms-day**, death; literally the day of death; cp. *R. III.* v. 1. 12, "Why, then, All-Souls' day is my body's *dooms-day*."

10. **vanished**. The nearest approach in Shakespeare to the word used in this sense is in *Lucr.* 1041, "more vent for passage of her breath; Which, thronging through her lips, so *vanisheth* As smoke from Ætna." Heath conjectured *issued*, and it seems not impossible that the word was caught by the copyist from "banishment" in the line below.

16. **Be patient ... wide**, cp. *R. II.* i. 3. 275-93.

17. **Verona walls**. Cp. *J. C.* i. 1. 63, "Tiber banks"; *Oth.* i. 1. 151, "Cyprus wars," and for other instances of substantives converted into adjectives, see Abb. § 22.

19. **Hence-banished**, to be hence banished.

21. **mis-term'd**, called by too favourable a name: for **banished** the first quarto gives *banishment*, which many editors adopt. For a similar insistence on a single word as in the case of "banished" here, cp. *M. V.* v. 1. 197-200, *K. J.* iii. 1. 12-5; *R. III.* i. 3. 292-4.

22. **Thou cutt'st ... axe**, *i.e.* you merely employ an euphemism.

23. **And smilest ... me**, and look cheerfully upon that which is death to me.

25. **calls death**, calls a capital one.

26. **rush'd aside**, violently thrust aside; the word is common in modern parlance in the phrase to 'rush' a measure through a meeting.

31. **every unworthy thing**, every insignificant creature that has no claim to such happiness.

33. **more validity**, a more valid title to honour, a greater privilege; in *A. W.* v. 3. 192, "Whose ... rich *validity* Did lack parallel," the word is used in the simpler sense of value.

34. **More honourable state**, a higher position: **more courtship**, not, it seems to me, 'more *courtesy*,' as is generally interpreted, but 'a better opportunity for wooing'; in *M. V.* ii. 8. 44, the word means 'courting,' "employ your chiefest thoughts To *courtship* and such fair ostents of love"; in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 364, the senses of courtesy, civility, and courting are blended together, "an old religious uncle of mine ... who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew *courtship* well, for there he fell in love"; and in this blended sense Schmidt takes the word here.

36. **the white wonder ... hand**, that hand of Juliet's so wondrously fair; cp. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 144, "O let me kiss That *princess of pure white*," *sc.* her hand.

38. **vestal**, see note on ii. 2. 8: for **who**, personifying an irrational antecedent; see Abb. § 264.

39. **their own kisses**, *sc.* when they meet each other.

40, 3. **But Romeo ... death.** The old copies vary considerably in these lines, and transpositions and omissions have been employed by the editors to get rid of the repetition involved; I follow the text and order of lines given by Grant White, Furness, and Daniel.

45. **No sudden ... mean**, no sudden means of death, however poor, ignoble, that means might be. Shakespeare uses both the singular and the plural form of the word **mean** and the plural form as a singular noun, as so commonly nowadays.

48. **Howlings attend it**, it is accompanied by howls and groans; cp. iii. 2. 44.

49. **a divine**, a man of priestly office.

52. **fond**, foolish; see note on ii. 2. 98.

55. **Adversity's sweet milk**, the food that sweetens adversity; cp. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 12, *et seqq.*

57. **Hang up philosophy**! away with philosophy! throw it aside for a more convenient season.

59. **Displant a town**, transplant it to the scene of my exile, and so bring Juliet with it.

60. **prevails not**, is of no use.

62. **How should they**, how is it to be expected that they should have? **when that**, for the conjunctional affix, see Abb. § 287.

63. **Let me ... estate**, let me argue with you as to the position in which you are placed by being exiled. So, *W. T.* iv. 4. 411,

"can he speak? hear? Know man from man? *dispute his own estate?*" *i.e.* reason of his own affairs, but perhaps with the added sense of vindicating his right to what he possesses.

70. **Taking ... grave**, lying my full length on the ground, as I soon shall do in my grave. Cp. *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 2, "Here lie I down and *measure out my grave*"; *Lear*, i. 4. 100, "If you will *measure your lubber's length* again, tarry," *i.e.* if you wish to be knocked down again.

72. **Mist-like ... eyes**, cp. above, i. 1. 176.

74. **Who 's there?** said, like "Stay-a-while," "By-and-by," "I come, I come," in the following lines, to the person knocking, whom the Friar fancies to be someone come to arrest Romeo.

76. **study**, private reading-room.

77. **simpleness**, folly.

79. **errand**, business on which I come, message that I bring; the ulterior etymology of the word is disputed, though we get the word from A.S. *ærende*, a message, business.

85, 6. **O woful ... predicament.** The old copies all give these words to the Nurse, the present arrangement being Farmer's. Delius would leave them with the Nurse, on the ground that throughout this and the following scenes the readiness of the Friar to act is in contrast with the vain wailings of the Nurse and Romeo. But such language seems much out of place in the Nurse's mouth.

87. **Blubbering**, weeping copiously, effusively, the radical sense being that of bubbling up; generally used derisively. The sense of weeping till the face swells is due to the influence of the adjective *blubber* = swollen.

90. **so deep an O**, such cries of affliction, such depths of despair; possibly, from the words **fall into**, with the idea of a deep hole.

92. **Well, ... all**, well, we must all die some day, and then at all events our troubles will be at an end.

94. **an old murderer**, a confirmed murderer; but said for the sake of the antithesis with **the childhood of our joy** in the next line.

98. **My conceal'd lady**, "my lady, whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world" (Heath): **cancell'd**, rendered void, annulled; originally to obliterate by drawing lines over a writing in the form of lattice-work, from Lat. *cancellus*, a grating.

103. **deadly level of a gun**, gun levelled with deadly aim.

106, 7. **In what part ... lodge**, cp. *Cymb.* ii. 4. 19, 20, "Could I find out The woman's part in me!", where the action is implied;

for **anatomy**, = body, cp. *T. N.* iii. 2. 67, "I'll eat the rest of the *anatomy*," where, as here, the expression is a scornful one.

108. **mansion.** Cp. above, iii. 2. 26, where Juliet uses with such pride a term that in Romeo's mouth is here so disdainful.

109. **cries out,** proclaims.

112. **Unseemly ... man,** whereby you, who in form are a man, are transformed into an effeminate woman, a transformation that ill becomes you.

113. **Or ill-beseeming ... both,** or, rather I should call you, a hideous animal, partaking the form of a man, and the effeminate nature of a woman; with the idea in **seeming** of specious appearance.

114. **amazed,** astounded; literally bewildered: **order,** the religious society of which he was a member, the Franciscan Order of monks. See note on v. 2. 1.

115. **temper'd,** framed, conditioned.

116. **Hast thou ... myself?** will you after having committed one rash crime, now commit another equally rash?

118. **damned hate,** an act of hatred against yourself for which you will consign your soul to perdition; though perhaps **damned** means no more than accursed, execrable.

119. **Why rail'st ... earth?** Probably, as Malone remarks, Shakespeare is here following Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, in which such railing is found, though Ulrici suggests that the railing may be supposed to have taken place before the scene opens.

120, 1. **all three ... once,** all have a share in you, all go to the making up of you: **lose,** hastily throw away.

122. **wit,** good sense.

123. **Which,** though you, seeing that you.

126. **is but ... wax,** is no better than a form moulded out of **wax.**

127. **Digressing from,** if you abandon.

128. **Thy dear love ... perjury,** you make a hollow mockery of the oaths you have so solemnly taken (in marriage).

129. **that love,** that loved one: **cherish.** A reference to the Marriage Service in which the husband swears that he takes his wife "for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to *cherish*, till death us do part."

130, 1. **Thy wit, ... both,** that good sense which, if properly used, so well becomes your outwardly comely form and the passion with which your heart is inspired, being distorted by the way in which you employ it towards yourself and your heart's feelings.

132. **Like powder ... flask.** "The ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks instead of locks with flints, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder" (Steevens).

134. **dismember'd**, utterly destroyed; in a literal sense, blown to pieces: **thine own defence**, that which should be your protection.

135. **rouse thee**, shake off this morbid despondency.

136. **For whose ... dead**, for desire of whom you were lately at the point of death; see his passionate language to the Friar, ii. 3, or perhaps the reference may be to words supposed to be spoken while Romeo was in hiding at the Friar's cell.

137. **There**, in that matter; **would**, wished, sought, to.

141. **A pack ... back**, instead of a burden to be wearily borne, a shower of blessings descends upon you; so *T. G.* iii. 1. 20, "a *pack* of woes."

143. **misbehaved**, ill-mannered; not gratified at being made love to by happiness in all its bright attire, but disdainful and sulky.

144. **pout'st upon**, make a wry face at; cp. *Cor.* v. i. 52, "The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then We *pout upon* the morning."

146. **decreed**, determined upon between you; cp. *M. A.* i. 3. 35, "I have *decreed* not to sing in my cage."

147. **Ascend**, *sc.* by the rope ladder: **hence**, be off at once!

148. **But look ... not**, take care not to delay: **the watch**, the night police who were posted at a certain hour.

149. **pass to Mantua**, make your way out of the city to Mantua.

150. **a time**, a suitable opportunity.

151. **To blaze**, to make public, proclaim; originally to blow, as with a trumpet.

157. **Which heavy ... unto**, to which they will be all the more disposed on account of their sorrow for Tybalt.

160. **what learning is!** what a fine thing it is to be learned! The omission of the article is frequent in Shakespeare in exclamations of astonishment, etc.; so *J. C.* i. 3. 42, "Cassius, what night is this?", *i.e.* what a terrible night this is; *Cymb.* iv. 4. 35, "what thing it is that I never Did see man die!", *i.e.* what a disgrace it is that I never took part in battle.

165. **is revived by this**, *sc.* by the proof she had given, in sending the ring, of her continued love in spite of knowing that he had slain Tybalt.

166. **here stands ... state**, this is the position in which you stand, what you must do. Johnson explains, "The whole of your fortune depends on this."

170. **signify**, make known by letter or messenger.

173. **past joy**, beyond all other joy.

174. **so brief**, so briefly, with such few words of farewell.

SCENE IV.

2. **move**, try to persuade.

6. **promise**, assure.

10. **know**, ascertain, discover; cp. v. 3. 198.

11. **she is mew'd ... heaviness**, she is a prisoner to her grief, is alone with her grief. "*Mew* is the place, whether it be abroad or in the house, in which the Hawk is put during the time she casts, or doth change her Feathers" (R. Holme's *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, quoted by Dyce, *Gloss.*). From the substantive *mew*, from which comes the verb, we get our word *mews* = stables, originally a place for falcons.

12, 3. **I will make ... love**, I will hazard the offer of my daughter's love without waiting to learn finally what her inclinations on the subject are. Paris being "kinsman to the Prince," Capulet is anxious to secure the alliance.

16. **my son**, *i.e.* son in law. So in *M. A.* iv. 1. 27, Claudio, betrothed to Hero, calls Leonato "Father" before the marriage, and Leonato answers him as "my son"; in *T. S.* ii. 1. 318, Petruchio addresses his future father-in-law, "Provide the feast, *father*," and five lines lower down says, "*Father* and *wife*, and gentlemen, adieu," it being then customary for those betrothed to term one another 'husband' and 'wife' even before the marriage ceremony, and consequently their future parents-in-law 'father' and 'mother.'

18. **soft**, gently! let me pause to consider.

21. **earl**, nobleman; the title of course is an English, not an Italian, one.

23. **We 'll ... ado**, we'll not make much fuss about the matter, not celebrate the marriage with any great feasting: **ado**, trouble, "properly *v. inf.* = at do, which was the fuller form ... (1) pres. inf. to do; ... (2) In doing, being done; at work, astir ... hence through such phrases as *much ado*, etc., by taking the adverbs as adjectives qualifying *ado*, the latter was viewed as a substantive" ... (Murray, *Eng. Dict.*).

25. **held him carelessly**, held him cheap, did not sorrow for him as much as we should have done.

26. **Being our kinsman**, considering that he was a relation.

28. **And there an end**, and that is sufficient.

30. **get you gone.** "An idiom; that is to say, a peculiar form of expression, the principle of which cannot be carried out beyond the particular instance. Thus we cannot say either *Make thee gone* or *He got him* (or *himself*) *gone*. Phraseologies, on the contrary, which are not idiomatic are paradigmatic, or may serve as models or moulds for others to any extent. All expression is divided into these two kinds"... (Craik on *J. C.* ii. 4. 2).

32. **against**, in anticipation of, so that she may be ready when the day comes; cp. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 99, "I'll charm his eyes *against* she do appear." The use is now colloquial only.

34. **Afore me**, a form of petty oath, by my soul; softened from 'afore God.'

SCENE V.

1. **Wilt thou be gone**, are you determined to go?

3. **That pierced ... ear**, that sounded in your ear and made you afraid, *i.e.* of staying here too late to make your escape to Mantua.

4. **pomegranate-tree.** Though flourishing in England, this tree was originally brought from warmer climates, and was particularly abundant in Palestine. The Romans introduced it into Italy, whence it spread to other European countries. The date of its first cultivation in England is uncertain, though Chaucer mentions the tree in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1356, "Of *pome-garnettys* a fulle gret delle." In England its fruit, though handsome, is not worth eating. Knight is informed by a friend that "throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia." From Lat. *pomum*, an apple, and *granatum*, filled with seeds. Shakespeare, like most poets, speaks of the female bird as singing; though, as he no doubt well knew, it is the male bird alone that sings,—he, like others, being influenced by the myth that Philomela, daughter of King Pandion, was metamorphosed into a nightingale.

6. **herald**, cp. *V. A.* 531, "The owl, night's *herald*, shrieks 'Tis very late.'"

7. **envious**, spiteful, malignant.

8. **Do lace ... east**, crosses with bands of light the clouds that part at its advent; cp. *Haml.* ii. 2. 313, "this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof *fretted* with golden fire."

9. **Night's candles**, the stars; cp. *Macb.* ii. 1. 4, 5, "There's husbandry in heaven; their *candles are all out.*"

10. **tiptoe**, eager for his journey, alert. So we speak of being 'on the tiptoe of expectation.'

11. **I must ... die**, if I am to live, I must be gone; for, if I stay, my life will be forfeit.

13. **exhales**, draws up from the earth; cp. i. *H. IV.* v. 1. 19, "And he no more an *exhaled meteor*"; ii. 4. 352, "My lord do you see these *meteors?* do you behold these *exhalations?*", the belief being that they were vapours which the sun had drawn up from the earth and condensed.

14. **torch-bearer.** Todd compares Sidney's *Arcadia*, "The *moon*, then full, not thinking scorn to be *a torch-bearer* to such beauty, guided her steps."

18. **so**, provided that.

20. **Cynthia's brow.** Collier's MS. Corrector gives *bow* for *brow*, which is a very tempting conjecture, Cynthia, or Diana (*i.e.* the moon) being generally represented with her bow. Clarke supposes the allusion to be to the crescent moon upon her brow with which she is classically represented.

21. **Nor ... not**, for the emphatic double negative, see Abb. §406: **beat**, strike with their vibrations.

23. **care**, desire: **will**, determination.

25. **my soul!** addressed to Juliet.

28. **Straining ... sharps**, in the straining of her voice to the highest pitch, producing jarring discords and notes of piercing shrillness; **discords** and **sharps**, both technical terms in music, the former "a combination of notes which produces a certain restless craving in the mind for some further combination upon which it can rest with satisfaction"; the latter "a term which expresses the raising of a note by a less quantity than a whole tone. F sharp is half a tone higher than F natural: a singer 'sang sharp,' that is, sang slightly higher than the accompaniment; 'the pitch was sharpened,' that is, was slightly raised" (*Dict. of Music*, edited by Sir George Grove).

29. **division**, "is what we now call *variation;* where instead of one note, two, three, or more notes are sung to one syllable or to one chord" (Staunton).

31, 2. **Some say ... too!** because the croaking toad would not be "the herald of the morn" to frighten Romeo away. "The toad," says Warburton, "having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying among the people that the toad and lark had changed eyes."

33. **Since arm ... affray**, since that voice frightens us from our loving embraces.

34. **hunt's-up**. "Any song intended to arouse in the morning,—even a love-song,—was formerly called a *hunt's-up;* and the name was, of course, derived from a tune or song employed by early hunters" ... (Staunton).

36. **More light ... woes**, the brighter the day shines forth, the darker fall the shadows of our woes.

40. **be wary, look about**, take heed and be on your guard, *sc.* that Romeo should not be discovered; cp. *Lear*, iv. 7. 93, "'Tis time *to look about;* the powers of the kingdom approach apace."

44, 5. **I must ... days**, you must let me hear from you every day in the hour. I say 'every day in the hour,' for a minute of your absence will to me be as tedious as many days of ordinary reckoning.

46. **by this count ... years**, by this reckoning I shall be far advanced in years, well on in life.

52. **I doubt it not.** To Daniel "it seems probable that the I here stands for the affirmative *Ay*," in which case a comma will be necessary after the word. The first quarto reads "No doubt, no doubt," a reading which confirms the conjecture,—to me a nearly certain one.

54. **O God! ... soul.** Cp. Romeo's forebodings above, i. 4. 106-11.

55. **now thou art below**, now that he has descended to the ground.

59. **Dry sorrow ... blood.** Sighs were supposed to drain the blood from the heart; cp. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 97, "sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear"; ii. *H. VI.* iii. 2. 63, "Look *pale* as primrose with *blood-drinking sighs.*"

61. **what dost ... him**, what business have you to associate yourself with him? you and he are no fit companions.

66. **Is she not ... early**, am I to suppose that she has stayed downstairs so late (*i.e.* has not been in bed), or that she has risen so early?

67. **procures**, brings about her coming; cp. above, ii. 2. 145, "By one that I 'll *procure to come* to thee."

68. **Why, how now, Juliet?** said in reproach at not finding her dressed.

72. **have done**, cease lamenting.

73. **But much ... wit.** Ulrici notices that it is thoroughly in keeping with Lady Capulet's heartless character and artificial nature that she should consider deep feeling an indication of want of wit, *i.e.* good sense.

74. **such a feeling loss**, such a heartfelt loss; cp. *Lear*, iv. 6. 226, "Who, by the art of known and *feeling* sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity."

75, 6. **So shall you ... for**, in that way you will only experience the bitterness of the loss without bringing back to life him who is lost.

76, 7. **Feeling ... friend**, since I feel the loss so bitterly, I cannot help for ever mourning the friend to whose loss that bitter grief is due.

78, 9. **Well, girl, ... him**, well, girl, whatever you may say of your grief for Tybalt, I believe the real cause of your sorrow is that Romeo has not yet been punished with death.

81. **Villain ... asunder.** Many editors have adopted Hanmer's stage direction, *Aside.* This seems to me a mistake. Juliet's words are purposely made ambiguous, as in the following speeches, by the use of **he**; as she intends the words to be taken by her mother, they express a wish, as she means them, they are a statement.

83. **like he**, more grammatically *him.*

84. **traitor**, traitorous; so *R. II.* i. 1. 102, "a *traitor* coward."

88. **Then weep no more**, then, if, as I supposed, this is the cause of your grief, you may dry your tears.

89. **runagate**, scoundrel, vagabond; literally an 'apostate,' from Lat. *renegare*, to deny again, to abjure one's religion, from which we have *renegade.* Skeat shows that the form is due to a confusion with *run* and *gate*, a way, the M. E. *renegat* being popularly supposed to stand for *renne a gate, i.e.* to run on the way. The word is familiar to us from the Prayer Book version of the *Psalms*, lxviii. 6, "letteth the *runagates* continue in scarceness," where the Bible version has "the rebellious."

90. **such ... dram**, a draught very different from his usual potations. A **dram**, here = a poisonous draught, is the same word as *dram*, a small weight, Gk. δραχμή, a handful, such draughts being given in small quantities; in v. 1. 60, below, the word is probably used in the more literal sense.

93-5. **Indeed ... vex'd.** "The several interpretations of which this ambiguous speech is capable are I suppose: 1. I shall never be satisfied with Romeo. 2. I shall never be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him. 3. I shall never be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him dead. 4. Till I behold him, dead is my poor heart. 5. Dead is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vext" (Daniel).

96. **but**, a transposition, the word really belonging to **find out.**

97. **temper**, mix, compound; so *Haml.* v. 2. 339, "It is *a poison tempered* by himself."

99. **sleep in quiet**, again ambiguously, the potion she would really like to administer being her own presence, companionship.

100. **and cannot ... him**, seeing that I (implied in **my heart**) (1) cannot find my way to join him, (2) cannot get at him to poison him.

101. **To wreak ... cousin**, to show, by the vengeance I would take, how great my love was for my cousin; of course the "vengeance" she would really take would be to throw herself into her husband's arms; **wreak**, from A.S. to revenge, punish, originally to urge, impel. Some word has evidently fallen out from the line, which is supplied in the later folios by "Tybalt." Malone, who points out that the last word of a line, especially when a proper name, is not likely to have been lost, conjectures "*murder'd* cousin"; others suggest "*tender* love," or "*ever* bore," or "bore *unto*."

105. **needy time**, time that has such good need of something to cheer it; in *Per.* i. 4. 95, **needy** is used either for 'needful,' or for that which supplies the wants, "our ships ... Are stored with corn to make your *needy* bread"; elsewhere it is used of persons, = indigent, or of things, = scantily supplied, as below, v. 1. 42, "*needy* shop."

107. **careful**, *sc.* of her interests and happiness.

109. **Hath sorted ... joy**, has picked out a day for the sudden accomplishment of your happiness; in **sorted** there is no doubt an allusion to choosing a propitious day by consulting an oracle, the word in all its senses being ultimately referable to the Lat. *sors, sortis*, a lot, decision by lot, an oracular response (often written on a little tablet or lot); so in iii. *H. VI.* v. 6. 85, without the adverb, "But I will *sort* a pitchy day for thee."

111. **in happy time**. A literal translation of the F. *à la bonne heure*, an expression used in acquiescence, astonishment, or indignation, here with doubtful satisfaction; so very frequently "in *good* time."

114. **County**, see note on i. 2. 68.

118, 9. **that I must ... woo**, according to which I am destined to be married before he who is to be my husband has even come to seek my love; **should**, is to be, as he thinks.

123. **These ... indeed**! this is a pretty piece of news you had to give! you may well call your communication 'news.'

125. **how he will ... hands**, what he will think of such an answer from your lips; though **it** is used indefinitely; see Abb. § 226.

126. **the air**. The earlier quartos and the folios give *earth*, but though it may be scientifically true that dew rises from the earth, and in that sense the earth may be said to **drizzle dew**, the words

It rains downright show that **air** must be the right reading here.

127. **sunset.** In Campbell's beautiful lines in *Lochiel*, the word is used not for death itself but for the approach of death; "'Tis the *sunset* of life gives me mystical lore And coming events cast their shadows before."

129. **a conduit, girl?** what, are your tears still flowing like a conduit never dry!

130-7. **In one ... body.** Cp. the king's fanciful similes, *R. II.* v. 5. 50-60.

136. **Without ... calm**, unless quickly followed by a calm.

138. **decree**, decision; cp. above, iii. 3. 146.

139. **but she ... thanks**, but she is good enough to thank you and to say that she will have none of our decision, nothing to do with the plan of wedding her to Paris.

140. **were married ... grave.** Cp. above, i. 5. 132, 3.

141. **take me with you**, let me be sure I understand you; cp. i. *H. IV.* ii. 4. 506, "I would your grace would *take me with you*," *i.e.* be explicit in your language.

143. **proud**, *sc.* of the noble alliance we have secured for her.

144, 5. **we have ... bridegroom**, we have arranged that so worthy a gentleman should be, etc.

146. **Not proud ... have**, I cannot say that I am proud you should have done this; though I am thankful, knowing that you did it out of love for me.

148. **is meant love**, is meant as love, is done with a loving purpose.

149. **How ... chop-logic**, have you become a splitter of straws, do you venture to bandy arguments with me in this quibbling way?

151. **mistress minion**, my pert young madam; **minion**, F. *mignon*, a favourite, darling, from the adjective *mignon*, dainty, neat, pleasing, kind. Skeat says that the sinister sense which the word so commonly has is probably borrowed from the Italian *mignone*, a minion, a favourite.

152. **Thank ... prouds**, don't talk this nonsense of your being thankful and proud; cp. *R. II.* ii. 3. 87, "Grace me no grace and uncle me no uncles," said in answer to Bolingbroke's words, "My gracious uncle."

153. **But fettle ... next**, but make ready those dainty limbs, of which you are so vain, in anticipation of Thursday next, *i.e.* of having to go to church for your marriage; to **fettle**, though of uncertain origin, is to set about doing a thing, generally with the idea of something difficult or unpleasant; for **'gainst**, cp. above, iii. 4. 32.

155. **on a hurdle.** As convicted criminals were dragged to punishment.

156. **Out, ... carrion, shame on you, you languid, whining, creature with a face as pale as a corpse; the green sickness,** a disease of a hysterical nature, accompanied by a pale, livid, complexion, to which females were subject: **baggage,** worthless minx; used of a good-for-nothing woman, from the idea of an encumbrance and thence useless encumbrance, rubbish; in a similarly contemptuous sense, that of encumbrance, the corpse of Hotspur is called *luggage* in i. *H. IV.* v. 4. 160.

157. **are you mad?** said as Capulet is about to strike Juliet.

159. **but,** properly belonging to **a word.**

160. **Hang thee,** reflexive; though **thee** here, and in the next line, is used with scornful emphasis.

164. **itch,** long to strike you.

164-7. **we scarce ... her.** Cp. *M. A.* iv. 1. 129-31, "Grieved I, I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?": **lent,** the first quarto gives *sent,* which many editors adopt, but which seems to me a very inferior reading: in **but and only** there is a redundancy.

168. **hilding,** see note on ii. 4. 44.

169. **to rate her so,** in scolding her so bitterly; **to rate,** the infinitive used indefinitively; see Abb. § 356.

170. **my lady wisdom!** you, my fine lady, who set up for being so wise.

171. **prudence.** "Just as 'prudence' is here personified as a female, it was in *The Temp.* ii. 1. 286, personified as a male" (Delius): **smatter with,** vent your smatterings of wisdom, utter your bits and scraps of wisdom; **gossips,** see note on ii. 1. 11.

172. **God ye god-den,** see note on 1. 2. 57. In order to mend the metre Theobald reads "Peace, *peace,*" etc.; Fleay "speak *t' ye.*"

174. **Utter ... bowl,** go and utter your platitudes among your cronies as you sit sipping your bowl of wine; cp. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 47, "And sometimes lurk I in a *gossip's bowl.*"

175. **hot,** passionate.

176. **God's bread!** by the bread of the holy sacrament!

176-8. **God's bread ... company.** Many conjectures have been proposed here, the most satisfactory of which seems to be that of Fleay, whom Daniel follows; "*Lady Cap.* You are too hot. *Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad; Day-time, night-tide, waking or sleeping hour, At home, abroad, alone, in company, Working or playing, still my care hath been To have her match'd." The reasoning on which this conjecture is based is extremely ingenious, but too long to be quoted here.

179. **To have her match'd**, to get her a worthy husband.

182. **Stuff'd**, full of; Capulet speaks of the word as if when used in this sense it was somewhat ridiculous, **as they say**, just as we might say 'crammed'; though the term is used in all seriousness in *W. T.* ii. 1. 185, "whom you know Of *stuff'd* sufficiency"; *M. A.* i. 1. 56, "*stuffed* with all honourable virtues."

183. **Proportion'd ... man**, every part as completely in proportion with the rest as one could possibly wish if he were conceiving a perfect man.

184. **puling**, whimpering; literally to chirp like a bird; from F. *pioüler*, 'to peep, or cheep, as a young bird; also to *pule* or howle, as a young whelp'; Cotgrave. Cp. Ital. *pigolare*, to chirp, moan, complain. These are imitative words"... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

185. **mammet**, puppet, doll: **in her fortune's tender**, "in the moment when good fortune presents itself to her" (Clarke).

188. **I 'll pardon you**, said ironically, his pardon being only such as he expresses in the following line.

189. **Graze ... me**, you can go and get your food in the fields, for there will be no home for you in *my* house.

190. **do not use**. We no longer employ the verb in this sense in the present tense.

191. **lay .. advise**, consider the matter thoroughly and be wise; to 'lay the hand on the heart' is a gesture used in protesting the reality of the feeling expressed; **advise**, consider; so reflexively, *T. N.* iv. 2. 102, "*Advise you* what you say."

196. **Trust to 't**, be sure I mean what I say.

199. **Sweet my mother**, on the transposition of **my**, see Abb. § 13.

203. **I 'll not speak a word**, *sc.* in your behalf.

204. **for I ... thee**, for I have nothing more to do with you, I wash my hands of you and your concerns.

206-9. **My husband ... earth**, all that I love, my husband, is on earth; all that I trust in, my belief in God, is in heaven; how shall trust come back to earth and be felt by me in regard to earthly matters unless he in whom all my love is placed send it to me, a thing he cannot do without leaving earth, while, if he did so, I should no longer have any interest in earthly matters; if my husband lives, I have no hope of earthly happiness (for we can never be together), if he dies, my case is equally hopeless. Such I take to be the meaning of the passage, which seems to be obscure, but on which none of the commentators has any comment.

210. **practise stratagems**, contrive plots; *practise* (vb.) and *practice* (sb.) being frequently used by Shakespeare in a bad sense.

214. **and all ... nothing**, it is beyond all odds.

215. **challenge**, claim.

218. **you married**, that you should marry.

220. **a dishclout**, a dirty rag; not that dishclouts are necessarily dirty, though in the Nurse's mind that would be their more usual condition.

221. **green**. Though rare in England and not greatly admired, green eyes, as the commentators show, have been enthusiastically praised by foreign writers, especially Spanish writers.

222. **Beshrew**, see note on ii. 5. 51.

225, 6. **or 'twere ... him**, or, if he is not dead, he might just as well be so as be alive here when you can derive no pleasure from his companionship; **here** seems rather questionable, and Hanmer reads *hence*.

227. **Speakest ... heart?** a phrase varied in *Lear*, i. 1. 106, by "But goes thy heart with this?"

228. **Amen!** Juliet emphatically éndorses the Nurse's malediction on herself.

229. **Well.** Afraid that she has roused the Nurse's suspicions by her emphatic "Amen!", Juliet tries to put her off by assuming a good-humoured tone: **marvellous**, used adverbially.

230. **my lady**, using the term which would be proper in the Nurse's mouth: **I am gone**, the difference between 'am gone' and 'have gone' is that the former expresses the present state, the latter the activity necessary to cause the present state; see Abb. § 295.

234. **Ancient damnation!** the old devil!

237. **above compare**, as being above all comparison.

238. **counsellor**, you from whom I have so often asked and received advice (as in l. 209 she says "counsel me"), but here with scorn.

240. **his remedy**, what remedy he may suggest.

241. **myself**. Strictly speaking the 'my' in **myself** is not a pronominal adjective but the inflected case of the pronoun 'I,' and **myself** is equivalent to 'for the same me'; see Abb. § 20.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

3. **And I ... haste**, and I am in nothing dilatory *so as to* hinder his haste in concluding the marriage.

4. **the lady's mind**, how Juliet is inclined as to the marriage.

5. **Uneven is the course**, this way of proceeding is far from regular, is not one that can be commended as the proper one. The Friar, having married Romeo and Juliet, is of course bound to put all possible objections in the way of a marriage with Paris.

7. **little ... love**, said little to her about my passionate love.

8. **house**, household; probably from the mention of Venus, there is also an allusion to the term as used in astrology of that sign of the Zodiac in which a planet happens to be at a particular time. So Massinger, *The City Madam*, ii. 1. 59, "*Venus* in the west angle, the *house of marriage*"; and again, 79, 84, 5, "Venus ... in cazimi of the sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes"; Jonson, *The Alchemist*, i. 1, "to Mercury ... His *house of life* being Libra."

9, 10. **counts it ... sway**, is afraid that if her grief is allowed to hold such complete possession of her, is not diverted by some event of importance, it may lead to a disastrous result, *i.e.* either by her going out of her mind or by her doing herself some personal mischief.

13. **too much ... alone**, wholly occupying her thoughts so long as she is left by herself; **tears** in the line above implies 'grief,' to which word **minded** is more applicable.

14. **May be ... society**, may be removed by her taking part in social distractions.

16. **I would ... slow'd**, I only wish I did not know too good reason why matters should be delayed.

19. **That may be ... wife**, it will be time enough to say that when I am a (*i.e.* your) wife, if ever I am to be so.

20. **That may be ... next**, what you talk of as a possibility will be a certainty by Thursday next.

23. **To answer that**, by answering that, if I were to answer that; the infinitive used indefinitely.

25. **I will ... him**, if I cannot admit to him that I love you, at all events I may admit to you that I love him (which I dare say will do just as well).

28. **spoke**. On the curtailed forms of past participles, see Abb. § 343.

29. **abused**, ill-treated, *i.e.* disfigured.

32. **than tears**, *sc.* do.

34. **to my face**. With a play on the phrase in the sense of openly, not behind the back.

36. **It may ... own**, it may be that I have slandered it, for it belongs to another (of course Romeo), and what I might have said of it without injury to any one so long as it belonged to myself, becomes now injurious.

38. **at evening mass.** Shakespeare has been supposed to make a mistake here, mass being said only in the morning when the priest is fasting; but Simpson has shown (*New Shakespeare Transactions*, 1875) that the practice of saying mass in the afternoon was continued at certain places even after it had been expressly forbidden by Pius the Fifth, and that, at the Cathedral of Verona, strangely enough, so late as 1824 the prohibition of evening mass was disregarded.

40. **we must ... alone,** we must ask you to leave us in private for the present; an elliptical expression for 'entreat of you to give us the time alone,' *i.e.* to ourselves.

41. **God shield,** heaven forbid! *i.e.* I would not on any account disturb, etc.; cp. *A. W.* i. 3. 174, "*God shield* you mean it not!"; *M. M.* iii. 1. 141, "*Heaven shield* my mother play'd my father fair!"

42. **rouse ye,** come early to your chamber to take you to church.

46. **thy grief,** your cause of grief, your trouble.

47. **It strains ... wits,** it is so great that it paralyses my wits to find a remedy.

48. **prorogue,** delay, postpone; see note on ii. 2. 78.

53. **Do thou but ... wise,** all I ask is that you should sanction with your approval my determination to kill myself.

54. **this knife.** Dyce quotes Gifford's note on Jonson's *The Staple of News*, ii. 1, "Daggers, or, as they were more commonly called, knives, were worn at all times, by every woman in England—whether they were so in Italy, Shakspeare, I believe, never enquired, and I cannot tell": **help it,** prevent my marriage with Paris.

57. **the label,** the attestation; the seals to ancient documents were attached to them by slips of parchment or 'labels'; cp. *T. N.* i. 5. 265, "it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil *labelled* to my will," *i.e.* attached by labels as seals were.

59. **both,** *sc.* heart and hand.

60. **out of ... time,** out of the accumulated experience of a long life-time; **out of** indicates the heap from which the particular piece of advice is to be taken.

62. **extremes,** extremity of suffering: **bloody,** cruel, ready to shed blood; not yet stained with blood but which will be so stained by my deed; a somewhat similar prolepsis occurs in *K. J.* iv. 2. 210, "To break with in the *bloody* house of life," *i.e.* the house of life which will by the action be made bloody.

63. **shall play the umpire,** shall decide between me and my miseries, decide whether they are to continue to torture me, or whether I am to overcome them by putting an end to myself.

63-5. **arbitrating ... bring**, determining that matter which the authority of your years and knowledge was unable to bring to any honourable issue ; deciding that question to which you with all the warrant of long years and wide experience were unable to give a satisfactory answer, not the question whether she is to live or die, but whether it is possible for her to live with honour.

66. **to speak**, in speaking : **I long**, with a play on **long** in **so long to speak**.

67. **If what ... remedy**, if what you suggest is not of the nature of a remedy.

69. **Which craves ... execution**, to carry out which demands action as desperate.

71. **If**, *i.e.* if, *as you say you have.*

74. **to chide ... shame**, literally to scare away this disgrace by reproachful words, *i.e.* to get rid of, escape, this disgrace.

75. **That cop'st with death**, you who are ready to encounter death ; the original sense of 'to cope' is 'to bargain with,' then 'to vie with.'

78. **yonder**. The reading of the first quarto, the remaining copies giving *any*, which some editors prefer as being more forcible.

79. **thievish ways**, ways in which I am likely to meet with thieves, robbers.

81. **charnel-house**, house of the dead, sepulchre ; from O. F. *carnel*, carnal, Lat. *caro*, flesh.

82. **O'er-cover'd**, strewed all over : **rattling**, *sc.* in the wind.

83. **reeky shanks**, legs steaming with putrefaction : **chapless**, with their jaws no longer adhering to the rest of the skull, those jaws being attached only by a cartilage which has been eaten away by worms.

85. **shroud**, the garment in which it is customary to wrap the corpse ; closely allied with *shred*, *i.e.* a strip, a piece torn or cut off.

86. **Things ... tremble**, which are things that have made me shudder merely to hear them spoken about.

91. **look that ... alone**, take care to sleep alone.

92. **Let not ... chamber**, it being customary for attendants to sleep in the same chamber ; see note on ii. 1. 39.

93. **being then in bed**, as soon as you have got into bed.

96. **A cold ... humour**, a feeling of coldness and drowsiness.

96, 7. **for no pulse ... surcease**, for the pulse throughout your body shall no longer beat with its usual activity, but shall stop ; **his**, its, see Abb. § 228 ; **surcease** is from F. *sursis*, the p. p. of

surseoir, to pause, intermit, and has nothing to do with our *cease*, though Shakespeare always uses the verb *surcease* as a synonym of that word, and the substantive probably as=cessation (to be) in *Macb.* i. 7. 4.

100. **paly**, palish; the termination *-y* having a modifying force: **thy eyes' windows**, your eyelids; 'window' being used by Shakespeare in regard to eyes rather as that which shuts out the light rather than that which admits it; so *Cymb.* ii. 2. 22, "would under-peep her lids, To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these *windows*."

101. **the day of life**, that which gives light to life.

102. **deprived ... government**, deprived of that control which renders it supple, pliant; **supple** really belongs to the effect not to the cause.

103. **stark**, rigid.

105. **forty**. Maginn would read *fifty*. "Juliet," he remarks, "retires to bed on Tuesday night at a somewhat early hour. Her mother says, after she departs, 'Tis now near night.' Say it is eleven o'clock; forty-two hours from that hour bring us to five o'clock in the evening of Thursday; and yet we find the time of her awakening fixed in profound darkness, and not long before the dawn. We should allow at least ten hours more, and read '*two and fifty* hours,' which would fix her awakening at three o'clock in the morning, a time which has been marked in a former scene as the approach of day. In iv. 4. 4, Capulet says, 'tis three o'clock.' Immediately after he says 'Good faith, 'tis day.' This observation may appear superfluously minute, but those who take the pains of reading the play critically will find that it is dated throughout with a most exact attention to hours. We can time almost every event." Shakespeare no doubt followed the story of *Rhomeo and Julietta* as told in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, vol. iii. p. 109, Jacob's edn., where the words are "and you [shall] abide in such extasie the space of 40 hours at the least."

108. **there art thou dead**, there they will find you, to all appearance, dead.

109-12. **Then as the manner ... lie.** This custom of carrying the dead to the grave "uncover'd on the bier" is described in Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, and still prevails in Italy. Knight quotes from Roger's *Italy*, "And lying on her funeral couch Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands Folded together on her modest breast As 'twere her nightly posture, through the crowd She came at last—and richly, gaily clad, As for a birthday feast."

113. **against ... awake**, in anticipation of your awaking.

114. **our drift**, our purpose; literally that which is driven, and so the course.

116. **watch your waking**, watch for the moment of your waking.

119. **inconstant toy**, freak of caprice; cp. *Oth.* iii. 4. 156, "Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think, And no conception nor no *jealous toy* Concerning you." Malone points out that the phrase in the text is from the poem, *Romeus and Juliet.*

121. **tell not me of**, do not talk to me about fear, do not imagine that fear will make me shrink.

122. **get you gone**, see note on iv. 4. 30.

125. **help**, a remedy for my misery.

SCENE II.

2. **twenty**. "*Twenty cooks* for *half-a-dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or Shakespeare forgot what he had just made him tell us [iii. 4. 27, 'Therefore we 'll have some half-a-dozen friends And there an end'] " (Ritson).

5. **try them**, test them, see what they are fit for.

6, 7. **'tis an ill ... fingers**. For this adage Steevens quotes Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, "As the old cocke crowes so doeth the chick: A *bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick*"; the licking of the fingers being for the purpose of testing the food he is cooking.

7, 8. **goes not with me**, will not be engaged by me.

10. **unfurnish'd**, unprepared; so used in *H. V.* i. 2. 148, of England not prepared for defence.

15. **my headstrong**, *sc.* one, my obstinate girl: **gadding**, used in a contemptuous way, going about from place to place in an aimless way, as if she was not likely to have any settled or useful purpose.

16. **learn'd me**, learned for myself, to my profit; see Abb. § 220.

21. **I am ever ruled**, I am and ever shall be obedient to your wishes.

25. **becomed love**, becoming, decorous, marks of love; the passive participle for the active.

26. **Not stepping o'er**, without exceeding, transgressing, the, etc.

30, 1. **Now, afore ... him**. A confusion of constructions between 'Now, afore God, all our city is much bound to this reverend holy friar,' and 'Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar has laid the whole city under great obligations': **afore God**, I say it

in the presence of God, *i.e.* I call God to witness the truth of what I say. Cp. above, iii. 4. 34.

32. **closet**, private room, or cupboard, for keeping clothes.

33. **To help me sort**, to help me to choose out; for the omission of 'to' before **sort**, see Abb. § 349. The idiom is still in use among Scotch people.

34. **to furnish me**, to dress me, for me to wear; cp. *M. A.* iii. 1. 103, "Come, go in: I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel Which is the best to *furnish me* to-morrow"; said by Hero to her Nurse on the eve of her marriage.

37. **We shall be ... provision**, if the wedding takes place a day before that already fixed, our arrangements for its celebration will be incomplete; **provision** includes everything necessary for the feast; cp. *Lear*, ii. 4. 208, "I am now from home, and out of that *provision* Which shall be needful for your entertainment."

38. **I will stir about**, I will busy myself in hurrying on the preparations.

40. **to deck up her**, in l. 45, below, we have "prepare him up" (quartos "prepare up him") and in iv. 4. 25, "trim her up"; and as there is no reason for emphasis here, Lettsom would transpose the adverb and pronoun.

41. **let me alone**, do not interfere with me, leave me to manage matters in my own way; said with a self-satisfied air of confidence in his powers to smooth away all difficulties.

42. **I 'll play ... once**, for once and away I will take upon myself to see to household affairs.

43. **They are all forth**, all the servants are out of doors, none of them within call.

45. **Against**, see note on iii. 4. 32.

46. **wayward**, perverse; "originally a headless form of *awei-ward*, adverb.... Thus *wayward* is *away-ward*, *i.e.* turned away, perverse.... It is a parallel formation to *fro-ward*. It is now often *made* to mean *bent on one's way*" ... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): **reclaim'd**, brought to her right senses; a metaphor from falconry, in which sport to 'reclaim' (*i.e.* to call back) a hawk was to bring it back to obedience in stooping to the lure; thus Cotgrave, "*Reclame*, a loud calling, whooting, whooping, to make a Hawk stoop unto the lure"; cp. *Haml.* ii. 1. 34, "A savageness in *unreclaimed* blood."

SCENE III.

1. **those attires are best**, those are the best dresses, etc., for the occasion.

3. **orisons**, prayers; O. F. *orison*, prayer, ultimately from Lat. *orare*, to pray.

4. **my state**, *sc.* of mind.

5. **cross**, perverse, not willing to acquiesce in God's will.

7. **cull'd**, picked out, selected; Lat. *colligere*, to collect.

8. **behoveful for our state**, appropriate to the pomp, splendour, of to-morrow's ceremony; such as it behoves us to use; to 'behove' is literally to be necessary.

9. **So please you**, if you will be so good; provided it pleases you.

11. **full all**, thoroughly, very fully, occupied.

12. **In this ... business**, in these preparations that have so unexpectedly come upon us.

14. **God knows ... again**, possibly we may never meet again. Juliet is determined to kill herself, rather than marry Paris, if the potion does not work as the Friar assured her it would, and at the same time she has a suspicion that the potion may be a fatal poison.

15. **thrills**, which thrills; for the omission of the relative, see Abb. § 244.

16. **the heat of life**, the warmth which life sends through the body; not the heat that belongs to life.

18. **What should .. here?** but what is the use of my calling the Nurse back? she can be of no use in that which I have to do.

19. **My dismal ... alone.** Shakespeare's figurative use of terms of the stage is, as might be expected, very frequent; the words *act*, *scene*, *stage*, *prologue*, *part*, etc., being thus employed by him. Cp. *e.g. A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139-43, "All the world 's a *stage*, And all the men and women merely *players:* They have their *exits* and their *entrances;* And one man in his time plays many *parts*, His *acts* being seven ages."

21. **What if ... all?** supposing this mixture has no such effect as the Friar promised, what will happen then?

23. **forbid**, prevent.

STAGE DIRECTION. **Laying down her dagger.** Steevens has shown that "knives were formerly part of the accoutrement of a bride," but it does not follow that the dagger here was such part, for we have seen above, iv. 1. 62, that she is provided with a "bloody knife," though without any thought of decking herself for marriage with Paris.

25. **Subtly ... dead**, has cunningly provided in order to make sure of my death; to 'minister a poison' would in modern parlance mean rather 'cause it to be taken,' than merely furnish it.

28. **it should not**, it is not likely to be.

29. **tried**, *sc.* and proved; proved by trial, test. After this line there follows in the first quarto "I will not entertain so bad a thought," and this has been incorporated by a majority of the editors. Ulrici, however, points out, with great force as it seems to me, that Juliet's loftiness of resolve and the depth of her love and fidelity are shown more clearly if her suspicion of the Friar remains not wholly allayed.

32. **a fearful point**, a thing terrible to contemplate.

34. **To whose ... in**, into whose foul mouth no wholesome air finds its way.

35. **strangled**, suffocated, choked; the modern sense of choked by external compression is more accurate, the word coming from the Gk. στραγγάλη, a halter.

36. **is it not very like**. The construction, interrupted here, is taken up in l. 45, again interrupted, and finally otherwise shaped in l. 49.

37. **The horrible ... night**, the horrible thoughts of death which the tomb will force upon me, those thoughts being intensified by the terror that belongs to night.

38. **the terror of the place**, the terror which is naturally inspired by such a place.

39. **As in a vault**, I finding myself in a vault.

40. **this many hundred years**, this period of many, etc., though **this** gives an idea of vagueness; so *M. M.* i. 3. 21, "*this nineteen years*"; *Macb.* v. 5. 37, "Within *this three mile*"; *Cor.* iv. 1. 55, "but *one seven years*." Also below, v. 2. 25, v. 3. 175.

41. **pack'd**, so closely mixed, stored in such numbers; the number of the dead, like the antiquity of the place (l. 39) adds to the horror.

42. **yet but ... earth**, so lately buried; as we should say 'hardly cold in his grave.'

43. **festering**, rotting, corrupting.

46. **So early waking**, waking before daylight has come.

46, 7. **what with ... earth**, with the combined effect upon my senses of the loathsome smells and the shrieking, gibbering, of the spirits as though they were mandrakes being plucked from the earth; **what with**, as we now say, 'what with one thing and another,' *i.e.* such was the result of all the circumstances: **mandrakes**, the plant *mandragora*, supposed to resemble a man's figure, and sometimes represented with a duck's head (*man-drake*). "An inferior degree of animal life," says Nares, "was attributed to it, and it was commonly supposed that when torn from the

ground it uttered groans of so pernicious a nature that the person who committed the violence went mad or died. To escape that danger, it was recommended to tie one end of a string to the plant and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan would then discharge its full malignity." It was also said to be especially found in graveyards in which animals had been buried. The references to the superstition are frequent in old writers; and in ii. *H. VI.* iii. 2. 310, we have "Would curses kill, as doth *the mandrake's groan*, I would invent as bitter-searching terms, As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear."

49. **O, if I wake**, again taking up the construction, and now completing it: **distraught**, distracted; mentally torn asunder, the feelings, as it were, tearing and rending the frame. So, *Lear*, iii. 2. 57, 8, "close pent-up guilts, *Rive your concealing continents*," *i.e.* burst through the bodies in which you are enveloped.

51. **madly**, in my madness.

53. **great kinsman's**, "compounded like *great-nephew*, *great-grandfather* and the like" (Delius); *i.e.* **great** in distance of time.

56. **spit**, thrust through as with a spit, skewer, on which meat is roasted; cp. *H. V.* iii. 3. 38, "Your naked infants *spitted* upon pikes."

57. **stay, Tybalt, stay**, "she does not call upon Tybalt to remain, but to hold. In her vision she imagines he is going to hurt Romeo" (Delius).

58. **this do ... thee**, I pledge you in this potion.

STAGE DIRECTION. **within the curtains.** "Some explanation of the business of the old stage may perhaps here be necessary. The space 'within the curtains' where Juliet's bed is placed, was the space at the back of the stage proper, beneath the raised stage or gallery which served for a balcony, or the walls of a besieged town as the case required; this was divided from the stage proper by a traverse or curtain. The curtain closing before Juliet's bed, the stage was now supposed to represent a hall in Capulet's house (Sc. 4) where Capulet busies himself with the preparations for the wedding. On his hearing of the arrival of Paris he summons the Nurse to call forth Juliet, which, he being gone, she proceeds to do, and opening the curtains the scene again becomes Juliet's chamber (Sc. 5) where she is discovered dead apparently on her bed. After the general lamentations which take place on this occasion, 'They all but the Nurse goe foorth casting Rosemary on her (Juliet) and shutting the curtens' (Q 1); and then follows the scene with Peter and the Musicians, the stage then again being supposed a hall or some other apartment in Capulet's house" (Daniel).

SCENE IV.

2. **pastry**, the room in which paste (*i.e.* dough baked for the outside of pies, etc.) is made; formed on the same analogy as *pantry*, a room in which bread (Lat. *panis*, bread,) was kept, *buttery*, (*i.e.* bottlery), a room in which the bottling of wine was done, *spicery*, a place where spices were kept. We now use the word less correctly for the paste itself.

3. **the second ... crow'd**, the cock has crowed a second time.

4. **The curfew-bell**, *i.e.* the bell for covering or putting out the fires, was formerly rung at night, in the summer at nine, in the winter at eight, o'clock; and elsewhere Shakespeare uses the word in its proper signification. It has therefore been supposed that in the present instance what is meant is that the same bell which was used for the curfew was now rung as the morning bell, *i.e.* as the signal to get up and light the fires.

5. **baked meats**, meat baked in pastry: whether **Angelica** is Lady Capulet or the Nurse is uncertain.

6. **Spare not for cost**, do not be sparing, stingy, on account of the expense; do not count the cost of what you provide: **cot-quean**, a busy-body in household affairs; the derivation of the first element of the word is uncertain; **-quean**, according to Skeat, is "absolutely the same word as *queen*, the original sense being 'woman.'" By some editors this speech is given to Lady Capulet as being one that the Nurse would not venture to make to her master; but Dyce points out that in the first quarto Capulet's answer is "I warrant thee Nurse I have ere now watcht," etc. Others suppose that considerable latitude of speech was allowed to a servant who had so long been in the family.

7. **sick**, ill.

8. **watching**, keeping awake; as very frequently in Shakespeare.

11. **a mouse-hunt**, one who runs after women.

12. **But I ... now**, but I will take care that you do not sit up all night for such purposes now.

13. **A jealous-hood**, what, you are jealous of me, are you? **jealous-hood**, jealousy; the abstract for the concrete.

17, 8. **I have a head, ... matter**, I have a head on my shoulders (*i.e.* I have plenty of sense) and shall be able to find out where the logs are without troubling Peter in the matter; cp. the Nurse's compliment to herself, i. 3. 29, "Nay, I do bear a brain."

19. **Mass**, by the mass, *i.e.* the sacrament of the Eucharist.

20. **Thou shalt be logger-head**, we'll call you logger-head, since you boast yourself so keen in finding out logs; **logger-head**,

i.q. log-head, like block-head, though, as Skeat points out, it is difficult to account for the syllable *-er*. Possibly the word was originally '*loggat*-head,' *loggats* or *loggets* being small blocks of wood thrown at fruit which could not otherwise be got at.

21. **music**, *i.e.* the band of musicians who were to play the "hunt's-up" to awaken the bride on the wedding morning; see note on iii. 5. 34; the word in this sense occurs frequently in Shakespeare: **straight**, straightway, immediately.

26. **the bridegroom he**. For the insertion of the pronoun, see Abb. § 243.

SCENE V.

1. **fast**, *sc.* asleep.

2. **slug-a-bed**, slug in a bed, lazy creature; 'slug' being often used as a type of laziness from its sleepy motion. The word here, however, seems like a coinage of the Nurse, a compound of "sluggard" and 'lie-abed.'

4. **Marry, and amen**, by the Virgin, blessed be her name; **amen**, so be it, said as though in invoking the Virgin she had implied a blessing on her name; the phrase occurs again in i. *H. IV.* ii. 4. 128, though in the not very pious mouth of Falstaff.

6. **take** .. **bed**, catch you asleep.

7. **Will it not be?** can't I wake you?

8. **down again**, lying down again after you have got up and dressed.

9. **I must** ... **you**, I can't let you sleep on, however tired you may be.

11. **well-a-day**, see note on iii. 2. 28.

13. **What noise is here?** what is the reason of all this noise here?

14. **heavy**, sorrowful, lamentable.

15. **my only life**, you who are everything in life to me.

18. **For shame**, why is there all this delay?

21. **out, alas!** Here **out** intensifies the exclamation of grief, and has much the same sense of completeness as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 101, "And be a boy right *out*"; *Cor.* iv. 5. 127, "thou hast beat me *out* Twelve several times." Shakespeare has the phrase often, *e.g. M. W.* iv. 5. 64, *W. T.* iv. 4. 110, and in *Oth.* v. 2. 119, "*Out*, and *alas!*"

22. **is settled**, no longer flows freely in her veins.

28. **Ties up** ... **speak**. As Capulet immediately afterwards breaks out into a passionate lament, Malone supposes that

Shakespeare, when writing this line, had in his mind the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, in which, though the mother makes a long speech, the father does not utter a word. But it was possible for Capulet to be struck dumb at first and afterwards to find his voice.

29. **Come ... church?** Staunton would give this line to Paris, on the ground that at this juncture the Friar is too critically placed to be anxious to lead the conversation. He thinks, too, that Capulet's answer tends to show that Paris had asked the question. To me it seems clear that Capulet, in the first line of his speech, briefly answers the Friar's question, and then turns to Paris in the words "O son," etc. The Friar had good reason to be anxious to find out whether his potion had had its effects; and Dyce well asks, "Would the deeply-enamoured Paris speak of his Juliet merely as '*the bride*'?"

36. **living**, my possessions, property; cp. *W. T.* iv. 3. 104, "within a mile where my land and *living* lies"; *M. V.* iii. 2. 158, v. i. 286. Capell made the unnecessary conjecture 'life-leaving,' and has been followed by some editors.

37. **thought long**, been long and eagerly expecting.

41. **In lasting labour**, in the long toil; perhaps with an allusion to **labour** in the sense of 'pangs of childbirth,' as in *A. C.* iii. 7. 81, "With news the time's *with labour* and throes forth, Each minute, some."

42. **one poor.** It seems doubtful whether he means 'ill fated wretch that she was,' or 'one only'; but in the following words, **one poor and loving child, poor** is certainly used in the latter sense, as in *V. A.* 207, "What were thy lips the worse for one *poor* kiss?" and *Cor.* v. 1. 27, "For one *poor* grain or two."

43. **to ... solace in**, to find comfort in; cp. *Cymb.* i. 6. 86, "To hide me from the radiant sun, and *solace* I' the dungeon by a snuff."

44. **catch'd**, a form of the participle used again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69, *A. W.* i. 3. 176, and of the past tense in *Cor.* i. 3. 68.

45. **O woe, ... day.** In this and the two following speeches, Grant White thinks that Shakespeare was probably ridiculing the translation of Seneca's tragedies, published in 1581. But the lines do not seem out of place in the mouth of the speakers.

51. **Beguiled**, cheated; as more commonly in Shakespeare. Nowadays the word more generally means to deceive pleasingly, to drive away anything unpleasant by an agreeable delusion; and in this sense also Shakespeare uses it, though less frequently.

54. **not life ... death**, not 'my life,' as I have so often called you, but still in death my loved one.

55. **Despised**, treated by Fate with contumely: **distressed**,

afflicted, a stronger sense than the word now usually has and closer to its Latin source *districtus*, torn asunder, *sc.* by grief.

56. **Uncomfortable**, cheerless, joyless; but with more of an active force than the word now has, and similar to "discomfortable" in *R. II.* iii. 2. 36, "Discomfortable cousin!"

57. **our solemnity**, see note on i. 5. 59.

58. **not my child**, no longer to be called 'my child.'

61, 2. **Confusion's ... confusions**, the cure of such a terrible sorrow has no being in such tumultuous abandonment to grief; **confusion** is used in two senses here, the trouble that confounds, paralyses, us, and the frantic disorder consequent upon that trouble. For **lives** Lettsom would read *lies*, but the former word seems much more expressive and forcible, 'has no vitality, no principle of life and efficacy.'

63. **Had part in**, shared in.

65. **keep from death**, preserve from death, hold back from death when it laid its grasp upon her.

66. **But heaven . life**, but heaven preserves his share in her in life eternal.

67. **her promotion**, her rise in life by marriage with the prince's kinsman.

68. **your heaven**, your highest idea of happiness and glory.

71. **in this love ... ill**, this manner of showing your love does not evidence any true love, any love worthy of the name.

72. **is well**, is at rest, is in happiness; a frequent euphemism for being dead. Cp. *A. C.* ii. 5. 33, where, in answer to the Messenger's report that Antony "is well," Cleopatra says, "But, sirrah, mark, we use To say the dead *are well*"; also *W. T.* v. 1. 30, *Macb.* iv. 3. 179.

75. **rosemary**, a herb commonly used at funerals as an emblem of immortality, from being an evergreen, and of lasting affection, it being supposed to strengthen the memory. See above, ii. 4. 219.

77. **In all ... church**, see note on iv. 1. 109-12.

78. **fond**, over-loving; see note on iii. 3. 52.

79. **Yet nature's ... merriment**, yet the tears which natural affection bids us shed are laughed at by reason, are, if viewed in the 'dry' light of reason, a mere weakness.

80. **festival**, for the purpose of festivity; an adjective, as is **funeral** in the next line; for the former, cp. *K. J.* iii. 1. 76, "this blessed day Ever in France shall be kept *festival*"; for the latter, *J. C.* iii. 1. 245, "You shall not in your *funeral* speech blame us."

81. **their office**, their proper use.

83. **a sad burial feast.** This custom, derived from the Romans, still obtains in Ireland among the lower classes, and the feast is called a 'wake,' *i.e.* a vigil, or sometimes, from a misunderstanding of that term, 'a waking of the dead.'

84. **dirges**, mournful chants; from the Lat. *dirige*, direct, guide, the first word of a chaunt used by Catholics at the burial service, from *Psalms*, v. 8, "*Dirige, Dominus meus, in conspectu tuo vitam meam,*" "Guide my life, O Lord, in Thy sight": **sullen**, originally meaning 'solitary,' then 'morose,' 'gloomy.'

85. **serve for**, are used as a decoration for.

88. **every one prepare**, let every one prepare.

90. **lour**, frown; see note on ii. 5. 6; **ill**, evil deed.

92. **put up our pipes**, *sc.* in their cases, preparatory to going away.

95. **the case... amended.** The Musician pretending to take the Nurse's word **case** as referring to the case of his instrument, answers, Yes, in truth, it might be a better one. Delius compares a similar pun in *W. T.* iv. 4. 844, "though my *case* be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it."

96. '**Heart's ease**,' a popular tune at the time.

97. **have me live**, see me lively, in good spirits.

99, 100. **My heart... woe.** "The burthen of the first stanza of A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers: 'Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe'" (Steevens): **dump**, a melancholy strain in music; said to be used also for a dance. The colloquialism 'in the dumps,' *i.e.* in a dismal humour, may still be heard. Of course Peter's **merry** is an intentional contradiction of terms, as Staunton points out.

105. **give it you soundly**, pay you out well for refusing to play.

107. **gleek.** 'To give the gleek,' said to be taken from an old game at cards called *gleek*, was to scorn or flout, and by some there is supposed to be a pun on the word *gleeman* or *gligman*, a minstrel.

109. **will I give you the serving-creature**, I will retort by calling you serving-creature.

110, 1. **Then will I... pate**, my reply to your insult will be a blow on your head with my dagger: **I will carry no crotchets**, I will put up with no insults, endure none of your caprices; with a pun on **crotchets** in its musical use = a quaver.

111, 2. **I 'll re you... me**, I'll play a pretty tune on your head with my dagger. A similar figure of speech from music is 'I'll beat you into fiddle-strings.' **re, fa**, the names given in the singing of the notes of the gamut or scale in music to the notes

D and F; **note**, of course with a pun on 'note,' = pay attention to what I say, and 'note' in music.

114. **put out**, extinguish, have done with.

116. **Then have at you with my wit**, then here goes for a blow at you with my wit.

123. **Catling**, or catgut, the intestines of sheep from which the strings of string instruments are made.

125. **Rebeck**, a three-stringed fiddle; cp. *L'Allegro*, 94, "And the jocund *rebecks* sound."

126, 7. **sound for silver**, play for money.

130. **I cry you mercy**, I beg your pardon for asking you: **you are the singer**, *sc.* and therefore cannot be expected to answer for the musicians.

130, 1. **I will say for you**, I will answer myself in your stead.

135. **pestilent knave**, insolent and troublesome fellow.

136. **Jack**, see note on ii. 4. 121

136, 7. **tarry for the mourners**, wait here till the funeral procession comes forth and then accompany it to the grave. The propriety of this scene has been much debated. Coleridge thinks that as the audience knew that Juliet was not dead, "it is, perhaps, excusable," though not a thing to be imitated by inferior hands. Knight thus defends it: "Rightly understood, it appears to us that the scene requires no apology. It was the custom of our ancient theatre to introduce in the irregular pauses of a play that stood in the place of a division into acts, some short diversion, such as a song, a dance, or the extempore buffoonery of a clown. At this point of Romeo and Juliet there is a natural pause in the action, and at this point such an interlude would probably have been presented whether Shakspere had written one or not. The stage direction in the second quarto puts this matter, as it appears to us, beyond a doubt. That direction says, 'Enter Will Kempe,' and the dialogue immediately begins between Peter and the musicians. Will Kempe was the Liston of his day; and was as great a popular favourite as Tarleton had been before him. It was wise, therefore, in Shakspere to find some business for Will Kempe, that should not be entirely out of harmony with the great business of his play. This scene of the musicians is very short, and, regarded as a necessary part of the routine of the ancient stage, is excellently managed. Nothing can be more naturally exhibited than the indifference of hirelings, without attachment, to a family scene of grief. Peter and the musicians bandy jokes; and, although the musicians think Peter 'a pestilent knave,' perhaps for his inopportune sallies, they are ready enough to look after their own gratification, even amidst the sorrow which

they see around them. A wedding or a burial is the same to them. 'Come, we'll in here—tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.' So Shakspere read the course of the world—and it is not much changed." In Clarke's opinion, too, "the intention was to show how grief and gaiety, pathos and absurdity, sorrow and jesting, elbow each other in life's crowd; how the calamities of existence fall heavily upon the souls of some, while others, standing close beside the grievers, feel no jot of suffering or sympathy".... The grave-digger in *Hamlet*, the porter in *Macbeth*, and the clown in *Othello* are equally jocose amid scenes not less tragic, and the hired mourners at a modern funeral would hardly be libelled by a comparison with Peter and the musicians, except that their wit would probably have less wit in it."

ACT V. SCENE I.

1. **If I may ... sleep**, if I may take for truth the encouraging vision that sleep has shown me, a vision that, however, may be merely illusive. A great deal has been written as to the contradiction of terms in **flattering truth**; but Romeo seems to mean nothing more than that he hardly dares to trust a dream so unexpectedly favourable to his hopes, just as, in ii. 2. 139-41, Juliet says, "I am afraid, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering-sweet to be substantial." The first quarto gives 'flattering *eye*,' which many editors adopt, explaining "the visions with which my eye flattered me during sleep," or taking 'eye' for view, prospect. The conjectures are as numerous as they generally are when there is no need for them, and include "soother,' 'sooth of,' 'signs of,' 'toys of,' 'breath of,' 'birth of,' 'vouch of,' and, most monstrous of all, 'death of,' due to Collier's MS. Corrector.

3. **My bosom's lord**, my love; cp. *T. N.* ii. 4. 22, "It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is throned": **in**; on, as frequently.

4. **an unaccustom'd spirit**, a frame of mind different to that which had been his ever since he began to love, and especially different from that in which, i. 4. 106-11, he had presaged the terrible consequences that actually follow.

5. **Lifts me ... ground**, makes me 'tread on air,' as we say.

6. **I dreamt ... dead**, cp. Juliet's foreboding, iii. 5. 55, 6.

7. **that gives ... think**, in which it is possible for a dead man to think.

8. **in**, within, into.

9. **an emperor**, not of course literally, but in the sense of the happiest and most glorious of mortals.

10. **possess'd**, when actually enjoyed.

17. **is well**, is at peace in death; a frequent euphemism; cp. ii. *H. IV.* v. 2. 3, *A. C.* ii. 5. 33.

18. **in Capel's monument**, in the family vault of the Capulets; for **monument** in this sense, cp. above, iii. 5. 203. As Malone points out, Shakespeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in *Romeus and Juliet*.

21. **took post**, hurried off; literally mounted a post-horse. "*Post* 'originally signified a fixed place, as a military *post*; then, a fixed place on a line of road where horses are kept for travelling, a stage, or station; thence it was transferred to the person who travelled in this way, using relays of horses, and finally to any quick traveller'; Eastwood and Wright, Bible Wordbook" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*). For the word = a post-horse, cp. ii. *H. IV.* iv. 3. 40, "I have foundered (*i.e.* exhausted) nine score and odd *posts*."

23. **it**, the task of bringing you news.

24. **defy**, renounce, reject, refuse to believe in you any longer. Cp. *K. J.* iii. 4. 23, "I *defy* all counsel, all redress." The later quartos and the folios give **deny**, the meaning of which would be much the same.

27. **have patience**, compose yourself.

28, 9. **do import ... misadventure**, indicate some terrible purpose in your mind.

32. **No matter**, it does not matter, signify: **get thee gone**, see note on iv. 1. 122.

33. **those horses**, *sc.* that I just now spoke of.

35. **Let 's see for means**, let me consider how to find means to effect my purpose.

38. **a'**, see note on ii. 4. 120: **noted**, marked, noticed.

39. **weeds**, clothes; from "A.S. *wǽde*, neut., also *wǽd*, fem., a garment ... literally something which is wound or wrapped round, exactly as '*weed* wide enough to *wrap* a fairy in,' Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 256" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): **overwhelming brows**, bushy, hanging, eyebrows; see note on "beetle-brows," above, i. 4. 32.

40. **Culling of**. For 'of' following a verbal noun, see Abb. § 178: **meagre**, thin and pinched.

41. **to the bones**, so that there was nothing left of him but skin and bones; **to** expressing the result.

42. **needy**, scantily furnished: **a tortoise**, like the "alligator" and "ill-shaped fishes," symbols of his profession formerly hung up in an apothecary's shop, just as nowadays we see the huge bottles of coloured water in the windows of a chemist's shop.

43. **alligator**, the sharp-nosed crocodile, the *magar* of Indian

rivers as contrasted with the *naryál*, or snub-nosed crocodile; literally 'the lizard,' *i.e.* the lizard *par excellence*, from Span. *el*, the, Ar. *al*, and *lagarto*, lizard, Lat. *lacerta*.

44. **ill-shaped**, strange-shaped, and therefore more attractive of notice: **about his shelves**, here and there on his shelves.

45. **A beggarly account**, a poor and scanty store.

47. **old cakes of roses**, dried petals of roses (sold for scenting clothes, etc.) which had become caked together from so long remaining untouched.

50. **An if**, see Abb. § 103.

51. **Whose sale ... Mantua**, the sale of which is in Mantua punished with immediate death.

52. **a caitiff wretch**, a miserable creature; **caitiff**, from Lat. *captivus*, a captive, prisoner, then a mean-looking, miserable, being; now used as a substantive only: **would**, the relative omitted.

53. **this same ... need**, this thought of mine, as I now see, did but anticipate the need in which I stand at this moment.

54. **must**, is destined to.

55. **As I remember**, if my memory is right: **should be**, ought to be.

56. **Being holiday**, it being a holiday.

59. **Hold**, here, take: **there is forty ducats**, for the singular inflection preceding a plural subject, see Abb. § 335; **ducats**, a coin so called from the inscription it bore, "Sit tibi, Christe, datus Quem tu regis iste *Ducatus*," *Ducatus* meaning a Duchy, and thence a coin struck by a Duke. Its value seems to have varied at different times from three shillings and fourpence to four shillings and twopence.

60. **A dram**, here probably the amount in weight, *i.e.* the eighth part of an ounce; see note on iii. 5. 91; **such ... gear**, such quickly operative stuff; for **gear**, see note on ii. 4. 89.

63. **the trunk**, the body; literally a piece cut off, from Lat. *truncus*, maimed, mutilated; hence often for the body without the limbs: **discharged**, freed, liberated; for the sake of the simile from a cannon.

64. **hasty**, that blazes up eagerly on a spark being applied to it. In *J. C.* iii. 4. 112, Shakespeare uses the epithet of fire struck out of a flint and immediately vanishing; "O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb That carries anger as the flint bears fire; Who, much enforced, shows a *hasty* spark, And straight is cold again."

66. **mortal**, fatal.

67. **to any he**, so *he* for *him*, *Haml.* i. 2. 104, "From the first

corse till *he* that died to-day,' where *till* is a proposition: **utters**, sells; "is a regular frequentative form of the M. E. *outen*, to put out, and means to keep on putting out" ... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*); so to 'utter' (*i.e.* circulate) spurious coin.

68. **bare**, *sc.* of all comforts.

69. **And fear st**, and *yet* fear.

70. **Need ... eyes**, the hungry look in your eyes declares only too plainly that want and oppression have brought you close to starvation; *stareth, stare in*, and *starteth* have been conjectured for **starveth**, but are immeasurably less forcible; **Need and oppression** is little more than a hendiadys = oppressive need, and the compound idea hence has a singular verb. See also Abb. § 336.

71. **Contempt ... back**, beggary, that subject of men's scorn, shows itself in your tattered clothes. Here again the idea is compound.

72. **is not thy friend**, does nothing to befriend you.

73. **affords**, furnishes.

76. **I pay ... will**, then consider that it is your poverty and not your will that accepts this payment, and so satisfy your conscientious scruples; consider that your will is no free agent, it being so completely under the constraint of poverty.

77. **you will**, you choose.

79. **dispatch**, a euphemism for 'kill.'

80. **thy gold**, the gold I offered you.

80-2. **worse poison ... sell**, cp. Timon's language when coming upon gold as he digs for roots, *Tim.* iv. 3. 30 *et seqq.*

83. **I sell thee ... none**, compared to the gold you receive in exchange, your drug is nothing of a poison.

84. **get thyself in flesh**, set yourself into good condition of body, eat heartily and put on flesh.

85. **cordial**, used of anything that comforts and gladdens the heart; Lat. *cordi-*, from *cor*, heart, with suffix *-alis*: **go with me**, as if he were addressing some familiar friend.

SCENE II.

1. **Holy Franciscan friar.** "Friar Laurence and his associates must be supposed to belong to the Franciscan order of friars. In his kindliness, his learning, and his inclination to mix with and, perhaps, control the affairs of the world he is no unapt representative of one of this distinguished order in its best days ... Warton says the Franciscans 'managed the machines of every important operation or event, both in the religious and political

world'" (Knight). The Franciscan orders include the three orders of the Minorites and all the less important associations who trace their rule to St. Francis of Assisi. The rule originally prescribed by St. Francis was very strict, and, rigidly enforced, would have made all the members of the order pious beggars. It soon became one of the most important of the mediæval monastic orders, and produced a long array of distinguished theologians and churchmen.

3, 4. **what says ... letter.** The two alternatives, if they had exactly corresponded in *form*, would have been either 'tell me what Romeo says, or, if he has written, let me see what his letter contains,' or, 'what does Romeo say, or, if he has written, what does he write? let me see his letter.'

5. **a bare-foot brother**, a member of our order, who, as our rules enjoin, goes barefooted in his walks.

6, 7. **to associate me ... sick**, to accompany me in my visits to the sick. "Each friar," says Steevens, "has always a companion assigned him by the Superior [of the Monastery] when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other." Cp. Webster, *The Devil's Law-Case*, iii. 3, "mischiefs *are like the visits of Franciscan friars, They never come to prey upon us single.*" Malone, though he afterwards withdrew the conjecture, wished to transpose ll. 7 and 8. The construction is made sufficiently harsh by the nominative **finding him** without any finite verb, but **the searchers of the town** clearly goes with **suspecting**, not with **visiting**. For the participle used with a nominative absolute, see Abb. § 376.

8. **the searchers of the town**, those appointed to find out what houses were infected by the plague and to prevent all communication with them. Malone points out that in *Romeus and Juliet* the plague is represented as raging at Verona, not at Mantua.

9. **were in a house**, belonged to a convent; **house**, *i.e.* religious house.

11. **Seal'd up the doors**, put the official seal upon the doors, thus marking the house as one not to be entered from the outside or quitted by its inmates.

12. **So that ... stay'd**, so that the haste I should have made to go to Mantua was prevented by my being confined there.

14. **here it is again**, I now return it to you.

16. **they**, the messengers I wished to employ.

17. **by my brotherhood**, I swear by my holy order.

18. **nice**, trivial, of slight importance; cp. above, iii. 1. 159: **full of charge**, of weighty consequence.

19. **dear**, precious, vital, important.

21. **crow**, crowbar; to wrench open the tomb; **straight**, immediately.

25. **this three hours**, see note on iv. 3. 40.

26. **beshrew**, reproach; literally 'curse.'

27. **accidents**, events, *sc.* the interruption of communication owing to the plague.

SCENE III.

STAGE DIRECTION. **A churchyard.** "It is clear that Shakespeare, or some writer whom he followed, had in mind the churchyard of Saint Mary the Old in Verona, and the monument of the Scaligers which stood in it. We have nothing in England which corresponds to this scene, and no monument or vault in which such scenes as this could be exhibited" .. (Hunter).

1. **aloof**, away, at a distance; "from *a*, prep. + *loof*, luff, weather-gage, windward direction; perhaps immediately from Du. *loef*, in *te loef*, to the windward"... (Murray, *Eng. Dict.*).

2. **Yet**, contradicting his first order to give him the torch.

3. **lay ... along**, lie down at full length.

4. **Holding ... ground**, in which position the tread of any one approaching would be more easily heard; **hollow**, and therefore more readily reverberating to any sound; so *T. S.*, *Ind.* ii. 48, "And fetch shrill echoes from *the hollow earth*."

6. **Being**, it being.

7. **But thou ... it**, without your hearing it.

10. **to stand alone**, to be alone; there being no reference to his standing or his lying down as directed by Paris.

13. **canopy**, covering; from "Gk. κωνωπείων, κωνωπείον, an Egyptian bed with mosquito curtains. — Gk. κωνωπ-, stem of κώνωψ, a great mosquito; literally 'cone-faced,' or an animal with a cone-shaped head, from some resemblance to a cone. — Gk. κῶνος, a cone; and ὤψ, a face, appearance"... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): **is dust and stones**, *i.e.* not a fitting canopy for one like you.

14. **Which**, *sc.* the "bridal bed": **sweet water**, scented, perfumed, water.

15. **distill'd by moans**, forced from the eyes by grief.

16. **obsequies**, funeral rites; Lat. *obsequiæ*, funeral rites, literally 'following close upon': **keep**, observe, pay.

9. **cursed**, because interrupting him.

20. **To cross my obsequies**, to hinder the obsequies I am paying.

21. **Muffle**, wrap me in darkness; Steevens compares the word, used in a neuter sense, *Comus*, 330, "*Unmuffle*, ye faint stars";

and Dyce points out that a 'muffler' "is a sort of wrapper worn by women, which generally covered the mouth and chin, but sometimes almost the whole face." In *M. W.* iv. 2. 73, one is produced by Mrs. Ford to disguise Falstaff in.

22. **mattock**, a kind of pick-axe for tearing up the earth.

26. **all aloof**, quite away; so that he might not witness what was done.

28. **Why I descend**, my reason for descending.

32. **In dear employment**, in a matter of the greatest importance; "'dear' is used of whatever touches us nearly either in love or hate, joy or sorrow" (Cl. Pr. Edd. on *Haml.* i. 2. 182, "my *dearest* foe").

33. **jealous**, suspicious; cp. *Lear*, i. 4. 75, "which I have rather blamed as mine own *jealous* curiosity."

34. **shall intend to do**, may have an intention of doing; **shall** indicating some further intention he certainly will have.

35. **joint by joint**, piecemeal, each joint from the other.

36. **hungry**, as though the churchyard was for ever longing for fresh corpses, never satisfied however many might be buried in it.

37. **The time ... savage-wild**, the thoughts in my mind are wild even to savageness and this midnight hour well accords with them.

39. **empty**, starving.

41. **that**, giving him money.

43. **For all this same**, in spite of all these injunctions and threats.

44. **His looks I fear**, not as regards his own personal safety, but as regards Romeo's intentions against himself.

45. **Detestable.** Accented on the first syllable, as in iv. 5. 56, *K. J.* iii. 4. 29.

48. **And, in despite ... food**, out of hatred to you, not to satisfy your gluttonous voracity, I will cram you with my own body also.

50. **with which grief**, owing to which grief.

52. **is come**, the omission of the nominative is most common with 'has,' 'is,' 'was'; see Abb. § 400.

55. **Can vengeance ... death?** is it possible that you are not satisfied with the vengeance you have already taken in killing Tybalt? a particular, not a general, question.

56. **Condemned**, not merely condemned by law, but accursed for his intentions.

58. **therefore**, for that very purpose.

59. **Good gentle youth.** "The gentleness of Romeo was shown

before as softened by love, and now it is doubled by love and sorrow, and awe of the place where he is" (Coleridge).

60. **gone**, dead; an euphemism.

61. **Let them affright thee**, let their deaths deter you from such a rash act as that of seizing a man so desperate as myself.

62. **another sin**, *i.e.* of killing him.

67. **A madman's ... away**, a madman in a lucid interval of mercy bade you run away, and thus you escaped to tell the tale.

68. **conjurations**, earnest appeals, entreaties; cp. *R. II.* iii. 2. 23, *H. V.* i. 2. 29; the verb in this sense is common enough.

70. **have at thee**, see note on i. 1. 59.

71. **the watch**, the police, as we should now say.

74. **peruse**, examine closely; originally meaning to use thoroughly or carefully.

76. **betossed**, storm-tossed, violently agitated.

77. **attend him**, pay heed to his words.

78. **should have**, was to have; see Abb. § 325.

81. **To think**, in thinking; the infinitive used indefinitely.

82. **One writ ... book**, one, like myself, entered as a debtor in misfortune's account-book; or perhaps only enrolled in the list of the unfortunate.

83. **triumphant**, glorious, splendid; cp. *A. C.* ii. 2. 189, "a most *triumphant* lady."

84. **a lantern.** "A spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and sometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful lantern at Ely Minster" (Steevens).

86. **a feasting presence**, a state-room in all the splendour of a feast; cp. *R. II.* i. 3. 289, "Suppose ... The grave whereon thou tread'st *the presence* strewed"; *H. VIII.* iii. 1. 17, "the two great cardinals Wait in *the presence.*"

87. **Death**, the abstract for the concrete; Lettsom conjectures *Dead*, and Dyce so reads: **a dead man**, *sc.* himself, whom he now regards as nothing better than dead.

89. **keepers**, attendants.

90. **A lightning before death.** "A proverbial phrase, partly deduced from observation of some extraordinary effort of nature, often made in sick persons just before death; and partly from a superstitious notion of an ominous and preternatural mirth, supposed to come on at that period, without any ostensible reason." So in Addison's pathetic description of Sir Roger's death, *Spectator* No. 115, "Indeed we were once in great hope

of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved *a lightning before death.*"

90-2. **How may I ... Death,** but my merry mood (*sc.* as exhibited in l. 89) has none of the brightness which lights up the minds of dying men: **the honey ... breath,** your honeyed breath; cp. *Haml.* iii. 1. 164, "That *suck'd the honey* of his music vows."

93. **no power ... upon,** no power to deface.

94, 5. **beauty's ensign ... cheeks,** beauty's ensign, the roseate flush of youth and health, still flies proudly in your cheeks; a metaphor from a flag flying bravely on the walls of a fortress that defies its besiegers.

96. **is not advanced there,** has not yet been able to displace the ensign of your beauty; **advanced,** a technical term for the waving of standards, as in *M. W.* iii. 4. 85, "I must *advance* the colours of my love, And not retire;" *K. J.* ii. 1. 207, "These flags of France, that are *advanced* here Before the eye and prospect of your town."

97. **sheet,** winding-sheet, in which it is customary to wrap a corpse, as in iii. *H. VI.* i. 1. 129, ii. 5. 114.

101. **Forgive me, cousin.** "Inexpressibly beautiful and moving is this gentleness of Romeo's in his death hour. His yearning to be at peace with his foe, his beseeching pardon of him and calling him kinsman in token of final atonement, his forbearance and even magnanimity towards Paris, his words of closing consideration and kindly farewell to his faithful Balthasar, all combine to crown Romeo as the prince of youthful gentlemen and lovers" (Clarke).

103. **unsubstantial,** immaterial, incorporeal; cp. *Lear.* iv. 1. 7, "Thou *unsubstantial* air that I embrace."

107. **this palace of dim night,** the darkness of the tomb.

109. **thy chamber-maids,** your attendants; in *Hamlet* the imagery regarding worms is of a very different type; see iv. 2. 20 *et seqq.*

110. **Will I set up ... rest,** I am determined to find my last long home. The origin of the phrase 'to set up one's rest' has been much debated. According to Steevens, it is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuses, which was so heavy that a supporter, called a *rest,* was fixed in the ground before the piece was levelled to take aim. Others derive it from a term used in games at cards, more particularly *primero,* in which the *rest* was the stake laid down, and 'to set up one's rest' was to announce the highest stake that the player was prepared to make on the

cards he held in his hand. Probably the two ideas were combined to express a settled resolution.

111, 2. **And shake ... flesh**, and, weary as I am of life, no longer submit to be driven hither and thither as my ill-starred fate may choose.

115. **A dateless ... death**, an eternal bargain with death that sooner or later seizes on everything; **dateless** is here used in a legal sense; and in *R. II.* i. 2. 151, "The sly slow hours shall not determinate The *dateless* limit of thy dear exile," both "dateless" and "determinate" are allusive to the same phraseology: so too **engrossing** in the sense of purchasing or seizing in the gross.

116. **conduct**, conductor; as above, iii. 1. 120; here the drug he is about to swallow. Possibly, from the combination of **conduct, pilot**, and **bark**, Shakespeare, as in *R. III.* i. 4. 46, was thinking of Charon, the ferryman of souls over the river Styx, called by the Greeks **νεκροπομπός**, or **ψυχοπομπός**, conductor of the dead.

118. **sea-sick**, life being commonly compared to an ocean.

119. **true**, *sc.* in having said that the effect of the drug would be instantaneous, and perhaps with the sense of his being a true physician of his (Romeo's) evils.

121. **be my speed**, guide and help me.

122. **stumbled.** In those days of omens considered an unlucky accident; so in *R. III.* iii. 4. 86, Hastings, when on his way to death, after speaking of an ill dream of Stanley's, continues, "Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did *stumble*, And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower, As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house"; on which Tawney quotes Melton's *Astrologaster*, "That if a man stumbles in the morning, as soon as he comes out of doores, it is a sign of ill lucke."

125. **yond**, that which I see yonder.

126. **grubs**, insects, worms, etc.: **as I discern**, as well as I can judge.

132. **My master ... hence**, my master fancies I have gone home.

135. **Fear**, not the physical fear of some danger to himself, but a presentiment of some evil befallen Romeo.

137-9. **As I did sleep ... him.** Balthasar believes that what he had actually seen was nothing but a dream, or possibly he may not like to confess that he really witnessed the combat.

142. **masterless**, that no longer own a master; again applied to swords in *Cymb.* ii. 4. 60.

143. **To lie discolour'd**, by lying stained with blood; the infinitive used indefinitely; see Abb. § 356: **this place of peace**, this place which should be sacred from all quarrels.

145. **what an unkind hour**, what a cruel hour is this which is, etc.

148. **comfortable.** In speaking of "certain words dealing with the agent," Walker, *Crit. Exam.* etc., pp. 99, 100, says "*comfortable*—and in like manner *uncomfortable* and *discomfortable*—are uniformly applied to a person, or to a thing personified, the idea of will and purpose being always implied in them." Among other passages which he quotes in illustration are *Tim.* iv. 3. 497, *A. W.* i. 1. 86, *Lear*, i. 4. 327, *R. II.* iii. 2. 36, and that in the text.

151. **that nest**, as we should say, 'that den,' though **nest** gives a fuller idea of abundance. In "a *nest* of traitors," *W. T.* ii. 3. 81, there is the same idea of fulness.

152. **unnatural.** Steevens says that the sleep of Juliet was unnatural as being brought on by drugs, and this has always seemed to me to be the sense. Delius and Schmidt interpret "where it is unnatural to sleep."

153. **contradict**, contend against.

155. **Thy husband ... dead**, your husband lying there in your arms is dead.

156. **dispose of thee**, make arrangements for your living.

158. **to question**, to talk, to discuss what is best.

162. **timeless**, untimely, premature.

163. **O churl**, said in loving reproach.

164. **To help me after**, to enable me to follow you.

166. **a restorative**, a medicine which will restore me to the truest life, a life of union with you in death.

169. **there rust**, not in your own natural sheath, but in the sheath of my breast; the first quarto gives *rest*, which many editors prefer, and possibly this is supported by the antithesis with **Let me die**, though to me **rust** seems the more expressive word.

172. **whoe'er.** For neglect of the inflection of *who*, see Abb. § 274: **attach**, apprehend; a legal term.

175. **this two days**, see note on iv. 3. 40.

177. **some others search**, let some seek out others.

178. **these woes**, these miserable ones.

179. **ground**, with a wretched pun.

180. **circumstance**, further detail, particulars, or perhaps inquiry into such detail; cp. above, ii. 5. 36.

186. **A great suspicion.** Said with true Dogberry solemnity.

187. **is so early up.** As if the misadventure, like himself, had risen early from bed, was stirring early; cp., for the quasi-personification, *K. J.* v. 5. 21, "The day shall not be *up* so soon as I.'

189. **should it be**, can it possibly be.

192. **With open outcry**, like dogs in full cry after game.

193. **startles**, suddenly bursts forth; this intransitive use is now obsolete, to 'start' being used in its stead.

195. **dead before**, as she had been supposed to be.

197. **know**, ascertain by inquiry.

202. **hath mista'en**, has mistaken its proper abode: **his house**, its sheath.

203. **on the back**, daggers being worn behind the back.

204. **And it mis-sheathed**, for **it**, the reading of the second quarto, most editors prefer *is*, which the other copies give. In this case the words "for, lo, ... Montague" are parenthetical.

205, 6. **is as a bell ... sepulchre**, is like a bell summoning me to my death; cp. *K. J.* ii. 1. 201, "Who is it that hath *warned* us to the walls?" and *Macb.* ii. 1. 62-4, "the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

208. **down**, struck down in death; with a play on the words **up** and **down.**

211. **conspires ... age**, conspires to put an end to an old man like me.

213. **O thou untaught!** O ill-disciplined one! **manners**, regarded as a singular in thought; see Abb. § 335.

214. **To press ... grave?** comparing the rudeness to that of pressing before a father into a room, etc.

215. **the mouth of outrage**, your passionate exclamations. Staunton compares i. *H. VI.* iv. 1. 126, "are you not ashamed With this immodest clamorous *outrage* To trouble and disturb the king and us?", where the reference is to the "audacious prate" of York, Somerset, etc.

216. **ambiguities**, obscure relation of events; now generally used of language which may bear two meanings.

217. **descent**, origin; carrying on the metaphor of a stream that flows downward from its source.

218, 9. **will I ... death**, I will put myself at the head of your grievances and lead you on to vengeance, even if that vengeance be the death of those to whom those grievances are due.

220. **And let ... patience**, and let calamity submit patiently to calm endurance; patiently control your sense of injury.

221. **parties of suspicion**, those suspected, those who have a part, share, in the suspicion that is abroad.

222. **I am ... least**, I, though least capable (physically) of such a deed, am most suspected of having committed it.

224. **Doth make against me**, tell against me, as witnesses against me; **time and place** is to be taken as a single idea.

225, 6. **both to impeach ... excused**, to accuse myself while pleading my excuse, and at the same time to clear myself while decreeing my condemnation; *i.e.* to accuse myself on account of my actions, to excuse myself on account of my intentions. For a similar collocation, cp. *A. C.* iv. 12, 8, 9, "His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear, Of what he has, and has not"; *W. T.* iii. 6. 165, "though I with death, and with Reward, did threaten and encourage him Not doing it, and being done." In **impeach** the original idea is that of hindering, F. *empêcher*, to hinder, the first step in an accusation being to hinder the accused from evading jurisdiction.

227. **in this**, in, or of, this matter.

228, 9. **for my short ... tale**, for the short time I have to live is not long enough for a tedious tale; **my short date of breath** = the short date of my breath; cp. for the transposition, *A. C.* iv. 6. 39, "My latter part of life,' *i.e.* the latter part of my life; *Haml.* iv. 5. 213, "His means of death," *i.e.* the means of his death; and see Abb. § 423.

232. **their stol'n marriage-day**, the day of their stolen marriage, of their marriage stealthily celebrated.

234. **Banish'd**, caused to be banished.

236. **siege**, attack, assault; cp. above, i. 1. 218, and *K. J.* v. 7. 16, "his (*sc.* death's) *siege* is now Against the mind." So Lamb talks of "an obsession of grief."

239. **bid**, past tense.

240. **rid her from**, enable her to escape from.

245. **form**, appearance.

246. **as this dire night**. Allen on *Temp.* i. 2. 70, "*as* at this

time," considers *as* in such expressions to mark a greater or less precision or emphasis; Abbott, § 114, though regarding *as* in definitions of time as apparently redundant, thinks that here it may mean 'as (he did come),' which seems to me to be a great forcing of language.

247. **borrowed grave**, grave not properly her own.

248. **Being the time.** "This belongs to 'as this dire night'" (Delius).

250. **stay'd**, prevented.

252. **hour**, metrically a dissyllable; see Abb. § 480.

254. **closely**, in secrecy.

256. **some minute**, a minute or so.

258. **true**, faithful in his love.

260. **this work of heaven**, *i.e.* Romeo's death.

262. **too desperate**, *sc.* to care for life without Romeo: **would not go**, refused to go.

263. **as it seems.** The Friar having left her was not actual witness of her suicide.

267. **some hour**, some short time, *i.e.* for it cannot be long before I shall die in the course of nature.

269. **still**, ever: **for**, as being.

270. **what can ... this?** what evidence can he give as to this matter?

272. **in post**, see note on v. i. 21.

275. **going in the vault**, as he entered the vault.

278. **raised**, summoned, called up.

279. **what made your master**, what was your master doing here? what business or object had he in coming here.

282. **Anon**, suddenly; see note on ii. 2. 137.

283. **by and by**, presently, after a short interval.

285. **make good**, confirm, substantiate.

291. **See, what ... hate**, see how your hatred is punished.

292. **That heaven ... love!** in the fact that heaven employs the love that was exchanged between Romeo and Juliet (and which should have been a bond of union to the two families) as a means to crush all happiness out of your lives.

293. **winking at**, partially closing my eyes to, not taking that vigorous notice which, as the head of the state, I was bound to take.

296. **This is ... jointure**, the only dowry you can make my

daughter; **jointure**, properly the property estated on the wife by the husband when they are joined in marriage.

299. **by that name**, as 'Verona.'

300. **at such rate be set**, be valued at so high a price.

302. **As rich**, in equal splendour.

303. **Poor ... enmity**, an inadequate atonement for our hatred.

304. **glooming**, gloomy; which the fourth folio gives. The participle seems more forcible from its notion of activity.

305. **for sorrow**, on account of sorrow.

306. **Go hence, to have**, accompanying me hence, in order that we may have.

307. **Some ... punished.** In the novel from which the plot is taken, says Steevens, we find that the Nurse was banished for concealing the marriage, Balthasar set at liberty as having only acted in obedience to Romeo's orders, the Apothecary tortured and hanged, and the Friar allowed to retire to a hermitage near Verona.

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