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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE Preface	vii
ROMEO AND JULIET	3
Notes to Romeo and Juliet	136
An Excellent Conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet	143
TIMON OF ATHENS	201
Notes to Timon of Athens	307
JULIUS CÆSAR	319
Notes to Julius Cæsar	416
MACBETH	421
Notes to Macbeth	521

PREFACE.

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

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

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

The text of this first Quarto differs so widely from that of later and more perfect editions, that it is impossible to record the results of a collation in foot-notes: we have therefore reprinted it. When we refer to it in the notes, it is designated as (Q₁), the marks of parenthesis being used as in similar cases previously.

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

editions; and that the defects of the first impression are due, not to the author, but to the writer of the manuscript from which that first impression was printed. That manuscript was, in all probability, obtained from notes taken in short-hand during the representation: a practice which we know to have been common in those days. It is true that the text of (*Q₁*) is more accurate on the whole than might have been expected from such an origin; but the short-hand writer may have been a man of unusual intelligence and skill, and may have been present at many representations in order to correct his work; or possibly some of the players may have helped him either from memory, or by lending their parts in manuscript. But the examples of omission and conjectural insertion are too frequent and too palpable to allow of the supposition that the earliest text is derived from a bona fide transcript of the author's MS. The unusual precision of some stage directions in (*Q₁*) tends to confirm our view of its origin; a view which is supported by the high authority of M. Tycho Mommsen. The portions of the play omitted in (*Q₁*), though necessary to its artistic completeness and to its effect as a poem, are for the most part passages which might be spared without disturbing the consecutive and intelligible developement of the action. It is possible therefore that the play as seen by the short-hand writer was curtailed in the representation.

The second Quarto was in all likelihood an edition authorized by Shakespeare and his 'fellows,' and intended to supersede the surreptitious and imperfect edition of 1597. The play so published, we believe, as we have said, to be substantially identical with the play as at first composed; it seems however to have been revised by the author. Here and there a passage appears to have been rewritten. Compare, for example, (*Q₁*) Sc. 10, lines 11—30 (p. 169 of the reprint) with the corresponding passages of the later editions, Act II. Sc. 6, lines 16—36. In this place assuredly the change must be attributed to the author; but we know of no other passage of equal length where the same can be affirmed with certainty. The words 'newly corrected, augmented, and amended,' found on the

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

The title-page of the second Quarto, Q_2 , is as follows:

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

This is unquestionably our best authority; nevertheless in determining the text, (Q_1) must in many places be taken into account. For it is certain that Q_2 was not printed from the author's MS., but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text. In passing through his hands, many passages were thus transmuted from poetry to prose. Pope felt this strongly, too strongly indeed, for he adopted the text of the first Quarto in many places where Capell and all subsequent editors have judiciously recurred to the second. Nevertheless there is no editor who has not felt it necessary occasionally to call in the aid of the first. We think that M. Tycho Mommsen rates the authority of the second Quarto too highly. Any rare form of word or strange construction found in this edition alone, and corrected in all that follow, may more probably be assigned to the transcriber (or in some cases to the printer) than to Shakespeare, whose language is singularly free from archaisms and provincialisms.

The third Quarto, Q_3 , was published in 1609, with the following title-page:

THE | MOST EX-|CELLENT AND | Lamentable Tragedie, of | *Ro-*
meo and Juliet. | As it hath bene sundrie times publicquely Acted, |

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

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

The next Quarto has no date.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. G. C.

W. A. W.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

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

An old man, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, of the same order.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

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

Chorus.

SCENE : *Verona: Mantua.*

¹ DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. First given, imperfectly, by Rowe.

THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

PROLOGUE. Enter Chorus, Chor.]
(Q₁). The Prologue. Corus. Q₂. The
Prologue. Chorus. Q₃Q₄Q₅. om. Ff.
1—14. *Two...mend.*] Omitted in

Ff and Rowe.

8. *Do*] Pope. *Doth* Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅.

14. *here*] *heare* Q₂.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

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

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

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

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

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

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

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

Verona. A public Place.] Capell. A Street in Verona. Rowe.

of the...bucklers.] with...bucklers, of...Capulet. QqFf. See note (1).

1. *on*] Qq. *A* F₁F₂F₃. *a* F₄. *o'* Capell.

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

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

4. *out o' the*] *out o' th* F₁F₂. *out o' th'* F₃F₄. *out of* Q₂Q₃. *out of the* Q₄Q₅.

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

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

11, 12. *I...Montague's]* As prose in Q₂. One line in the rest.

13. *a weak slave]* *weake slave* F₂. *weak slave* F₃. *weak, slave* F₄.

15. *'Tis true]* Q₅. *Tis true* Q₂ Q₃Q₄. *True* Ff.

15, 16. *weaker vessels]* *weakest vessels* F₃F₄. *weakest* Warburton.

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

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 20

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

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt. 25

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

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

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues. 30

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

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

Gre. How! turn thy back and run? 35

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

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

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. 40

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

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

19. *us*] *not us* Martley conj.

22. *cruel*] *cruell* Q₄Q₅. *civill* Q₂.
civill Q₃F₁. *civill* F₂. *civil* F₃F₄.

23. *I will cut*] Qq. *and cut* Ff.

24. *maids?*] Ff. *maids*. Q₂Q₃.
*maid*es. Q₄. *maids!* Q₅.

25. *their*] *the* Warburton, from (Q₁).

27. *in*] (Q₁)Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. om.
Q₂Q₃F₁.

28, 29. *Me...flesh*] Prose in Qq.

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

31. *comes two of*] Malone, from (Q₁). *comes of* QqFf.

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

35. *run?*] *run*. F₁F₂.

37. *thee!*] Q₅. *thee*. The rest.

42. *a*] om. Q₂.

- Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.
- Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 45
- Sam.* [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?
- Gre.* No.
- Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
- Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir? 50
- Abr.* Quarrel, sir! no, sir.
- Sam.* But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
- Abr.* No better.
- Sam.* Well, sir. 55

Enter BENVOLIO.

- Gre.* [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
- Sam.* Yes, better, sir.
- Abr.* You lie.
- Sam.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. 60
[*They fight.*]
- Ben.* Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*]
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

- Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. 65
- Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

46. [*Aside.....*] First marked by Capell. Capell.
58. *sir*] Qq. om. Ff.
61. *swashing*] Q4Q5. *washing* Q2
51. *sir! no,*] *sir,* no Qq. *sir? no* Q3Ff.
- 62, 63. *Part.. do.*] As verse first by Capell. Prose in QqFf.
52. *But if*] Qq. *If* Ff.
62. [*Beating...weapons.*] Capell.
54. *better.*] Qq. *better?* Ff.
- om. QqFf.
55. *Enter...*] Transferred to line 61 by Dyce.
- 64, 65. *What...death.*] Divided as in Qq. Prose in Ff.
56. [*Aside....*] First marked by

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward!

[*They fight.* 70

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

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

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.

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

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

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

Enter old MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his train.

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

80

68. *drawn*] *drawne* Qq. *draw* Ff.

70. *thee*] *the* Q₃F₂.

[*They fight.*] Fight. Ff. om.

Qq.

Enter...] Capell, substantially.

Enter three or four Citizens with

Clubs or partysons. Qq (partisans Q₅).

Enter three or four Citizens with

Clubs. Ff.

71. First Off.] Offi. QqFf. Cit.

Steevens. 1 Cit. Malone.

Down...] Citizens. *Down...*

Edd. conj.

72. and Lady Capulet.] Rowe.

and his wife. QqFf.

74. La. Cap.] Rowe. Wife. QqFf.

crutch (bis)] FfQ₅. *crowch*

Q₂Q₃Q₄.

75. *My sword*] *A sword* F₄.

76. and Lady Montague.] Rowe.

and his wife. QqFf.

77. *Capulet!*—*Hold*] *Capulet.*

Hold Ff. *Capulet, hold* Q₂Q₃Q₄.

Capulet: hold Q₅.

let me go] *let go* S. Walker

conj.

78. La. Mon.] Rowe. M. Wife.

2. Qq. 2. Wife. Ff.

one] Qq. *a* Ff.

Escalus,] Edd. Eskales, QqFf.

80. *steel,*—] *steel*— Rowe. *steele,*

or *steel,* QqFf.

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground, 85
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens 90
 Cast by their grave 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. 95
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgement-place. 100
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach: 105

84. *torture, from...hands]* *torture from those bloudie hands, Q₂Q₃F₄ (bloody Q₃, bloody F₄). torture, from those bloody hands, Q₄.*

those] these F₂F₃F₄.
 85. *mistemper'd]* Ff Q₅. *mis-*
temper'd Q₂Q₃Q₄.

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

airy] angry Collier MS.

90. *made]* *make F₂.*

Verona's] *Veronas Q₂.*

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

ornaments] *ornament F₂F₃.*

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

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

part your] *party our Q₄.*

99. *farther]* *Q₂Q₄. further Q₅. Fathers Q₃F₁F₂F₃. Father's F₄.*

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

102. SCENE II. Pope.

Mon.] QqFf. M: wife. (Q₁). La. Moun. Rowe.

I drew to part them: in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn: 110
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray. 115

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from the city's side, 120
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own,
 Which then most sought where most might not be found, 125
 Being one too many by my weary self,
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

109. *swung*] *swoong* Q₂. *swong*
 The rest.

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

111. *thrusts*] *thrust* Q₄.

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

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

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

Pope.

115. *I am*] Q₂. *am I* The rest.

118. *drave*] *drive* Q₂.

drave...abroad] *drew me from*
company (Q₁) Pope. *drew me to walk*
abroad Theobald. *drew me from*
canopy Warburton conj. (withdrawn).

119. *sycamore*] Q₅. *syramour* Q₂
 Q₃Q₄. *sycamour* Ff.

120. *the city's*] Malone, from (Q₁).
this citie Q₂. *this city* The rest. *the*
city Warburton. *this city'* Capell. *the*
city' Steevens.

125. *Which...found*] Q₅. *Which*
...sought, where...found The rest.
That most are busied, when they're
most alone Pope, from (Q₁).

126. *Being...self*] Omitted in (Q₁)
 Pope.

127. *humour*] Q₄Q₅. *humor* Q₂.
honour The rest.

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

128. *shunn'd*] FfQ₅. *shunned* Q₂
 Q₃Q₄

who] *what* Seymour conj.

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 130
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son, 135
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 140

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
 But he, his own affections' counsellor, 145
 Is to himself—I will not say how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, 150
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

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

[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*

130. *morning's]* *mornings* QqF₁
 F₂. *morning* F₃F₄.

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

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

139. *portentous]* F₂F₃F₄. *porten-*
dous Q₂Q₃F₁Q₅. *protendous* Q₄.

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

144. *other]* *others* F₁.

145. *his]* *is* Q₂.

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

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

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

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

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast? 160

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love. 165

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will! 170

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

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

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

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create! 175

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this. 180

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

159. *struck*] Rowe. *strooke* QqF₁ *will*] *ill* Hammer.
 F₂. *strook* F₃F₄. 175. *create*] (Q₁)F₂F₃F₄. *created*
 Ay] *Ah* Rowe. The rest.
 160. *hence*] *henec* F₁. 177. *well-seeming*] *welseeing* Q₂Q₃
 163. *In love?*] Q₅. *In love*. The rest. F₁.
 164. *Out—*] Rowe. *Out*. QqFf. 183. *Why, such is*] *Why such is*,
 165. *Of love?*] Q₅. *Of love*. The rest. *merely*, Seymour conj. *Why such*,
 170. *see...will*] *set pathways to our*
will Staunton conj. *Benvolio, is* Collier (Collier MS.).
 Why, such, Benvolio, such is Momm-

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest 185
 With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears : 190
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along:
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here; 195
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
 But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will: 200
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

sen conj. *Why, gentle cousin, such is*
 Keightley.

Why...transgression] Omitted
 by Pope.

184. *mine*] *my* Q₄Q₅.

185. *it*] *them* (Q₁) Pope.

187. *to too*] *too too* Q₂.

188. *raised*] *rais'd* Pope, from (Q₁).
made QqFf.

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

sparkling] *sparling* F₄.

190. Before or after this line John-
 son conjectured that a line is omitted.
lovers'] *lovers* (Q₁) Pope.
loving QqFf.

After this Keightley marks
 a line omitted.

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

(ed. 2).

I will] *I'll* Pope.

194. *An*] Hammer. *And* QqFf.

195. *Tut*] *But* F₃F₄.

197. *who is that*] *who she is* Pope.
whom she is (Q₁) Boswell.

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

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

200. *Bid.....make*] (Q₁)Q₄Q₅. *A*
sicke man in sadnesse makes Q₂Q₃F₁.
A sicke man in good sadnesse makes
 F₂F₃F₄.

201. *Ah, word*] (Q₁) Malone. *A*
word QqF₁. *O, word* F₂F₃F₄.

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

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

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 210

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

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

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

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair: 220

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

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

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

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes; 225

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

204. *mark-man*] *marks-man* F₃F₄.

206. *Well*] QqFf. *But* (Q₁) Pope.

209. *From...unharm'd*] 'Gainst...
encharm'd Grant White conj.

unharm'd] (Q₁) Pope. *un-
charm'd* QqFf. *encharm'd* Collier
(Collier MS.).

211. *bide*] QqF₃F₄. *bid* F₁F₂.

212. *ope*] *open* F₁.

saint-seducing] *saint-seducing*

F₂.

214. *she*] om. Q₄.

with.....store] *with her dies
beauty's store* Theobald. *with her dies
beauty store* Keightley.

216. *makes*] *make* Q₂Q₃F₁.

217. *starved*] *starv'd* F₄. *sterr'd*

The rest.

219. *is too*] *is to* Q₄.

wise, wisely too] QqF₃F₄.

wisewi: sely too F₁. *wise wisely too*
F₂. *wise; too wisely* Hammer.

225. *Ben.*] Q₂Q₅Ff. *Ro.* Q₃Q₄.

226, 227. 'Tis...more] As in Pope.

One line in QqFf.

227. *in question*] *to question* Keight-
ley.

228. *These*] *Those* F₃F₄.

229. *put*] Q₅F₃F₄. *puts* Q₂Q₃Q₄
F₁F₂.

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.

230

235

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

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

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

5

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.

10

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

230. *strucken*] Q₅F₃F₄. *strooken*
 The rest.

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

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

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE III.
 Pope.

A street.] Capell.

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

1. *But*] Q₂. om. Q₃Ff. *And* Q₄
 Q₅.

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

In penalty S. Walker conj.

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

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

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

13. *made*] *married* (Q₁) Singer
 (ed. 2).

14. *The earth*] Q₄Q₅. *Earth* Q₂
 Q₃F₁. *Earth up* F₂F₃F₄.

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

swallow'd] Q₅. *swallowed* The
 rest.

she] *her* Hanmer.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

15

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;

My will to her consent is but a part;

An she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,

20

Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love; and you among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:

25

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,

30

And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Which on more view, of many mine being one

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out

35

Whose names are written there and to them say,

15. *She is...earth*] Omitted by (Q₁)
Pope. *She is the hope and stay of my
full years* Johnson conj.

She is] Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *Shees*
Q₂Q₃. *Shee's* F₁.
earth] *fee* Keightley.

18. *An*] Capell. *And* QqFf. *If*
Rowe (ed. 2).
agree] *agreed* Q₂.

19. *fair according*] *fair-according*
Nicholson conj.

23. *One*] *Once* Rowe.
most welcome] *o' th' welcome*
Hanmer.
makes] *make* Capell conj.

25. *make...heaven light*] *make...
heaven's light* Theobald. *make...even
light* Warburton. *mask...heaven's light*
Jackson conj.

26. *young men*] *yeomen* Johnson

conj.

29. *female*] (Q₁)F₂F₃F₄. *fennell*
QqF₁.

32. *Which on more*] Q₄Q₅. *Which
one more* Q₂Q₃Ff. *Such amongst* (Q₁)
Steevens. *Within your* Johnson conj.
On which more Capell. *Search among*
Steevens conj. *Whilst on more* Dyce,
ed. 2 (Mason conj.). *Which one, o'er*
Jackson conj.

Which...view, of] *Such, amongst
few; of* Badham conj. *Which one may
vie with* Bullock conj. *Which one
more, few or Id.* conj. (withdrawn).

view, of many] *view, of
many,* Q₂F₂F₃F₄. *view, of many;*
Q₃F₁. *view of many,* Q₄Q₅.

33. *May*] *My* F₂.

36. [Gives a paper. Malone.

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

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

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning, 45

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;

Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die. 50

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food, 55

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

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

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

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

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

38, 39. *written here! It] written here? It* Rowe. *written. Here it* QqF₃ F₄. *written. Heere it* F₁. *written. Heert it* F₂. *written here! [turns and twists the notes about.] Here [tapping his head] it* Nicholson conj.

42. *persons] persons out* Capell. *here writ] Q₂Q₃Q₅. heere writ* Q₄. *writ* Ff.

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

45. *out] out, Q₂.*

46. *One] On* Q₂.

47. *help] help'd* Pope.

48. *desperate] desparat* F₁F₂. *cures] cure* Pope.

49. *thy eye] Q₂. the eye* The rest.

56. *and—God-den] and—Good-ē'en* Rowe. *and Godden* QqF₁F₂F₃. *and Good-ē'en* F₄.

57. *God gi' god-den] Godgigoden* QqF₁F₂F₃. *God gi' Good-ē'en* F₄.

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

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

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

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

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

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house? 75

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.

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.

85

63. [Reads.] He reads the Letter.

QqFf. He reads the list. Johnson.

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

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

65. *Anselme*] Qq F₁F₂. *Anselm* F₃F₄. *Anselmo* Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).

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

69. *lively*] *lovely* Rowe.

71. [giving back the Note. Capell.

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

73, 74. *Whither?* *Serv.* *To...supper;* *to*] Theobald (Warburton). *Whether to supper?* *Serv.* *To* (Q₁). *Whither to supper?* *Serv.* *To* Q₂. *Whether to supper.* *Serv.?* *To* Q₃. *Whither to supper.* *Serv.* *To* Q₄. *Whither? to supper?* *Serv.* *To* FfQ₅.

74. *To supper*] om. Capell.

80. *crush*] *crash* Hanmer.

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

82. *Capulet's*] *Cupalets* F₂.

83. *lovest*] F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *loves* (Q₁) Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁.

87. *thee*] *the* Q₅.

- Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye
 Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
 And these, who, often drown'd, could never die, 90
 Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
 One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
 Herself poised with herself in either eye: 95
 But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
 Your lady's love against some other maid
 That I will show you shining at this feast,
 And she shall scant show well that now seems best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 100
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.**Enter* LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

- La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
- Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
89. *fires*] Pope. *fire* (Q₁)QqFf. Q₃Q₄F₁F₂Q₅. *shews* F₃F₄.
90. *these*] *those* Hammer. 100. *sight*] *light* Anon. conj.
92. *love!*] F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *love*, (Q₁) 101. [*Exeunt.*] Pope (ed. 2). om.
- Q₂. *love?* Q₃Q₄. *love:* F₁. QqFf.
94. *Tut*] QqF₁. *Tut Tut* F₂. SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE II.
- Tut, tut* F₂F₃F₄. Rowe. SCENE IV. Pope.
96. *that*] *those* Rowe. A room...] Capell. Capulet's
- scales*] *scale* S. Walker conj. House. Rowe.
- (withdrawn). Lady Capulet] Rowe. Capulets
97. *lady's love*] *lady-love* Theobald. Wife. QqFf.
- lady and love* Keightley. 1, 8, 13, 16. *La. Cap.*] Rowe.
99. *she shall scant show well*] (Q₁) Wife. QqFf.
- Qq. *she shew scant shell, well*, F₁. 1-4. *Now...Juliet!*] As verse first
- shele shew scant, well*, F₂. *she'l* by Johnson. Prose in QqFf. The
- shew scant well*, F₃F₄. *she will shew* Nurse's speeches are printed in italics
- scant well*, Rowe (ed. 2). in Qq.
- seems*] *seemes* (Q₁)Q₂. *shewes* 2. *year*] *yeeres* Q₅. *years* F₄.

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

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls? 5

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. 10
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now 15
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God; 20
She was too good for me:—but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

3. *bade her come,*] *bad her come,*
Q₁Q₂Q₃Ff. *had her, come,* Q₄. *had*
her: come, Q₅.

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

7. *What is your will?*] om. Sey-
mour conj.

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

10. *thou's*] *thou'se* QqFf. *thous'*
Rowe. *thou shalt* Pope.
our] *my* F₄.

11. *know'st*] Q₅. *knowest* The
rest.

13—16. *I'll...Lammas-tide?*] Ar-

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

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

14. *teen*] *teeth* F₂F₃F₄.

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

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

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

18. *shall*] *stal* Q₂.

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it— 25
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said, 30
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge. 35
 And since that time it is eleven years;
 For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about;
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband,—God be with his soul! 40
 A' was a merry man—took up the child:
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.' 45
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace. 50

23. *That] then* Q₄Q₅.
 26. *of the year] in the year* Q₅F₃
 F₄
 33. *with] wi'* Capell.
 36. *eleven] F₂Q₅F₃F₄. a leauen*
 (Q₁). *a leuen* Q₂Q₃Q₄. *a eleuen* F₁.
years] yeare (Q₁).
 37. *she could] could Juliet* (Q₁).
high-lone] high lone (Q₁). *hy-*
lone Q₂. *a lone* Q₃. *alone* The rest.
by the] (Q₁). *byth* Q₂. *bi'th*
 Q₃Q₄. *bi' th'* F₁F₂F₃. *hyth'* Q₅F₄.
 40. *with] om.* Rowe (ed. 1).
 44. *Jule] Juliet* (Q₁)F₄. *Juliet* F₂
 F₃. *Julé* Hanmer. *Juli'* Capell.
 47. *an]* Pope. *and* QqF₃F₄. &
 F₁F₂. *if* (Q₁).
should] (Q₁)F₃F₄. *shall* The
 rest.
 48. *Jule] Juliet* F₁F₂F₃. *Juliet* F₄.
Julé Hanmer.
 50, 64, 70, 78, 80, 97. *La. Cap.]*
 Rowe. *Old La.* QqFf.

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

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! 60
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
 I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, 65
 How stands your disposition to be married?

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

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

53. *upon*] on Q₅.
it] QqF₁F₂, *its* F₃F₄.

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

58. *Jule*] *Julet* F₂F₃. *Juliet* F₄.
Julé, Hanmer. *Juli'* Capell.

59. *stint thou*] *stent thou* F₃. *stint*
thee F₄.

thee,] *the* F₂.

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

60. *to*] F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *too* Q₂Q₃Q₄
 F₁.

61. *wast*] *wert* (Q₁). *was* F₂.

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

64. *Marry, that 'marry'*] *And that*
same marriage Pope, from (Q₁).

65. *Juliet*] *Julet* F₂F₃.

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

67. *It is*] 'Tis F₃F₄.

67, 68. *honour*] Pope, from (Q₁).
houre QqF₁F₂. *hour* F₃F₄.

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

68. *thine*] om. Q₄Q₅.

69. *I would say*] *I would say that*
 F₃F₄. *I'd say* Pope.

wisdom] *thy wisdom* Q₄Q₅.

71. *Verona*] *Varona* F₂.

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

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

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

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

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman? 80
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content; 85
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride 90
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less. 95

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Ful. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. 100

Enter a Servingman.

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

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

77. *world*—] F₄. *world.* Q₂Q₃Q₄
F₁F₂F₃. *world,* (Q₁) Q₅.

80—96. *La. Cap. What...men.*] Omitted by Pope, following (Q₁).

82. *Paris'*] *Paris's* F₄.

84. *married*] Q₂. *severall* The
rest.

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

91. *fair within*] *faire, within* Q₂.

92. *many's*] *many* Q₅.

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

99. *endart*] *engage* (Q₁). *ingage*
Pope.

100. *it*] (Q₁)Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. om.
Q₂Q₃F₁.

Enter a Servingman.] Ff.
Enter Serving. Qq. *Enter Clowne.*
(Q₁).

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

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

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

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

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

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

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

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

104. *straight*] om. Pope.

105—106. *La. Cap. We...days.*
Omitted by Pope.

105. *La. Cap.] Rowe. Mo. QqFf.*
[*Exit Servingman.*] *Exit. Ff.*
after line 105. om. Qq.

SCENE IV.] Steevens. SCENE V.
Pope. ACT II. SCENE I. Capell.

A street.] Capell. A street
before Capulet's house. Theobald.

Mercutio,] Mercurio, Q4.

and] om. QqFf.

Torch-bearers.] Torchbearers,
and drums. Theobald. *Torch-bearers,*
and Drummers. Hanmer. *Torch-*

bearers, and others. Steevens.

1. *Rom.] Ben. Capell conj.*

3. *Ben.] Mer. Capell conj.*

6. *crow-keeper] cow-keeper Pope,*
ed. 2 (Theobald conj. withdrawn).

7, 8. *Nor no...entrance:]* Inserted
by Pope from (Q₁). Omitted in Qq
Ff.

7. *Nor no] (Q₁). Nor a Pope.*

8. *for]'fore Hanmer.*

entrance] (Q₁). entrance Pope.

12. *Being.....light.]* Omitted by
Pope.

13. *Mer.] Ben. Capell conj.*

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

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

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

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, 25
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

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

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart 35
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

15. *soul*] *soule* Qq. *soale* F₁. *sole*
F₂F₃F₄.

17—28. *Mer.* *You.....love down.*
Omitted by (Q₁) Pope.

19. *enpierced*] *enpearced* QqF₁. *im-*
pearced F₂F₃. *impierced* F₄. *em-*
pierced S. Walker conj.

20. *so bound,*] Q₂Q₃Q₄. *to bound:*
F₁F₄. *to bond:* F₂F₃. *so bound.* Q₅.

22. *burthen*] *birthen* Q₂.

23. *Mer.*] Q₅. *Mercu.* Q₄. *Ho-*
ratio. Q, Q₃. *Hora.* Ff.

should you] *you should* Capell
conj.

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

26. *and*] om. F₃F₄.

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

29. *Give...*] *Mer.* *Give...* (Q₁)
Pope.

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

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

31. *quote*] *coate* (Q₁). *cote* Q₂.

33, 34. *Ben.* *Come...legs.*] Omitted
by (Q₁) Pope.

34. *betake*] *betakes* Q₃.

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

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

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

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

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

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

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. 50

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

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

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

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

39. *done*] (Q₁)F₁F₂F₃. *dum* Q₂.
dun Q₃Q₄Q₅F₄.

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

42. *Of this sir-reverence love*] Singer, from (Q₁). *Or save you reverence love* Qq. *Or save your reverence love* F₁F₂F₃. *Or, save your reverence, love* F₄. *O! save your reverence, love* Johnson conj. *Of this (save reverence) love* Malone and Rann. *Of this (sir-reverence) love* Dyce (ed. 1).

stick'st] Capell. *stickst* (Q₁).
stickest The rest.

43. *the*] *thine* Theobald.

44. *Nay*] om. Q₄Q₅.

sir, in delay] *sir in delay* Q₂Q₃. *sir in delay*, (Q₁)Q₄Q₅. *sir I delay*, F₁. *sir I, delay*, F₂. *sir I, delay*, F₃. *sir, I delay*, F₄. *sir, we delay*. Rowe.

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

our lights by night, like Lamps by day (Q₁). *We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day* Qq (*wast* Q₃). *We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day* Ff. *We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day* Theobald. *We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day* Johnson. *We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day* Nicholson conj.

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

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

53. After this line Keightley inserts from (Q₁), Ben. *Queen Mab! what's she?*

54—91. *She is...bodes*:] As verse by Pope, following (Q₁). Prose in QqFf.

54. *fairies'*] Steevens. *fairies* (Q₁). *Fairies* Q₂Q₃Q₅Ff (*Fayries* F₃). *Fairis* Q₄. *Fancy's* Theobald (Warburton). *faury* Warton conj.

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone 55
 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; 60
 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm 65
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night 70
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, 75
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:

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

an] om. F₁F₂.

57. *atomies*] Q₃Q₄FfQ₅. *Atomi*
 (Q₁). *ottamie* Q₂.

58. *Athwart*] (Q₁) Pope. *over* Qq
 Ff.

59. *made of long*] *are made of* (Q₁)
 Seymour conj.

61. *Her traces*] QqF₁. *her trace*
 F₃F₄. *The traces* (Q₁) Pope.
spider's] *spider* Q₂Q₃Q₄.

62. *Her collars*] *The collars* (Q₁)
 Pope.

collars] *coullers* F₁.

63. *film*] *filme* F₂F₃F₄. *Philome*
 QqF₁. *filmes* (Q₁).

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

66. *Prick'd*] *Picket* (Q₁). *Pick'd*
 Collier MS.

lazy finger] *Lasie-finger* F₁.

Lazy finger F₂F₃.

maid] (Q₁) Pope. *man* Qq

F₁. *woman* F₂F₃F₄. *milkmaid* Col-
 lier MS.

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

69. *o' mind*] Capell. *amind* Q₂.
a mind Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. *of mind* Q₅F₃F₄.

72. *O'er*] Hammer. *O're* (Q₁). *On*
 QqFf.

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

courtiers'] *Countries* F₂F₃F₄.
counties' Tyrwhitt conj.

court'sies] *cursies* QqFf.

73. *dream*] *dreamt* F₁.

74. *on*] *one* Q₂.

76. *breaths*] Rowe. *breathes* (Q₁).
breath QqFf.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 80
 Then he dreams of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon 85

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer 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, 90

Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing. 95

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos 100

77. *Sometime*] *sometimes* Q₅.
courtier's] *lawyer's* Pope, from
 (Q₁). *taylor's* Theobald conj. *coun-*
sellor's Collier MS.
courtier's nose] *lawyer's lip*
 Seymour conj.

78. *dreams*] *dreame* Q₃.
 79, 82. *sometime*] *sometimes* Rowe.
 79. *a*] om. F₁.
 80. *a parson's nose*] *a parson* Pope
 (ed. 1). *the parson* Pope (ed. 2).
parson's] *Persons* Q₂.
a] Capell. *a* Q₁F₁. *he* F₂

F₃F₄.
 81. *he dreams*] *dreams he* (Q₁)
 Pope.

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

86. *ear*] *eare* (Q₁)Q₁. *eares* F₁F₂
 F₃. *ears* F₄.

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

elf-locks] *Elklocks* Q₂Q₃F₁.

91. *untangled*] *entangled* F₃. *in-*
tangled F₄.

misfortune] *misfortunes* Rowe.

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

she—] F₂F₃F₄. *she*. Q₂Q₃F₁.
shee. Q₄Q₅. *she that...* Keightley.

100. *inconstant*] *unconstant* Q₅F₃
 F₄.

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

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late. 105

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast, 110
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.

103. *his face*] (Q_x) Pope. *his side*
QqFf. *his tide* Collier MS. *aside*
Anon. conj.

107. *yet*] *is* (Q_x). *still* Rowe.

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

112. *steerage*] (Q₁)Q₅F₄. *stirrage*
The rest.

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

113. *sail*] (Q₁) Steevens. *sute* Qq
Ff. *fate* Anon. conj.

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

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

A hall...] Theobald.

Musicians *waiting.*] Capell.

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

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

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

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

3, 4. *When...thing.*] Two lines in
Q₂. Prose in the rest.

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

all] Qq. om. Ff.

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

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

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

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

[*They retire behind.*]

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

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you: 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,

5. *joint-stools*] Rowe. *ioynstooles* Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. *join-stooles* Q₅. *joyn-stooles* F₃. *joyn-stools* F₄.

6. *court-cupboard*] Q₅F₄. *court-cubbert* Q₂Q₃Q₄. *court-cubbord* F₁F₂F₃.

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

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

Antony] *Authonic* F₂.

Antony, and Potpan!] *Antony!* *Potpan!* Capell. *Antony Potpan!* Dyce (ed. 2).

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

10. *and*] om. F₃F₄.

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

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

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

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

14. SCENE VI. Pope. SCENE VII. Hammer.

Welcome, gentlemen] *Gentlemen, welcome* Hammer. *You're welcome, gentlemen* Lettsom conj.

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

their toes] *your feet* Pope.

15. *will have a bout*] Capell. *will have about* (Q_x). *will walke about* Qq Ff. *we'll have a bout* Pope.

16. *Ah ha, my*] (Q_x) Capell. *Ah my* QqF₁. *Ah me*, F₂F₃F₄. *Ah me, my* Rowe.

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

19. *Welcome*] *You're welcome* Lettsom conj.

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

[*Enter* other guests. Nicholson conj.]

I have] *I've* Pope.

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

[*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
 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?

25

30

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

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

35

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

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

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

Of yonder knight?

40

Serv. I know not, sir.

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

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

23. *gentlemen! Come,*] *gentlemen come,* Q₂.

[Enter more guests. Nicholson conj.

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

a hall] *hall* F₂F₃F₄.

[*Music.....*] QqFf (after line

23). Musick. Dance forming. Capell (after line 23).

25. *you*] *ye* F₂F₃F₄.

31. *mask*] *make* Q₅.

By'r lady] F₄. *Berlady* The rest.

32. *Cap.*] Capell. 1. Capu. QqFf.

33. *Lucentio,*] (Q₁)F₁F₃F₄. *Lucentio:* Q₂Q₅. *Lucientio,* Q₃Q₄. *Lucentio.* F₂.

37. *Cap.*] 1. Capu. Qq. 3. Cap. Ff.

38. *two*] 2. Q₂. *three* (Q₁).

[Juliet is taken out. Capell. After this line Keightley inserts from (Q₁), *Good youths, i' faith! Oh, youth's a jolly thing!*

39. [*To a Servingman.*] *to a Servant.* Capell. om. QqFf.

lady's] *ladies* Q₂. *ladie is* Q₃ Q₄F₁. *lady is* F₂Q₅F₃F₄.

41. [*Company dance.*] Capell.

43. *It seems she*] (Q₁)QqF₁. *Her beauty* F₂F₃F₄.

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! 45
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! 50
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

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

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you
 so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite, 60
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him 65
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
 I would not for the wealth of all this town
 Here in my house do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
 It is my will, the which if thou respect, 70
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

44. *Like*] (Q₁)F₂F₃F₄. *As* QqF₁.

46. *snowy*] *snowe* Q₄.

49. *blessed*] *happy* (Q₁) Pope.

51. *For I ne'er*] *For I nere* Qq
 (*ne're* Q₅). *For I never* Ff. *I never*
 (Q₁) Pope.

53. *What dares*] *what?* *dares* Q₅.

54. *hither*] *hether* Q₃Q₄.

antic] *antick* Rowe. *antique*

QqFf.

57. *it*] *in* F₂.

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

62. *Romeo is it?*] Ff. *Romeo is*
it. Q₂Q₃Q₄. *Romeo, is it?* Q₅. *Ro-*
meo, is't? Pope.

'*Tis he*] *om.* Pope.

villain] *villian* F₂.

64. *He*] (Q₁) Rowe. *A* QqFf.

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

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

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

75

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

80

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. [Exit.]

85

90

Rom. [To Juliet] If I profane with my unwortheist hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

72. *for*] of Rowe.

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

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

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

79. *set*] *set* a Q₄Q₅.

81. *is't*] 'tis F₂F₃F₄.

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

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

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

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

[Exit.] om. F₂F₃F₄.

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

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

Pope.

92. *fine*] Theobald (Warburton).
sin Q₂Q₃Ff. *sinne* (Q₁)Q₄Q₅.

is this] *be this* Hammer.

93. *two*] to F_x.

ready] (Q₁)F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *did*
ready Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁ (*readie* Q₂).

Ful. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 95

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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

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

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Ful. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged. 105

[*Kissing her.*]

Ful. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

Ful. You kiss by the book.

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

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor, 110

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet? 115
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

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

97. *hands that*] Q₅. *hands, that*
Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. *hands, the* F₃F₄.
hands—the Rowe.

hands do] *hand, doe* F₂. *hand,*
do F₃F₄.

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

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

though] *yet* Pope.

104. *prayer's effect I take*] Capell.
prayers effect I take (Q₁)QqF₁. *prayers*
effect doe take F₂F₃F₄.

105. *thine*] *yours* (Q₁) Capell.

[*Kissing her.*] Rowe.

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

108. *sin*] *kiss* Capell.

[*Kissing her again.* Capell.
by the] (Q₁). *bit* Qq. *by' th'*

F₁F₂. *by th'* F₃F₄.

110. [To her Nurse. Pope.

113. *talk'd*] *talkt* (Q₁)QqF₁. *talke*
F₂. *talk* F₃F₄.

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

Capulet] *Mountague* (Q₁).

Capulet Q₃.

116. *debt*] *thrall* (Q₁). See note
(11).

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

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

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

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. 120

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

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

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

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

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.* 125

Ful. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Ful. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Ful. What's he that follows there, that would not
dance? 130

Nurse. I know not.

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

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy. 135

Ful. 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?

Ful. A rhyme I learn'd even now 140

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

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

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

124. [to his Cousin. Capell.

125. [Exeunt.....Nurse.] Malone. Exeunt. F₂F₃F₄. om. QqF₁. Company retire. Capell.

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

yond] *yond'* F₄. *yon* Pope.

128. *of*] *of the* Q₄Q₅.

129. *Marry...be*] *That as I think is* (Q₁) Pope.

be] *to be* F₃F₄.

130. *there*] (Q₁) Capell. *here* Qq Ff.

133. *wedding*] *wodded* F₁.

135. *your*] *our* F₂F₃F₄.

137. *unknown*] *unknow* F₂.

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

140. *this...this*] Ff. *tis...tis* Qq.

learn'd] *learne* F₁.

even] *e'en* Pope.

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

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 5
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; 10
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

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

Enter ROMEO, alone.

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

142. *all are]* are all Q₄.

4. *match'd]* match Q₂.

ACT II. PROLOGUE. *Enter Chorus.*

14. *Tempering]* Tempring Qq.

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

Tempring F₁. Tempring F₂. Tempring F₃F₄.

SCENE I. *Chorus. Rowe. Enter*

Chorus. Theobald.

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

1. *in]* on Pope.

SCENE I.] *Edd. SCENE II. Rowe.*

3. *for which]* which Steevens

ACT II. *Theobald. ACT II. SCENE I.*

(1793).

Hammer. SCENE III. Capell.

groan'd for] groaned Q₅. *groan'd*

A lane...] *Edd. The Street.*

sore Rowe.

Rowe. Wall of Capulet's Garden.

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

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

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

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

2. *thy*] QqF₁. *my* F₂F₃F₄.
centre] center QqF₁F₄. *centour*
F₂. *centor* F₃.

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

3. *my*] *why*, Capell.
cousin Romeo] (Q₁) Pope. *cozen*
Romeo, Romeo QqFf.

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

6. *Nay...too.*] Given to Mercutio
by (Q₁)Q₄Q₅ and Rowe. Continued
to Benvolio in Q₂Q₃Ff.

7. *Romeo!*] Capell. *Romeo*. Q₄.
Romeo, Q₅. *Mer. Romeo*, Q₂Q₃F₁F₂.
Mer. Romeo F₃F₄. *Why, Romeo!*
Pope. *Hear, Romeo!* Mommsen, conj.
humours!...lover!] *humour's-*
madman! *passion-lover* Singer (ed. 2).

8. *sigh*] *fight* F₂F₃F₄.

9. *one rhyme*] *one rime* (Q₁)Q₃Q₄
F₁. *on rime* Q₂. *one time* F₂F₃F₄.
one ryme Q₅.

10. *Cry but 'ay me!'*] *Crio but ay*
me, Q₂. *Cry but ay me*, Q₃Q₄Q₅. *Cry*
me but ay me, F₁. *Cry me but ayme*,
F₂F₃. *Cry me but aim*, F₄. *Cry but*
Ah me! Theobald (ed. 2).

pronounce] (Q₁)Q₄Q₅. *prouaunt*,
Q₂Q₃. *Prouant*, F₁. *Couply* F₂F₃F₄.
couple Rowe.

dove] (Q₁) Pope. *day* Q₂Q₃
Ff. *die* Q₄. *dye* Q₅.

11. *gossip*] (Q₁)Q₄Q₅F₄. *goship*
Q₂Q₃F₁F₂F₃.

word] *wor* F₂.

12. *for*] *to* Q₅.
heir] *heire* (Q₁)Q₄Q₅. *her* Q₂
Q₃Ff.

13. *Adam Cupid*] Steevens, 1778
(Upton conj.). *Abraham: Cupid* (Q₁)
Q₂Q₃. *Abraham Cupid* Q₄FfQ₅.

5

10

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid !
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ; 15
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us !

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

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 25
 Till she had laid it and conjured it down ;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees, 30
 To be consorted with the humorous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

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

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

trim] (*Q₁*) Steevens *true* *Qq* Ff. See note (III).

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

15. *he stirreth*] *he striveth* *Q₃*. *stirreth* Steevens (1793).

moveth] *moves* Hanmer.

16. *and*] om. *F₁*.

17. *thee*] *the* *Q₃*.

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

24, 28. *mistress*] *mistress's* *F₄*.

25. *there*] om. *F₁*.

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

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

and in] in *Q₂*.

30. *these*] *those* (*Q₁*) Capell.

35. *that*] *such* Capell.

36. *As*] *Which* Rowe.

medlars] *medless* *Q₄*.

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

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

38. *open et cetera, thou*] (*Q₁*) Malone. *open, or thou* *Q₂Q₃Ff*. *open* &

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

40

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

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.**Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

5

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

10

O, that she knew she were!

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

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

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

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

15

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

catera, and thou Q₄. open and catera, and thou Q₅. open—or thou Rowe. open—, and thou Capell.

40. *too*] to Q₃Q₄F₁.

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

42. [*Exeunt.*] Q₄FfQ₅. Exit. Q₂Q₃.

SCENE II.] Hammer. SCENE III.

Rowe. SCENE IV. Capell.

Capulet's orchard.] A garden.

Rowe. Capulet's garden. Theobald.

Enter Romeo.] Rowe. om. QqFf.

See note (iv).

1. [*Juliet...*] Rowe (after line 3).

Enter Juliet, above. Capell.

6. *art*] at Q₄.

8. *sick*] *pale* (Q₁) Dyce (ed. 2). *white* Collier (Collier MS.).

10, 11. *It is...were*] As in Johnson.

One line in QqFf. Omitted in (Q₁)

Pope.

11. *were*] *is* Seymour conj.

15. *in all*] of all Rowe.

16. *do*] to Q₂.

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

20

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Ful. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

25

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,

30

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Ful. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

35

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

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

Ful. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

40

20. *eyes*] (*Q₁*) Pope. *eye* QqFf.

22. *were*] *was* Seymour conj.

25. *Ay*] *Ah* Rowe.

27. *night*] *sight* Theobald.

28. *of*] *from* Rowe.

29. *white-upturned*] Theobald (ed.

2). *white upturned* QqFf.

31. *lazy-pacing*] Pope. *lasie pacing*

(*Q₁*). *lazie puffing* QqFf (*lazy* F₂F₃

F₄). *lazy passing* Collier conj.

33. *Romeo?*] *Montague?* Anon. conj.

37. [*Aside*] Rowe.

hear] *here* F₂.

39. *Thou.....Montague*] QqFf.

Omitted in (*Q₁*) Pope. *Thou'rt not*

thy self so, though a Mountague Han-

mer. *Thou art thyself, then not a*

Montague Johnson conj. *Thou art*

thyself though, not a Montague Ma-

lone. *Thou art thyself, although a*

Montague or *Thou art thyself, though*

yet a Montague Ritson conj. *Thou*

art thyself, thought not a Montague

Jackson conj. *Thou art thyself, thou;*

not a Montague Anon. conj.

40. *nor hand*] *not hand* F₄.

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

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

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

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

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

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

41, 42. *nor any...name!*] Malone.
nor any other part. (Q₁) Pope. *O be
 some other name* *Belonging to a man.*
 QqFf.

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

43. *What's in a name?*] Q₄Q₅F₃
 F₄. *Whats in a name?* (Q₁)F₂. *Whats
 in a name* Q₂. *What's in a name* Q₃.
What? in a names F₁.

44. *name*] (Q₁) Pope. *word* Qq
 Ff.

45. *were*] *wene* Q₂.

47. *title. Romeo,*] *title: Romeo* Q₅.
title; Romeo, F₄. *title, Romeo* Q₂Q₃
 Q₄. *title Romeo* (Q₁). *title Romeo, F₁*
 F₂F₃.

doff] QqFf. *part* (Q₁). *quit*
 Pope.

48. *thy name*] QqFf. *that name*
 (Q₁) Rowe.

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

52. *night*] *nigh* F₂.

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

58. *yet not*] QqFf. *not yet* (Q₁)
 Capell.

59. *thy...uttering*] QqFf. *that...
 utterance* (Q₁) Malone. *that...uttering*
 Pope.

61. *maid...dislike*] QqFf. *saint...
 displease* (Q₁) Pope. *saint...dislike*

45

50

55

60

Ful. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

65

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

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

Ful. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

70

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Ful. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes ;
And but thou love me, let them find me here :

75

My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

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

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

80

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.

Ful. 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.

85

Theobald. *maid...mislake* Anon. conj.

F₁F₂.

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

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

wash't Q₄Q₅. *vast shore, wash't* (Q₁).

Two lines in Ff.

65. *kinsmen*] *kismen* Q₂.

vast shore washeth Q₂. *vast shore*

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

wash't Q₃. *vast-shore-wash't* F₁. *vast-*

lines in Ff.

69. *let*] (Q₁) Capell. *stop* QqFf.

shore: wash'd F₂. *vast-shore: wash'd*

75. *eyes*] QqFf. *sight* (Q₁) Capell.

F₃. *vast-shore, wash'd* F₄.

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

farthest] QqFf. *furthest* (Q₁)

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

Steevens (1793).

that] *who* (Q₁) Capell.

84. *would*] (Q₁) Pope. *should* Qq

prompt] (Q₁)F₂F₃F₄. *promp*

Ff.

85. *know'st*] Q₅. *knowst* (Q₁).

QqF₁.

82. *pilot*] *Pylat* Q₂. *Pylot* Q₃Q₄

knowest Q₂Q₃Q₄Ff.

on] *one* F₃.

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,' 90
 And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 95
 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 100
 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, 105
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

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

Rom. What shall I swear by?

89. *compliment*] *complement* QqF₁.
complements (Q₁)F₂F₃F₄.

90. *love me? I*] Qq. *Love? I* F₁.
Love? O I F₂F₃. *Love? O, I* F₄.

92. *mayst*] *maist* Q₅. *maiest* Q₂
 Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. *mayest* F₃. *may'st* F₄.

false: at...perjuries] *false: at*
...perjuries F₁Q₅. *false at...perjuries.*
 Q₂. *false, at...perjuries* Q₃F₃. *false;*
at...perjuries Q₄F₄. *false at...perju-*
ries F₂.

93. *laughs*] *laught* F₁.

95. *think'st*] Q₅. *thinkest* The
 rest. *think* (Q₁) Pope.

99. *mayst*] *maist* Q₅F₃. *maiest*
 Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁. *mayest* F₂F₄.

'haviour] Rowe. *haviour* (Q₁)
 F₂F₃F₄. *behaviour* QqF₁ (*behavior*
 Q₂).

101. *more cunning*] (Q₁) Pope.
coying Q₂Q₃F₁. *more coying* Q₄Q₅.
more coyning F₂F₃F₄.

104. *true love's*] *true loves* (Q₁)Ff
 Q₅. *truloue* Q₂. *trueloue* Q₃. *true*
loue Q₄.

107. *blessed*] (Q₁)Qq. om. Ff.
swear] (Q₁) Malone. *vow*

QqFf.

108. *tops,—*] *tops—* Rowe. *tops.*

QqFf.

109. *inconstant*] *unconstant* F₃F₄.

110. *circled*] *circle* Q₂.

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

Rom. If my heart's dear love— 115

Ful. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night ! 120
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ? 125

Ful. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

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

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

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

Ful. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. 135
I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse ! Sweet Montague, be true.

115. *heart's dear*] true heart's (Q₁)
Pope.

love—] F₂F₃F₄. *love.* QqF₁.

116. *swear: although...thee,*] *swear*
—although...thee, Rowe. *swear, al-*
though.....thee: Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁. *swear,*
although...thee, Q₅. *swear although*
...thee, F₂F₃F₄.

118. *sudden*] *sodden* F₂.

120. *lightens.*] Rowe. *lightens:* Q₅.

lightens, The rest.

121. *breath,*] *breath.* F₂.

127. *for mine*] QqF₁. *of mine* F₂
F₃F₄.

130. *Wouldst.....love?*] As in Qq.
Two lines in Ff.

136. [*Nurse calls within.*] Rowe.
Cals within. Ff (*Calls* F₄). Omitted
in Qq.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

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

140

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Ful. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

145

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

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

150

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

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

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

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

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

155

[*Retiring slowly.*

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

139. *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe.

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

Re-enter Juliet, above.] Rowe.
Enter. F₂F₃F₄. om. QqF₁.

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

146. *rite*] F₃F₄. *right* Q₂Q₃F₁F₂.
rights Q₄. *rites* Q₅.

148. *my lord*] (Q₁)Ff. *my L.* Q₂
Q₃. *my Love* Q₄Q₅.

149, 151. Nurse [*Within.*] Capell.

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

150. *mean'st*] Pope. *meanst* Q₅.
meanest The rest.

152. *suit*] Q₅. *sute* Q₄. *strife* Q₂
Q₃Ff. See note (v).

153. *soul,—*] Theobald. *soule.* Qq
F₁F₂. *soul.* F₃F₄.

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

155. *light*] *sight* Q₄Q₅.

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

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

Re-enter JULIET, above.

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

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

Ful. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

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

Rom. At the hour of nine.

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

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

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

- Re-enter...] Malone. Enter *Madame.* (Q₁) Malone. *My Niece.* Q₂
Juliet againe. QqFf. Q₃F₁. *My sweete.* F₂. *My sweet.* F₃
159. *tassel-gentle*] Hanmer. *Tassel* F₄. *My novice?* Jackson conj. *My—*
gentle QqFf. Nurse. [Within.] *Madam.* Knight.
160. *not*] om. Q₄. *At what*] (Q₁) Pope. *What*
162. *tongue*] *voice* (Q₁) Collier. QqFf.
162, 163. *than mine* With] Q₅.
then myne With Q₄. *then* With Q₂ 169. *At*] (Q₁) Capell. *By* QqFf.
Q₃F₁, *then with* The F₂F₃. *than* 170. *years*] *yeare* Q₂.
with The F₄. 173. *I shall...stana*] *I shall forget*
163. *Romeo's name*] (Q₁) Steevens. *still, to have thee stand* Capell. *I'll*
Romeo QqFf. *still forget, to have thee still stand*
164. *Romeo!*] Edd. from (Q₁). Rann.
om. QqFf. *forget, to*] Q₃Q₄Ff. *forget to*
165. *my soul*] *my love* Q₄Q₅. Q₂Q₅.
[returns to the Window. Capell. *thee*] *the* Q₃F₂.
168. *My dear?*] *My Deere.* Q₄Q₅. 176. *home*] *name* F₂F₃F₄.

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

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Ful. Sweet, so would I:

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

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

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

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
 night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

178. *farther*] Qq. *farther* (Q₁)Ff.

cell F₁F₂.

179. *Who...her*] (Q₁) Capell. *That*
...his QqFf. *That...her* Pope.

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

a] om. Q₄.

Friar Laurence's cell.] Malone.

181. *silk thread plucks it back*
again] Pope. *silke thred puls it backe*
again (Q₂). *silken thred plucks it*
backe againe QqF₁ (*threed*, Q₂). *silken*
thred plucks it againe F₂F₃F₄.

A Monastery. Rowe. Fields near a
 Convent. Capell.

Enter.....] Rowe. Enter Friar
 alone with a basket. QqFf. Enter
 Friar Francis. (Q₁).

182. *loving-jealous*] Theobald.
loving jealous QqFf.

1—4. *The...wheels:*] Omitted in
 F₂F₃F₄. See note (vi).

185—190. *Good night...tell.*] See
 note (vi).

2. *Chequering*] *Checking* Q₂.

186. [*Exit.*] Pope. F₂F₃F₄ after
 line 186. om. QqF₁.

3. *flecked darkness*] Steevens, from
 (Q₁). *fleeked darknesse* Qq. *flecked*
darknesse F₁. *darknesse flecker'd* Pope.

189. *father's cell*] (Q₁) Capell.
Friers close cell QqF₃F₄. *Fries close*

flecker'd darkness Capell.

4. *path...fiery*] (Q₁) Boswell. *path*,

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

and Titans burning QqF₁. path-way
 made by Titan's Pope.

7. up-fill] fill up Pope.

8. baleful] haleful Brae conj.

precious-juiced] Pope. precious
 juiced QqFf.

9. mother is] mother in Q₄Q₅.

13. virtues] vertures Q₄.

16. herbs, plants] (Q₁) Capell.
 plants, hearbes QqF₁F₃F₄. plaints,
 hearbs F₂. herbs, stems or herbs,
 flowers Theobald conj.

18. to] to't Hanmer.

20. from...stumbling] to vice, and
 stumbles (Q₁) Pope. from's true birth
 stumbling Hanmer.

22. sometime's by action] Capell.
 sometimes by action (Q₁). sometime by

action QqFf. sometime by action's
 Theobald.

23. small] (Q₁) Pope. weake Qq
 Ff.

24. medicine] medic'nal Warburton.
 med'cine's Capell conj.

25. smelt, with that part] Ff. smelt
 with that part, Qq. smelt, with that
 sense Pope. smelt, with that act Collier
 (Collier MS.). smelt to, with that
 Anon. conj., from (Q₁).

26. slays] staves Q₂.
 senses] Q₅F₄. sences Q₂Q₄F₁
 F₂F₃. sence Q₃.

27. opposed] oppos'd F₃F₄.
 kings] kinds Rowe (ed. 2).
 foes (Q₁) Pope. kin Warburton. things
 Anon. conj.

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

30

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

35

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art up-roused by some distemperature ;

40

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

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

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

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;

45

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

Fri. L. That's my good son : but where hast thou
 been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,

50

That's by me wounded : both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies :

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

pered The rest.

31. *Benedicite*] *Benedicite* Q₂. *Be-
 nedecite* F₁. Continued to Romeo by
 Rann (Anon. conj. Gent. Mag. LX.
 681).

36. *lodges*] QqF₁. *lodgeth* (Q₁)F₂
 F₃F₄.

37. *unbruised*] *unbusied* Collier
 MS.

32. *sweet*] *soon* (Q₁) Boswell.
saluteth me] (Q₁)QqF₁. *salute*
thine F₂. *salute them* F₃F₄. *salutes*
mine ear Rowe.

40. *by some*] (Q₁) Pope. *with some*
 QqFf.

51. *wounded: both*] Ff. *wounded,*
both (Q₁)Q₃Q₄. *wounded both,* Q₂.
wounded; both Q₅.

33. *distemper'd*] Q₅ F₄. *distem-*

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. 55

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must combine 60
By holy marriage : when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies 65
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 mine ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit 70
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence then :
Women may fall when there's no strength in men. 80

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

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

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,

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

58. *daughter*] *daunger* F₂.

63. *thee*] *the* F₂F₄.

65. *Saint*] F₄. *S.* The rest.

66. *that*] *whom* (Q₁) Pope.

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

70. *sallow*] *fallow* F₂F₃F₄.

71. *thrown*] *throne* Q₄.

74. *ring yet*] (Q₁) Pope. *yet ring-*
ing Q₂Q₃F₁. *yet ring* Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄.

mine] Q₂Q₅. *my* (Q₁)Q₃Q₄Ff.

75. *cheek*] *check* F₃.

79. *this*] *this*: Q₅.
sentence] *sedtience* F₂.

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.

84. *in, another*] *in an other* Q₂.
in another F₂.

85. *thee*] *the* F₂.
chide not: she whom I] *chide
not, she whom I* (Q₁) Pope. *chide me
not, her I* QqFf.

88. *and could*] (Q₁) Pope. *that
could* QqFf.

89. *go*] *and goe* Q₄Q₅.

92. *households' rancour*] Capell.
households rancor Q₁. *houshold
rancor* F₁. *houshold rancord* F₂F₃.
household-rancour F₄.

SCENE IV.] Hanmer. SCENE V.
Rowe. ACT III. SCENE I. Capell.

A street.] Capell. *The street.*
Rowe.

1. *Where*] *Why, where* Capell,
reading as verse, and ending the lines
be?...father's;...man.

devil] F₃F₄. *deuile* Q₂. *dev'le*
Q₃Q₄. *deu le* F₁. *deuile* F₂. *dev'll*
Q₅.

1—3. Prose in QqFf. Verse in
Stevens.

4. *Ah*] (Q₁) Malone. *Why* QqFf.
Ay Capell.

4, 5. *Ah...mad*] Verse in (Q₁)Qq.
Prose in Ff.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 15

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai! 20 25

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good

6, 7. *Tybalt...house*] Verse in (Q₁) *prick'd songs* Johnson.

Theobald. Prose in QqFf.

6. *kinsman*] *kisman* Q₂.

to] of (Q₁) Capell.

14. *shot*] (Q₁) Capell. *runne* or *run* QqFf.

thorough] (Q₁) Capell. *through* QqFf.

17. *Ben.*] (Q₁) Ff. Ro. or Rom. Qq.

17, 18. *Why.....you.* O] Capell, from (Q₁). *Why.....Tybalt?* *Mer.* *More...cats.* *Oh* QqFf. *Why...Tybalt?* *Mer.* *More...cats?* *Oh* Theobald. *Why...Tybalt more...cats?* *Mer.* O Rann.

18. *prince*] *the prince* Johnson (1771).

he's] *he is* (Q₁) Capell.

20. *prick-song*] *pricksongs* F₄.

21. *rests...rest*] Malone, from (Q₁). *he rests, his minum rests* Q₂. *he rests his minum rests* Q₃Q₄Q₅. *he rests his minum* Ff. *rests his minum* Rowe (ed. 2).

22. *very*] *wery* F₂.

duellist] F₄. *dualist* The rest.

25. *the hai!*] *the Hay.* QqFf. *the, hay!*—Theobald. *the—hay!* Capell.

27. *affecting*] *affected* Pope.

27, 28. *fantasticoes*] (Q₁) Capell. *phantacies* Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. *phantasies* Q₅F₃F₄.

28. *tuners*] *turners* Rowe.

accents] (Q₁)Q₅ *accent* Q₂Q₃Q₄Ff.

By Jesu] (Q₁)Qq. *Jesu* Ff. om. Johnson.

blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdonami's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. 35

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; 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. 40

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you? 45

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. 50

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

32. *perdonami's*] Edd. (Globe ed.)
pardona' mees Q₄Q₅. *pardonmees* (Q₁).
pardons mees Q₂. *pardon mees* Q₃.
perdon-mee's F₁F₂. *pardon-me's* F₃
 F₄. *pardonnez-moy's* Theobald.

33. *they*] *the* F₂.

34. *bones, their bones*] Qq Ff.
bon's, their bon's Theobald. *buon's,*
their buon's Anon. conj.

Enter Romeo.] QqFf. Transferred by Dyce to follow *purpose*, line 41.

35. *Here comes Romeo*] Once only in (Q₁) Pope.

38. *Petrarch's*] *Petrach* Q₂.

was but] (Q₁) Pope. *was* QqFf.

40. *hildings*] *hildings* F₁F₂.

41. *so, but not*] *so: but now* Hammer (Warburton).

42. *bon jour*] *Bonieur* Q₂Q₄. *Bonieur* Q₃.

43. *slop*] *stop* Pope.

You gave...night] Put in the margin by Pope.

44—92. *What counterfeit.....no longer*] Put in the margin by Pope.

47. *good*] Qq. om. Ff.

48. *courtesy*] *coursie* F₂F₃.

51. *court'sy*] *courtesie* F₂F₃F₄.
cursie QqF₁.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

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

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

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

53. *courteous]* *curtuous* Q₂.

58. *Well said:]* Capell, from (Q₁).

Sure wit Q₂. *Sure wit*, The rest.

Sure wit—Rowe. *Sir wit*, Anon.

conj. *Sheer wit!* Malone conj.

60. *solely]* *solie* (Q₁). *soly* Qq.

sole—Ff. *sole* Dyce (ed. 1).

61, 62. *O...singleness]* One line in Qq. Two in Ff.

63. *wits faint]* Q₅. *wits faints* Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁. *wit faints* F₂F₃F₄. *wits fail* (Q₁) Steevens.

64, 65. *Switch...match]* One line in Qq. Two in Ff.

64. *Switch...switch]* Pope. *Swits* ...*swits* QqFf. *Switches.....switches* Anon. conj.

or I'll] *or—I'll* Johnson. *for*

I Capell.

66. *thy wits]* (Q₁) Capell. *our wits* QqFf.

I have] (Q₁) Capell. *I am* QqFf.

66, 67. *wild-goose]* *wild goats* Grey conj.

70. *Thou wast]* QqF₁. *Thou wert* (Q₁). *Thou was* F₂F₃F₄.

74, 75. *Thy...sauce]* One line in Qq. Two in Ff.

74. *bitter sweetening]* Qq. *bitter-sweetening* Ff.

76. *well]* *then well* Q₂.

in to] (Q₁)Qq. *into* Ff.

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 80

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 85

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

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

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer. 90

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock. 95

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two. 100

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

80. *thee*] *the* F₂F₃F₄.
a broad] (Q₁)Qq. *abroad* Ff.
broad Rowe (ed. 2). *abroad*, Farmer
 conj. *abroad*— Collier.
 81. *now*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
 82. *art thou sociable*] *thou art so-*
ciable Rowe (ed. 2).
 85. *hide*] *hid* F₁.
bauble] F₄. *bable* The rest.
 91. *for*] (Q₁)QqF₄. or F₁F₂F₃.
 93. *Enter...*] *Enter Nurse and her*
man. QqFf (after *longer*, line 92).
 94. *Mer.* *A sail, a sail!*] *Mer.* *A*

sail, a sail, a sail! (Q₁) Capell. *A*
sayle, a sayle. QqFf (continued to
 Romeo).

95. *Ben.*] (Q₁) Capell. *Mer.* QqFf.
 99. *Good*] *Do good* Pope, from (Q₁).
 99, 100. *Good...face.*] One line in
 Qq. Two in Ff, and elsewhere.

100. *fairer of the two*] (Q₁) Pope.
fairer face QqFf.

102. *gentlewoman*] *gentlewomen*
 F₂F₃.

103. *Is it*] *It is* F₂. *Is is* Rowe
 (ed. 1).

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon. 105

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo? 110

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. 115

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper. 120

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar, 125

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent. 130

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

104. *you*] *ye* Q₂.

107. *himself*] *for himself* (Q₁) Collier.

109. *well said*] (Q₁) Q₁. *said* F₁ F₂ F₃. *sad* F₄.

110. *quoth a'*] *quath a* Q₃ Q₄. *quatha* F₁. *quotha* F₂ F₃ F₄.

Gentlemen] *Gentleman* F₂ F₃.

111. *thē*] om. (Q₁) Pope.

118. *If you*] *If thou* Q₄ Q₅.

120. *indite*] *endite* Q₁ F₁. *invite*

(Q₁) F₃ F₄. *envite* F₂.

some] om. (Q₁) Capell.

122—130. *Rom.* *What.....spent*]

Put in the margin by Pope.

124. [*Sings.*] Singing. Capell. om.

Q₁ F₁. He walks by them, and sings. (Q₁).

125—130. *An old...spent.*] As in

Capell. Two lines in Q₁ F₁. Four

in (Q₁) Collier.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] 'lady,
lady, lady.' [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.* 135

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy
merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself
talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand
to in a month. 140

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take
him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such
Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy
knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-
mates. [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, 145
and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had,
my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you:
I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a
good quarrel and the law on my side. 150

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every
part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a
word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire
you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but
first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's para- 155
dise, 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

134. [*singing*] Dyce (Farmer conj.).

135. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt.* Qq. Exit.

Mercutio, Benvolio. Ff.

136. *Marry, farewell!* (Q₁) Malone. om. QqFf.

137. *ropery*] *roguery* F₄. *roperipe* (Q₁).

138. *hear*] *here* F₂.

140. *to*] *too* Q₂.

141. *An*] Pope. *And* QqFf.

142. *an*] Pope. & F₁. *and* The rest.

144. *his*] *her* Q₅.

flirt-gills] *flurt-gills* (Q₁).

flurt gills Q₂. *flurt gils* Q₃. *flurt-gils* Ff. *gil-flurts* Q₄Q₅.

skains-mates] F₄. *skaines mates* (Q₁)QqF₁F₂. *skains mates* F₃. *scurvey mates* S. Walker conj. *stews-mates* Bubier conj.

145. [*Turning to Peter.*] Edd. She turns to Peter her man. (Q₁). om. QqFf. To her man. Rowe.

153, 154. *bade...bade*] *bad...bad* (Q₁) Capell. *bid...bid* QqFf.

155. *into a*] (Q₁) Theobald. *in a* QqFf. *into* Rowe (ed. 2).

157. *gentlewoman*] *gentlewomen* F₂.

thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

160

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me. 165

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. 170

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

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. 175

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress. 180

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, 185

159. *weak*] *wicked* Collier (Collier MS.).

161. *Rom.*] *Nur.* F₁.

Nurse.] *om.* Rowe.

162. *thee*—] F₂F₃F₄. *thee.* QqF₁.
unto] *onto* F₂.

166. *me.*] *mee.* Q₅. *me?* or *mee?*

The rest.

168. *a*] *om.* Q₄.

169, 170. *Bid...afternoon;*] Edd.

One line in Q₂Q₃Ff. Prose in Q₄Q₅.

Capell ends the first line at *shrift*, reading as verse.

171. *Laurence'*] *Lawrence* QqFf.

Lawrence's Rowe.

VOL. VII.

176. *stay*] Qq. *stāy* thou Ff.

nurse, behind...wall:] nurse:

behind...wall Anon. conj.

178. *thee*] *the* F₂F₃.

tackled] *tackling* Q₅.

181. *quit*] Q₂. *quite* The rest.

182. *Farewell...mistress.]* Omitted

by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson.

mistress] mistress, nurse Mart-

ley conj.

184. *say'st*] *sayest* Pope.

185, 186. *Is.....away?*] Verse by

Rowe. Prose in QqFf.

185. *hear*] F₃F₄. *here* Qq. *heare* F₁F₂.

F

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 190
aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very
toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I
say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world.
Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 195

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for
the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and
she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rose-
mary, that it would do you good to hear it. 200

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

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

Pet. Anon!

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

[*Exeunt.*]

186. *away?*] Q₅F₄ *away.* The rest. (Tyrwhitt conj.).
187. *I warrant*] F₂F₃F₄. *War-*
rant QqF₁. 198. *some*] no Rowe.
man's] Rowe. *mans* Qq. 200. *that it would*] 'Twould Ca-
man Ff. pellant.
188—204. As verse by Capell. 201. *lady.*] *lady*—Pope.
191. *lief*] *leeve* Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁F₂F₃. 202. *Ay*] I QqFf. om. Rowe.
liefe Q₅. *live* F₄. *times.* [*Exit Romeo*] *Peter!*
see a] *a see* F₁. Dyce. *times Peter.* Q₂. *times Peter?*
192. *I anger*] *I do anger* Capell. Q₃. *times Peter?* Q₄. *times. Peter?*
anger her] *angerer* Q₄. Ff. *times. Peter.* Q₅. *times. Peter,*—
194. *versal*] *varsal* Hammer. Theobald.
197. *Ah,*] Rowe. *A* QqFf. [*Exit Romeo.*] Rowe after
dog's name;] *dog, name* Q₂. line 201. om. QqFf.
dog's; or *dog's letter*, Farmer conj. 203. *Anon!*] *Anon.* QqFf. *Anon?*
197, 198. *R is for the—No;*] Edd. Theobald.
(Ritson conj.). *R. is for the no,* Q₂ 204. *Peter...apace.*] Edd. *Peter,*
Q₃Q₄Ff. *R. is for the no.* Q₅. *R. is* *take my fan, and go before.* (Q₁) Stee-
for thee? No; Theobald (Warburton). vens. *Before and apace.* QqFf (*Be-*
R. is not for thee, Hammer. *R is for* *fore,* F₄). *Take my fan, and go before.*
the nonce; Steevens, 1773 (Johnson *Pope. Before; and walk apace* Capell.
conj.). *R for thee?* no; Capell. *R is* [*Exeunt.*] Rowe. Ex. omnes.
for the dog. No; Steevens, 1778 (Q₁). Exit Qq. Exit Nurse and
Peter. Ff (Ex. F₄).

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 loursing hills:
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours; yet she is not come.
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me:
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

5

10

15

SCENE V.] Hanmer. SCENE VI.
 Rowe. ACT III. SCENE II. Capell.
 Capulet's orchard.] Capulet's
 House. Rowe. Capulet's Gardea.
 Capell.
 2. *promised*] *promis'd* Q₅.
 4. *heralds*] (Q₁)Q₅. *heraulds* Q₂
 Q₃Q₄F₄. *herauld* F₁F₃. *herauid* F₂.
 5. *glide*] F₄. *glides* The rest.
sun's beams] *sun-beams* Rowe.
 6. *back*] *black* Collier MS.
loursing] *lowring* QqFf.
 7. *nimble-pinion'd*] Pope inserted
 the hyphen.
 8. *wind-swift*] Q₃Ff. *wind swift*
 Q₂. *winde swift* Q₄. *winde-swift* Q₅.
 11. *Is three*] Q₃Q₄Q₅. *Is there*
 Q₂. *I three* Ff. *Ay three* Rowe. *Are*

three Hanmer.
yet] *and yet* Rowe.
 13. *She would be as*] QqF₁. *She'd*
be as F₂F₃F₄. *She would be* Anon.
 conj.
 15. *And his to me:*] *And his to me*
would send her back again. Seymour
 conj. *And his to me would bandy her*
again Keightley.
 15, 16. *And...dead;*] Arranged as
 in Rowe. See note (VII).
 16. *many feign*] *marry, feign*
 Johnson. *marry, seem* Keightley.
marry, fare Grant White. *tarry,*
faith, Bullock conj. *move, i'faith,* Dyce
 conj.
 17. *pale*] *dull* Keightley (Collier
 MS.).

Enter Nurse, with PETER.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.* 20

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st
thou sad?

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

Nurse. I am a-weary; give me leave awhile. 25

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

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; 35
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know
not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face

- | | |
|---|--|
| 17. Enter Nurse, with Peter.] | FfQ ₅ . |
| Theobald. Enter Nurse. QqFf. | 25. give me leave] let me rest (Q ₁) |
| 18. O God] O good Johnson. | Pope. |
| O honey nurse] om. Pope. | 26. jaunce] iajunce Q ₂ Q ₃ . jaunt |
| 20. [Exit Peter.] Theobald. om. | The rest. |
| QqFf. | had] om. Q ₂ . |
| 21. Now...sad?] One line in Qq. | 28. thee] the F ₂ . |
| Two in Ff. | good, good] good F ₂ F ₃ F ₄ . |
| look'st] Q ₄ Q ₅ F ₄ . lookest Q ₂ | 29. Jesu] om. Johnson. |
| Q ₃ F ₁ . lookes F ₂ . looks F ₃ . | 29—34. Jesu.....excuse.] Give me |
| 22—24. Though...face.] Omitted | some Aqua vita. Pope, from (Q ₁). |
| by (Q ₁) Pope. | 30. that] Qq F ₁ , om. F ₂ . how F ₃ F ₄ . |
| 22. news be] F ₄ . newes be Q ₂ Q ₅ . | 35. Is] Jul. Is Pope. |
| newes, be Q ₃ Q ₄ F ₁ F ₂ . news, be F ₃ . | 38—44. Well...home?] As verse |
| 23. shamest] Q ₂ Q ₃ . sham'st Q ₄ | by Capell. |

be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and
40 for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be
talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of
courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy
ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Ful. No, no: but all this did I know before. 45

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—ah, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about, 50
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Ful. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and
a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a 55
virtuous,—Where is your mother?

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

Nurse. O God's lady dear! 60

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

40. *better than any]* *no better than* jaunting The rest.
another Warburton conj. 52. *not well]* Qq. *so well* F₁. *so*

leg excels] Qq. *legs excels* F₁ *ill* F₂F₃F₄.

F₂F₃. *legs excell* F₄.

41. *a body]* Q₂Q₃F₁. *body* Q₄Q₅. 54—56. *Your...mother?]* Prose by
a bawdy F₂F₃F₄. *a baudie* (Q₁). Edd. Three lines, ending *gentleman*,
bawdy Rowe. *bo-dy* Pope. *...handsome, ...mother?* in QqFf. Ca-
pell ends the second line at *warrant*:
Steevens at *handsome, and*.

43. *I'U]* I F₂F₃F₄. 57, 58. *Where.....repliest!]* As in

gentle as a] Qq. *gentle a* Ff.

45. *this]* *this this* F₁.

49. *My back...side,—]* *My back!*—
o' t' other side,— Lloyd conj.

o' t' other] *a tother* QqFf.

ah] Q₅. *a* Q₂Q₃Q₄. *o* F₁.

O F₂F₃F₄.

60. *your mother]* QqF₁. *my mother*

51. *jauncing]* *jaunsing* Q₂Q₃. *son.*

F₂F₃F₄.

O...*dear!*] Omitted by John-

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

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day? 65

Ful. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. 70

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb'a bird's nest soon when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burthen soon at night. 75

Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Ful. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight: 5

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It is enough I may but call her mine.

67. *hie*] Q₅F₄. *high* The rest.

Laurence's] *Lawrence* QqFf.
Laurence's Rowe.

70. *They'll.....any*] *They'll be in
scarlet straitway at my* Hammer.
*They'll be in scarlet straight at my
next* S. Walker conj. *They will be
straight in scarlet at my* Keightley.

73. *climb*] *climde* Q₃F_r.

SCENE VI.] Hammer. SCENE VII.
Rowe. ACT III. SCENE III. Capell.

Friar Laurence's cell.] Capell.

The Monastery. Rowe.

Enter Frier Laurence.....] Rowe.

Enter Friar... QqFf.

7. *love-devouring*] Hyphen omitted
in F₂F₃.

death do what he] *death, do what
thou* Seymour conj.

8. *enough I*] *inough. I* F₁F₂.
enough. I F₃.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder 10
 Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
 And in the taste confounds the appetite:
 Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
 A lover may bestride the gossamer
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

Ful. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Ful. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more 25
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
 Unfold the imagined happiness that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Ful. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
 They are but beggars that can count their worth;
 But my true love is grown to such excess,
 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

10. *triumph*] *triumph*: F₁.

11. *kiss*] *meet* Pope.

12. *loathsome*] *lothsomme* Q₄Q₅.
his] *its* Rowe (ed. 2).

18, 19. *gossamer...idles*] *gossamour*
...idles F₄. *gossamours.....ydeles* Q₂.
gossamours.....ydes Q₃F₁F₂. *gossa-*
mours...idles Q₄Q₅F₃. *gossamours...*
idle Malone.

23. *else is*] Q₂Q₃F₄. *else in* Q₄F₁
 F₂Q₅F₃. *else are* Rowe.

24. Rom.] *Fri.* F₁.

27. *music's*] *musicke* Q₂Q₃.

33. *such*] *such* *such* F₁.

34. *sum up sum of half my*] Q₂
 Q₃. *summe up some of halfe my* Q₄
 Q₅. *sum up some of halfe my* Ff.
sum up one half of my Pope. *sum up*
sums of half my Johnson. *sum up*
half my sum of Capell. *sum the sum*
of half my Anon. conj. ap. Rann.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work;

35

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.

5

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

10

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

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou
wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair
less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a

15

37. [Exeunt.] F₂F₃F₄. om. QqF₁.

ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Qq
Ff. ACT III. SCENE IV. Capell.

A public place.] Capell. The
street. Rowe.

Enter...] Capell. Enter Mercutio,
Benvolio, and men. QqFf.

2. *Capulets*] Q₄Q₅Ff. *Capels are*
(Q₁). *Capels* Q₂Q₃.

3. *And, if*] *And, if* S. Walker conj.

3, 4. *And...stirring*] As in Rowe.
Prose in QqFf.

5. *those*] (Q₁)F₄. *these* QqF₁F₂F₃.

8. *of the*] of a Rowe.

it] (Q₁) Pope. *him* QqFf.

14. *to*] Pope. *too* QqFf.

15. *an*] Pope. *and* QqFf.

man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because
 thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy 20
 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 25
 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 30
 quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. 35

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with
 something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you
 will give me occasion. 40

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an
 thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but dis-

28. *from*] *for* Q₅.

29. *An*] Capell. *And* QqFf. *If*
 Pope.

32. *Enter...*] Capell. *Enter Ty-*
balt, Petruchio, and others. QqFf.
 Transferred by Collier to follow line
 33, by Dyce to follow line 34.

33. *come the Capulets*] F₂Q₅F₃F₄.
comes a Capolet (Q₁). *comes the Capu-*
lets Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁.

37. *us?*] *us*, Q₂.

39. *an*] Capell. *and* QqFf. *if*
 Pope.

40. *will*] *shall* Q₅.

42. *consort'st*] Ff. *consortest* Qq.
consorts (Q₁).

Romeo,—] *Romeo—* Rowe.
Romeo. QqF₁F₃F₄. *Romeo*, F₂.

43. *an*] Capell. & Q₃F₁. *and*
 The rest. *if* Pope.

cords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort! 45

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. 50

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man. 55

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not. 60

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 mine own,—be satisfied. 65

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws. 70

46. 'Zounds,] Zounds Qq. Come Ff.
[Laying his Hand on his Sword.

Rowe.

49. Or] QqFf. And Capell.
55. before] first Pope.
57. love] QqFf. hate (Q₁) Pope.
59. that] om. Capell.
60. excuse] exceed Collier MS.
61. villain am I none] villaine I
am none Q₅. Omitted in F₂F₃F₄.
62. know'st] knowest Q₂Q₃.

63. injuries] iniures F₂.
65. injured] iniuried Q₂.
66. love] (Q₁) Qq. lov'd Ff.
devise] devise, Q₅. devise: Q₂
Q₃Q₄F₁F₂F₃. devise; F₄.
69. mine] Q₂. my The rest.
70. calm, dishonourable,] calme
dishonourable, Q₄Q₅.

71. Alla stoccata] Knight. Alla
stucatho QqF₁. Allastucatho F₂F₃F₄.
Ah! la Stoccata Theobald. Ha! la

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out. 75

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 80

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets: 85

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

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

Mer. I am hurt;

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

stoccata Hammer. *A la stoccata* Capell.

carries it away.] *carry it away!*

Lettsom conj.

it] is F₂.

[*Draws.*] Capell. om. QqFf.

72. *you rat-catcher,*] *you, rat-catcher* Rowe.

will] *come, will* Hammer.

73. *wouldst*] Q₂ Q₅ F₄. *woulds* The rest.

76. *me hereafter,*] *me, hereafter* Rowe.

dry-beat] Hyphened first in Rowe.

77. *pilcher*] *pilche* Warburton.
pitcher Singer conj. *pitch, sir*, Staunton conj.

79. [*Drawing.*] Rowe. om. QqFf.

81. [*They fight.*] Capell. Mer.

and Tyb. fight. Rowe. om. QqFf.

82. [*draws and runs between.* Capell.

82—86. *Draw...good Mercutio!*]

Arranged as in QqFf. Capell ends the lines *Benvolio;...shame,...Mercutio...bandying...good Mercutio.*

84. [*striving to part them.* Capell.

85. *Forbid this*] Q₂. *Forbid* Q₃ Q₄ Q₅. *Forbidden* Ff.

85, 86. *in Verona streets: Hold, Tybalt!*] *Here in Verona:—Tybalt;*—Seymour conj.

85. *Verona*] *Verona's* Q₅.

86. [*Tybalt...*] Edd. (Globe ed.). Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flies. (Q₁). Away Tybalt. Qq. Exit Tybalt. Ff.

87. *o' both your*] Dyce. *a both* Qq. *a both the* F₁. *of both the* F₂ F₃ F₄. *on your* (Q₁). *o' both the* Capell.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

90

[Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

95

Rom. I thought all for the best.

100

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

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

105

110

90. [Exit Page.] Capell. om. QqFf.

95. o' both] Capell. a both QqF₁.
of both F₂F₃F₄. on both Johnson.

96. 'Zounds] Q₅. sounds Q₂Q₃Q₄.
What Ff.

98. devil] Rowe. deule Q₂. dev'le
Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. dev'll Q₅. dev'l F₃.
div'l F₄.

102. o' both] F₄. a both The rest.
on both Johnson.

103, 104. I have it...houses] Arranged
as by Dyce. One line in QqFf.

103. have it] ha't Capell.

104. soundly too: your houses!]
soundly too—your houses. Rowe.
soundly, to your houses. Q₂. soundly

to your houses. Q₃F₁. soundly to your
houses— Q₄Q₅. soundly too your
houses. F₂. soundly too, your houses.
F₃F₄. soundly too. Plague o' your
houses! Theobald.

[Exeunt.....] Ex. Mer. Ben.
Rowe. Exit. QqFf. Exeunt. (Q₁).

105. SCENE II. Pope.

106. got this] Q₂. tane this (Q₁).
gott his Q₃. got his Q₄FfQ₅.

107. reputation] reputation's S.
Walker conj.

109. kinsman] (Q₁) Capell. coven
Q₂F₃F₄. cozin Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. cousin Q₅.

111. Re-enter...] Re-enter...hastily.
Capell. Enter... QqFf.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend; 115
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! 120
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him. 125

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death 130
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.]

112. *Mercutio's*] F₂Q₃F₃F₄. *Mer-*
cutio is Q₂Q₃Q₄. *Mercutio's is* F₁.

115. *more*] (Q₁)Q₅F₄. *no* Q₂Q₃
F₁F₂F₃. *moe* Q₄.

doth] (Q₁)Q₄F₁. *doe* F₂. *do*
F₃. *does* F₄.

116. *begins the woe*] Q₅. *begins,*
the wo Q₂Q₃F₁. *begins, the woe* Q₄F₂
F₃. *begins the woe,* F₄.

116. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...*
(Q₁)Ff. Omitted in Qq. Transferred

by Dyce to follow line 120.

118. *Alive, in triumph!*] Pope,
from (Q₁). *He gan in triumph* Q₂.
He gon in triumph Q₃Q₄. *He gon in*
triumph, F₁F₂. *He gone in triumph,*
Q₅F₃F₄. *Again? in triumph?* Ca-
pell.

120. *fire-eyed*] Pope from (Q₁). *fier*
end Q₂. *fier and* Q₃. *fire and* Q₄
F₁F₂Q₅. *fire, and* F₃F₄.

125. *Either*] Or (Q₁) Pope.

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me; 135
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

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

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, 140
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. 145
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal 150

132. *Enter Citizens, &c.] Enter Citizens, Officers, &c. Capell. Enter Citizens. QqFf.*

133. SCENE III. Pope.

133, 135. *First Cit.] i Cit. Malone. Citti. or Citi. or Cit. QqFf. i. O. Capell.*

135. *Up] You Collier MS.*

136. *name] names F₁.*

Enter.....] Capell, substantially. Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, their wives and all. QqFf.

137. *vile] vild F₂F₃.*

138. *all] (Q₁)FfQ₅. all: Q₂Q₃Q₄.*

141, 172. *kinsman] kisman Q₂.*

142. *La. Cap.] Rowe. Capu. Wi.*

or Cap. Wi. QqFf (and elsewhere).

143. *O prince!...husband! O,] O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O QqFf.*

Unhappy sight! alas Pope, from (Q₁).

Prince, O—cousin—husband—O—

Johnson. O prince!—O husband!—

O, Capell, corrected to O cousin!—

husband!—O, in Notes and MS. Un-

happy sight! ah me, Malone, from (Q₁).

146. *O cousin, cousin!] Omitted*

by (Q₁) Pope.

147. *Benvolio] om. Collier MS.*

bloody] Qq. om. Ff.

149. *bid] (Q₁)Q₂Q₃Q₄Ff. bad Q₅.*

bade Malone.

Your high displeasure : all this uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ; 155
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud, 160
 'Hold, friends ! friends, part !' and, swifter than his tongue,
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled : 165
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning : for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly ; 170
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life. 175
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ; 180
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,

152. *bow'd*] Ff. *bowed* Qq.

153. *take*] *make* Capell conj.

154. *Tybalt*] *Tybalis* F₁.

160. *it*] *it home* Collier (Collier MS.).

162. *agile*] *agill* (Q₁)Q₄Q₅. *aged*
 Q₂Q₃F₁. *able* F₂F₃F₄.

167. *entertain'd*] (Q₁)Q₅. *enter-*
tained Q₂. *entertayn'd* Q₄. *entertained*
 Q₃Ff.

168. *And*] *An* F₃F₄.

to't] F₃F₄. *toote* Q₂Q₃. *too't*
 Q₄F₁F₂Q₅.

170. *and*] *to* Rowe.

172. *Montague*] *Mountagues* Q₅.

179. *owe?*] Q₃. *owe*. The rest.

180. *Mon.*] *Moun*. Q₄. *Mou*. Q₅.
 Capu. Q₂. *Cap*. Q₃Ff. *La. Cap*.
 Rowe. *La. Mont*. Theobald.

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ; 185
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses :
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste, 190
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Ful. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' 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, 5
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo

184. *I have...proceeding*] *I had no interest in your heats preceding* Johnson conj.

hate's] Knight. *hates'* Capell. *hates* (Q₁). *hearts* QqFf. *heats'* Hamner. *hearts'* Johnson.

188. *I will*] *It will* Q₂Q₃F₁.

189. *out*] Qq. *our* Ff. *for* (Q₁).

191. *he's*] Theobald. *he is* QqFf. *his*] *the* Q₅.

193. *but*] *not* F₁.

[*Exeunt.*] Ff. *Exeunt omnes.* (Q₁). *Exit.* Qq.

SCENE II.] Rowe. SCENE IV. Pope. SCENE V. Capell.

Capulet's orchard.] Capulet's Garden. Capell. An Apartment in

Capulet's House. Rowe.

Enter Juliet.] *Enter Juliet alone.* QqFf.

2. *Towards*] QqF₁. *Toward* F₂ F₃F₄. *To* (Q₁) Pope.

lodging] *mansion* (Q₁) Pope.

3. *Phaethon*] *Phaeton* Q₂. *Phaeton* The rest.

6. *runaway's*] *runawayes* Q₂Q₃. *run-awayes* Q₄F₁Q₅. *run-awaies* F₂ F₃. *run-aways* F₄. *th'* *Run-away's* Theobald (Warburton). *rumour's* Hudson (Heath conj.). *run-away* so quoted by Blackstone. *Renomy's* Mason conj. *unawares* Knight, ed. 1, and Collier, ed. 1 (Jackson conj.). *Luna's* Mitford conj. *runagates'* Muir-

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
 With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes

son conj. *rumourers'* Singer (ed. 2).
rumorous Singer conj. (withdrawn).
Cynthia's S. Walker conj. *enemies'* Col-
 lier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *rude day's*
 Dyce. *soon day's* or *roving* Dyce conj.
run-aways' Staunton. *sunny day's*
 Clarke conj. (*sun away*) or *unwary*
 or *runagate* or *run-astroy* Taylor MS.
 conj. *noonday's* Anon. ap. Grant
 White conj. *ycnder* Leo conj. *run-*
abouts' Keightley. *Titan's* Bullock
 conj. *sun-awake's* Brady conj. *wary*
ones' Anon. conj. *ribalds'* Anon. conj.
Uranus' Anon. conj. *roaming* Anon.
 conj.

wink,] weep, So quoted by Knight.

7. *Leap] Leapt* F₂F₃.

unseen.] Rowe. unscene: Q₅.

unscene, or unseen, The rest.

8. *rites]* F₄. *rights* QqF₁F₂F₃.

9. *By]* Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *And by* Q₂
Q₃F₁.

if love be] of love to Q₄. *of love*
too Q₅.

11. *sober-suited]* Hyphen inserted
in F₄.

13. *maidenhoods]* Q₂Q₃F₁. *maiden-*
heads The rest.

14. *bating]* Steevens. *baying* Q₂
Q₃F₁F₂F₃. *baiting* Q₄Q₅F₄.

15. *grown]* Rowe. *grow* QqFf.

16. *Think] Thinks* Rowe.

19. *new snow on]* F₂F₃F₄. *new*
snow upon Q₂Q₃F₁. *snow upon* Q₄Q₅.

21. *he]* Q₄Q₅. *I* Q₂Q₃Ff.

24. *will be] shall be* Q₅.

And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

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

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

35

[*Throws them down.*]

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

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead.
We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Ful. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

40

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Ful. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

45

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:

50

33. *Romeo's name*] Q₅F₄. *Romeos*,
name F₁F₂F₃. *Romeos name* Q₂Q₃Q₄.

Enter...] QqFf, after line 31.

Enter Nurse at a distance. Capell,
after line 31. Transferred by Dyce.

34, 35. *the cords...fetch*] As in
Hanmer. One line in QqFf.

35. [*Throws...*] Throwing... Ca-
pell. om. QqFf.

36. *Ay]* *Ah* Hanmer.

Ay...hands?] One line in Qq.

Two in Ff.

37. *Ah]* Pope. *A* QqFf.

well-a-day] *welady* Q₃Q₄FfQ₅.
weraday Q₂.

he's dead] Thrice in Qq. Twice

in Ff.

39. *he's gone]* *hees is gone* Q₃.

43. *What...thus?*] One line in Qq.
Two in Ff.

45, 46. '*I*'... '*I*'] *ay...ay* Rowe.

47. *death-darting]* *death arting* Q₂.

48—51. *I...woe.*] Omitted by Pope.

48, 49. Johnson would transpose
these lines, reading *shot* in the second.

48. *an I,*] Q₅. *an I.* The rest.

48—50. *an I... 'I'... 'I'] an Ay...*
Ay...Ay Rowe.

49. *shut]* Capell. *shot* QqFf.

make thee] Steevens, 1778
(Johnson conj.). *makes thee* QqF₁.
makes the F₂F₃F₄.

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 swoounded at the sight.

55

Ful. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at
once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Ful. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?

65

My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

70

Ful. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Ful. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

51. *Brief sounds*] F₄. *Briefe sounds*
Q₅. *Briefe, sounds*, Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁F₂.
Brief, sounds F₃.

of] FfQ₅. om. Q₂Q₃Q₄. or
Collier (Collier MS.).

55. *bedaub'd*] *bedawde* Q₄. *bedearw'd*
Q₅.

56. *swoounded*] (Q₁). *swooned* Q₅.
swooned F₄. *sounded* The rest.

57. *O.....once!*] One line in Qq.
Two in Ff.

bankrupt] Q₅F₄. *banckerout* or
bankrout The rest.

59. *to*] *too* Q₂.

60. *one*] *on* Q₂Q₃F₁.

bier] Rowe. *beare* Q₂Q₃. *beere*
Q₄F₁F₂Q₅. *beer* F₃F₄.

62. *gentleman*] *gentlemen* F₂.

64. *blows*] *bowes* F₂F₃.

[starting up. Capell.

66. *dear-loved*] (Q₁) Pope. *dearest*
QqFf.

dearer] *dearest* (Q₁).

67. *Then*] *The* F₄.
dreadful trumpet] *let the trum-*
pet (Q₁) Pope.

69. *gone*] *dead* (Q₁) Pope.

71. *O God!*] As in Qq. As a
separate line in Ff.

did] Nur. *Did* F₂F₃.

72. *Nurse.*] (Q₁)Q₅F₄. Omitted
in the rest.

73, 74. *Jul. O serpent...Did*] F₂

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! 75
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravening lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honourable villain!
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust, 85
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
 Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 90
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him! 95

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
 cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Q₅F₃F₄. Nur. *O serpent.....* Ir. *Did*
 Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁.

76. *Dove-feather'd raven*] Theo-
 bald. *Ravenous dove-feather'd Raven*
 Q₂Q₃F₁. *Ravenous dove, feather'd*
Raven Q₄Q₅F₂F₃F₄.

wolvis-ravening lamb] As in
 Qq. A separate line in Ff.

76—79. *Dove-feather'd...villain!*] Put
 in the margin by Pope.

77—79. *Despised...villain!*] Omit-
 ted by Hanmer.

77. *Despised*] *Detested* Long MS.

79. *damned*] Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *dimme*
 Q₂Q₃. *dimne* F₁.

villain] *vallains* F₂.

81. *bower*] *power* Q₄. *pour* Q₅.

85—87. *There's...dissemblers*] As
 in Capell (following Pope). Two lines,
 the first ending *men*, in QqFf.

87. *All.....dissemblers*] *All, all*
forsworn;...and all dissemblers Pope.
All are forsworn, all false, all are dis-
semblers Seymour conj. *All naught, all*
forsworn, all dissemblers Anon. conj.

90. *Blister'd*] *Blistered* Q₃Q₄Q₅.

95. *at him*] Qq. *him* F₁. *him so*
 F₂F₃F₄.

96. *Will...cousin?*] One line in
 Qq. Two in Ff.

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; 105
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 But, O, it presses to my memory, 110
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there: 115
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
 Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have moved? 120
 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
 'Romeo is banished:' to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished.'
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 125
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

104. *you*] *your* F₂F₃F₄.106. *Tybalt's*] *Tibalt* or *Tybalt* Ff.
slain] QqF₁. *kill'd* F₂.*kill'd* F₃F₄.108. *word there was*] Q₂F₂F₃F₄.
words there was Q₃Q₄F₁. *words there*
were Q₅.109. *murder'd*] *murdered* Q₄F₁
F₃F₄.117. *rank'd*] *wrant* Q₃Q₄.118. *follow'd*] Q₅. *followed* The
rest.120. *Which...moved?*] Omitted by
Pope.*modern*] *moderate* Long MS.121. *with*] *which* F₁.*rear-ward*] *rear-word* Collier

conj.

122. *banished: to*] Q₂Q₅. *banished*
to Q₃Q₄F₁F₂F₃. *banished, to* F₄.

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Ful. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be
spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. 135

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo

To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Ful. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

128. *corse*] Q₄. *course* Q₂ Q₃. *coarse*
(Q₁) Ff Q₅.

130. *tears:*] *teares:* or *tears:* Q₃
Q₄ Ff. *teares?* Q₂. *teares,* Q₅.

132—137. *Take.....maidenhead!*
Omitted by Pope.

132. *ropes*] *ropfs* F₂.

133. *I:] I,* Q₅ F₃ F₄. *I* The rest.

134. *a]* *an* F₄.

135. *maiden-widowed*] The hyphen
inserted by Rowe.

136. *cords*] *cordes* Q₂. *cord* The
rest.

140. *here*] *heare* Q₃ Q₄.

143. [*Exeunt.*] Rowe. *Exit.* Qq Ff.
SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENE V. Pope.

SCENE VI. Capell.

Friar...] Capell. The Monas-
tery. Rowe.

Enter Friar Laurence.] Capell.
Enter Frier. (Q₁). *Enter* Frier and
Romeo. Qq Ff.

1. *Romeo...man:]* One line in (Q₁)
Qq. Two in Ff.

man:] man; [*Enter* Romeo,
Capell.

2. *Affliction]* *Aiffletion* F₃.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not? 5

Fri. L. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company:
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
 Not body's death, but body's banishment. 10

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death,'
 For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished:
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. 15

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
 Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
 And world's exile is death: then 'banished' 20
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death 'banished,'
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe
 And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law, 25

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3. Enter Romeo.] (Q ₁) Dyce. | Hammer. <i>Tartar, hell</i> Warburton. |
| 4. <i>Father...doom?</i>] One line in | 19. <i>banished</i>] <i>banish'd</i> Rowe. |
| Qq. Two in Ff. | <i>banish'd</i>] <i>blanish't</i> Q ₂ . <i>banish-</i> |
| 5. <i>acquaintance</i>] <i>admittance</i> F ₄ . | <i>ed</i> Rowe. |
| 7. <i>with</i>] <i>in</i> Rowe. | 20. <i>world's exile</i>] <i>world exilde</i> (Q ₁). |
| 9. <i>What...doom?</i>] One line in Qq. | <i>world-exil'd</i> Pope. |
| Two in Ff. | 20, 21. <i>then...mis-term'd:</i>] Omitted |
| 10. <i>gentler</i>] <i>gentle</i> F ₄ . | in (Q ₁) Pope. |
| <i>vanish'd</i>] <i>vanisht</i> (Q ₁)QqFf. | 20. <i>then</i>] <i>that</i> Theobald. |
| <i>even'd</i> Warburton. <i>issued</i> Heath conj. | <i>banished</i>] <i>banishment</i> Hammer. |
| 14. <i>Much...death</i>] <i>Than death</i> | 21. <i>banished</i>] <i>banishment</i> (Q ₁) |
| <i>itself</i> (Q ₁) Pope. | Pope. |
| 15. <i>Here</i>] <i>Hence</i> (Q ₁) Hammer. | 23. <i>smilest</i>] <i>smil'st</i> Q ₅ F ₃ F ₄ . |
| 17. <i>Verona</i>] <i>Verona's</i> Pope. | 26. <i>rush'd</i>] <i>push'd</i> Capell conj. |
| 18. <i>torture, hell</i>] <i>torturing hell</i> | and Long MS. <i>brusk'd</i> Collier MS. |

And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives 35
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished: 40
This may flies do, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 45
But 'banished' to kill me? — 'Banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

28. *This*] *That*-Rowe.
dear] *meere* (Q₁). *meer* Pope.
32. *Live*] *Lives* Rowe.
37. *blessing*] *blessings* F₄.
38. *Who*] *Which* Pope.
38—46. *Who... 'banished'?*] Put in
the margin by Pope. See note (VIII).
39. *as*] *and* Rowe (ed. 2).
40—43. *But.....death?*] See note
(IX).
44. *sharp-ground*] Hyphen inserted
in F₄. *sharpt ground* F₂.
48. *Howling attends*] (Q₁) Q₄. *How-*

- lings attends* F₁. *Howlings attend* F₂
F₃F₄.
50. *sin-absolver*] Ff. *sin* (or *sinne*)
absolver Q₄.
51. *'banished'*] *banishment* (Q₁)
Pope.
52. *Thou.....word*] (Q₁) Malone.
Then fond mad man, heare me a little
speake Q₂Q₃. *Thou...a little speake*
Q₄Q₅. *Then fond mad man, heare*
me speake F₁. *Fond mad man, heare*
me speake F₂F₃F₄ (*mad-man* F₄).

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished. 55

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no
eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Knocking within.*] 70

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo,
arise;

54. *thee] the* F₂.
keep off that] beare off this (Q₁).
bear off that Pope.

60. *more.] more: F₂F₃F₄.* *more—*
Rowe.

61. *madmen] mad man* Q₂.

62. *How...eyes?] One line in* Qq.
Two in Ff.

that] Q₂. om. Q₃Q₄FfQ₅.

wise men] Qq. wisemen F₁F₂.

wise-men F₃F₄.

63. *dispute] (Q₁)Qq. dispaire* F₁
F₂. *despair* F₃F₄.

64. *thou] y* F₁. *thō* F₂.

65. *Wert thou as young] If thou*
wert young Seymour conj.

as I, Juliet thy] (Q₁)Qq. as
Juliet my Ff.

66. *murdered] muredred* (Q₁)F₂.

68. *Then...hair] One line in* (Q₁)
Rowe. Two in QqFf.

mightst.....mightst] (Q₁)Q₅.
mightest.....mightst Q₂. *mightest.....*
mightest Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. *might'st.....*
might'st F₃F₄. (*mlgh'st* F₄).

70. [*Knocking within.*] Throw-
ing himself on the ground. Knock
within. Rowe. Enter Nurse, and
knocke. Q₂. Enter Nurse, and
knockes. Q₃Ff. Nurse knocks. Q₄Q₅.

71. *Arise.....thyself] One line in*
Qq. Two in Ff.

72—74. *Rom. Not I.....arise;]*
Omitted by Pope.

72. *Not I] As in* Qq. In a separ-
ate line in Ff.

73. [*Knocking.] They knocke. Q₂*
Q₃. *Knocke. Q₄FfQ₅.*

74. *Hark...arise] One line in* Qq.
Two in Ff.

Who's] whose Q₂Q₃.

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up; [*Knocking.* 75
 Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
 What simpleness is this!—I come, I come! [*Knocking.*
 Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know
 my errand;
 I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
 Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made
 drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
 Just in her case!
Fri. L. O woeful sympathy! 85
 Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
 Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
 Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
 Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

75. [*Knocking.*] Sludknock. Q₂. F₂F₄.
 Slud knock. Q₃. Knocke againe. Q₄. 83. *There.....drunk*] One line in
 Q₅. Knocke. Ff. (Q₁) Pope. Two in QqFf.
 77. *simpleness*] *wilfulness* (Q₁) 84. *mistress'*] Pope. *mistresse* or
 Pope. *mistress* QqFf. *mistress's* Rowe.
 [*Knocking.*] Knocke. QqFf. *case*] *cause* F₂F₃.
 78. *Who...will?*] One line in Qq. 85, 86. *O woeful.....predicament*]
 Two in Ff. Given to 'Friar' by Steevens (Farmer
 79. Nurse [*Within*] Rowe. Nur. conj.). Continued to 'Nurse' in Qq
 QqFf. Ff.
Let...errand] One line in Qq. 86. *lies*] *liles* F₂.
 Two in Ff. 88, 89. *Stand up...stand;*] Omit-
errand] *errant* Q₂Q₃. ted by Pope.
 80. Enter Nurse.] As in Rowe. 88. *an you*] Rowe (ed. 2). *and*
 Inserted after line 78 in QqFf. *you* QqFf.
 82. *Where is*] (Q₁) Rowe. *Wheres* 90, 91. *an O?* Rom. *Nurse*] *an—*
 Q₂Q₃. *Where's* Q₄F₁Q₅F₃. *Wher's* Rom. *Oh nurse* Hanmer.

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 95
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me, 105
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 110
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

92. *Well, death's*] (Q₁) Malone.
death's Q₂Q₃F₁F₂F₃. *death's* Q₄F₄.
death is Q₅.

93. *Spakest*] Q₂Q₃Q₄. *Spak'st* Q₅.
Speak'st Ff.

is it] *ist* Q₅. *is't* F₄.

94. *she not*] (Q₁)Q₅. *not she* Q₂
Q₃Q₄Ff.

95. *I have*] *have I* Rowe (ed. 2).
childhood] *child-head* Q₅.

97. *doth*] *does* F₄.

98. *conceal'd*] *conceal'd* Warburton,
our cancell'd] *our cancell'd* (Q₁)

Qq. *our conceal'd* Ff.

101. *calls...cries*] *cries...calls* (Q₁)
Pope.

on] om. F₃F₄.

102, 103. *As if...gun*] As in Rowe.
One line in (Q₁)QqFf.

103. *deadly*] *dead* F₁.

105. *Murder'd*] *Murdered* F₃F₄.

O] om. Pope.

106. *anatomy*] *anotomy* F₂.

108. [*Drawing his sword.*] Theo-
bald. om. QqFf. He offers to stab
himself, and Nurse snatches the dag-
ger away. (Q₁).

hand:] *hand.* [*wresting the*
Dagger from him. Capell.

110. *denote*] (Q₁)Q₄F₁Q₅. *denote*
Q₂Q₃. *doe note* F₂. *do note* F₃F₄.

112, 113. *Unseemly...both!*] Omit-
ted by Pope.

Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !
 Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd. 115
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth ?
 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet 120
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit : 125
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man ;
 Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive, 135
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy : 140

113. Or] (Q₁) Steevens. And Qq
 Ff. An Warburton.

both] groth Warburton (? for
 growth).

117. lady...lives,] F₄. lady, that
 in thy life lies, QqF₁F₂F₃. lady too,
 that lives in thee? (Q₁) Pope.

118—134. By doing.....defence]
 Omitted in (Q₁) Pope.

119. rail'st] raylest Q₂Q₃Q₄

120, 121. do meet In thee at once]
 so meet, In thee alone Warburton.

121. lose] Q₅F₃F₄. loose The rest.

123. Which] Who Rowe (ed. 2).

a] an Q₅F₄.

127. Digressing] Digressing Q₃Q₄.

132. in a] in the Capell (corrected
 in Errata).

133. a-fire] Dyce. afire Collier.
 a fier Q₂Q₃. a fire Q₄Ff. on fire Q₅.

138. slew'st.....too] (Q₁)F₂F₃F₄.
 slowest Tibalt, there art thou happie
 Qq. slew'st...happie F₁. slew'st Ty-
 balt; there thou'rt happy too Pope.

139. becomes] Qq. became Ff.

140. turns] turnes Q₂Q₄Q₅. turne
 Q₃. turn'd Ff.

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 145
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed, 155
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is ! 160
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

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

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

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this ! 165

Fri. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all your
 state :

141. *of blessings*] *of blessing* Q₃.
 or *blessing* F₁.

lights] (Q₁)Q₄. *light* Q₂Q₃
 FfQ₅.

143. *misbehaved and*] (Q₁)Q₄Q₅.
mishaved and Q₂Q₃. *mishaped and*
 F₁. *mis-shaped and* a F₂F₃. *mis-*
shapen and a F₄. *mis-hav'd and* a
 Rowe.

144. *pout'st upon*] *pouts upon* Q₄.
poutst upon Q₅. *puts up* Q₂Q₃. *put-*
test up Ff. *frownst upon* (Q₁). *poutest*
 up Nicholson conj.

152. *the prince*] Q₂Q₄Q₅. *thy prince*

Q₃Ff.

159. *all the night*] Qq. *all night*
 Ff. *all night long* Pope.

160. *learning*] *leaving* Q₄.

163. *Here sir*] *Here is* (Q₁) Collier
 (ed. 2).

bid] Q₂Q₃Ff. *bids* Q₄Q₅.

164. [*Exit.*] Capell, after *good*
night, line 166. om. QqFf. *Exit*
 Nurse. (Q₁).

166—168. *Go hence...hence:*] Omit-
 ted in (Q₁) Pope.

166. *Go hence*] As in Qq. In a
 separate line in Ff.

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

170

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 175]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.

5

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
 Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
 To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

10

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my child's love : I think she will be ruled

168. *disguised*] *disguise* Q₂.175. *Farewell*] om. Pope.SCENE IV.] Rowe. SCENE VI.
 Pope. SCENE VII. Capell.A room...] Capell. Capulet's
 House. Rowe.Enter...] Rowe. Enter old Capu-
 let, his wife and Paris. QqFf.2. *had*] om. F₃F₄.6, 7. *I promise...ago*] Omitted by
 Pope.7. *a-bed*] Rowe (ed. 2). *a bed* Qq

Ff.

8. *time*] (Q₁) Rowe. *times* QqFf.
woo] *woe* Q₄.10, 11. *I will...heaviness*] Omitted
 in (Q₁) Pope.11. *she's mew'd*] Theobald. *she's*
mew'd Q₂. *she is mew'd* Q₃Q₄FfQ₅.
she is mew'd Rowe.12. [calling him back. Capell.
desperate] *separate* Hanmer
 (Warburton).13. *be*] *me* Q₃.

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.*]

35

14. *nay...not*] *nay, I not doubt it*
 Hammer.

16. *here of*] Q₄F₃F₄. *here, of* Q₂
 F₁F₂. *hereof*, Q₃. *here with* Q₅. *there*
 with Keightley.

17. *next*—] Rowe. *next*, QqFf.

17, 19. *Wednesday*] Q₅F₃F₄. *Wends-*
day Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁. *Wensday* F₂.

20—22. *O' Thursday...haste?*] *On*
Thursday let it be: you shall be mar-
ry'd. (Q₁) Pope.

20. *O'...o'*] Capell. *A...a* QqFf.
On...o' Theobald.

23. *We'll keep*] *Well, keep* Q₂.

28. *there*] *there's* Rowe.

29. *My lord*] As in (Q₁)Qq. In
 a separate line in Ff.

30. *o'*] Capell. *a* QqFf. *on* Pope.

31. [To Lady Capulet. Rowe.

34, 35. *Afore...so very very late...*
by] (Q₁) Dyce. *Afore...so very late...*
by Qq (in one line). *Afore...so late*
...by Ff (in one line). Omitted by
 Pope. *'Fore me...so very late...by*
 Theobald (ending the lines *we...night*).
'Fore me...so late...by Johnson (ending
 the first line at *call*). *Now, afore...so*
very late...by Capell, ending line 34
 at *late*.

35. *it*] *it* F₁.

36. *Good night*] *Goodnight* F₂.

[*Exeunt.*] Qq Ff. *Exeunt*,
 severally. Theobald.

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, above, at the window.

Ful. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5

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: 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Ful. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua: 15
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

SCENE V.] Rowe. SCENE VII. Pope.
ACT IV. SCENE I. Capell.

Capulet's orchard.] The Garden. Rowe. Juliet's Chamber looking to the Garden. Theobald. Anti-room of Juliet's Chamber. Capell.

Enter.....above, at the window.] Enter...aloft. QqFf. Enter.....at the window. (Q₁). Enter.....above, at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes set. Rowe.

1. *it...day.*] Omitted in F₂F₃F₄.
4. *yond*] QqFf. *yon* (Q₁) Warburton.
6. *of the*] of F₂F₃F₄.
9. *jocund*] F₄. *iocond* Q₂. *iocond* or *jocond* The rest.

10. *mountain*] *mountaines* Q₃Q₄
F₁Q₅.

12. *Yond*] *Yon* (Q₁)F₄.
it, I] *it well* Pope. *it* Johnson.

13. *sun*] *fen* or *fens* Anon. conj.
exhales] *exhale* Q₂Q₅.

16. *Therefore...gone.*] *Then stay a while, thou need'st not go so soon* Pope, from (Q₁).

stay yet; thou] *stay yet, thou* QqF₁F₂F₃. *stay yet thou* F₄. *stay, yet thou* Rowe.

need'st not to be] *needest not be* Q₅.

17—23. *Let me...to go.*] Put, with line 16, in the margin by Pope, giving in the text the corresponding lines of (Q₁).

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.

20

25

Ful. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 O, now I would they had changed voices too!
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

30

35

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark our
 woes!

Enter NURSE, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Ful. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
 The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit.* 40

Ful. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

19. *yon*] QqFf.

the] *the the* Q₂.

20. *brow*] *bow* Collier (Collier MS. and Singer MS.).

21. *the*] om. F₁.

22. *heaven*] *heavens* F₃F₄.

23. *care...will*] *will...care* John-
 son conj.

25. *How.....soul?*] *What says my
 love?* (Q₁) Pope.

talk:] *talke* Q₂Q₃. *talke*, or
talk The rest.

31. *loathed*] *loaded* Warburton (a
 misprint).

change] *chang'd* Rowe (ed. 2).

32. *would they had*] *wot they have*
 Hanmer. *wot they had* Warburton (a
 misprint for *have*).

33, 34. *Since...day*] Omitted by Pope.

34. *hence*] *up* Johnson.

35. *light it*] Qq. *itli ght* F₁. *it
 light* F₂F₃F₄.

36. *Rom. More...woes!*] Omitted
 by (Q₁) Pope, who inserts instead l. 42,
Farewell...descend.

light: more] *light, more* QqFf.
light?—*More* Theobald.

Enter...chamber.] Edd. *Enter
 Madame and Nurse.* QqFf. *Enter
 Nurse.* Rowe. *Enter Nurse, to the
 door.* Capell.

38. *Nurse?*] Theobald. *Nurse.* QqFf.

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

41. *Then...out*] Omitted by Pope.
 [opening it. Capell.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[Descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days: 45
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. 50

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, 55
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: 60
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.

42. *Rom. Farewell.....descend*] Transferred to follow line 35 by Pope. [Descends.] Romeo descends. Theobald. He goeth downe. (Q₁). om. QqFf. Kisses her, and goes out of it. Capell.

43. *my.....friend*] (Q₁) Boswell. *love, Lord, ay husband, friend* QqF₁. *Love, Lord ah Husband, Friend* F₂F₃ F₄. *my love! my lord! my friend* Malone. *love, lord! my husband, friend* Grant White conj.

44. *day in the hour*] *hour in the day* Collier (Collier MS.).

[Romeo comes down by the Ladder into the Garden. Rowe.

48, 49. *Farewell...opportunity*] As in QqFf. One line in Pope.

51. *think'st*] *thinkst* Q₂Q₅. *think-*

est The rest.

53. *our time*] *our times* Q₂. *the time* (Q₁).

54. *Jul.*] *Ro.* Q₂Q₃.

55. *thee, now*] Pope. *thee now*, Q₂ Q₃Q₄Ff. *thee now* Q₅.

below] (Q₁) Pope. *so lowe* Qq Ff.

56. [Romeo descends. Pope.

57. *look'st*] *lookest* Q₂Q₃Q₄.

58. *my*] *mine* Rowe (ed. 2).

59. [Exit.] Exeunt. Rowe (ed. 2).

60. SCENE VI. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet. Rowe. SCENE VIII. Pope.

62. *renown'd*] *renowmd* Q₂Q₃. *renowm'd* Q₄.

64. *La. Cap.* [within] L. C. [within. Capell. *La.* or *Lad.* QqFf.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Ful. Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother!
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

65

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Ful. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

70

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Ful. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

75

Ful. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Ful. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

80

Ful. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

65. *it is*] Qq. *is it* Ff.

mother] *mother*. Qq. *mother?* Ff.

66. *Is...early?*] Omitted by Pope.

67. *procures*] *provokes* Hamner.

hither] *either* Q₃. *hether* Q₄.

Enter Lady Capulet.] Capell.

Enter Mother. QqFf (after line 64).

68. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

71—73. *An if...wit.*] Omitted by (Q₁) Pope.

71. *An*] Theobald. *And* QqFf.
couldst...couldst] *wouldst...couldst* Collier MS.

75. *La. Cap.*] Rowe. *La.* or *Lad.*
QqFf (and elsewhere).

75—77. *La. Cap. So...friend.*] Omitted by Pope.

76. *weep*] *do weep* Theobald.

Feeling] *But feeling* or *In feeling* Mommsen conj.

79. *slaughter'd*] *slaughtered* Q₃Q₄ Q₅.

80. *same*] om. Hamner.

81. [*Aside*] Hamner.

be] *are* (Q₁) Pope.

82—104. *God...girl.*] See note (x).

82. *pardon*] *padon* Q₂.

him] Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. om. Q₂Q₃F₁.

with all] *withall* Q₂Q₃.

84. *murderer*] Q₂. om. Q₃Q₄FfQ₅.

Ful. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands: 85
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram 90
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Ful. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd. 95
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him, 100
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Ful. And joy comes well in such a needy time: 105
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for. 110

Ful. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

90. *Shall...dram*] *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught* Steevens, from (Q₁).

unaccustom'd] *accustom'd* Q₄.

94. *him—dead—*] Theobald. *him*.
Dead QqFf. *him—Dead* Rowe.

95. *vex'd*] *vext* Johnson.

97. *I would*] *I'd so* Anon. apud Rann conj.

101. *love*] *tender love* Anon. conj.
bore] *ever bore* Lettsom conj.

bore unto Anon. conj.

cousin] QqF₁. *cousin, Tybalt*
F₂F₃F₄. *slaughter'd cousin* Theobald.

murder'd cousin Malone conj.

102. *slaughter'd*] *slaughtered* Q₃Q₄.

103. *La. Cap.*] Rowe. Mo. QqFf
(and elsewhere).

104. *tidings*] *tidings* Q₄.

105. *needy*] *needful* (Q₁) Pope.

106. *I beseech*] Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *beseech* Q₂Q₃F₁.

110. *expect'st*] Rowe (ed. 2). *expects* QqFf.

look'd] F₄. *lookt* QqF₁F₃.
looke F₂.

111. *that*] Qq. *this* F₁Ff.

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

115

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!

120

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

125

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

130

114. *County*] *Count of Rowe* (ed. 2).

Saint] *St.* F₄.

115. *happily*] *happly* Q₃Q₄.

there] Qq. om. Ff.

116. *Saint*] *S.* Q₂.

119. *should*] *must* Q₅.

woo] Q₄. *wooe* Q₂Q₃Q₅F₄.

woe F₁F₂F₃.

121. *I swear,*] Omitted by Pope,
from (Q₁).

123. *These.....indeed!*] Given to
Lady Capulet by Collier (Collier
MS.).

124. *La. Cap.*] *Mer.* Q₄.

125. *your*] *you* F₂.

Enter...] Enter Capulet, at
a Distance; Nurse following. Capell,

after line 123.

126—128. *When.....downright.*]

Omitted by Pope.

126. *air*] *ayre* Q₄. *aire* Q₅. *earth*
Q₂Q₃Ff.

dew] *daew* F₁.

128, 129. *It...tears?*] As in Ff.
One line in Qq.

130. *showering?* *In.....body*] Q₅.
showring in...body? Q₂Q₃Ff. *showring:*
In...body? Q₄.

131. *Thou counterfeit'st a*] Q₅.
Thou countefeits. A Q₂. *Thou coun-*
terfeits. A Q₃. *Thou counterfeits,*
a Q₄. *Thou counterfeits* a F₁. *Thou*
counterfeits a F₂. *Thy counterfeits* a
F₃. *Thy Counterfeit's* a F₄.

Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who raging with thy tears, and they with them, 135
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife !
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave ! 140

Cap. Soft ! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ? 145

Ful. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you have :
Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How, how ! how, how ! chop-logic ! What is this ?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not ;' 150
And yet 'not proud : ' mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

133. *is*] om. F₂F₃F₄.

135. *Who*] *Which* Pope.
thy] Qq. *the* Ff.

137. *wife*] *wise* Q₄.

138. *deliver'd*] Rowe (ed. 2). *deli-
vered* QqFf.

139. *Ay, sir*] Arranged as in Qq.
In a separate line in Ff.

gives] *give* Q₂.

thanks.] *thanks.* Q₅. *thanks?*

F₄. *thanks*, Q₂Q₃F₁F₂. *thanks*, F₃.

142. *How!*] *How?* Q₅. *How* Q₂
Q₃Q₄. *How*, Ff.

145. *bridegroom*] *Bride* Q₂.

146. *Not...that you have*] As in Qq.

Two lines in Ff.

147. *hate*] Qq. *have* Ff.

148. *that is meant*] *that's meant*
in Q₅.

149. *How...this?*] As one line in
Qq. Two in Ff. Omitted in (Q₁) Pope.

How, how ! how, how !] Ca-
pell. *How, how, howhow*, Q₂. *How
now, how now*, Q₃Q₄. *How now?*
How now? FfQ₅.

chop-logic] Steevens (1793).
chop logicke (Q₁). *chopt lodgick* Q₂Q₃
Q₄. *chopt logicke* F₁F₂. *chopt logick*
Q₅F₃F₄. *chop logick* Theobald.

150, 151. '*I thank...proud:*' *yet
not proud,...And yet, I thank you*,
Lettsom conj.

151. *And...you,*] Qq. Omitted in
Ff.

proud:] Q₄Q₅. *proud* Q₂Q₃.
mistress] *why, mistress* Theo-
bald. *come, mistress* Anon. conj.

153. *fettle*] (Q₁)QqF₁. *settle* F₂F₃F₄.

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

155

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Ful. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch! 160

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest

That God had lent us but this only child,

165

But now I see this one is one too much

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue, 170

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

175

156, 157. *Out* ..tallow-face] Omitted by Pope.

156. *green-sickness*] Hyphened in F₄.

157. *You*] *Out you* F₄.

tallow face] Hyphened in F₄.

160, 170, 173, 176. *Cap.*] Fa. Qq Ff.

161. *thee*] *the* F₂.

o'] Theobald. *a* QqFf.

164. *itch. Wife,*] *itch: Wife,* Q₅.
itch, wife, Q₂Q₃Q₄. *itch, wife:* Ff.

165. *lent*] *sent* (Q₁) Pope.

167. *curse*] *cross* (Q₁). *cross* Grant

White conj.

169. *to blame*] *too blame* Q₃F₁F₂.

171. *gossips,*] Q₃Q₄Q₅. *gossips* Q₂.
gossip, Ff.

172. *Cap. O, God ye god-den.*] *Cap. O, God-ye-good-den?* Capell. *Cap: Oh goddegodden.* (Q₁). *Fa. O Godigeden.* Q₄Q₅. *Father, & Godigeden,* Q₂Q₃ (as part of the Nurse's speech). *Father, O Godigoden,* F₁. *O Godigoden,* F₂F₃. *O God gi' goode'en* F₄.

173. *Nurse.*] Q₄Q₅. om. Q₂Q₃Ff.
Peace] *Peace, peace* Theobald.
mumbling] *old mumbling* Seymour conj.

174. *gossip's*] *goships* Q₂.
bowl] *bowles* F₁.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
 Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage, 180
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, 185
 To answer 'Ill not wed; I cannot love,
 I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest. 190
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: 195
 Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

Ful. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

176—178. *God's bread...company*
 QqFf. *God's...work and play...com-
 pany* Rowe (ed. 2). *God's...mad: day,
 night, late, early, At home, abroad;
 alone, in company, Waking or sleep-
 ing,* Pope, from (Q₁). Malone, read-
 ing *early, late,* follows Pope. *As God's
 my friend! it makes me mad: Day,
 night, hundreds of times, at work at
 play, Alone, in company* Bullock conj.

176, 177. Johnson reads *It makes
play* as one line, omitting *God's
 bread and time.*

177. *tide*] *ride* F₁.
time] om. Keightley, reading
God's...provided as three lines, ending
tide, ...care...provided.

180. *noble*] *princely* (Q₁) Capell.

181. *demesnes*] *demeans* F₄. *de-
 meanes* The rest.

train'd] (Q₁) Capell. *allied*
 Q₃Q₄FfQ₅. *liand* Q₂. *'lianc'd* Capell
 conj. *lined* or *loin'd* Mommsen conj.

183. *Proportion'd*] *Proportioned*
 Q₃Q₄.

thought would] *heart could*
 (Q₁) Capell.

185. *fortune's*] Theobald. *fortunes*
 QqFf.

188. *an*] Capell. *and* QqFf. *if*
 Pope.

192, 193. *An*] Capell. *And* QqFf.
If Pope.

193. *starve*] *strave* F₁.
in the] *i' th'* Pope.

195. *never*] *ever* Q₄Q₅.

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ; 200
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

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

Ful. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented? 205
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems 210
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
 Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ; 215
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam, 220
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were 225
 As living here and you no use of him.

202. *dim] dun* Johnson (1771).

205. *O God!* As in Qq. In a separate line in Ff.

206—209. *My...me]* Omitted by Pope.

210. *Alack, alack,] Hlacke, alacke* F₁. *Alack!* Hanmer.

212, 213. *What...nurse.]* Omitted by Pope.

213, 214. *Faith...nothing]* As in Ff. One line in Qq. Capell ends the first line at *Romeo*, reading 'tis and *banished*.

214. *and]* om. Pope.

216. *by] my* Q₄.

218. *county] count* F₂F₃F₄.

219. *O, he's] Oh, 'faith, he is* Hanmer.

gentleman!] gentleman! Romeo! Capell. *gentleman in sooth!* Keightley. *lovely gentleman!* Anon. conj.

221. *green] keen* Hanmer.

222. *beshrew]* Q₅F₄. *beshrow* The rest.

226. *here] hence* Hanmer. *there* Anon. conj.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

230

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [*Exit.* 235

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

240

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:

227. *Speakest*] *Speakest* Q₂.
228. *And...else...both*] Q₂. *And...
or else...both* Q₃Q₄Q₅. *And...Or else
...both* Ff (*to*, F₄), as two lines.
from] om. Capell conj.
too] om. Hammer.
beshrew] (Q₁)QqFf.
230. *What?*] *To what?* Hammer.
What say you? Dyce conj.
234. *absolv'd*] *absolu'd* Q₂.
235. [*Exit.*] om. Q₂Q₃F₁. She
lookes after Nurse. (Q₁).
236. *wicked*] *wither'd* S. Walker

- conj. *wrinkled* Id. conj. (withdrawn).
237. *Is it?* It is F₁.
241. *henceforth*] *henchforth* F₁F₂.
243. [*Exit.*] Qq. Exeunt. Ff.
ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. QqFf.
Friar Laurence's cell.] Capell.
The Monastery. Rowe.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter Friar and
Countie Paris. QqFf (Count F₂F₃F₄).
3. *nothing*] *something* Collier conj.
slow to slack his] *slacke to slow
his* (Q₁). *slow to back* Johnson conj.
slack,—too slow's his Jackson conj.

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. 35

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. 40

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help! 45

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; 55

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,

33. *no*] om. Q₄.
slander...a truth] *wrong, sir,*
that is but a truth Capell, from (Q₁).
wrong, sir, that that is a truth Jackson conj.

a truth] (Q₁)QqF₁. *truth* F₂
F₃F₄. *but truth* Rowe.

34. *spake, I spake*] *speak, I speak*
F₄.

my] *thy* F₁.
40. *we*] (Q₁)Qq. *you* F₁. *I* F₂F₃
F₄.

41. *God shield*] Q₄. *Godshield,*
I Q₂Q₃Q₅. *Godsheild:* *I* F₁F₂. *God*
shield: *I* F₃. *God shield, I* F₄.

42, 43. *Juliet...kiss.*] *Juliet farc-*

wel, and keep this holy kiss. (Q₁) Pope.

43. [*Exit.*] Qq. *Exit Paris.* Ff.

44. *O,*] *Go* (Q₁) Pope.

45. *cure*] (Q₁)Q₅. *care* Q₂Q₃Q₄
Ff.

46. *Ah*] (Q₁) Capell. *O* QqFf.
thy] *your* Pope.

47. *It...wits*] Omitted by Pope.
strains] *streames* F₁.

49. *county*] *count* F₂F₃F₄.

50. *hear'st*] Q₅. *hearest* The rest.

54. *with this*] *with* his F₁. *with*
this F₂.

56. *Romeo's*] Q₅. *Romeos* Q₂Q₃
Q₄. *Romeo* Ff.

Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring. 65
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fr. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That copest with death himself to 'scape from it;
 And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy. 75

Ful. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

60. *long-experienced*] *long-exper-*
rienc'd Pope. *long experienst* Q₂Q₃.
long experien'st Q₄F₂F₃. *long expe-*
tiens't F₁. *long experienc't* Q₅. *long*
experienc'd F₄.

63. *umpire*] *umpeere* Q₂Q₃F₁.

64. *thy*] *my* F₃F₄.

66. *Be...die*] *Speak not, be brief;*
for I desire to die (Q₁) Pope. *Speak*
now, be brief; for I desire to die Han-

69. *an*] om. S. Walker conj.

72. *of will*] *or will* (Q₁) Pope.

slay] (Q₁)Q₄Q₅F₃F₄. *stay* Q₂
 Q₃F₁. *lay* F₂.

73. *is it*] *it is* F₃F₄.

75. *copest*] *copst* (Q₁)Q₂Q₃. *cop'st*

Q₄Q₅. *cop'st* F₁F₂F₃. *cop'st* F₄.
copies Hammer.

from] *fro* F₁F₂F₃.

it]; *it*. (Q₁) Q₄. *it*: Ff.

76. *And, if*] *An if* Delius conj.

78. *off*] (Q₁)Q₅F₃F₄. *of* The rest.

yonder] (Q₁) Pope. *any* Q₄Ff.

79, 80. *Or walk...bears*] *Or chain*
me to some steepy mountain's top Where
roaring bears and savage lions roam
 Pope, from (Q₁). *Or chain.....top*
Where savage bears and roaring lions
 roam Johnson conj.

81. *shut*] (Q₁) Pope. *hide* Q₄Ff.

82. *O'er-cover'd*] *Orecoverd* Q₂.

Orecovered Q₃F₁F₂. *Ore covered* Q₄

Q₅. *Ore-covered* F₃. *O're-covered* F₄.

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls ;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ; 85
 Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow ; 90
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
 When presently through all thy veins shall run 95
 A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall, 100
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, 105
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

83. *reeky*] *reekie* Qq. *reckie* F₁. QqFf.
reeky F₂F₃F₄. 96, 97. *for...surcease*] *which shall*
yellow] Q₄Q₅Ff. *ycolor* (Q₁). *seize Each vital spint; for no pulse*
yealow Q₂Q₃. *shall keep His nat'ral progress, but*
chapless] *chapels* Q₂. *chappels* *surcease to beat* (Q₁) Pope.
Q₃F₁. 98. *breath*] *breast* Q₂.
85. *shroud*] Q₄Q₅. *grave* Ff. 99. *fade*] *fade*: Q₂.
Omitted in Q₂Q₃. *tomb* Malone conj. 100. *To paly*] Q₅. *Too paly* Q₄.
86. *told*] *nam'd* (Q₁) Pope. *Too many* Q₂Q₃. *To many* F₁. *To*
88. *unstain'd*] *unstained* F₁. *mealy* F₂F₃F₄.
89—93. *Hold.....bed*] For these *thy*] Q₂Q₅. *the* Q₃Q₄Ff.
lines Pope substitutes three lines *Hold*
vial from (Q₁). 101. *shuts*] *shut* F₁.
90. *Wednesday*] Q₅F₄. *wensday* Omitted by Pope.
Q₂. *wensday* Q₃Q₄F₁F₂F₃. 102, 103. *Each part...like death*
92. *thy nurse*] *the nurse* Q₂. 104. *borrow'd*] Q₅. *borrowed* The
94. *distilled*] (Q₁) Pope. *distilling* rest.
108. *thee*] *the* F₂.

Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come : and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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

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

Ful. Love give me strength ! and strength shall help
 afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

110. *In] Is Q₂.*
uncover'd] uncovered Q₂.
bier] Hanmer. beere, Be borne
to buriall in thy kindreds grave: QqFf.
(beer...born F₃F₄). See note (IX).
111. *shalt] shall Q₂.*
- 115, 116. *and...waking] Q₃Q₄Q₅.*
an...walking Q₂. Omitted in Ff.
118. *And...shame] Omitted by Pope.*
119. *inconstant] unconstant F₃F₄.*
toy] ioy Q₄. joy Q₅.
121. *Give...not me] Give me, oh*
give me, tell not me Pope. Give me,
oh give me, tell me not Theobald. O,
give 't me, give 't me! tell not me Lett-
som conj.
- fear] care F₁.*
 [Taking the vial. Pope.
 125. *Love...afford] One line in Qq.*
 Two in Ff.
 126. [*Exeunt.] Q₄Q₅. Exit. Q₂Q₃*
 Ff. om. Rowe.
- SCENE II.] Rowe. SCENE III. Ca-
 pell.
 Hall.....] Capell. Capulet's
 House. Rowe.
 Enter.....] Enter Father Capulet,
 Mother, Nurse, and Serving men,
 two or three. QqFf. Enter...Servant.
 Malone.
 1. [*Exit...*] to a Servant, who goes
 out. Capell. om. QqFf.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

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

Cap. How canst thou try them so? 5

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

Cap. Go, be gone. [Exit Sec. Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look. 15

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20

To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this: I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

2. *twenty*] *dainty* Jackson conj.
 3, 6. *Sec. Serv.*] *Ser. QqFf.* 1.S.
 Capell. 2. *Serv. Malone.*
 3—9. *Sec. Serv. You...gone.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
 9. [*Exit...*] *Exit Servant. Capell.* om. *QqFf.*
 9—11. *Go.....Laurence?*] As in Theobald. Two lines, the first ending *time* in *Qq.* Prose in *Ff.*
 14. *self-will'd*] *selfewield* *Q₂.* *selfewillde* *Q₃.* *selfe-will'd* *Q₄Q₅.* *selfe-*

wild *F₁F₂.* *selfewild* *F₃F₄.*
 15. *See.....look.*] One line in *Qq.* Two, the first ending *shrift*, in *Ff.* *shrift.....look*] *her confession* Pope, from (*Q_x*).
 16. *How...gadding?*] One line in *Qq.* Two in *Ff.*
 17. *me*] om. *Q₄Q₅.*
 19. *enjoin'd*] *injoin'd* *Q₅.*
 21. *To beg*] *And beg* Pope.
 23. *county*] *count* *F₂F₃F₄.*

Ful. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

25

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
This is as't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

30

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Ful. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

35

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow. *[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:

40

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up

45

Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]

- | | |
|---|---|
| 26. <i>becomed</i>] Ff. <i>becomd</i> Q ₂ Q ₃ .
<i>becommed</i> Q ₄ Q ₅ <i>becoming</i> Rowe. | Qq. Two in Ff.
<i>to-morrow.</i>] <i>to-Morrow?</i> Rowe |
| 29. <i>as't</i>] <i>ast</i> Q ₂ Q ₃ . | (ed. 2). |
| 30. <i>hither</i>] <i>hether</i> Q ₃ . | <i>[Exeunt...Nurse.]</i> Ff. <i>Exeunt.</i> |
| 31. <i>reverend holy</i>] <i>holy reverent</i> (Q ₁).
<i>holy reverend</i> Q ₅ . | Qq.
38. <i>provision</i>] <i>privision</i> Q ₅ . |
| 32. <i>to him</i>] <i>to hymn</i> Warburton | 45. <i>him up</i>] Ff. <i>up him</i> Qq. |
| conj. <i>unto</i> (Q ₁) Steevens conj. | 46. <i>heart is</i>] <i>heart's</i> Pope. |
| 36. <i>there is</i>] <i>there's</i> F ₁ . | 47. <i>[Exeunt.]</i> Q ₄ Q ₅ . <i>Exit.</i> Q ₂ Q ₃ . |
| 37. <i>Go...to-morrow.</i>] One line in | <i>Exeunt</i> Father and Mother. Ff. |

SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.**Enter* JULIET *and* Nurse.

Ful. Ay, those attires are best : but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin. 5

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Ful. 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, 10
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.]

Ful. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, 15
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.

- SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENE IV. Ca- Q₃Q₄. *behoovefull* F₁F₂Q₅. *behoove-*
pell. *ful* F₃.
Juliet's chamber.] Rowe. 13. *[Exeunt.....Nurse.]* Capell.
5. *know'st*] FfQ₅. *knowest* Q₂Q₃ Exeunt. QqFf.
Q₄. 14. *Farewell!*] As in Qq. As a
Enter Lady Capulet.] Rowe. separate line in Ff.
Enter Mother. QqFf. 16. *life*] Qq. *fire* Ff.
6, 12. *La. Cap.]* Mo. QqFf. 17. *again*] om. F₄.
6. *ho? need you*] *do you need* (Q₁) 18. *Nurse!*—] Hanmer. *Nurse*—
Pope. Rowe. *Nurse*; Q₅. *Nurse*, The rest.
8. *behoeful*] F₄. *behoofefull* Q₂

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 a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for 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

20, 21. *Come, vial! What*] As in Hanmer. In the same line in QqFf. *Come, phial, come!* Keightley, reading *Nurse...come!* as two lines, the first ending *scene*.

20. *vial*] F₄. *viol* Q₂. *viall* The rest.

22. *Shall.....morning*] *Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count Pope,* from (Q₁).

then] om. F₄.

23. *it. Lie*] *it:—knife, lie* Lettsom conj. from (Q₁).

[*Laying...*] Johnson. *Point-*

ing to a Dagger. Rowe. om. QqFf.

29. *a holy*] *an holy* Q₅.

man.] *man: I will not entertain so bad a thought.* (Q₁) Steevens.

32. *Come*] *Comes* Pope.

33. *stifled*] *stiffled* Q₂Q₃Q₄.

34. *mouth*] *month* Rowe.

35. *And.....comes?*] Omitted by Pope.

die] *be* Theobald.

36. *is it*] *it is* Rowe.

38. *Together*] *Togither* Q₂.

40. *this*] Q₂. *these* The rest.

45. *Alack, alack*] *Alas, alas!* Pope.

So early waking, what with loathsome smells
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals hearing them run mad:
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

50

55

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*]

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

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

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

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

47. *shrieks*] F₄. *strikes* The rest.
mandrakes] Malone (Capell's
 Errata). *mandrakes* QqFf. *mandrake's*
 Johnson.

49. *O, if I wake*] Hanmer. *O if*
I walke Q₂Q₃F₁. *Or if I wake* Q₄Q₅.
Or if I walke F₂. *Or if I walk* F₃
 F₄.

50. *Environed*] *Inviron'd* F₄. *In-*
vironed The rest.

51. *joints*] *ioynes* Q₄.

53. *great kinsman's*] *great-kins-*
man's Delius conj.

56, 57. *that...point*] Omitted by
 Pope, from (Q₁).

57. *a*] Qq. *my* F₁. *his* F₂F₃F₄.
stay!] *stay* Romeo,— or *stay*,
 —Romeo, Nicholson conj.

58. *Romeo,...thee*] (Q₁) Pope. *Ro-*
meo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I
drinke to thee. QqFf, substantially,
 (*Rome, Romeo, Romeo, F₂*). *Romeo,*

here's drink! Romeo, I drink to thee.
 Johnson. *Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I*
drink to thee. Knight (Stratford Ed.).
 See note (XI).

I come, this do] *Romeo, here's*
drink Nicholson conj.

She...curtains.] (Q₁) Edd. She
 throws herself on the bed. Pope.
 Omitted in QqFf. Exit. Rowe.
 Drinks; throws away the Vial, and
 casts herself upon the Bed. Scene
 closes. Capell.

SCENE IV.] Rowe. SCENE V. Ca-
 pell.

Hall...] A Hall. Rowe. Capu-
 let's Hall. Theobald.

Lady Capulet] Rowe. Lady of the
 house, QqFf.

1. *Hold,*] As in Qq. A separate
 line in Ff.

2. [Exit Nurse. Singer.

Enter CAPULET.

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

5

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.

10

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

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

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

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

Now, fellow,

What's there?

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

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*] Sir-
rah, fetch drier logs:

15

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

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

Enter Capulet.] Rowe. Enter
old Capulet. QqFf. Enter Capulet,
hastily. Capell.

3. *Come...crow'd]* One line in Qq.
Two in Ff.

crow'd] Ff. *crowed* Qq.

4. *rung]* *roong* Q₂. *roung* Q₃Q₄.
o'clock] Theobald. *a clock* QqFf.

6. *Nurse.] La. Cap. Singer.*

Go] *Go, go* Theobald.

6, 7. *go, Get]* *go.*—[To *Cap.] Get*
Hunter conj.

9. *what!]* om. F₄.

10. *lesser]* Q₂. *lesse* Q₃Q₄F₁Q₅.
a lesse F₂F₃. *a less* F₄.

12. [*Exeunt.....]* Exit Lady and
Nurse. QqFf. Exit Lady Capulet.

Singer.

13, 14. *A.....there?]* Arranged as
by Capell. One line in Qq. Two,
the second beginning *Now*, in Ff.

13. *jealous-hood]* Hyphen inserted
in F₄.

Servingmen] om. QqFf.

14. *What's]* *whats* F₂. *what's* F₃
F₄. *what is* Qq. *what* F₁.

15. *First Ser.]* 1. S. Capell. Fel.
QqFf. Ser. Rowe.

16. *haste. [Exit...]* *haste.* [*Exit*
Ser. Capell. *haste* Q₂Q₃Q₄. *haste*, Ff.
haste; Q₅.

18. *Sec. Ser.]* 2. S. Capell. Fel.
QqFf. Ser. Rowe.

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! 20
 Thou shalt be logger-head. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*] Good faith,
 'tis day:
 The county will be here with music straight,
 For so he said he would. [*Music within*] I hear him near.
 Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; 25
 I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
 Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already:
 Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I war-
 rant her, she:
 Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
 What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, 5
 The County Paris hath set up his rest
 That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,

21. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*] Edd. Exit.
 Capell (after line 19). om. QqFf.

faith Q₄F₂Q₅F₃F₄. *father*
 Q₂Q₃F₁.

23. [*Music within.*] Capell, after
 line 22. Play Musicke. (after line 21)
 QqFf. Play Musick. (after line 23)
 Hanmer.

24. *Re-enter Nurse.*] Dyce. Enter
 Nurse. QqFf.

27. *Make...already:*] Omitted by
 Rowe and Pope.

27, 28. *Make...say.*] As in Ff. One
 line in Qq.

28. [*Exeunt.*] Capell. Ex. Capulet
 and Nurse, severally. Theobald. Exit

Capulet. Rowe. Omitted in QqFf.
 SCENE V.] Pope. SCENE VI. Ca-
 pell.

Juliet's Chamber.] Juliet's Cham-
 ber, Juliet on a bed. Theobald. Scene
 draws and discovers Juliet on a Bed.
 Rowe. Anti-room of Juliet's Cham-
 ber. Door of the Chamber open, and
 Juliet upon her Bed. Capell.

Enter Nurse.] Hanmer. Re-enter
 Nurse. Theobald. om. QqFf.

1. *she*] om. F₂F₃F₄.

4. *pennyworths*] penniworth Q₅.

7. *shall*] should Rowe.

little. God...me,] *little:...me* Q₅.
little,...me. Q₂Q₃Q₄. *little,...me:* Ff.

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

10

[*Undraws the curtains.*]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

15

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.

20

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

25

9. *needs must*] Q₂. *must needs*
 The rest.

[goes towards the Bed. Capell.

11. *fright*] *ferret* Long MS.

[Undraws the curtains.] Capell.

13. *wake*] *awake* Rowe.

[shaking her. Capell.

15. *well-a-day*] *wereaday* Q₂. *wel-*

aday Q₃. *wearry day* Anon. conj.

16. Enter Lady Capulet.] Enter
 Mother. (Q₁)Ff. Omitted in Qq.

18. *Look, look*] *Look* Pope.

21. Enter Capulet.] Rowe. Enter
 Father. QqFf.

24. *La. Cap. Alack...dead!*] Omit-
 ted by Pope.

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

30

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: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

35

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

45

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,

50

29. *all*] om. Rowe.
field.] *field.* *Accursed time!*
unfortunate old man! Pope, from
(Q₁).

30—32. *Nurse.* *O...speak.*] Omit-
ted by Pope.

32. *Enter...*] *Enter* Friar and the
County, with the Musicians. Q₄. *En-*
ter... County, with Musicians. Q₅.
Enter Friar and the County. Q₂Q₃Ff.

33. *Fri. L.*] *Par.* (Q₁) Staunton.

35. *thy*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

36. *wife*] *bride* (Q₁) Steevens (1778).
see] F₂F₃F₄. om. QqF₁. See
note (xii).

37. *deflowered*] Steevens (1793).
deflowered QqF₁. *deflowered now* F₂.
deflower'd now F₃F₄. *deflowered now*
Johnson.

38—40. *death is my heir...Death's*]
Omitted by Pope.

40. *all; life, living,*] Collier. *all*
life living, Q₂Q₃Ff. *all, life, living,*
Q₄Q₅. *all; live leaving,* Capell.

41. *long*] *love* Q₂.

44. *e'er time*] *time e'er* Rowe (ed. 2).

46. *one poor and*] *one dear and*
S. Walker conj.

living] *living* Johnson (1771).

48. *catch'd*] *snatch'd* Capell conj.

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

55

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now

60

To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not

65

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

70

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

75

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married that lives married long,

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,

80

In all her best array bear her to church:

51. *behold*] *bedold* Q₂.

fusions? *care* Rowe.

55—64. *Par.* *Beguiled*.....*buried*]

lives] *lies* Lettsom conj.

Omitted by Pope.

72. *she*] *that she* F₂F₃F₄.

63. *Dead art thou!*] *Dead art thou!*
dead; Theobald. *Dead, dead, art thou!*

74. *itself*] *himselfe* Q₅.

Malone conj.

78. *But...young*] Omitted in Johnson (1771).

65—83. See note (XIII).

dies married] *dies unmarried*

65. *confusion's cure*] Theobald.

Theobald conj.

confusions care Q₂. *confusions, care*

81. *In all*] Capell, from (Q₁). *And*

Q₃Q₄Q₅. *confusions: care* Ff. *con-*

in QqFf. *All in* Rowe.

For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
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.

85

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.

90

95

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease.' 100
ease.' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

82. *fond*] F₂F₃F₄. *some* QqF₁.
us all] Qq. *all us* Ff.
84. *ordained*] *ordain'd* for Anon.
conj.

87. *burial*] *funerall* Q₅.
90—95. *And all...will.*] Omitted
by Pope.

95. [*Exeunt...*] Theobald. *Exeunt*
manet. Q₂Q₃. *Exeunt manent Musici.*
Q₄. *Exeunt.* Ff. *Exeunt.* *Manent*
Musici. Q₅. They all but the Nurse
goe fourth, casting Rosemary on her
and shutting the Curtens. Enter
Musitions. (Q₁).

96. SCENE VI. Pope.
First Mus.] I. M. Capell.
Mus. Qq. Mu. Ff.

98. *pitiful*] *piteous* Steevens conj.
[*Exit.*] Exit Nurse. Theobald.
om. QqFf.

99. First Mus.] I. M. Capell. Fid.
Qq. Mu. Ff.

by my] *my my* Q₂.
[*Exit omnes.* Q₂. *Exeunt om-*
nes. Q₃Q₄Q₅.

Enter Peter.] Q₄FfQ₅. Enter
Will Kemp. Q₂. Enter Will Kempe.
Q₃. Enter Servingman. (Q₁). Enter
another Servant. Capell.

100. *Pet.*] Q₄Ff. Peter. Q₂Q₃.
Pe. Q₅. Ser. Capell.

100, 101. *Musicians...ease.*] Prose
by Pope. Two lines in Qq. Three
in Ff.

100. *Heart's...Heart's*] *harts...*
harts Q₂Q₃. *hatts...harts* Q₄.

101. *an you*] Pope. *and you* Qq
Ff.

play] *why, play* Johnson.
Heart's] *harts* Q₂.

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

105

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

110

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

115

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

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

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

120

'When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

102. *First Mus.*] 1. M. Capell. Fidler. Q₂Q₃Q₄. Mu. Ff. Fid. Q₅.

104. *of woe*] Q₄Q₅. Omitted in Q₂Q₃Ff.

104, 105. *O.....comfort me.*] Q₁. Omitted in Ff.

106. *First Mus.*] 1. M. Capell. Minstrels. Q₂Q₃Q₄. Mu. Ff. Min. Q₅.

108. *First Mus.*] 1. M. Capell. Minst. Q₂. Min. Q₃Q₄Q₅. Mu. Ff, and similarly in 110, 113, 117.

111, 112. *No.....minstrel.*] Prose first by Theobald. Two lines in Q₁ Ff.

111—115. *but...crotchets:*] Omitted by Pope.

112. *minstrel*] *ministrell* F₂F₃. *minstrel* F₄.

114. *lay*] *say* Q₄.

115, 116. *I will...note me?*] Prose in Q₄Ff. Two lines, the first ending *fa*, in Q₂Q₃. Two lines, the first ending *fa you*, in Q₅.

117. *An*] Pope. *And* Ff.

118, 119. *Pray...your wit.*] Prose in Q₁. Two lines in Ff.

120. *Then...wit!*] Given to Peter in Q₄Q₅. Continued to *Sec. Mus.* in Q₂Q₃Ff.

120, 121. *I will...dagger.*] Omitted by Pope.

121. *an iron wit*] *my iron wit* Collier MS.

123—125. *When...sound—*] Verse in (Q₁). Prose in Q₁Ff.

123. *grief*] Hanmer. *griefe* (Q₁). *griefes* Q₁F₁F₂. *griefs* F₃F₄.

124. *And...oppress,*] (Q₁) Capell. Omitted in Q₁Ff.

Then music with her silver sound'— 125
 why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'?—
 What say you, Simon Catling?

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

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say, 'silver sound,' because musicians 130
 sound for silver.

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

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

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will
 say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because 135
 musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.' [Exit.

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry 140
 for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

128. *First Mus.*] 1. (Q₁). 1. Mus.
 Johnson. Minst. Q₂. Min. Q₃Q₄Q₅.
 Mu. Ff.

129. *Pretty!*] Pope. *Pratie*, (Q₁).
Prates, Q₂. *Pratest*, Q₃Ff. *Pratee*,
 Q₄Q₅. *Pratest?* Rowe. *Thou pratest:*
 Collier (Collier MS.).

Rebeck] Rowe. *Rebick* Q₂Q₃
 Q₄F₃F₄. *Rebicke* F₁F₂Q₅.

132. *Pretty too!*] Pope, from (Q₁).
Prates to, Q₂. *Pratest to*, Q₃F₁F₂.
Pratee to, Q₄. *Pratee too:* Q₅. *Prate-*
test too, F₃F₄. *Thou pratest too:* Col-
 lier (Collier MS.).

James Soundpost] *Samuel*
Sound-board Pope.

134—136. *O...sounding:*] Prose in
 Pope. Three lines in QqFf.

136. *musicians*] *such fellows as you*
 (Q₁) Pope.

no gold] *seldom gold* (Q₁)

Capell.

137, 138. *Then...redress.*] Omitted
 by (Q₁) Pope. Two lines by Johnson.
 One in Q₂Q₃Q₄. Prose in FfQ₅.
The music...sound Doth lend redress.
 Theobald.

138. [Exit.] Exit, singing. Theo-
 bald.

139. *First Mus.*] 1. M. Capell.
 Min. Qq. Mu. Ff.

140. *him, Jack!*] Hanmer. *him*
Iacke, or *him Jack*, QqFf. *him.*—
Jack, Johnson.

141. [Exeunt.] (Q₁)Q₄Q₅. Exit.
 The rest.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.**Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
 And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
 Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
 That I revived and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, *booted.*

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well. 15

ACT V. SCENE I.] Rowe.

Mantua.] Rowe.

A street.] Capell.

1. *flattering truth of*] QqFf. *flattering eye of* (Q₁) Malone. *flattery of* Pope (Otway's version). *flattering ruth of* Warburton. *flattering eye off* Jackson conj. *flattering death of* Collier (Collier MS.). *flattering soother*, Singer conj. *flattering sooth of* Grant White. *flattering signs of* Bailey conj.

3. *lord*] L. Q₂Q₃F₁.*in*] on Q₅.4. *this day an*] Qq. *thisan day an* F₁. *this winged* F₂F₃F₄.7. *dream, that gives*] *dreames that gives* Q₄. *dreams that give* Q₅.11. *Enter...*] *Enter* Balthasar his man booted. (Q₁). *Enter* Romeos man. Q₂Q₃Ff. *Enter* Romeos man Balthazer. Q₄Q₅.15. *fares my Juliet*] (Q₁) Steevens. *doth my Lady Juliet* QqFf. *doth my Juliet* Pope.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill :
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
 And presently took post to tell it you :
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper, 25
 And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience :
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived :
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
 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 35

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 ; 40

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :

17, 27, 32. *Bal.*] Theobald. Man.
 QqFf.

18. *Capels'*] Makone. *Capels* Qq
 Ff. *Capulet's* F4. *Capulets'* Warbur-
 ton.

19. *lives*] *live* F1.

23. *Since...sir.*] Omitted by Pope.

24. *Is...stars!*] One line in Qq.
 Two in Ff.

e'en] in Q2. *even* The rest.

defy you,] Pope. *defie my* (Q1).
denie you Q2Q3Q4F1. *deny you* F2Q5
 F3F4.

25. *know'st*] Q5. *knowest* The rest.

27. *I...patience:] Pardon me sir, I
 dare not leave you thus.* Pope, from
 (Q1). *Pardon me, sir, I will not leave
 you thus.* Steevens (1793).

32. *my good*] *good my* Rowe.

No matter] *Mo matter* F1.

33. [*Exit...*] *Exit* Man. Rowe. *Exit*
 man, after *lord*, line 32, QqFf.

36. *thoughts*] *thought* Rowe.

38. *a'*] *a* Q2Q3Q4. om. F1. *he* F2
 Q5F3F4.

which] *whom* Pope, from (Q1).

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes, 45
 Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now, 50
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house: 55
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;
 Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear 60
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. 65

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,

42. *tortoise*] *tortoyrs* F₁.

45. *beggarly*] *braggartly* Warburton conj.

48. *scatter'd*] Theobald (ed. 2).
scattered QqFf.

50. *An if*] Q₂Q₃Q₄F₁F₂. *And if*
 (Q₁)Q₅F₃F₄.

51. *present*] *persept* F₁.

57. *Enter Apothecary.*] (Q₁) Ff.
 Omitted in Qq.

60. *soon-speeding*] F₄. *soon speed-*
ing F₃. *soone spreading* Q₅. *soone*
speeding The rest.

69. *fear'st*] FfQ₅. *fearest* Q₂Q₃Q₄.

Need and oppression starveth in thy 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.

70

Aph. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

75

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Aph. 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 murder in this loathsome world,

80

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me

85

To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's cell.**Enter* FRIAR JOHN.*Fri. J.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.*Fri. L.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.

70. *starveth in*] *stareth in* Rowe,
 ed. 2 (Otway's version). *stare within*
 Pope. *stayeth in* Jackson conj. *start-*
eth in Anon. conj.

thy] *thine* Q₅F₃F₄.

71. *Contempt.....back,*] *Upon thy*
back hangs ragged misery (Q₁) Malone.
hangs upon] *hang on* F₂F₃F₄.
hang upon Q₅.

76. *pay*] (Q₁)Q₄Q₅. *pray* Q₂Q₃Ff.

80. *There is*] Qq. *There's* Ff.

There...souls,] One line in Qq.

Two in Ff.

81. *murder*] *murthers* Q₄. *murders*
 Q₅.

82. *mayst*] *maiest* Q₂Q₃F₁. *mai'st*
 Q₄. *mayest* F₂. *maist* Q₅F₃F₄.

84. *thyself in*] *thee into* (Q₁) Pope.

SCENE II.] Rowe.

Friar Laurence's cell.] Capell.

The Monastery near Verona. Rowe.

Enter Friar John.] Theobald. En-
 ter Friar John to Friar Laurence. Qq
 Ff.

1. Enter Friar Laurence.] Omitted
 by Rowe.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. F. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

5

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

10

Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

Fri. F. I could not send it,—here it is again,—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

15

So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge

Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;

20

Get me an iron crow and bring it straight

Unto my cell.

Fri. F. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:

25

She will beshrew me much that Romeo

Hath had no notice of these accidents;

But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:

Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.* 30

4. *if his mind*] *if mind* F₂F₃F₄.

7, 8. *Here...sick, And...town,*] *And*

.....town, Here.....sick, Malone conj.
(withdrawn).

12. *my*] *may* Q₄.

13. *bare*] *bore* Pope.

14. *could*] *cold* Q₄.

18. *nice*] *ice* Jackson conj.

23. *it thee.*] *it.* Hammer.

25. *this*] *these* Q₅.

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

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

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

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.*]

SCENE III.] Rowe.

A churchyard;...] A Church-
yard, in it, a noble Monument.....
Rowe. om. QqFf.

Enter...] *Enter* Countie Paris and
his Page with flowers and sweete
water. (Q₁). *Enter* Paris and his
Page. QqFf. *Enter* Paris and his
Page, with a Light. Rowe.

1. *aloof*] F₄. *aloofe* Qq. *aloft* F₁
F₂F₃.

3. *yond yew-trees*] Pope. *this Ew-*
tree (Q₁). *yond young trees* QqFf
(*young* Q₄).

4. *Holding thine*] Capell. *Keep-*
ing thine (Q₁). *Holding thy* QqF₁F₂.
Laying thy F₃F₄.

8. *hear'st*] Rowe (ed. 2). *hearest*

QqFf.

10. [*Aside*] Marked first by Ca-
pell.

stand alone] *stand along* F₂.
stay alone Collier (Collier MS.).

11. [*Retires.*] Capell. Exit. F₂F₃
F₄. om. QqF₁.

12. [*going up to the Tomb.* Ca-
pell.

12, 13. *strew,—...stones;—*] *strew,—*
(*O woe,...stones!*) Staunton. *strew: O*
woe,...stones! Capell. *strew:...stones,*
QqFf.

13—17. *O woe...weep.*] See note
(XIV).

14. *dew*] *new* Q₅.

17. [*The Page whistles.*] The Boy
whistles. Rowe. Whistle Boy. QqFf.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

20

What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,

25

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

30

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I farther shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint

35

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou
that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

19. *way*] *ways* F₁.

20. *rite*] Pope (ed. 2). *right* QqFf.
rites (Q₁) Pope (ed. 1).

21. *Muffle me, night,*] Rowe.
muffle me night Q₂Q₃Q₄Ff. *night*
muffle me Q₅.

[*Retires.*] Capell. om. QqFf.

Enter...mattock, &c.] Malone,
following Capell. *Enter* Romeo, and
Peter. Q₂Q₃Ff. *Enter* Romeo and
Balthasar his man. Q₄Q₅.

22. SCENE IV. Pope.

that] Q₂Ff. *the* Q₃Q₄Q₅.

26. *hear'st*] FfQ₅. *hearest* Q₂Q₃
Q₄.

34. *farther*] Qq. *further* Ff.

37. *savage-wild*] The hyphen in-
serted by Steevens.

40, 43. *Balt.* or *Bal.*] Q₄Q₅. Pet.
The rest.

40. *you*] *ye* Q₂.

41. *show me friendship*] *win my*
favour (Q₁) Pope.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.
[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague 50
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself: 65
Stay not, be gone: live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations

- | | |
|---|---|
| 43. [<i>Aside</i>] Marked first by Capell. | rushes forward. Capell, after line 54. |
| 44. [<i>Retires.</i>] Balthasar retires. | om. QqFf. |
| Hanmer. Exit. F ₂ F ₃ F ₄ . om. QqF ₁ . | 54. <i>unhallow'd</i>] Pope. <i>unhallowed</i> |
| 45. <i>detestable maw</i>] <i>maw detestable</i> | QqFf. <i>unhollowed</i> Rowe (ed. 2). |
| Hanmer. | 56. <i>villain</i>] <i>vallaine</i> F ₁ . |
| [fixing his Mattock in the | 59. <i>Good gentle</i>] <i>Go, gentle</i> Anon. |
| Tomb. Capell. | conj. |
| 48. <i>despite</i>] <i>requite</i> Keightley conj. | 60. <i>these</i>] Qq. <i>those</i> Ff. |
| [<i>Opens the tomb.</i>] Breaking | 62. <i>Put</i>] <i>Pull</i> Rowe. <i>Pluck</i> Capell |
| open the Monument. Rowe, after line | conj. <i>Heap</i> (Q ₁) Malone. |
| 47. | 66, 67. <i>Stay...away.</i>] Omitted by |
| 50. <i>murder'd</i>] <i>murdred</i> QqFf. | Pope. |
| <i>murthered</i> Rowe. | 67. <i>bid</i>] <i>bad</i> Q ₅ . |
| 53. [<i>Comes forward.</i>] Draws, and | 68. <i>thy conjurations</i>] (Q ₁) Malone. |

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! 70
[*They fight.*]

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[*Exit.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dics.]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 75

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet:

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80

To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;

A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth;

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I 90

Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

thy commiration Q₂, *thy commisseration* Q₃F₁. *thy commiseration* Q₄F₂Q₅F₃
F₄. *thy conjuration* Capell. *commiseration* Collier MS. *thy commination* Mommsen conj.

70. [They fight.] (Q₁). They Fight, Paris falls. Rowe. om. QqFf.

71. Page.] Q₄Q₅. Boy. (Q₁). om. Q₂Q₃. Pet. Ff. Page [without. Hamner.

O Lord, ... watch.] Printed in italics in Q₂Q₃.

the] thee Rowe (ed. 1).

[Exit.] Exit Page. Capell. om.

QqFf.

72. [Falls.] Capell. om. QqFf.

73. [Dies.] Theobald. om. QqFf.

74. In...face:] Let me peruse this face:—In faith I will;— Seymour conj.

75. Mercutio's] Mercutius Q₃F₁F₂ F₃.

84. A grave...youth;] Omitted by Pope.

85—91. and her.....lightning?] Omitted by Pope.

87. Death] Dead Dyce, ed. 2 (Lettsom conj.).

lie] be F₃F₄.

[Laying...] Theobald. om. Qq

Ff.

90. how] now Johnson conj.

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy ? 100
 Forgive me, cousin ! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair ? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour ? 105
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death ! 115
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
 Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.* 120

92. *suck'd*] *suck* F₂.
 94. *art*] *are* F₁F₂.
 100. *thine*] Qq. *thy* Ff.
 102, 103. *shall...amorous*] Theobald. *I will beleeve, Shall I beleeve that unsubstantiall death is amorous* QqFf. *I will believe That...amorous* Pope.
 107. *palace*] *pallat* Q₂.
 night] *night*. Q₂.
 108. *Depart again*] See note (xv).
 [throwing himself by her. Capell.
 112. *world-wearied*] Q₃ Q₄ F₁ Q₅.
 world wearied Q₂. *worlds wearied* F₂F₃F₄. *world's wearied* Rowe.
 116. [pours it into a Cup. Capell.
 118. *thy*] *my* Pope.
 119. [*Drinks.*] *Drinks the poison.* Theobald. om. QqFf.
 120. [*Dies.*] Theobald. *Kisses her, and expires.* Capell. om. QqFf.

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light

125

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. 130

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal.

I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone: fear comes upon me; 135
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Enter...] Malone, after Capell. *Enter Friar with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade. QqFf.*

121. *Saint']* Q₄Q₅. *S.* Q₂. *St.* Q₃Ff.

Francis'] Frances Q₂.

122. After this line Steevens, from (Q₁), inserts *Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?*

123, 128, 129, 130, 131, 137. *Bal.]* Balt. Q₄Q₅. Man. Q₂Q₃Ff.

126. *I']* om. F₂F₃.

127. *Capels'] Capulet's* F₄. *Capulet's* Theobald.

128, 129. *It doth.....love.]* As in

Johnson. One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *sir*, in Ff.

129. *that you'] you dearly* Pope.

134. *intents']* Q₅F₃F₄. *entents* Q₂ Q₃Q₄F₁F₂.

135. *Stay, then;]* *Stay then,* Q₅. *Stay then* Q₂. *Stay, then* Q₃Q₄Ff.

fear comes'] Qq. *feares comes* F₁. *feares come* F₂F₃F₄ (*feares* F₃F₄).

136. *unlucky'] unthrifitie* Q₂.

137—139. *As.....him.]* om. Seymour conj.

137. *yew-tree']* Pope. *young tree* Q₂. *young tree* Q₃Q₄FfQ₅.

Fri. L. Romeo! [*Advances.* 140
 Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
 What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the tomb.*
 Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
 And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour 145
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
 The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*
Ful. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
 I do remember well where I should be,
 And there I am: where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.* 150
Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
 Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:
 A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; 155
 And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
 Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.
Ful. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160
 [*Exit Fri. L.*
 What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

139. *Romeo!*] Rowe. *Romeo.* Qq
 Ff. *Romeo?*— Capell.
 [Advances.] Malone. leaves
 him, and goes forward. Capell. om.
 QqFf.

143. [*Enters...*] enters the Monu-
 ment. Capell. om. QqFf.

145. *unkind*] *vn kn'd* F₁. *unkn'd*
 F₂.

147. [*Juliet wakes.*] Juliet awaking.
 Pope. Juliet rises. (Q₁). Juliet
 awakes, and looks about her. Capell.
 om. QqFf.

148. *where is*] Qq. *where's* Ff.

150. [*Noise within.*] Capell. om.

QqFf.

151. *noise. Lady,*] *noise!* *Lady,*
 Pope. *noyse Lady,* Qq Ff. *noise,*
Lady, Rowe.

154. *intents*] *entents* Q₃F₁F₂.

159. *Come...stay*] Omitted by Pope.
 [*Noise again.* Capell. om.

QqFf.

no longer stay] *stay no longer*

Capell.

160. *not away*] *notuaway* F₁.

[*Exit Fri. L.*] Dyce. *Exit.*
 QqFf (after line 159). *Exit,* hastily.

Capell (after line 159).

161. *love's*] *lo:es* F₁.

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.
 Thy lips are warm.

165

[*Kisses him.*]

First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

Ful. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
 [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me
 die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
 burn.

170

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the
 churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
 Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

163. *drunk...left*] *drunke...left* Q₂.
drinke...left Q₃Q₄Ff (*lest* F₁). *drinke*
...leave (Q₁)Q₅.

166. *To...restorative.*] Omitted by
 Pope.

[*Kisses him.*] Capell. om. Qq
 Ff.

167. *First Watch.* [*Within*] Capell.
Watch. QqFf.
way?] *way.* Q₂.

168. *Yea, noise?*] As in Qq. In a
 separate line in Ff.

[*Snatching.....*] Steevens.
 taking Romeo's. Capell. Finding a
 dagger. Pope. om. QqFf.

169. *This is*] Q₂Q₄Q₅. *This is* Q₃.
'Tis in Ff.

[*Stabs herself*] Kils herselfe.
 Ff (at the end of the line). om. Qq.
 She stabs herselfe and falles. (Q₁).
rust] QqFf. *rest* Singer,

from (Q₁).

[*Falls...*] Malone. throws
 herself upon her Lover, and expires.
 Capell.

Enter Watch...] *Enter Watch,*
 and the Page. Capell, from (Q₁). *En-*
ter Boy and Watch. QqFf (after
warm, line 167).

170. *Page.*] Capell. *Watch boy.*
 Q₂Q₃. *Boy.* Q₄Q₅Ff.

This...burn] As in Qq. Two
 lines in Ff.

171. *First Watch.*] 1. W. Capell.
Watch. QqFf (and elsewhere).

The...churchyard] As in Qq.
 Two lines in Ff.

about the churchyard] *the*
church-yard, about Hanmer.

172. *whoe'er*] *whom e'er* Pope.
 [Exeunt some of the Watch.

Hanmer. Exeunt some of the Watch,
 the rest enter the Tomb. Capell.

Who here hath lain this two days buried.
 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.

175

180

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in
 the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come
 hither.

Re-enter FRIAR LAURENCE, and another Watchman.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and
 weeps:
 We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

185

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning rest?

175. *this*] Q₂. *these* Q₃Q₄FfQ₅.
 177—179. *search...these piteous woes*]
go...this piteous woe Johnson conj.
 177. [Exeunt other Watch. Capell.
 After this S. Walker conjectures
 that a line is omitted.
 178—180. *We see...descry.*] Omit-
 ted by Pope.
 180. *Re-enter...*] Dyce. *Enter...*
 Rowe. *Enter* Romeos man. QqFf.
 181. *Sec. Watch.*] Rowe. *Watch.*
 Qq. *Wat.* Ff.
Here's.....churchyard] As in
 Qq. Two lines in Ff.
 182, 186. *First Watch.*] Rowe.
 Chief. *watch.* Qq. *Con.* Ff.
 182. *come*] *comes* F₂F₃F₄.
Re-enter...] *Enter* Frier, and
 another *Watchman.* QqFf.
 185. *churchyard's*] *churchyards*
 Q₂. *church-yard* The rest.
 186. *too*] *too too* Q₂. *too, too* Q₃Q₄.
Enter...] Rowe. *Enter* the
 Prince. Q₂Q₃Q₄Ff. *Enter* Prince. Q₅.
 187. SCENE v. Pope.
 188. *morning*] Q₂Q₃. *morning's*
 Q₄FfQ₅.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo, 190
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 195
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man,

With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs. 200

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell 205
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

Enter.....] Capell (substantially).
Enter Capels. Q₂Q₃. Enter Capulet
and his Wife. Q₄FfQ₅.

189. *they so shriek] is so shrike* Q₂.
is so shriek'd Edd. conj.

shriek] F₄. *shrike* The rest.

190, &c. *La. Cap.]* Rowe. Wife.
QqFf.

190. *The people]* Pope. *O the people*
QqFf.

192. *toward] to ward* Q₃Q₄.
our] out F₁.

193. *our]* Capell (Johnson and
Heath conj.). *your* QqFf.

194, 198. *First Watch.]* r. W. Ca-
pell. Watch. Qq. Wat. Ff.

197. *Search]* As in Qq. In a sepa-
rate line in Ff.

198. *slaughter'd]* Slaughter Q₂.

200. Enter Capulet and his wife.
Q₂Q₃.

201. *O heavens!]* As in Qq. In a
separate line in Ff.

heavens] Q₂. *heaven* The rest.

202—204. *his house...And it] the*
sheath Lies... The point Pope.

204. *it]* Q₂. *is* The rest.

mis-sheathed] F₄. *misheathed*
F₁F₂Q₅F₃. *mis-sheath'd* Q₂. *mis-*
sheath'd Q₃Q₄. *mi-sheath'd* Jackson
conj.

it mis-sheathed] *it is mis-*
sheath'd Mommsen conj.

211. Enter...and others.] Capell.
Enter Mountague. QqFf.

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath: 210
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, 215
Till we can clear these ambiguities
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. 220
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge 225
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. 235
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce

208. *more early down*] (Q₁) Steevens. *now early downe* Q₃Q₄FfQ₅. *now earling downe* Q₂. *now early fallen* Pope.

210. After this line Ritson would insert, from (Q₁), *And young Benvolio is deceased too*.

211. *mine*] Q₂. *my* The rest.

212. *Look*] *Look in this monument* Steevens conj. *Look here* Keightley. *Look there* Dyce conj. *Look, look*

Anon. conj.

[showing Romeo. Capell.

213. *is in*] *in is* F₁F₂.

215. *mouth*] *moneth* Q₄.

outrage] *outcry* Collier (Collier MS.).

224. *Doth*] *Doe* Q₅.

225. *here*] *heare* Q₃Q₄.

231. *that*] Q₄Q₅. *thats* Q₂Q₃. *that's* Ff.

233. *Tybalt's*] *Taybalts* F₂.

To County Paris: then comes she to me,
 And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
 To rid her from this second marriage, 240
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo, 245
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight 250
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo: 255
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience: 260
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she too desperate would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this 265
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

239. *mean*] *meane* Q₂. *meanes* The rest.

245. *writ*] *write* Rowe (ed. 2).

246. *as*] *at* Keightley.

247. *borrow'd*] Capell. *borrowed* QqFf.

251. *Return'd*] *Returned* Q₃Q₄.

252. *hour*] F₃F₄. *hower* Q₂Q₃.
houre The rest.

waking] *awaking* Rowe (ed. 2).

256. *minute*] *minutes* Hammer.

257. *awaking*] *awakening* Q₂. *a waking* F₂.

259. *entreated her*] *intreat her to* F₄.

261. *scare*] QqF₃F₄. *scarre* F₁F₂.

264—267. *All this...time*] Arranged as by Pope. Three lines, ending *privie*:
...fault, ...time, in QqFf.

265. *Her nurse*] *the nurse* Q₅.

and] om. Rowe. *but* Pope.

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? 270

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, 275
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave; 280
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words, 285
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! 290
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand: 295
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

267. *his*] Q₂. *the* The rest. *its*
Pope.

269. *a*] an F₄.

270. *in this*] (Q₁) Capell. *to this*
QqFf.

271. *Bal.*] Q₅. *Balth.* Q₂Q₃Q₄.
Boy. Ff. Peter. Rowe.

273. *place, to...monument.*] *place.*
To...monument Q₂Q₃Q₄.

275. *in*] to Pope.

276. *left*] *leaft* Q₃.

280. *Page.*] Ff. Boy. Qq.

294. *brace*] *brase* Q₂Q₃Q₄.

298. *raise*] *raie* Q₂Q₃.

That whiles Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

300

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:

305

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.*

299. *whiles*] QqFf. *while* Rowe.

Theobald.

300. *suck*] Q₂. *that* The rest.

304. *glooming*] *gloomie* (Q_x). *gloomy*

301. *true*] *fair* Collier MS.

F₄. *gloaming* Taylor conj. MS.

302. *Romeo's.....lady's*] *Romeos...*

307. *pardon'd*] Ff. *pardoned* Qq.

Ladies Q₂Q₃Q₄. *Romeo...Lady* (Q_x)Ff.

309. [*Exeunt.*] *Exeunt omnes*. Ff.

Romeo's...Ladies Q₅. *Romeo's...lady*

om. Qq.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

I. 1. There is no division into Acts and Scenes in the Quartos, nor any trace of division in the Folios, except the 'Actus Primus, Scæna Prima' at the beginning of the play.

We wish to remind our readers that the symbol Qq signifies the agreement of the second, third, fourth, and fifth Quartos.

NOTE II.

I. 2. 116. The first Quarto here has 'thrall,' the others 'debt,' which though it makes a rhyme does not improve the sense. The next two lines are not in the first Quarto. As, unlike the immediate context, they also rhyme, while they are not particularly forcible, we incline to think that some other hand than Shakespeare's inserted them.

NOTE III.

II. 1. 13. Pope was the first commentator who called attention to the ballad which is alluded to in this passage, and it is remarkable that with all his partiality for the first Quarto he did not adopt the reading 'trim,' found both there and in the ballad. Percy, in a note to the ballad printed in his *Reliques*, conjectured that Shakespeare had written 'trim,' not 'true,' apparently without knowing that the word was found in the first Quarto. Capell, in his note, says that he had retained 'true' in his text, owing to his not having observed the authority for the other reading.

NOTE IV.

II. 2. As there is no indication given in the Quartos and Folios of Romeo's entrance here, it is not impossible that in the old arrangement of the scene the wall was represented as dividing the stage, so that the audience could see Romeo on one side and Mercutio on the other. If this were the case it would tend to justify Capell's arrangement of *Hen. VIII.* v. 2, though in the present instance he makes no allusion to it. It is clear from the first line of Romeo's speech that he overhears what Mercutio says, and though we have not altered the usual arrangement, we cannot but feel that there is an awkwardness in thus separating the two lines of a rhyming couplet.

NOTE V.

II. 2. 152. Malone erroneously attributes the reading 'suit' to the Quarto of 1597. The words, 'To cease thy suit,' are found in Brooke's *Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Iuliet*, p. 21 of the reprint in Mr Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*.

NOTE VI.

II. 2. 184—II. 3. 5. This passage was printed substantially right in the Quarto of 1597. The Quarto of 1599 inserted after the first line of Romeo's speech the first four of the Friar's, repeating them in their proper place. In Juliet's speech, the same edition by printing one line as two, and mistaking the stage directions gave rise to a further corruption in the Quarto of 1609.

In *Q₂* (1599) the passage stands :

'Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest

The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,

Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,

And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,

From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.

Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,

His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere &c.'

In Q₃ (1609) we read :

'Good night, good night.
Ro. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest
The gray-eyde morne, &c.'

For the rest Q₃ follows Q₂ without any material variation, except that it reads 'fleckeld' for 'fleckted,' in the eighth line.

The fourth Quarto, undated, has ejected the intruding lines and distributed the dialogue right. One error alone remains, viz. that 'Good night, good night.....sorrow' is divided still into two lines. The fifth Quarto follows the fourth.

The first Folio follows the third Quarto as usual without any variation of importance.

The second Folio, followed by the third and fourth, inserts, '*Exit*' after the word 'breast,' adopts the reading of the first down to the end of Romeo's speech, and makes the Friar's begin at line 5, thus :

'*Fri.* Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye, &c.'

Pope restored the true arrangement. In the fourth line of the Friar's speech he introduced 'pathway made by Titan's wheels' from the passage as first given in Q₂Q₃F₁.

NOTE VII.

II. 5. 15, 16. The second Quarto reads here :

'*M.* And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, slowe, heaueie, and pale as lead.'

And this is followed with slight variations of spelling by the third.

The fourth and fifth omit the *M.*, as do the Folios, which give the passage thus :

'And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.'

Pope omits the lines 'But old folks.....lead,' thinking probably that they are due to interpolation, a supposition which the unmeaning 'M.' in the earlier Quartos seems to confirm.

Mr Collier's MS. corrector has (Shakespeare, Ed. 2, Note ad loc.):

'As his to me: but old folks seem as dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and dull as lead.'

This is not mentioned in his *Notes and Emendations*.

For 'many' Johnson substitutes 'marry;'

'But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead, &c.'

NOTE VIII.

III. 3. 38—46. Instead of the lines which he put in the margin, Pope inserted the following, copied with some alterations from the first Quarto:

'But Romeo may not, he is banished!
O father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal?'

NOTE IX.

III. 3. 40—43. The Quarto of 1599 reads as follows:

'This may flies do, when I from this must flie,
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.'

The same order is followed in the subsequent Quartos. The reading of the first Quarto will be seen in the reprint which follows the play. The first Folio gives:

'This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.'

This reading is followed by the other Folios, Rowe, Theobald, Warburton, and Johnson. Hanmer follows Pope in his text (see Note VIII), omitting altogether the lines which Pope put in the margin.

Capell has :

‘Flies may do this, but I from this must fly ;
They are free men, but I am banished.’

Steevens (1773) reads :

‘Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say’st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
But Romeo may not ;—he is banished.’

In his note on the passage, in the edition of 1778, he conjectured that the line ‘But Romeo...banished’ should be inserted after ‘their own kisses sin ;’ an arrangement which was adopted by Malone and by Steevens himself in his edition of 1793. Capell suggests that the lines he retains ‘were second thoughts of the poet, and their original was meant for expunction.’ This may possibly be true, but we have adopted the reading given in our text because it retains, without manifest absurdity, lines which are all undoubtedly Shakespeare’s. For a similar instance see Note XVIII. on *Love’s Labour’s Lost*.

In IV. I. III, of the present play we have omitted a line which occurs in all the Quartos, except the first, and all the Folios, because it could not be retained without absolute detriment to the sense.

NOTE X.

III. 5. 82—104. Instead of this passage Pope, printing, as he says, ‘more agreeably to the first edition,’ gave as follows :

La. Cap. Content thee girl. If I could find a man,
I soon would send to *Mantua* where he is,
And give him such an unaccustom’d dram
That he should soon keep *Tybalt* company.
Jul. Find you the means, and I’ll find such a man,
For while he lives, my heart shall ne’er be light
’Till I behold him—dead—is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinsman vext ?
La. Cap. Well, let that pass.
I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.’

In this arbitrary change, he is followed, as usual, by Hanmer, except that the latter puts a full stop at ‘vext.’

NOTE XI.

IV. 3. 58. Mr Dyce conjectured that ‘here’s drink’ was the corruption of a stage direction, ‘*here drink*.’

NOTE XII.

IV. 5. 36. Although 'see' was doubtless a conjectural insertion of the editor of the second Folio in order to complete the metre, like his addition of 'now' in the next line, yet, as the word occurs in the corresponding passage of the first Quarto, we have decided on the whole to retain it.

NOTE XIII.

IV. 5. 65—83. Instead of this speech Pope has the following :

'*Fri.* Oh peace for shame—
Your daughter lives in peace and happiness,
And it is vain to wish it otherwise.
Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now heav'n hath all—
Come stick your rosemary on this fair corpse,
And as the custom of our country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.'

The last three lines are verbatim from the Quarto of 1597. Hammer follows Pope, with a different arrangement in the first lines, which he prints thus :

'Oh peace for shame—your daughter lives in peace
And happiness, and it is vain to wish
It otherwise. Heav'n and yourself had part
In this fair maid, now heaven hath her all—
Come &c.'

NOTE XIV.

V. 3. 13—17. Instead of these five lines Pope inserts the four following, from the first Quarto :

'Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb.'

For lines 12—17 Steevens (1773) substituted the corresponding lines of the first Quarto, except that he follows Pope in reading 'hand' for 'hands.'

NOTE XV.

v. 3. 108. The quarto of 1599 here reads :

'Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie !
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes &c.'

The third Quarto has the same reading, putting a semi-colon after 'againe' in the fifth line, and is followed by the first Folio, except that 'armes' is substituted for 'arme' in the first line. The later Folios make no material change. The reading in our text is substantially that of the fourth and fifth Quartos. Rowe follows the Folios, and Pope prints :

'Depart again : come lye thou in my arms,
Here's to thy health.—O true apothecary !
Thy drugs are quick. Here, here will I remain,
With worms &c.'

NOTE XVI.

Mr Lionel Booth has been kind enough to furnish us with the following variations which he has found in different copies of the first Folio :

- Page 57, col. 1, line 35 : oft the angry.
oft a the angry.
- Page 59, col. 2, line 12 from bottom : this place.
thy place.
- Page 62, col. 2, line 5 : that Gentlemen.
tha Gentlemen.
qua- tha : Gentlemen (in Capell's copy).
- Page 71, col. 1, line 8 : Holy Father now.
Holy Father own.
- Page 71, col. 2, line 36 : Cookes.
Cockes.

AN
EXCELLENT
CONCEITED TRAGEDIE
OF
ROMEO AND IULIET.

The Prologue.

Two household Friends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes, 5
A paire of starre-crost Louers tooke their life:
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-market passage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage. 10
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.

The most excellent Tragedie of

Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.

G *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

[SC. I.]

2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
the collar.

5

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
to it : therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
runne away.

10

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
to the wall.

15

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
wall, and thrust the maids to to the walls : nay, thou shalt
see I am a tall peece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
wouldst be but poore Iohn.

20

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids ?

1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,
take it in what sence thou wilt.

25

2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere
comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

- 1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
 2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
 1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin 30
 first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
 thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
 2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
 come after and frowne.
 1 *Moun* : Doo you bite your thumbe at vs? 35
 1 I bite my thumbe.
 2 *Moun* : I but i'st at vs?
 1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
 2 No.
 1 I bite my thumbe. 40
 1 *Moun* : I but i'st at vs? *Enter Beneuolio.*
 2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.

- Prince* : Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
 On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground. 45
 Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
 By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
 Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
 If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
 Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault : 50
 For this time euery man depart in peace.
 Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
 And *Mowitague*, come you this after noone,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old free Towne our common iudgement place, 55
 Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M : *wife*. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroad?
 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo : Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach. 60

Wife : Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben : Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
 Peept through the golden window of the East,

A troubled thought drew me from companie :
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamourre*,
That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.

[SC. I.]

I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood :
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th' are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

70

Moun : Black and portentious must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

75

Ben : Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun : I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben : See where he is, but stand you both aside,
He know his grieuance, or be much denied.

Moun : I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

80

Benuo : Good morrow Cosen.

Romeo : Is the day so young?

Ben : But new stroke nine.

Romeo : Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

85

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben : It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Rom : Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

Ben : In loue. (short.

Ro : Out.

Ben : Of loue.

90

Ro : Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

Ben : Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrranous and rough in prooffe.

Ro : Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will :
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,

95

Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O anie thing, of nothing first create !

O heauie lightnes serious vanitie !

Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is :

100

This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.

105

Doest thou not laugh?

Ben : No Cose I rather weepe.

Rom : Good hart at what?

[Sc. I.]

Ben : At thy good hearts oppression.

110

Ro : Why such is loues transgression,
Griefes of mine owne lie heaue at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this grieffe that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more grieffe to too much of mine owne :
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes :
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet. Farewell Cose.

115

120

Ben : Nay Ile goe along.

And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

Ro : Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben : Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?

125

Ro : What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben : Why no, but sadly tell me who.

Ro : Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.

In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.

130

Ben : I aimde so right, when as you said you lou'd.

Ro : A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

Ben : A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.

Ro : But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in strong prooffe of chastitie well arm'd :
Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnarm'd,
Shee'le not abide the siede of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exeu.*

135

140

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

And pittie tis they liue at ods so long :

But leauing that, what say you to my sute?

[Sc. II.]

Capu : What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares :
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

5

Paris : Younger than she are happie mothers made.

Cap : But too soone marde are these so early married :
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,

10

My word to her consent is but a part.

[SC. II.]

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,

Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,

Such as I loue : yet you among the store,

15

One more most welcome makes the number more.

At my poore house you shall behold this night,

Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light :

Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,

When well apparaild Aprill on the heele

20

Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights

Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,

And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.

Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,

25

May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Servingman.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about

Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out :

Whose names are written here and to them say,

My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

30

Exeunt.

Ser. Seeke them out whose names are written here,
and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to

the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as

the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoemaker

with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher

with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

35

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,

One paine is lessned with anothers anguish :

Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,

One desperate grieffe cures with anothers languish.

40

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo. Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

45

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.

Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,

Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

50

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom.: I if I know the letters and the language.

[Sc. II.]

Seru.: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

55

Rom.: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

S*aigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neece, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vnclé Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and Liuia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio and the liuelie Hellena.*

60

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser.: Vp.

65

Ro.: Whether to supper?

Ser.: To our house.

Ro.: Whose house?

Ser.: My Masters.

Ro.: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

70

Ser.: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben.: At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:

75

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

80

Ro.: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne

85

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben.: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide

90

That I will shew you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom.: Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

[Sc. III.]

Wife.: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurse: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. Wher's this girle? what Iuliet.* *Enter Iuliet.*

[Sc. III.]

5

Iuliet: How now who cal's?

Nurse: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

W: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

10

Nurse: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nnrce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?*

15

Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nnrce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake norwe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Rood, shee could haue waddled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my hollidam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.*

20

25

30

35

40

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I prethee Nurse say I.

Nurse: *Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

45

Wife: And that same marriage Nurse, is the Theame

I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be married? [Sc. III.]

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off. 50

Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadst suckt wisdom from thy Teat.*

Wife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes thee for his Wife.

Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.* 55

Wife: *Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.*

Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Wife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue, 60
 gut no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
 Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie, the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extremitie, make hast for I must be gone to waite.* 65

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse? [Sc. IV.]
 Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
 Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
 Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath, 5
 Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
 Nor no withoutbooke Prologue faintly spoke
 After the Prompter, for our entrance.

But let them measure vs by what they will,
 Weele measure them a measure and be gone. 10

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
 Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
 With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead 15
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
 A visor for a visor, what care I
 What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart 20
 Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:
 For I am prouerbd with a Grandsire phrase,
 Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
 The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouse, the Cunstables old word, 25

[Sc. iv.]

This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
 And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
 This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
 And plats the Efelocks in foule sluttish haire,
 Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes. 75

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreames,
 Which are the Children of an idle braine,
 Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
 Which is as thinne a substance as the aire, 80
 And more inconstant than the winde,
 Which wooes euen now the frosē bowels of the north,
 And being angred puffes away in haste,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues. 85

Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our-
 Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
 Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
 Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
 With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme 90
 Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,
 By some vntimelie forfet of vile death:
 But he that hath the steerage of my course
 Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet with the ladies.

[Sc. v.]

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
 Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
 Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
 Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
 Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns. 5
 Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
 More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
 And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.

Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
 Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet:* 10
 For you and I are past our standing dayes,
 How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much.
 Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio,* 15
 Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
 Some fieve and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,

His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

[Sc. v.]

Rom : What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare :
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes shows.
The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand:
Did my heart loue till now? Forswear it sight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

25

30

Tib : This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and iere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

35

Ca : Why how now cosen, wherfore storme you so.

Ti : Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

40

Ca : Young *Romeo*, is it not?

Ti : It is that villaine *Romeo*.

(man,

Ca : Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement :
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

45

50

Ti : It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ile not indure him.

Ca : He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,
Am I the Master of the house or you?
You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule
You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

55

Ti : Vncle tis a shame.

60

Ca : Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet :

- More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting, [Sc. v.]
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee- 65
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings :
 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
 Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
 This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this : 70
 My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
 To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
 Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this : (much,
 For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch, 75
 And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.
Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
 They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire. 80
Iu: Saints doe not mooue though : grant nor praier
 forsake.
Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde ! 85
 Giue me my sinne againe.
Iu: You kisse by the booke.
 Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother?
 Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the 90*
house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurst
her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can
lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.
Rom: Is she a *Mountague*? Oh deare account,
 My life is my foes thrall. 95
Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
 We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.
They whisper in his eare.
 I pray you let me intreat you Is it so?
 Well then *I* thanke you honest Gentlemen,
 I promise you but for your company, 100
 I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe :
 Light to my chamber hoe.
- Exeunt.*
- Iul:* Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
 Nur: *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*
Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore? 105

Nur: *That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.* (dance?)

[Sc. v.]

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: *I know not.*

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

110

Nur: *His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely sonne of your great enemie.*

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late:

Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,

115

That I should loue a loathed enemie.

Nurse: *Whats this? whats that?*

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of oue I dancst with.

Nurse: *Come your mother staires for you, Ile goe a long with you.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?

[Sc. vi.]

Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: *Romeo, my cosen Romeo.*

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,

Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

5

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio.*

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniuere too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a sigh: speek but one rime & I am satisfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham: Cupid* hee that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniuere thee by *Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

10

15

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

20

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion, making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniuerde it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniuere onely but to raise vp him.

25

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be consorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.

Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.

Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,

To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?

It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire S nne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with grieffe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.

Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.

I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:

As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region streame so bright,
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
That I might kisse that cheeke.

Iul: Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
As is a winged messenger of heauen (head,
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.

Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?

Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

75

Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enimie.

Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

80

85

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptisde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doest stumble on my counsaile?

90

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enimie to thee.
Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

95

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

Iu: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

100

Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

105

Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie. (here.

110

Iul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

115

Iul: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

- Ro:* By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire, [Sc. VI.]
 I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
 I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
 As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea, 120
 I would aduenture for such Marchandise.
- Iul:* Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
 Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
 For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,
 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie, 125
 What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.
 Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
 And I will take thy word: but if thou swearst,
 Thou maiest proue false:
 At Louers periuries they say Ioue smiles. 130
 Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,
 Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,
 So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
 In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond, 135
 And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light:
 But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,
 Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
 I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
 But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware 140
 My true loues Passion: therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
 Which the darke night hath so discovered.
- Ro:* By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,
 That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops. 145
- Iul:* O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant
 That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
 Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
- Ro:* Now by
Iul: Nay doo not sweare at all, 150
 Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
 Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
 And il'e beleeeue thee.
- Ro:* If my true harts loue
Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in 155
 I haue small ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
 It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduisde,
 Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
 Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
 Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true, 160
 Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
- Ro:* O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,

All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.

[Sc. vi.]

Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

165

170

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

Iul: *Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

175

Romeo?

180

Ro: It is my soule that calles vpon my name,
How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.

Iul: *Romeo?*

Ro: Madame.

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

185

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.

Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

190

Rom: And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.

195

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

200

Iul: Sweet so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,

205

His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

[SC. VI.]

Enter Frier Francis. (night,

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,

[SC. VII.]

And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,

From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheelles :

Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,

5

The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.

We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,

With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies

In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities :

10

For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue :

Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire use,

Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse :

Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,

15

And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,

Poyson hath residence, and medecine power :

For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,

Being tasted slaies all sences with the hart.

20

Two such opposed foes incampe them still,

In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,

And where the worser is predominant,

Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

25

Fri: *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?)
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.

Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,

And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie :

30

But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braines

Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines :

Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,

Thou art vprows'd by some distemperature.

Or if not so, then here I hit it righ

35

Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fr: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?

Ro: With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?

40

Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,

I haue bin feasting with mine enimie :

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee

Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
 With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
 I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe
 My intercession likewise steades my foe.

Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
 Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

50

Rom: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
 As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
 And all combind, saue what thou must combine
 By holy marriage : where, and when, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
 Il'e tell thee as I passe : But this I pray,
 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

55

Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
 Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
 So soone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
 Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

60

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
 Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
 How much salt water cast away in waste,
 To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
 The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
 Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
 And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
 Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.

65

70

If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
 And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
 Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

75

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

Rom: And badst me burie loue.

Fr: Not in a graue,

To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
 Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
 The other did not so.

80

Fr: Oh she knew well

Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come young *Wauerer*, come goe with mee,
 In one respect Ile thy assistant bee :

85

For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
 To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue.

Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not home to night?

[SC. VIII.]

Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Romeo* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (*saline,*

Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet* Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House :
Some Challenge on my life.

5

Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee challenged.

10

Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead : stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

15

Ben: Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catso, he fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duellist a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

20

Ben: The what?

25

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why ground-sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

30

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harlettries: *Thisbie* agray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French slop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

35

40

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

[SC. VIII.]

Me: The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such
a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie. 45

Mer: Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil
constraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A most curteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie. 50

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pompe well flour'd:

Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast
worne out thy Pompe, that when the single sole of it is worn 55
the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler.

Rom: O single soald iest solie singuler for the singlenes.

Me: Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue 60
done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of
thy wits, than I haue in all my fiue: Was I with you there for
the goose?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when
thou wert not with me for the goose. 65

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of *Cheuerell* that stretcheth 70
from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to
the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue?
why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art 75
thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling
loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide
his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against
the haire. 80

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it
short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and
meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer. 85

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Mer: A saile, a saile, a saile.

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for
her fanne is the fairer of the two. 90

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of
the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone. 95

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for
himselpe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himselpe to marre
quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie
finde yong *Romeo*? 100

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you
haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am
the yongest of that name for fault of a worse. 105

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wise-
ly, wisely.

Nu: If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper. 110

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye,
that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore 115

is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will. 120

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was
this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselpe
talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand
to in a month. 125

Nur: If he stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take
him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him

downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-
gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

[SC. VIII.]

130

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euery Iacke
vse me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I
would soone haue drawn: you know my toole is as soone
out as anothers if I see time and place.

135

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie
member about me quiuers: scuruie Iacke. But as I said, my
Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee,
that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a
fooles paradice as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of
behaviour as they say, for the Gentlewom an is yong. Now
if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake
dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

140

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I pro-
test.

145

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be
a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a
Gentlemanlike proffer.

150

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning

To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:

And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,

My man shall come to thee, and bring along

The cordes, made like a tackled staire,

155

Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

Must be my conduct in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

160

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit.*

Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nursse
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.

[SC. IX.]

Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.

Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,

And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,

5

Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,

[Sc. ix.]

What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua vitæ.

10

Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had : and my backe a tother side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Iul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo*?

15

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

20

Iul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our marriage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

25

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your selfe.

30

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now, What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell, And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:

There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.

35

Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,

I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,

With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.

I must take paines to further your delight,

But you must beare the burden soone at night.

40

Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.

Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,

And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*.

*Exeunt.**Enter Romeo, Frier.*

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant Consists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

[Sc. x.]

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may, To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet, And consumate those neuer parting bands, Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,

5

And come she will.

Fr: I gesse she will indeed,

[Sc. x.]

Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

10

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:

Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power.

Iul: *Romeo.*

Rom: My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes

15

(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,

So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,

And thou art come.

Ful: I am (if I be Day)

Come to my Sunne: shine forth, and make me faire.

20

Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe

Defer imbracements till some fitrer time,

Part for a while, you shall not be alone,

25

Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Iul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.

Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.

Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

30

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,

[Sc. xi.]

The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

5

Ben: Am I like such a one?

Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be mooud.

10

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack- ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and

15

with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple
it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow. 25

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Consort. Zwounes consort? the slaue wil make fid-
lers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For
heeres my fiddle-sticke. 30

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary
go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in
that sence your worship may call him man. 35

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no bet-
ter words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the
appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, ther-
fore I well perceiue thou knowst me not. 40

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore
drawe.

Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee bet-
ter than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of
my loue. 45

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries
it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldest with me?

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your
nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your
scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware. 50

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate
downe their weapons.

*Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mer-
cutio, in and flies.*

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your
houses. 55

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a

barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

[Sc. XI.]
60

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: Apoxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

65

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses.

75

Exeunt.

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie. My very frend hath tane this mortall wound In my behalfe, my reputation staind With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre Hath beene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet* Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate, And in my temper softens valors steele.

80

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead, That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes, Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

85

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

90

Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine? Away to heauen respectiue lenity: And fier eyed fury be my conduct now. Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe, Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutios* soule, Is but a little way about the cloudes, And staires for thine to beare him company. Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

95

Fight, Tibalt failes.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* slaine,

The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Exeunt.

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vil-
laine?

Ben: There is that *Tybalt*.

105

Vp sirra goe with vs¹.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.

Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,

110

M: *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew*.

115

Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?

Ben: *Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.

But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,

120

And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As fast as tung crydepeace, sought peace to make.

125

While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.

With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:

130

That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.

And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.

135

Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

¹ *Watch*: is omitted in the text but '*Watch*: Vp' is the catchword of the previous page.

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoulst iustice giue,
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

[SC. XI.]

Prin: And for that offence

140

Immediately we doo exile him hence.

I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,

My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.

But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,

145

That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,

Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:

Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

150

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
 To *Phæbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
 As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
 And send in cloudie night immediately.

[SC. XII.]

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder
 of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?

5

What hast thou there, the cordes?

Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,

We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

Nurs: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,

10

Iul: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.

Can heauens be so enuious?

Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.

God saue the sample, on his manly breast:

15

A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,

All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.

Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disaster hap

Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet*?

Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe,

20

Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,

So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?

Nur: O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best frend I had,

O honest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

Iul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,

25

Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:

My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.

Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome

These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

[Sc. XII.]

Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that murdred him is banished.

30

Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?

Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

Iul: O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.

35

Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?

Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.
Shame come to *Romeo*.

40

Iul: A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his face Shame is ashambe to sit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.

All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
Worse than his death, which faine I would forget:

45

But ah, it presseth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished
Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,

50

All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur: Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarse.
Will you goe to them?

Iul: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.

55

Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

Iul: Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt*.

60

Enter Frier.

Fr: *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

[Sc. XIII.]

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
What Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
Which yet we know not.

5

Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Rom: What lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?

10

Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,

Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

[Sc. XIII.]

Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

15

Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.

Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

20

Fr: Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.

25

Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,

30

And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And steale immortal kisses from her lips;

35

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.

40

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

45

Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word,

Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

50

Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

55

Fr: O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.

Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom: Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered.

Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
hayre.

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,

Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?

Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fr: Then come neare.

Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made
drunke.

Nur: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Iust in her case. Oh wofull sympathy,

Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.

For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,

Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.

Nur: Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death's the end of all.

Rom: Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?

Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,

And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calles.

[SC. XIII.]

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion?

100

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.*

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnresonable furyes of a beast.

105

Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both.

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

110

Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:

115

But like a misbehaude and sullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.
Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.

120

Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:

125

For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

130

Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurse.

135

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,

Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

[Sc. xiii.]

140

Rom: But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a grieffe so breefe to part with thee.

*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, with
County Paris.*

Cap: Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluck ly,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.
Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

[Sc. xiv.]

5

Par: These times of woe affoord no time to wooue,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet
calles him againe.*

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee:
But soft what day is this?

10

Par: Munday my Lord.

Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him care leslye:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what say you to Thursday.

15

20

Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-
row.

Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to
bed.

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

25

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,

[Sc. xv.]

[Sc. xv.]

It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Belecue me loue, it was the Nightingale. 5

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes
Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops. 10
I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

Ful: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*. 15
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow. 20
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day. 25

Ful: It is, it is, begone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not so: for this diuideth vs. 30
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes. 35

Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our
woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Ful: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them: 40
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.

Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie

That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

Iul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
For sweete discourses in the time to come.

Iul: Oh God, I have an ill diuining soule.

Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below

Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:

Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.

Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinckes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.

She goeth downe from the window.

Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?

Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet*?

Iul: How now, who calls?

Nur: It is your Mother.

Moth: Why how now *Iuliet*?

Iul: Madam, I am not well.

Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cosens death:
I thinke thoul't wash him from his graue with teares.

Iul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

Moth: I cannot blame thee.

But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

Iul: What Villaine Madame?

Moth: That Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.

Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to *Mantua* where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.

Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilist he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.

Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?)

Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul: What day is that I pray you?

Moth: Marry my Childe,

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

[Sc. xv.]

Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.

90

Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
yet.

And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

95

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

Capo: Why how now, euermore showingr?

In one little bodie thou resemblst a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies
she to it?

100

Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
Would God that she were married to her graue.

105

Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
she not wexe proud?

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

110

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. Whats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouids, nor thanke me no thankes,
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

115

Iu: Good father heare me speake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolute on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,

120

125

And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

Nur: Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap. And why my Lady wisdome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe. 130

Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.

Cap: Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,
For heere wee need it not. 135

Mo: My lord ye are too hotte.

Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,

Still my care hath beene to see her matcht. 140

And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.

Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:

And then to haue a wretched whyning foole, 145

A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee?

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest. 150

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,

Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,

If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:

If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,

Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule 155

Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,

Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,

Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*

Iul: Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?

I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away, 160

Defer this mariage for a day or two,

Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed

In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.

Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.* 165

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challengde you.

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
 Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
 In respect of him. I promise you
 I thinke you happy in this second match.
 As for your husband he is dead :

[Sc. xv.]

Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

175

Iul: Speakest thou this from thy heart?

Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,

180

I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
 Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.
 To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
 And to be absolu'd.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.

185

She looks after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend,
 Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
 Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
 That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
 So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.
 Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
 If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

190

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

[Sc. xvi.]

Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,

And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?

Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

5

Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
 And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,

Now Sir, her father thinkes it daangerous:

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.

10

And in his wisdoms hast our mariage,

To stop the inundation of her teares.

Which too much minded by her selfe alone

May be put from her by societie.

Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.

15

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the lady to my cell,

Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife :

Iu: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,

Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next. 20

Iu: What must be shalbe.

Fr: Thats a certaine text.

Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.

Iu: To tell you that were to confesse to you.

Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me. 25

Iul: I will confesse to you that I loue him,

Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.

Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par: Poore soule that face is much abus'd with teares. 30

Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.

Iu: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth :

And what I spake I spake it to my face. 35

Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast slaundred it.

Iu: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leasure holy Father now :

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fr: My leasure serues me pensive daughter now. 40

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par: God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,

Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help, 45

Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy grieffe,
I heare thou must and nothing may proroge it,
On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it. 50

Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife

Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that

Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte

Could to no issue of true honour bring. 55

Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate we would preuent.

If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,

Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chyde away this shame,

Thou coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.

And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.

[Sc. xvi.]

65

Jul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)

From off the battlements of yonder tower:

Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,

Where roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:

Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,

With reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples skulls:

Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;

And I will doo it without feare or doubt,

To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind Wife

To my deere Lord, my deere *Romeo*.

70

75

Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,

Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:

And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,

And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:

When presently through all thy veynes shall run

A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze

Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe

His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:

No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.

And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,

Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,

Ile send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,

And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

80

85

90

Iul: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

*Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and
Seruingman.*

[Sc.
xvii.]

Capo: Where are you sirra?

Ser: Heere forsooth.

Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
them by licking their fingers.

Capo: How canst thou know them so?

Ser: Ah sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
gers.

5

Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?

Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confest.

Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,

Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
gadding?

Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
And craue remission of so foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.

Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

Iul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To sort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow,

Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently,

Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe:

Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo: I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

Moth: We shall be short in our prouision.

Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt.

Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?

Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

[Sc.
xvii.]

15

20

25

30

35

40

[Sc.
xviii]

Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night. *Exit.*

[Sc.
XVIII.]

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?

Iul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*

10

Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion should not worke at all,

Must I of force be married to the Countie?

This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.

15

What if the Frier should giue me this drinke

To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose

Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,

He is a holy and religious Man :

I will not entertaine so bad a thought.

20

What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?

Awake an houre before the appointed time :

Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones,

Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see

25

My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,

Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.

Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.

[Sc. XIX.]

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good *Angelica*.

5

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be sicke anone.

Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

10

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood : How now sirra?
What haue you there?

Ser: Forsooth Logs.

Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.

15

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

20

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take
you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,
whatbride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how sound she sleeps? Nay
then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some *Aqua vitæ* hoe.

25

30

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?

Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

35

Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accurst time, vnfortunate olde man.

*

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?

Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,
Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue,

40

Par: Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodegies?

45

Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.

O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

50

Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

[Sc. XIX.]

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

55

Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preseru'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

60

Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriude by suddaine destinie.

65

Moth: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

70

Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.
Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

75

Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.*

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

80

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me
some mery dumpe.

1. A sir, this is no time to play.

Ser: You will not then?

85

1. No marry will wee.

Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.

1. What will you giue vs?

- Ser:* ~~The~~ *reer*, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you. [Sc. xix.]
 1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you. 90
- Ser:* I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,
 1. Lets heare.
- Ser:* When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
 And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse: 95
 Then musique with her siluer sound,
 Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?
 1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.
- Ser:* Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
 2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer. 100
- Ser:* Prettie too; come, what say you?
 3. I say nothing.
- Ser:* I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the
 Singer. I say Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you
 haue sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, fare- 105
 well, *Exit.*
 1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo.

- Rom:* If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
 My Dreame presagde some good euent to come. [Sc. xx.]
 My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
 And I am comforted with pleasing dreames,
 Me thought I was this night already dead: 5
 (Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
 And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
 And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

- Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*, 10
 How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
 How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe:
 If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
- Balt:* Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
 Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument, 15
 And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
 Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.
- Rom:* Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.
 Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
 I will not stay in *Mantua* to night. 20
- Balt:* Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
 Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
 I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

[Sc. xx.]
25

Exit Balthasar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes: 30
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now, 35
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say. 40

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: Who calls, what would you sir?

Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd 45
From forth a Cannons mouth.

Apo: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law? 50
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents. 55

Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence, 60
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there mvst I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn.

Iohn: What Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?

Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
What newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

Iohn: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
Whereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.

Laur: Who bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

Iohn: I haue them still, and here they are.

Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
A spade and mattocke.

Iohn: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie.

Exit.

*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete water.*

[SC.
XXII.]

Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
bed:

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a
a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

Par: The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,

To stay my obsequies and true loues rites?
 What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

[Sc.
 XXII.]

Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.

And take these letters, early in the morning, 20
 See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.

So get thee gone and trouble me no more.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my Ladies face,

But chiefly to take from her dead finger, 25

A precious ring which I must vse

In deare imployment: but if thou wilt stay,

Further to prie in what I vndertake,

By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,

And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims. 30

The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom: So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
 Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence. 35

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.
 Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par: This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
 That murderd my loues cosen, I will apprehend him. 40
 Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.

Can vengeance be pursued further then death?

I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither, 45
 Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

Heape not another sinne vpon my head

By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest

I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:

For I come hyther armde against my selfe, 50

Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
 And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull 55
 Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rou: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, noble County *Paris*?

What said my man, when my betossed soule
 Did not regard him as we past a long. [Sc.
 Did he not say *Paris* should haue married xxii.]
Iuliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
 But I will satisfie thy last request,
 For thou hast prizd thy loue about thy life.
 Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd, 65
 How oft haue many at the houre of death
 Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death But how may I
 Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
 How well thy beauty doth become this graue? 70
 O I beleue that vnsubstanciall death,
 Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
 Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
 Set vp my euerlasting rest
 With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds. 75
 Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
 The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
 Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
 Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls.*

Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete 80
 Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
 Whose there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr: Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
 What light is yon? if I be not deceiued, 85
 Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
 That loues you dearly.
Fr. Who is it?
Man: *Romeo.* 90
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
 On paine of death he chargd me to be gone, 95
 And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
 Of this marble stony monument?

What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
 Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
 Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
 Is necessary to so foule a sinne?

[Sc.
 XXII.]

Iuliet rises.

The Lady sturres.

² Ah comfortable Fryer.

105

I doe remember well where I should be,
 And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
 Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.

Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare some noise at hand,
 We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,
 And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
 We shall be thought to be as accessarie.

110

I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.

Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

Fr: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.

115

Iul: Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?
 Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.

Iul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.

120

O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
 Rest in my bosome, thus I come to-thee.

She stabs herselfe and fallles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
 See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
 New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare,
 Attach and bring them to vs presently.

125

Enter one with the Fryer.

I. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
 Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.

Enter one with Romets man.

I. Heeres *Romeos* Man.

130

Cap: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.

² Here again the stage direction is omitted, but '*Iul*:' is the catchword of the previous page.

Capt: O noble Prince, see here
Where *Iuliet* that hath Iyen intoombd two dayes,
Warne and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewise newly slaine. [Sc. XXII.] 135

Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is so early vp?

Moth: The people in the streetes crie *Romeo*,
And some on *Iuliet*: as if they alone 140
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.

Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*.
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp, 145
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too:
What further mischief can there yet be found?

Prin: First come and see, then speake. 150

Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.

Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce. 155
Bring forth the parties in suspition.

Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Iuliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo*, 160
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:

The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappy marriage,
Was *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*
Was banished from hence to *Mantua*. 165

He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd 170
What so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned

Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead: 175

- And told her that I would with all post speed
 Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
 That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
 But he that had my Letters (Frier *John*)
 Seeking a Brother to associate him,
 Whereas the sicke infection remaind,
 Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
 But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
 That *Iuliet* was deceasde, returnde in post
 Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
 What after happened touching *Paris* death,
 Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
 But when I came to take the Lady hence,
 I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
 Whom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
 Which she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
 Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
 What after happened I am ignorant of.
 And if in this ought haue miscaried.
 By me, or by my meanes let my old life
 Be sacrificd some houre before his time.
 To the most strickest rigor of the Law.
Pry: We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
 Wheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?
Balth: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
 And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,
 Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
 Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
 Where is the Counties Boy that calld the Watch?
Boy: I brought my Master vnto *Iuliets* graue,
 But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
 At last they fought, I ran to call the Watch.
 And this is all that I can say or know.
Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
 Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.
 Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
 There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
 Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
 Her statue of pure golde:
 That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
 There shall no statue of such price be set,
 As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,

[Sc.
XXII.]

180

185

190

195

200

205

210

215

220

Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.

Come, let vs hence,

To haue more talke of these sad things.

225

Some shall be pardoned and some punished:

For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,

Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } flattering lords.
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, } servants to Timon's creditors and to the
TITUS, } Lords.
HORTENSIUS, }

And others, }

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.
TIMANDRA, }

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

¹ DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] THE ACTORS NAMES, at the end of the Play in F₁F₂F₃, prefixed to the Play in F₄. See note (i).

THE LIFE OF
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches? See,

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

5

ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus.
Scæna Prima. Ff. See note (i).
Athens.] Capell.
A hall in Timon's house.]

Rowe.
Merchant, and others,] Malone.
Merchant and divers others, Capell.
Merchant, and Mercer, Ff. and Mer-
chant, Johnson.

1, 2. *Poet. Good.....Poet. I have]*
Poet. Good day. Pain. Good day, sir.
Poet. I am...well. I have Farmer conj.
See note (ii).

1. *Good day]* *Good day, good day*
Capell. *Good day, good* Seymour conj.
I am] *Good sir, I'm* Singer
conj.

you're] *y'are* F₁F₂F₃. *ye are* F₄.
you are Capell.

3. *grows]* *goes* Theobald.

4. *strange]* *so strange* Rowe.

5. *Which]* *That* Johnson conj.

5, 6. *See, Magic]* Paint. *See!* Poet.
Magick Johnson conj.

7. *Hath...merchant.]* One line in
Pope. Two in Ff.

- Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord!
- Few.* Nay, that's most fix'd.
- Mer.* A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10
To an untirable and continueate goodness :
He passes.
- Few.* I have a jewel here—
- Mer.* O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
- Few.* If he will touch the estimate: but, for that— 15
- Poet.* [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense
have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'
- Mer.* [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.
- Few.* And rich: here is a water, look ye. 20
- Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
- Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame 25
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

10. *A most*] om. Seymour conj.
man] om. Capell.
- 11, 12. *goodness: He passes.*] *goodness.* Pope (omitting *He passes*). *goodness. He passes*— Theobald. *goodness: Indeed, he passes.* Seymour conj. *goodness, He passes.* Staunton.
12. *passes*] *surpasses* Jackson conj.
13. *I*] *Look, I* Steevens conj.
here—] Collier. *here: Capell.*
heere. F₁F₂. *here.* F₃F₄.
14. *for...sir?*] A separate line in Pope.
16. [*Reciting to himself*] Repeating... Hanmer (Warburton conj.). om. QqFf.
19. [*Looking on the jewel*] Pope. om. QqFf.
20. *ye*] *you* Capell.
- 21, 22. *You...lord.*] As verse first by Pope. Prose in Ff.
21. *You are*] *You're* Pope.
are...dedication] As one line, Seymour conj., ending the previous line at *You*.
22. *idly*] *idley* F₁.
23. *gum, which oozes*] Johnson. *gowne, which uses* F₁F₂. *gown, which uses* F₃F₄. *gum, which issues* Pope.
25. *struck*] F₃F₄. *stroke* F₁F₂.
- 26, 27. *flies Each*] *flies; Each* Mason conj.
flies...chafes] *flies. Eche* (bound) *it chafes* Becket conj.
27. *chafes*] Theobald. *chases* Ff.
- 27—31. Capell, reading with Hanmer in line 28, ends the lines *sir...heels...piece...piece.*

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!

Pain. Look, moe!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice

28. *When*] *And when* Hanmer.

ted in Ff.

31. *'Tis a good piece*] *'Tis a good piece, indeed* Steevens conj. *It is a goodly piece.* Seymour conj.

42. *lord is*] *lord's* Steevens (1793).

43. *man*] Theobald. *men* Ff.

44. *Look, moe!*] *Looke moe.* Ff.

32. Pope ends the line at *'tis*.
33, 34. *grace...standing*] *standing* ...graces or *grace* *Speaks understanding* Johnson conj. *Grace* *Speaks its own standing* Mason conj. *grace* *Speaks!* 'tis one *standing* Jackson conj.

Look, more. Rowe. *Look you now, there's more.* Seymour conj.

47. *beneath world*] *beneath-world* Theobald (ed. 2).

49. *particularly*] *particular* Theobald.

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

50. *wax*] *verse* Collier (Collier MS.).

41. *these*] *those* Theobald.

and pass over.] Capell. Omit-

levell'd] *leven'd* Warburton.

Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds, 55
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance 60
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together. 65

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all, 70
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope. 75
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

- | | |
|--|---|
| 51. hold;] Here Keightley marks
a lacuna. | Rowe. Two in Ff. |
| 52. But] It Hanmer. | 72. Lord] om. Pope. |
| 53. tract] track Hanmer. | 74. present grace] puissant grace
Anon. conj. |
| 54. I will] I'll Pope. | to present slaves] to peasant
slaves S. Walker conj. t' obedient
slaves Anon. conj. |
| 56. creatures] natures Hanmer. | 75. conceived to scope.] Johnson.
conceiv'd, to scope Ff. conceiv'd to th'
scope. Theobald. conceiv'd, to scope,
Warburton. conceiv'd, your scope
Heath conj. |
| 58. services] service Pope. | |
| 63. abhor himself] make himself
abhor'd Hanmer. | |
| 65. together] om. Steevens conj. | |
| 66. Sir,] om. Pope. | |
| 67. Feign'd...mount] One line in | |

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowling his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.

80

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

85

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

90

Pain. 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

95

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following.

Tim.

Imprison'd is he, say you ?

80. *sir,*] om. Pope.

82. *value,*] Theobald. *valew;* F₁

96. *mean*] *men's* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).

F₂. *value;* F₃F₄.

83. *tendance*] *'tendance* Johnson.

97. Trumpets sound.] Ff. Flourish. Capell.

84. *Rain*] *Roun* (for *Round*) Delius.

Enter.....] Edd. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously to every Sutor. Ff. Enter Timon, attended, Servant of Ventidius talking with him. Capell.

89. *him*] om. Pope.

90. *hands*] F₂F₃F₄. *hand* F₁.

slip] Rowe. *sit* Ff. *sink* De-

lius conj.

SCENE II. Pope.

93. *moral*] om. Seymour conj., reading 'Tis...show as one line.

Imprison'd] F₁F₂. *Imprisoned*

F₃F₄.

94. *Fortune's*] Malone. *Fortunes*

is he] om. Steevens conj.

F₁. *Fortune* F₂F₃F₄.

[To a Messenger. Rowe.

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires 100
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him 105
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me: 110
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him? 115

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man 120

98, 107, 112. *Mess.*] Ser. Capell.

101. *failing*] F₁. *failing to him*
F₂F₃F₄. *failing him* Capell.

102. *Ventidius! Well*] Rowe.
Ventidius well F₁F₂F₃. *Ventidius,*
well F₄.

104. *must need*] *most needs* F₃F₄.

107. *binds him*] *binds him to be*
grateful Seymour conj.

112. *All...honour*] *All health and*
happiness attend your honour Sey-

mour conj.

116. *call*] *I pray your honour, call*
Seymour conj., ending the previous
line at *Timon*.

117. [*Enter Lucilius. Rowe. Luci-*
lius comes forward from among the
Attendants. Dyce.

118. *Here*] *I'm here, so please you*
Seymour conj.

119. *Lord*] Rowe. *L. Ff.*

That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got : 125
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ; 130
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself ;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt : 135
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord ; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose 140
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,

126. o'] Rowe. a' Ff.

129. prithee] pray thee F₄.

131—133. The man...be, Timon: His] The man...be, Timon. His Theobald. The man...be, Timon, His F₄. The man...be Timon, His F₁F₂F₃. The man...be, His Pope. The man...obey Timon. His Hanmer. The man...Therefore well be him, Timon. His Johnson conj. The man...be Timon's. His or The man is honest, Therefore he will be— Old Ath. Timon, His Staunton conj.

132. Therefore.....Timon] There-

fore he'll be my son Theobald conj. Therefore he will be Timon's servant here Capell conj. Therefore in this he will be honest, Timon Seymour conj. Therefore he will be rewarded, Timon Singer conj. Therefore he will be blest, Lord Timon Keightley.

135. She is] Alack, my noble lord, she's Seymour conj.

137. levity's] F₃F₄. levities F₁F₂.

[To Lucilius] Johnson. om. Ff.

140. choose] F₁. chose F₂. chuse F₃F₄.

142. endow'd] Capell. endowed Ff.

If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present ; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long : 145
To build his fortune I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,

And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 150

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you !

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship ! 155

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man ; 160

For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside : these pencill'd figures are

Even such as they give out. I like your work,

And you shall find I like it : wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye ! 165

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;

143. *If she be mated*] *if mated*
Steevens conj., reading *Endow'd...*
husband as one line.

145. *This...long*] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.

151. *My.....promise*] One line in
Pope. Two in Ff.

154. *owed*] *own'd* Hammer (War-
burton).

[*Exeunt...*] Theobald. Exit.
Ff. Exit Luc. Pope.

155. *Vouchsafe...lordship!*] One

line in Pope. Two in Ff.

[presenting his Poem. Capell.

159. [presenting it. Capell.

160. *The painting*] *The painted*
Hammer.

162. *He is*] *He's* Anon. conj.

these F₁. *the* F₂F₃F₄. om.

Pope.

165. *ye*] *you* Johnson.

166. *you, gentleman*] *ye, gentlemen*
Johnson.

[to the Merchant. Capell.

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Few. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd, 170
It would unclaw me quite.

Few. My lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it. 175

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Few. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none. 180

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

168. *suffer'd*] Pope. *suffered* Ff.
under praise] *underpraise*
Steevens (1773).

169. *satiety*] F₄. *saciety* F₁F₂F₃.

171. *unclaw*] *undo* Pope.

174. *prized by their masters*] *priz'd*
by their masters F₄. *priz'd so by their*
masters Rowe. *by their masters priz'd*
Pope.

175. *the wearing*] *wearing* Steevens
(1793), reading *You...mock'd* as one
line.

179. Pope ends the line at *here*.
will you be chid?] *Sour Ape-*
mantus; will ye now be chid? Sey-
mour conj.

Enter Apemantus.] Pope.
Enter Apemantus. F₄ (after line 176).
Enter Apermantus. F₁F₂F₃ (after line

176).

180. SCENE III. Pope.

We'll bear, with] *We will*
bear, with Steevens (1778). *Wee'l beare*
with F₁. *Wee'l I beare with* F₂. *Wee'l*
bear with F₃. *We'll bear with* F₄.
We'll bear it with Pope. *We'll bear*
e'en with Seymour conj.

181. *Good...Apemantus*] One line
in Rowe. Two in Ff.

Apemantus] F₄. *Apermantus*
F₁F₂F₃.

182. *gentle...morrow;*] *gentle stay:*
for my good morrow, Becket conj.
thou] om. Pope.

183. *When...honest.*] *When I am*
Timon's dog...honest. Hanmer. Poet.
When will that be? Apem. *When thou*
art...honest. Warburton conj. *When*

- Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
- Apem.* Are they not Athenians? 185
- Tim.* Yes.
- Apem.* Then I repent not.
- Few.* You know me, Apemantus?
- Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
- Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus. 190
- Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
- Tim.* Whither art going?
- Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
- Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.
- Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law. 195
- Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
- Apem.* The best, for the innocence.
- Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?
- Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work. 200
- Pain.* You're a dog.
- Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?
- Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
- Apem.* No; I eat not lords. 205
- Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.
- Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
- Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

thou...honest—Johnson. *Mer. When will that be?* Ape. *When thou...honest.* Capell.

185. *Are*] *Why, are* Seymour conj.
 188. *know*] *do know* Seymour conj.
Apemantus?] F₁F₂. *Apemantus.* F₃F₄.

190. *Apemantus.*] F₃F₄. *Apemantus?* F₁F₂. *Apemantus; passing proud.* Seymour conj.

191. *nothing*] *nought* Seymour conj.
 192. *Whither*] F₄. *Whether* F₁F₂ F₃.

194. *thou'lt*] F₄. *thou't* F₁F₂F₃.

196. *likest*] Hanmer. *lik'st* Ff.

197. *best*] *better* Hanmer.

198. *it?*] F₃F₄. *it.* F₁. *it:* F₂.

201. *Pain.*] Poet. Steevens (1773).

You're] Capell. *Y'are* Ff.

You are Steevens.

202. *mother's*] F₄. *mothers* F₁F₂

F₃.

206. *An*] Capell. *And* Ff. *If* Pope.

207, 208. *O...bellies*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour. 210

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost
a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet! 215

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not. 220

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where
thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so. 225

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for
thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the
flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with 230
my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not 235
thou a merchant?

210. *So...labour*] One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.

So thou] F₃F₄. *So, thou* F₁.
So, thou F₂.

apprehend'st it] *apprehendest*
it Dyce. *apprehend'st* Johnson.

it: take] *it*. Take Ff. *it, take*
Staunton.

212. *cost*] F₃F₄. *cast* F₁F₂.

215. *Not...poet!*] One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.

218. *Art not!*] *Art thou* Rowe (ed.)
2). *Art thou not* Theobald.

224. *feigned*] *egin'd* F₁.

226. *of thee*] *o' thee* Warburton.

235. *That...lord.*] *Angry that I*
had no wit,—to be a lord. or *Angry to*
be a lord,—that I had no wit. Black-
stone conj. *That I had no angry wit.*
—To be a lord! Malone conj. *Angry*
that I had no wit to be a lord. Rann.
That I had no ampler wit than be a
lord. Anon. conj.

no angry wit] Ff. *so hungry*
a wit Theobald (Warburton). *so*
wrong'd my wit Heath conj. *an angry*
wish Mason conj. *no aug'ry wit*
Becket conj. *known angry wit* Jack-

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee! 240

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence 245
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves, 250
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

son conj. *so hungry a wish* Collier
(Collier MS.). *an empty wit* Singer,
ed. 2 (Singer MS.). (*now angry*)
wish'd or (*so angry*) *will* Singer
conj. *an angry fit* Grant White conj.
no angry wit, Delius.

be] *bay* Staunton conj.

235, 236. *not thou*] *thou not* Pope.

240. *Traffic's*] *Traffick's* F₄. *Traf-*
fiches F₁F₂F₃.

and] *and so* Hanmer. *and*
may Keightley.

Trumpet...] Trumpets sound...
Pope. Trumpet. Enter a Servant.
Capell.

241. *trumpet's*] F₃F₄. *trumpets*
F₁F₂.

244. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. om. Ff.

246. *when*] F₁. *and when* F₂F₃F₄.
you, when Dyce (ed. 2).

dinner's] F₃F₄. *dimmers* F₁
F₂. *the dinner's* Anon. conj.

247. *piece.*] F₃F₄. *I peece*, F₁F₂.
I am] *I'm* Pope.

with the rest.] Ff. and his
Company. Capell.

248. [*Bowing and embracing.* Pope.
they salute. Capell.

248—252. *So, so.....monkey.*] As
verse first by Capell. Prose in Ff.

248, 249. *there! Aches*] Capell.
their Aches Ff. *Aches* Pope. *there,*
bravely carried. *Aches* Seymour conj.

249. *starve*] F₃F₄. *sterve* F₁F₂.

250. *'mongst*] Capell. *amongest*
F₁F₂. *amongst* F₃F₄.

251, 252. *man's...monkey*] *man* *Is*
bred out into a baboon, and a monkey
Seymour conj.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

255

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it. 260

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus? 265

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to
give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy
requests to thy friend. 270

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee
hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*]

253. *Sir, you have*] F₁F₂F₃. *You
have* F₄. *You have even* Hanmer.

254. *on*] *upon* Seymour conj.
sir] om. Seymour conj.

255. *depart*] *do part* Theobald.

256. *In.....in*] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.

[*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt.* Manet
Apemantus. Rowe. *Exeunt.* Ff.

Enter two Lords.] Ff. *Enter*
Lucius and Lucullus. Rowe.

257. SCENE IV. Pope.

First Lord.] 1 Lord. Ff. Luc.
Rowe (and throughout the scene).

o'] Collier. *a* Ff. *of* Capell.

259. *That*] *Ay, that* Hanmer.

260. *The*] *Then* Anon. conj.

most] *more* Hanmer.

261. *Sec. Lord.*] 2 Ff. Lucull.
Rowe (and throughout the scene).

feast?] Capell. *feast.* Ff.

263. *Fare thee...fare thee*] F₄. *Far-
thee...farthee* F₁F₂F₃.

266. *Shouldst*] *Thou should'st*
Rowe.

269—272. *No.....hence*] Prose in
Pope. Four lines in Ff.

271. *unpeaceable*] *unappeasable*
Collier MS.

or I'll] *O I'll* Rowe (ed. 2).
or—I'll Pope.

273. *o'*] Rowe. *a'* Ff.

[*Exit.*] *Exit* Apem. Hanmer.

om. Ff.

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness. 275

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding 280
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

First Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; and then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.

274—276. *He's...kindness.*] As in Capell. Four lines in Ff, ending *humanity....in,.....outgoes.....kindness.* Three in Pope, ending *humanity...bounty?...kindness.*

humanity] all *humanity* Ham-mer.

274. *Come]* Comes F₁.

275. *bounty?]* F₄. *bountie:* F₁.
bounty: F₂F₃.

he] *He sure* Pope.

281. *of quittance]* or *quittance* Johnson conj.

282—284. *That...company]* As two lines, the first ending *live*, in Capell.

284. *First Lord.]* 1. L. Capell. Luc. Rowe. om. Ff.

I'll...company] om. Seymour conj.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope.

A banqueting-room...] Another Apartment... Theobald. The same. A State-Room. Capell.

Flavius and others attending;] Flavius, and other Domesticks, waiting. Capell. om. Ff.

Alcibiades.....Ventidius.] Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Rowe. the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Ff (Ventidius F₄).
dropping...] Ff. *dropping in...* Capell.

like himself] om. Pope.

1—3. *Most...peace]* As in Ff. See note (II).

1. *honour'd]* Pope. *honoured* Ff.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,
 Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
 I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius ; you mistake my love :
 I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them ; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit !

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 Than my fortunes to me.

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it ! hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem.

No ;

You shall not make me welcome :
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

7. *Doubled with*] *Doubl'd, with* Capell.

9. *Ventidius*] *F*₄. *Ventigius* *F*₁*F*₂*F*₃.

12. *If*] *If that* Seymour conj., ending the lines *must...faults...lords...first.*

If.....game,] *Our betters play,* that game ; Johnson conj.

12, 13. *not dare...fair*] *not.* Apem. *Dare to imitate...fair* Warburton.

13. *them*] om. Pope. *them in it* Seymour conj.

14—16. *A noble...welcomes*] Capell ends the lines *ceremony...first...welcomes.* Malone, *lords, ...first...welcomes.* Steevens (1793), *ceremony...gloss...welcomes.*

14. [They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon. Johnson. Die Gäste complimentiren sich um den

höheren oder niederen Sitz an der Tafel. Delius conj.

15. *my lords*] om. Pope. *lords* Seymour conj.

ceremony] *Your ceremony* Seymour conj.

19. *sit*] *sit* *F*₂.

20. *Than my fortunes*] *Than they* Pope. *Than my fortunes are* Keightley. [They sit.] They sit down.

Rowe. om. Ff.

21. *First Lord.]* 1 Lord. Ff. Luc. Rowe (and throughout the scene).

My lord] om. Pope.

22. *hang'd*] *hande'd* *F*₁.

23. *Apemantus*] *F*₃*F*₄. *Apemantus* *F*₁*F*₂.

23, 24. *No...welcome*] As in Capell. One line in Ff. Prose in Pope.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;' but yond man
is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself; for he
does neither affect company, nor is he fit for't indeed. 30

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee,
let my meat make thee silent. 35

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of
men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the
madness is, he cheers them up too. 40
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

26. *thou'rt]* Capell. *th'art* Ff.
thou art Steevens.

ye've] ye 'have F₁. *ye have* F₂
F₃F₄. *you have* Capell.

28—30. *They...indeed.]* Prose by
Edd. (Globe Ed.). As five lines,
ending *est, ...angry...himselfe:...com-*
panie, ...indeed, in Ff.

28. *lords,]* *lords, that* Pope.
yond] *yonder* Pope.

28, 29. *man is]* *man's* Steevens
(1793).

29. *ever angry]* Rowe. *verie angrie*
F₁. *very angry* F₂F₃F₄. *very anger*
Steevens conj.

let] *And let* Hanmer, ending
the previous line at *go*.

30. *for't]* *for it* Hanmer.

31, 32. *Let.....on't]* Verse in Ff.
Prose in Pope.

31. *Let]* *Do, let* Capell.
stay] *stay here* Keightley.
thine own peril] *thy peril* Pope.
thine own peril Capell.

33—35. *I.....silent.]* Prose in Ff.
Three lines, ending *Athenian, ...have*

...silent, in Capell. Three, ending
Athenian...power...silent, in Steevens.

33. *thou'rt]* Capell. *Th' art* Ff.
thou art Steevens.

34. *therefore]* *And therefore* Capell.
power;] *power,* Ff. *power—*
Rowe. *poor.* Johnson conj.
prithee] *but, pr'ythee* Capell.

36—40. *I scorn...too.]* Prose in Ff.
Pope prints *I...see* as prose, *So...blood,*
And.....too as two lines. Six lines,
ending *should...number...not!...meat*
...is, ...too, in Capell.

36, 37. *'twould...flatter thee]* *for I*
...flatter thee: 'twould choke me Becket
conj.

for...ne'er] *'fore...e'er* War-
burton.

38. *eat]* Rowe. *eats* F₁F₄. *eates*
F₂F₃.

'em] *it* Hanmer. *them* Steevens.
It] 'T Capell.

39. *their]* F₃F₄. *there* F₁F₂.

40. *too]* *to't* Warburton conj.

43. *their meat]* *there meate* F₁.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him
now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a
divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has
been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink
at meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats. 50

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his
tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state
look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a
sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods. 55

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself: 60
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need'em. 65

44—48. *There's...meals;*] Prose in Ff. Five lines, ending *that...pledges...draught, ...prov'd...drink*, (omitting *at meals*) in Pope.

45. *pledges*] and *pledges* Pope.

46. *draught,*] Rowe. *draught:* Ff.

46, 47. *him: 't has been proved. If*] Rowe. *him. 'Tas been proved, if* F₁ F₂F₃ (*been* F₃). *him. 'T has been proved, if* F₄.

47. *If I*] Put in a separate line by Steevens (1793).

If I were a huge] *Were I a great* Pope.

man,] *man now* Capell, reading *If...fear* as one line.

I should] *'should* S. Walker conj., reading as Steevens.

49, 50. *Lest...throats.*] Verse first in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Ff.

51. *lord, in*] *love in* Anon. ap. Johnson conj.

52, 102. *Sec. Lord.*] Lucull. Rowe.

53—58. *Flow.....gods.*] See note (IV).

56. *sinner*] *fire* Collier (Collier MS.). *liar* Keightley.

57. *equals*] F₁. *equall* F₂. *equal* F₃F₄.

58. *Apemantus's Grace.*] F₄. *Apermantus...F₁*. *Apemantus... F₂F₃*. om. Capell.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now. 70

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast. 75

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 80

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 90

67. *Amen.* So] *Amen, amen; so* Theobald. *Amen, amen; so I* Farmer MS. conj.

68. *sin*] *sing* Farmer MS. conj. *dine* Singer conj.

[*Eats and drinks.*] Johnson. om. Ff.

69. [falls to his dinner apart. Capell.

70. *Captain*] As in Pope. As a separate line in Ff.

Captain Alcibiades] Hammer. *Captaine, Alcibiades* Ff (*Captain*, F₃ F₄).

72. *be*] *been* Pope (ed. 2).

74. *bleeding-new*] Hyphened by Steevens (1793).

75. *best*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

76. *those*] *these* Rowe.

77. *that then thou*] *that thou* Pope (ed. 2).

78. *that*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

83. *much*] *as much* Rowe.

84. *have you*] *have you not* Heath conj.

84, 85. *charitable*] *character and* Hammer.

85. *thousands, did*] Theobald. *thousands? Did* Ff.

85, 86. *did not you...my heart*] *did I not...your hearts* Johnson conj.

89. *ne'er*] *never* F₁F₂F₃. *never* F₄.

89—91. *they were...for 'em.*] Omitted by Pope. See note (v).

'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon. 100

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much!

[*Tucket, within.* 105

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

91. *and would*] *they would* Pope. *Methinks to...faults, I* Johnson.
most resemble] *resemble most* 100. *weep'st to*] *weepst but to* Hanmer.
- S. Walker conj. *drink*] *drink thee* Hanmer.
92. *keep*] *keepes* F₁. *like a babe*] *a like babe* Rann.
their] *there* F₁. *like a babe's* Becket conj.
97. *joy*] Rowe. *joyes* F₁F₂F₃. *joys* 105. *Much!*] Pope. *Much.* Ff.
F₄. *made away*] *made a joy* Hanmer. [*Tucket, within.*] Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing. Ff.
98. *ere't*] F₃. *er't* F₁F₂. *e're't* 106. Enter a Servant. *How now!*
F₄. *ere it* Steevens. Dyce. *How now?* Enter Servant. Ff.
- hold out*] *hold* Rowe. 107, 108. *Please.....admittance.*] Prose in Pope. Two lines, the first ending *ladies*, in Ff.
- 98, 99. *hold out water, methinks: to* hold out; *they water. Methinks, to* Johnson conj. *methinks: to.....faults, I* Rowe. *me thinks, to...faults. I* Ff.

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, 110
which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely 115
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admit-
tance:

Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.* 120

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're be-
loved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with
lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.

112. Enter Cupid.] Capell. Enter
Cupid with the Maske of Ladies. Ff.

113. SCENE VI. Pope.

113—118. See note (vi).

113. *thee, worthy] the worthy Han-*
mer.

114. *best] blest* Capell conj.

119. *They're] F₄. They'r F₁.*
Their F₂F₃.

'em] them Capell.

119, 120. *They're.....welcome!]*
Verse in F₃F₄. Prose in F₁F₂.

120. *Music, make] Steevens. Mu-*
sicke make F₁F₂. Musick make F₃F₄.
Let musick make Pope. Musick, make
known Capell.

[*Exit Cupid.*] Capell. om Ff.

121. *First Lord.] 1. L. Capell.*
Luc. Ff.

ample]Ff. amply Rowe (ed. 2).
you're] Rowe (ed. 2). *y'are*

F₁. *ye are F₂F₃F₄. you are* Rowe
(ed. 1).

Music. Re-enter...] Capell,
substantially. om. Ff.

122. *Hoy-day]* As in Pope. In a
separate line in Ff. *Hoy-day, why*
Hanner, ending the line at *vanity.*
Heyday Johnson.

122, 123. *Hoy-day...dance!]* *Why,*
hey-day.....dancing! Seymour conj.,
ending the line at *vanity.*

122—129. *Hoyday...envy.]* Prose
by Hudson.

123. *They dance!]* Steevens. *They*
dance? F₁F₂F₃. They dance, F₄. And
they dance, Hanner. And they dance!
Capell. They dance (a stage direc-
tion). Tyrwhitt conj. Omitted by
Rann.

they are] These are Rann (Tyr-
whitt conj.).

Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 125
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
 Upon whose age we void it up again
 With poison spite and envy.
 Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves? 130
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friends' gift?
 I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 135

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device: 140
 I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

124. *life,*] After this Warburton marks a line omitted.

125. *As.....root.*] As this pomp shows, take a little oil and root (as stage direction). Staunton conj. After this S. Walker conjectures that a line is lost.

129—132. *With...gift?*] As three lines, ending *that's not...bears...gift?*, in Hamner.

130. *depraved*] *deprav'd* F₄.

132. *gift?*] F₄. *guift:* F₁. *gift* F₂ F₃. *gift?* *Timon, were I as thou,* S. Walker conj.

134. *'t has*] Rowe (ed. 2). *'Tas* F₁. *Tas* F₂. *'T'as* F₃ F₄.

135. *a*] *the* Pope (ed. 2).
singles] Pope. *single* Ff.
singling Theobald.

an Amazon,] a Lady, Hamner.

136. *You.....ladies*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

much] *very much* Hamner.
a much Capell.

fair] *fairest* Steevens conj.

137. *Set*] F₁. *Sets* F₂ F₃ F₄.

139. *You have*] *You've* Pope.
worth] *grace* Capell (corrected in Errata).

and] F₁. *and lively* F₂ F₃ F₄.
and life and Anon. conj.

141. *for't*] *for it* F₄.

142. *First Lady.*] 1 Lady. Steevens (Johnson and Heath conj.). Ladies. Theobald conj. 1 Lord. Ff. Luc. Rowe.

even] *ever* Collier, ed. 2 (Thirlby conj.).

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: 145
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet! 150

There is no crossing him in 's humour;

Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.* 155

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord, 160

143, 144. *Faith...me*] Two lines of verse, the first ending *hold*, by Capell.

145, 146. *Ladies...yourselves*] As in Ff. Prose in Pope.

145. *is*] *is within* Capell, ending the line at *banquet*.

147. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. *Exeunt.* Ff.

150. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff.

150, 151. *Yes...humour*] Arranged as in Ff. Prose in Pope. Hammer reads *Yes, ...humour*, as prose, the rest as verse.

150. *jewels yet! There is*] *jewels! There's* Capell, ending the previous line at *lord*.

151. *in's*] *in his* Capell. *in this his* Ritson conj.

152. *him—well*] Rowe. *him well* Ff.

153. *an*] Capell. *and* Ff. *if* Pope.

154. *had*] *has* F₄.

155. [*Exit.*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄. *Exit*, and returns with the Casket. Capell.

156. *First Lord.*] Luc. Rowe. Lucul. Theobald (ed. 2).

men?] *men, ho?* Capell.

158. *Sec. Lord.*] Lucul. Rowe. Luc. Theobald (ed. 2).

Re-enter...] Edd. om. Ff.

159—163. *O my friends...lord*] As in Ff. As four lines, ending *word... must...to...lord* Capell.

friends] *good friends* Rowe (ed. 2).

160. *look you, my good*] *look my* Pope.

lord] F₃F₄. L. F₁F₂.

I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

165

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it
does concern you near.

170

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee: I
prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

175

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

161. *much*] *much*, F₁F₃F₄. *much*.
F₂.

162. *jewel*;) Capell. *Ierwell*, F₁F₂.
Jewel, F₃F₄.

accept it] F₁. *accept* F₂F₃F₄.
accept 't Anon. conj.

163. *my*] om. Hanmer.

164. *First Lord.*] Luc. Rowe.

gifts,—] *gifts*— Pope. *gifts*.
F₁F₂. *gifts*, F₃. *gifts*. F₄.

165. [*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus*.
Rowe.

166. SCENE VII. Pope.

166, 167. *My lord...you*] As in Ff.
Verse in Capell, ending the first line
senate.

168. [*Enter Flavius. Ff. Re-enter*

Flavius. Pope. Omitted by Capell.

169, 170. *I beseech...near*] Prose
in Ff. Verse in Capell, ending the
first line at *honour*.

171. *Near!*] *Me near?* Hanmer,
reading as prose.

171, 172. *Near...entertainment.*]
See note (VII).

173. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff.

174. *Sec. Serv.*] 2 *Serv.* Rowe.
Serv. Ff.

174—176. *May it...silver*] As in
Ff. Prose in Pope.

174. *Lord*] *the Lord* Capell.

175. *to*] om. Pope (ed. 2).

176. *silver*] *silver-harness* Keight-
ley.

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds. 180

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: 185

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promises fly so beyond his state 190

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes

For every word: he is so kind that he now

Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office,

Before I were forced out! 195

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

Tim.

You do yourselves

179—182. *Please you...greyhounds*] As four lines of verse by Capell, ending *gentleman, ... company ... you ... grey-hounds.*

180. *Lord*] *The lord* Capell.

181. *your honour*] *you* Capell.

183, 184. *I'll.....reward*] As in Hanmer. Two lines in Ff, the first ending *him*. Prose in Pope.

184. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff.

184—186. *What will...coffer*] As in Ff. Prose in Pope. Three lines, ending *to?...give...coffer*, in Hanmer. Three lines, ending, *to?...gifts, ...coffer*, in Steevens.

185. *He*] *Here he* Hanmer. *He here* Capell, following Hanmer's arrangement.

all] *all the while* Ritson conj.

191—195. *That...out!*] Arranged

as by Capell, after Hanmer. Four lines, ending *word:...for't;...I were... out*, in Ff.

191. *he owes*] *he owes* F₁. *owes* F₂ F₃F₄.

192. *that*] om. Seymour conj. *now*] om. Theobald (ed. 2).

193. *land's*] F₁F₄. *lands* F₂F₃.

195. *Before*] F₁. *ere* F₂F₃. *e'er* F₄.

Before...forced out]. Omitted in Hanmer.

out] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

198. *bleed*] *do bleed* Capell.

198—200. *You...Love*.] As in Malone. Three lines, ending *wrong, ... merits...love*, in Ff. Prose in Pope. Two lines, ending *too much...love*, in Capell, omitting *Here*, line 201. Three lines, ending *too much...trifle...love*, in Steevens (1773).

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

200

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

205

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

210

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:

215

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;

It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast

220

Lie in a pitch'd field.

201. *Sec. Lord.*] 2 *Lord.* Ff. 1. *Lord.* Rowe.

201, 202. *With...it*] One line in Pope (ed. 1). Two lines, the first ending *thanks*, in Ff. Prose in Pope (ed. 2).

203. *O, he 's*] F₁. *O has* F₂F₃. *O ha's* F₄. *He has* Pope. *O! he is* Steevens.

204—206. *And...it.*] Prose in Ff.

204. *I remember*] *I do remember* me Capell, reading 205—207 as four lines, ending *now...gave...courser...it*. Three lines, ending *gave...courser...it*, Steevens (1773). *I remember me* Steevens (1793), arranging as before.

205. *rode*] F₃F₄. *rod* F₁F₂.

'*Tis*] *it is* Capell.

207. *Third Lord.*] Rann (Capell conj.). 1. L. Ff. 2. *Lord.* Rowe.

207, 213. *O,*] om. Steevens (1793).

208. *in that*] Put in a separate line by Capell.

209—212. *You may.....to you.*] Prose in Ff. Johnson prints *Can...you*, as three lines of verse, ending *affect;...own....you*. Capell makes four lines, the first ending *know*. Steevens ends the first at *man*.

211. *mine*] *my* F₄.

own:] *owne*: F₁. *owne?* F₂. *own?* F₃F₄.

I'll tell] *I tell* Hanmer.

212. *to you*] *on you* Pope.

215, 216. *give*: *Methinks,*] *give My thanks*, Hanmer.

219. *It comes*] *I'll come* Hanmer.

for all] om. Pope.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

225

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*]

Apem.

What a coil 's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!

230

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

235

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear

222. *Ay, defiled*] *I, defil'd* F₁. *I defie* F₂F₃F₄. *I' defiled* Johnson. *In defiled* Steevens (1778).

222—225. *Ay,.....endear'd*] Arranged as in Ff. Verse in Capell, ending line 224 *And so*.

223. *bound—*] Pope. *bound*. Ff.

225. *infinitely*] *infinite* Capell (corrected in Errata).

endear'd—] Rowe. *endeer'd*. Ff.

225, 226. *endear'd—* *Tim. All to you. Lights*] *endear'd all to you—* *Tim. Lights* Heath conj.

226. *more lights*] F₁. *more lights, more light* F₂F₃F₄. *more lights, more lights* Pope.

227, 228. *The...Timon!*] As prose by Edd. Two lines, the first ending *fortunes*, in Ff. Steevens ends the

first line *happiness*.

227. *fortunes*] *fortune* S. Walker conj.

228. *with*] om. Pope.

Timon] *Timon—* Pope.

229. *Ready*] *Ready ever* Steevens conj. *Still ready* Seymour conj.

[*Exeunt.....*] Edd. *Exeunt* Lords. Ff. *Exeunt* Alcibiades, Lords, &c. Capell.

SCENE VIII. Pope. SCENE VII. Johnson.

229—232. *What.....'em.*] As in Rowe. Prose in Ff.

230. *Serving of becks*] *Screwing of backs* Hammer (Theobald conj.). *Serving of becks* (from 'serrer' Fr.) Warburton.

237—244. *No...music.*] Prose in Ff. Nine lines of verse in Capell.

me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what 240
needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with
better music. [Exit.

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not 245
then: I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Senator's house.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight

5

240. *thyself in paper*] *thyself in
proper* Theobald, ed. 2 (Warburton).
thyself in perpetuum Hanmer. *thyself.*
E'en pauper or *thyself in pauper*
Becket conj.

241. *needs*] F₁. *needs*F₂. *need* F₃F₄.

242. *an*] Capell. *and* Ff. *if* Pope.
on society once] *once on society*

Capell.

245—248. *So...flattery!*] As in Ff.
Four lines, ending *then...thee:...be...
flattery*, in Pope. Johnson ends the
lines *So—...then:...lock...be...flattery*.
Capell, *So;...then,...be...flattery*. Stee-
vens, *So;—...lock...be...flattery*. Col-
lier, *now;...thee...be...flattery*.

245. *thou wilt*] *thou'll* Steevens
(1793).

me] om. Steevens conj.

246. *thy*] *the* Hanmer.

heaven] *haven* Mason conj.

ACT II. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Ff.

A Senator's house.] Capell,
substantially. A publick Place in the
City. Rowe.

with...hand.] Capell. om. Ff.

1. *thousand: to*] Ff. *thousand to*
Steevens.

7. *twenty*] Ff. *ten* Pope. *twain*
Farmer conj. *two* Singer conj.

moe] F₁. *more* F₂F₃F₄.

9. *me*] *'em* Malone conj.

And able horses: no porter at his gate,
 But rather one that smiles and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

10

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
 Timon;

15

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
 With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
 ‘Commend me to your master’—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
 But must not break my back to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

20

25

30

10. *And able horses*] F₁F₂. *An able horse* F₃F₄. *Ten able horse* Theobald. *Ten able horses* Hanmer. *Ay, able horses* Jackson conj. *A stable o’ horses* Collier (Collier MS.). *Two able horses* Singer conj.

porter] *grim porter* Staunton conj.

gate] After this Johnson conjectures that a line is lost.

11. *rather one that*] *one that rather* Becket conj.

12. *by*] *by it* Theobald.

13. *found...in*] Hanmer. *sound...*

in Ff. *found...on* Capell. *find...in* Capell conj.

16. *my*] om. Pope.

17, 18. *when—‘Commend’*] *when Commend* F₁. *then Commend* F₂F₃F₄. *with—Commend* Rowe.

19. *Plays*] *Play’ng* Hanmer.

hand, thus: but] Ff. *hand,—thus but* Pope.

him] F₁. *him sirrah* F₂F₃F₄.

22, 23. *reliances...Have*] *reliance...Has* Pope.

22. *on his*] *on’s* S. Walker conj.

32. *Which*] *Who* Pope.

Capl. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Capl. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.* 35

SCENE II. *A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind. 5
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, with the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Capl. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money? 10
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

34. 'I go, sir!'] *I go sir?* F₁. *I goe sir?* F₂F₃. *I go, sir?* F₄. *Ay, go, sir:* Pope. Omitted by Dyce and Staunton.

I.....you,] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

35. *in compt.]* Theobald. *in. Come.* Ff. *in count.* Hammer.

SCENE II.] Rowe. om. Ff.

A hall...] Timon's Hall. Rowe.

Flavius,] Rowe. Steward, Ff (and elsewhere).

4. *nor resumes]* Rowe. *nor resume* Ff. *and resumes* Pope. *no reserve,* Collier MS. *no reserves,* Collier (ed. 2).

6. *Was to be]* *Was, to be* Hanmer.

Was made to be Heath conj. *Was* Long MS. *Was formed* Mason conj. *Was truly* Singer MS. *Was surely* Collier (Collier MS.).

7. *hear]* here F₂.

feel] *he feel* Keightley.

9. Enter...] Johnson. Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro. Ff.

10. *Good even, Varro]* *Good evening, Varro* Rowe (ed. 2). *Good, even Varro* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 127).

money?] money. Pope (ed. 2).

10—16. *Good...lord.]* As in Ff. As verse in Capell, ending line 10 at *what.*

11. Var. Serv.] Malone. Var. Ff (and throughout the scene).

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

15

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, *and others.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord. 20

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you 25
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,— 30

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays your
speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I 35

13. *Isid. Serv.*] Malone. *Isid. Ff* (and throughout the scene).

16. *Enter...*] Capell, substantially. Enter Timon, and his Traine. *Ff.*

18. *With me? what is*] Capell. *With me, what is* *Ff.* *Well what's* Pope.

19. [They present their Bills. Rowe. 29, 30. *lord,—*] *lord—* Rowe. *lord.*

Ff.

30—35. *One...past.*] Prose in *Ff.*

Verse in Capell.

31. *humbly*] om. Pope, reading *From...payment*, as one line.

your] *your lordship's* Steevens conj. *you S.* Walker conj.

32. *payment*] *payment of* Keightley.

33. *wants,—*] *wants—* Rowe. *wants.* *Ff.*

36, 37. *Your...lordship.*] As in *Ff.* Malone ends line 36 at *lord.*

Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly. [*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you, 40

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business: 45

Your importunacy cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near.

[*Exit.* 50

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Capl. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus:
let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool? 55

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

40. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. Exe. Lords.
Rowe. om. Ff.

[*To Flav.*] Johnson.

pray you] om. Pope.

42. *demands*] *claims* Pope.

date-broke] Steevens (1793).

date-broken Malone. *debt, broken*, Ff.

debt, of broken Pope. *broken* Hammer.

43. *detention of*] F₁. *detention* F₂.

detention, F₃F₄.

46. *importunacy*] *importunity* Pope.

49. *Do...entertain'd*] As in Ff.

[*Exit.*] Exit Tim. Pope. om.

Ff.

50. *Pray*] *Pray you* Capell, reading *Wherefore...near* as two lines, the first ending *friends*. *I pray* Steevens (1793), following Capell's arrangement.

51. SCENE III. Pope. Johnson conjectures that a scene is lost here.

51, 52. *Stay.....'em*] Prose in Ff. Verse by Steevens (Capell conj. MS.).

52. *ha'*] *ha* F₁F₂F₃. *have* F₄.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet. 60

Capt. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses. 65

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress? 70

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page. 75

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription 80 of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

58. [*To the Fool*] Steevens. om. Ff.

59. [*To Var.* Steevens. om. Ff.

60. *thou'rt*] Collier. *th' art* F₁.
thou art F₂F₃F₄.

him] Ff. *it* Hanmer.

61. *Where's*] *Who's* Lettsom conj.

62. *He*] *He that* S. Walker conj.

rogues] *rogues'* Theobald (ed.

2).

62, 63. *Poor...want!*] Transferred to follow *yourselves*, line 75, Johnson conj.

64, 66, 70, 94, 98. All Serv.] All. Ff.

70. *Gramercies*] *Gramercy* Hanmer.

70, 71. *Gramercies...mistress?*] Prose in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

75, 102. *mistress'*] *mistress's* Theobald.

masters F₁F₂F₃. *master's* F₄.

76. [*To the Fool*] Johnson. om. Ff.

77. *wise*] *wife* F₂.

77, 80. *Apemantus*] F₄. *Apemantus* F₁F₂F₃.

80. *Page.*] F₄. Boy. F₁F₂F₃.

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. 85
Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's. 90

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman 95
served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to 100
borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore- 105
master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like 110
a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool. 115

86. *thou'lt*] F₄. *thou't* F₁F₂F₃.

87, 88. *famish a*] *famish*, a Rowe.

89—96. See note (VIII).

92. *home*.] *home*— Pope.

94. *Ay; would*] Capell. *I would* Ff.

95. *I,—as*] *I—as* Rowe. *I: As* Ff.

102. *merry*] F₁F₂. *merrily* F₃F₄.

105. *Apem.*] *Fool.* Hanmer.

110. *sometime 't*] F₃F₄. *sometime*
t' F₁F₂. *sometime it* Pope. *sometimes*
it Theobald.

sometime] *sometimes* F₄.

111. *sometime*] *sometimes* Pope.

112. *moe*] F₁. *more* F₂F₃F₄.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come. 120

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means? 125

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to: Perchance some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself. 130

Flav. O my good lord, At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. 135 When for some trifling present you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

119. Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.

121, 122. *I...philosopher*] Prose in Ff. Two lines, the first ending *brother*, in Ff.

122. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt Fool and Apemantus.* Capell. om. Ff.

123. *Pray you...anon.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

[*Exeunt Servants.*] Capell. *Exeunt.* Ff. *Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus, and Fool.* Theobald.

124. SCENE IV. Pope.

marvel; wherefore] Rowe. *mervell wherefore* F₁F₂. *marvel wherefore* F₃F₄.

127. *me,*] Capell. *me.* Ff.

128. [*proposed*] *propos'd* F₂F₃F₄. *propose* F₁.

131. *your*] F₁. *you* F₂F₃F₄.

134. *you; you*] Rowe. *you, you* Ff.

135. *found*] *sound* F₁.

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

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
 To hold your hand more close: I did endure
 Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
 Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
 And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
 Though you hear now, too late!—yet now's a time—
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold. 145

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues: the future comes apace:
 What shall defend the interim? and at length
 How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend. 150

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood, 155

Call me before the exactest auditors,
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
 Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
 I have retired me to a wasteful cock,

142. *loved*] *lov'd* F₁. *deare lov'd*
 F₂. *dear lov'd* F₃F₄. *belov'd* S.
 Walker conj.

143. *hear*] *heare* F₁. *here* F₂F₃F₄.
too...time] *yet now's too late a*
time Hammer. *yet now's a time too*
late Collier MS.

144, 145. *The...To pay your*] *Your*
greatest having lacks a half to pay
Your Steevens conj.

144. *your*] *you* F₂.

148. *comes*] *come* Hammer.

150. *How goes*] *Make good* Han-
 mer. *Hold good* Warburton.

152. *world is but a word*] *world's*
but as a word Becket conj.

word] F₁. *world* F₂F₃F₄.

155. *or falsehood*] *or truth* Seymour
 conj. *of falsehood* Edd. conj.

162, 163. *retired...cock, And*] *re-*
tir'd me, and like a wasteful cock, Have
 Anon. apud Rann. conj. *retired me,*
like a wasteful cock, And Mitford
 conj. *retir'd (me too a wasteful cock),*
 And Staunton conj.

to] *from* Knight conj.

wasteful cock] *lonely room* Pope.
wasteful nook Collier (Collier MS.).

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants 165
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: 170
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack, 175
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts! 180

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are
crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius! 185

wakeful cock Jackson conj. *wakeful*
couch Jervis conj.

166. *Who*] *who now* Pope.

Timon's] *lord Timon's* Steevens conj.

167. *Lord*] Rowe. *L. Ff.*

168. *Timon... Timon*] *F₂. Timon*
... Timons F₂F₃. Timon... Timon's F₄.
Timon's... Timon's Hanmer.

171. *Feast-won*] Pope. *Feast won*
Ff. Fast won Becket conj.

fast-lost] Theobald. *fast lost*
Ff.

173. *heart*] *hand* or *hands* S.
Walker conj.

175. *the*] *all* Hanmer.

178. *argument*] *arguments* Rowe.

180. *I can*] om. Steevens conj.

184. *Mistake... friends*] As in Ca-
pell. One line in Pope, reading *in*
my friends I'm wealthy. In *Ff* *Shall*
... friends is printed as three lines,
ending *perceive... fortunes... friends*.

I am] *I'm* Johnson.

185. *Flaminius*] Rowe. *Flavius*
Ff. Ho Flaminius Pope.

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents. 190

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators— 195
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name, 200
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,— 205
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions, 210
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods

Enter...] Rowe. *Enter* three Servants. Ff.

186. SCENE V. Pope.

187—192. *I will...talents.*] Prose in Ff. Seven lines of verse in Capell.

191. 'em] them Capell.

194. [*Aside*] First marked by Capell. om. Ff.

Lucullus] lord *Lucullus* Steevens (1793).

195. [To *Flavius*. Rowe. To ano-

ther Serv. Malone (Capell conj.).

senators] *senators of Athens* Steevens conj.

196. *health,*] F₃F₄. *health*; F₁. *health?* F₂.

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

204. *treasure*] *Treasure* F₁.

206. *not—*] *not—but* Hanmer. *not, but* Capell. *not what—* Dyce (ed. 2).

211. *cold-moving*] Theobald. *cold moving* Ff.

They froze me into silence.

Tim.

You gods, reward them!

Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;

215

'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee, be not

sad;

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,

220

No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd

Into a great estate: when he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;

225

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd

With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That had,

give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

230

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is

bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

213. *Prithee*] *I pr'ythee* Pope.
 214. *in them*] om. Hanmer.
 219. [*To a Serv.*] Malone (Capell
 conj.). om. Ff.
 [To Flav.] Malone. om. Ff.
 220. *Thou art*] *Thou'rt* Pope.
honest] *just* Pope.
ingeniously] *ingenuously* F₄.
 221. [*To Serv.*] Malone. om. Ff.
 228. [*Exit Serv.*] Edd. (Globe ed.).
 om. Ff.
 [To Flav.] Malone. om. Ff.

- give 't*] *give it* Steevens.
 229. *Ne'er*] *Ne'er* Ff.
 230. *'mong*] *'mongst* Boswell.
 231. *I would...think it*] *Would I*
could not Pope. *I would, I could not*
 Steevens conj.
thought is] *thought's* Steevens
 conj.
I would...foe] One line in Ca-
 pell. Two in Ff.
foe;] *foe?* F₂.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in Lucullus's house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 5 10

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 15

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with 20

ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Ff.

A room...] Lucullus's House in Athens. Theobald. The City. Rowe. waiting. Enter...] waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters... Ff.

2. to you] to you F₂.

5. [Aside] Johnson. om. Ff. men?] Ff. men; Theobald.

7, 8. [Exit Servant.] Capell. om. Ff.

17. who] he Seymour conj.

22. ha'] F₄. ha F₁F₂F₃.

him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. 25
Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee. 30

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get 35
you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares 40
for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee! [*Throwing back the money.*] 45

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee! Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! 50

24. *of purpose*] F₁F₂. *on purpose*. Pope. To the servant, who goes out. F₃F₄. Theobald. om. Ff.

26. *has*] *hath* F₄. 36. [*Exit Serv.*] Edd. om. Ff.

ha'] F₄. *ha* F₁F₂F₃.

45. [*Throwing...*] Capell. Throwing the money away. Rowe. om. Ff.

27. *ne'er*] *never* F₄.

Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...

47. [*Exit.*] Exit L. F₁. Exit Lucullus. F₂F₃F₄. Picks up the money, and exit. Edd. conj.

Ff.

30. [*drinking, and giving Wine to him.*] Capell.

49. *molten*] F₄. *moulten* F₁F₂. *multen* F₃.

35. [*To Serv.*] To the servant.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion! this slave,
 Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?

55

O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit. 60

SCENE II. *A public place.**Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend,
 and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are
 but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my
 lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord
 Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate
 shrinks from him.

5

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

53, 54. *I...honour*] Arranged as
 in Pope. One line in Ff.

slave, Unto his honour,]

Steevens (1778). *slave unto his honor,*
 F₁F₂. *slave unto his honour,* F₃.
slave unto his honour F₄. *slave Unto*
this hour Pope. *slave, Undo his ho-*
nour, Jackson conj. *slave unto his*
honour Collier MS. *slander Unto his*
honour Dyce. *slave Unto dishonour*
 Staunton conj.

55. *turn*] come F₃F₄.

57. *diseases...upon't*] *diseases...on't,*
 ending the lines *diseases...death...na-*

ture, or disease...upon't, ending the
 lines *O...when...nature* S. Walker
 conj.

58, 59. *of nature Which my*] *Of*
nature my Pope, ending the previous
 line at *part.* *Of nurture my* Hanmer.

59. *any*] om. Pope.

60. *but*] or Pope.

SCENE II.] Pope.

A public place.] Capell. *A*
publick Street. Theobald.

3. *First Stran.*] 1. Ff (and else-
 where).

8. *he*] F₂.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied. 10

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents. 15
20

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend. 25

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now? 30

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents. 35

9. *Sec. Stran.*] 2. Ff (and elsewhere).

11. *so many*] *fifty* Theobald.

17. *in't.*] F₁. *in.* F₂. *in that.* F₃F₄.

20. *mistook*] *o'er-look'd* Hammer. *mis-look'd* Warburton. *not mistook* Johnson conj. *miss'd* Edwards conj.

sent to] *sent him to* F₄.
21. *so many*] *twice so many* or *thrice so many* S. Walker conj.

23. [To Lucius. Rowe.

24, 25. *Fare thee well*] F₄. *Fartha-*

well F₁F₂F₃.

26. [Going. Edd. conj.

28. *has*] *hath* F₄.

31. *Has*] F₁F₂F₃. *H'as* F₄. *He has* Steevens.

32, 33. *so many*] *fifty* Rowe. *five hundred* Collier MS. *so many* [showing a paper. Anon. conj.

35. *cannot*] *can't* Hammer. *fifty five*] *fifty times five* Hammer. *fifty-five* Capell. *five* Collier MS. *fifty or five* Anon. conj.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself
against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself
honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should pur-
chase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal
of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able
to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord
Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would
not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Com-
mend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his
honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no
power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it
one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure
such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you
befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;

And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran.

Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of
the same piece

38. *faithfully*] *fervently* Hanmer.

42. *ha'*] F₄. *ha* F₁F₂F₃. *have*
Capell.

44. *for...undo*] *for a little dirt,*
and undo Theobald. *a little dirt, and*
undo Hanmer. *for a little profit, and*
undo Heath conj. *for a little park,*
and undo Johnson conj. *for a little*
port, and undo Mason conj. *and for*
a little part, undo Jackson conj.

46. *do*] *do't* Capell.

beast, I say] *beast I say* Ff.

beast I, say Hanmer. *beast I, I say*
Collier (Collier MS.).

52. *say,*] om. Pope.

54. *mine*] *my* F₄.

56. *a good*] *as good a* Hanmer.

[*Exit...*] Johnson. After line
55 in Ff.

59. *Do you observe*] *Observe you*
Steevens conj.

this] *this now* Hanmer.

Ay] *Ay, ay* Hanmer.

60—64. *Why...purse,*] Arranged

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
 His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
 My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
 And kept his credit with his purse;
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
 And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
 He does deny him, in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

65

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran.

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
 For policy sits above conscience.

70

75

80

[*Exeunt.*]

as by Capell. Six lines, ending *soule*,
*...peece...friend...knowing...father...
 purse:* in Ff. See note (ix).

60, 61. *soul.....spirit*] Theobald.
soule...sport Ff. *sport...soul* Steevens,
 1773 (Upton conj.). *soul...port* Col-
 lier (Collier MS.). *soul...coat* War-
 burton conj. (withdrawn).

64. *purse*] *purse afloat* Seymour
 conj.

68. *O, see*] to see S. Walker conj.

68, 69. *O, see...man When...shape!*
O see...man, When...shape! Theobald.
oh see...man, When...shape: Ff (*shape*;
 F₁). *oh see...man! When...shape*,
 Rowe.

72, 73. *For...life,*] As in Rowe.
 One line in Ff.

74. *came any.....over*] *any...came
 o'er* Pope. *e'er came any...over* Capell.
e'er came any...o'er Dyce (ed. 2).

77. *And*] *Most generous and* Han-
 mer.

79. *put...into*] *but...in* Jackson
 conj.

donation] *partition* Hanmer.

80. *return'd to*] *attorn'd to* Hanmer.
remain'd with Capell conj.

80, 81. *return'd...heart*] *return'd
 His heart, I so much love* Becket conj.

83. *sits above*] *still sits 'bove* Sey-
 mour conj.

SCENE III. *A room in Sempronius' house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum! —'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,

They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?

And does he send to me? Three? hum!

It shows but little love or judgement in him:

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?

SCENE III.] Pope. om. Ff.

A room...] Capell.

Enter.....] Capell. Enter a third
servant with Sempronius, another of
Timons Friends. Ff.

1. *Must...others?*] As in Steevens.
Two lines, the first ending *Hum*, in Ff.

in't,—hum!—'bove in't? Hum:
'Bove F₁F₂F₃ (*Bove* F₂). *in't Humb.*
Bove F₄. *in't?* 'bove Pope. *in't?*
Hum! Above Johnson.

4. *these*] *three* Rowe (ed. 2). *these*
three Pope. *of these* or *these men* or
these lords Anon. conj.

5. *Owe*] F₂F₃F₄. *Owes* F₁.

My lord] *Oh my lord* Pope.

5—7. *My...him.*] As in Steevens
(1778), following Capell. Line 6 ends
at *mettle*, in Ff.

6. *They have*] *They've* Pope.
and found] F₁. *and all are*

found F₂F₃F₄.

6, 7. *for...him*] Arranged as by
Capell. One line in Ff.

7. *have they*] om. Pope.

8. *Has.....denied*] *Ventidius and*
Lucullus both deny'd Pope. See note
(x).

10. *him:*] *him. What!* S. Walker
conj., ending lines 9—12 at *shows...*
What!...like...take...upon me?, and
omitting *Thrive*.

11, 12. *refuge?...give*] *refuge then?*
His friends, Like thrive'd physicians,
give Capell, ending the lines *friends...*
must...me?

11. *His friends*] F₁F₄. *His friend:*
F₂F₃. *Friends* Hammer.

12. *Thrive, give him over:*] F₁.
That thrive'd, give him over. F₂F₃F₄.
Three give him over? Pope. *Thrive'd,*
give him over? Theobald. *Tried give*

5

10

Has much disgraced me in 't; I'm angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first; 15
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er received gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No:
 So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
 To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join; 25
 Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The
 devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he
 crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but in the end the
 villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord 30
 strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked;
 like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole
 realms on fire:

him over, Hamner. *Shriv'd give him over*: Tyrwhitt conj. *Thrice give him over*: Knight (Johnson conj.). *Have given him over*; Mitford conj. *Fee'd give him over*: Anon. conj.

must] and must Hamner.

upon] On Pope, ending lines 12, 13 at *cure...angry*.

13. *Has] H'as* Rowe. *He has* Steevens.

at him] om. Pope.

14. *That] He* Pope.
sense] 'scuse Collier conj.

17. *received] received any* Hamner,
receiv'd Johnson.

18. *now] om.* Pope.

19. *No:] om.* Hamner. See note (XI).

21. *I] F₂F₃F₄.* om. F₁. *I shall* Hamner.

22. *I'd] I'de* F₁. *Ide* F₂F₃F₄.
I had Capell.

23. *Had] F₁F₂F₃.* *H'ad* F₄. *He had* Johnson.

24. *I'd] F₄.* *I'de* F₁. *Ide* F₂F₃.
I had Capell.

to do] to have done Pope, reading *But now return*, as a separate line.

27—33. *Excellent...fire:]* Prose in Ff. As nine lines of verse in Capell, ending *lordship's...what...politick;...think,...man...strives...copies to...hot...fire*.

28. *knew not] knew* Johnson conj.
politic] so politick Capell.

29. *and...but] but then* Seymour conj.

30. *villanies] policy* Hamner.

clear] dear Becket conj.

31. *to appear] not to appear* Hamner.

wicked] wicked by Capell.

32. *hot ardent] hot And ardent* Capell.

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

35

Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

40

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think

One business does command us all; for mine

Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

5

34. *Of.....love.*] As verse first by Johnson. Prose in Ff.

35. *best*] *last* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

36. *only the gods*] *the gods only* Pope.

SCENE IV.] Pope. SCENE II. Rowe.

A hall...] Timon's Hall. Rowe.

Enter.....] Malone, after Capell. Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timon's Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius. Ff.

1. First Var. Serv.] 1. V. Capell. Var. man. Ff. Var. Rowe.

2—5. *Lucius...money*] As in Capell. Prose in Ff.

3. *What, do*] Capell. *what do* Ff. *why do* Pope.

Luc. Serv.] Malone. Luc. or Luci. Ff (and elsewhere).

Ay, and] om. Pope, reading *I... all* as one line. *And* Johnson.

5—7. *Is...brother.*] Two lines in Capell, the first ending *Sir*.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv.

And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv.

Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi.

Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi.

Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv.

Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him: 10

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough and yet

Find little. 15

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor.

Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, 20
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv.

Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes:

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

6. Enter Philotus.] Ff. Enter Philo. Rowe. Enter Philotas. Pope.

Philotus] Ff. *Philo's* Rowe. *Philotas's* Pope. *Philotus' Delius.*

7, 8. *Welcome, ...hour?*] As in Ff. One line in Pope.

8. *do you*] Ff. *d' you* Pope.

10. *on 't*] om. Pope.

11. *but*] *but now* Hanmer.

wax'd] *waxed* Pope.

12. *that a*] *That such a* Hanmer, ending lines 10—12, *wont...days...consider.*

prodigal] *prodigal's* Theobald.

13, 14. *Is...fear*] Two lines, end-

ing *sun's...fear*, S. Walker conj.

recoverable. I fear] Johnson. *recoverable, I feare*: Ff, reading *Is...feare* as one line.

15—17. *'Tis...little*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff. Johnson puts *That is* in a separate line.

19. *Most*] om. Pope.

21. *I*] *you* Singer, ed. 1 (Theobald conj.).

22. *It is*] om. Pope, ending lines 21—25 *heart...pay...lord...em.*

Mark] om. Pope. *Mark you* Capell.

And send for money for 'em.

25

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

30

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord 35
ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too
diligent. [Exit. 40

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

26. *I'm]* *I am* Rowe (ed. 2).

I'm.....witness] One line in

Rowe. Two in Ff.

28. *And now ingratitude]* *Ingrati-*
tude now Pope.

29. First Var. Serv.] i. V. Capell.

Varro. F₁F₂F₃. Var. F₄.

Yes...yours] One line in Pope.

Two in Ff.

30. *mine]* om. Pope.

31. First Var. Serv.] i. V. Capell.
Var. Ff (and elsewhere).

much] *too much* Pope. *much*
too Hanmer.

33. *his]* *mine* Johnson conj. *this*
Jackson conj.

35, 36. *Flaminius...forth?]* Prose
in Ff. Verse in Pope.

39, 40. *I need...diligent.]* Prose in
Ff. Verse in Hamner.

40. [Exit.] Exit Flaminius. Stee-
vens (1778). om. Ff.

Enter Flavius...] Enter Stew-
ard... Ff.

44. Sec. Var. Serv.] Edd. 2. Varro.
Ff. i. Var. Serv. Malone. Both Var.
Serv. Dyce.

sir,—] Rowe. *sir.* Ff.

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend? 45

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? 50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up ;

Let me pass quietly :

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end ; 55

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;

For you serve knaves. [Exit.

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered wor- 60
ship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what ; he's poor, and that's
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has
no house to put his head in? such may rail against great
buildings. 65

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius ; now we shall know some
answer.

45. *ye]* you F₄.

friend] friends Dyce.

46. *Ay,*] Put in a separate line by
Capell. om. F₄.

48—54. 'Twere sure...quietly] Cap-
pell ends the lines *not...eat...fawn...
interest...wrong,...quietly*. Keightley
follows Capell, except that he ends
line 53 at *yourselves*.

50. *eat]* ate Keightley.

51. *could]* F₁. *would* F₂F₃F₄.

52. *into]* in Pope.

58. *If]* F₄. *If't* F₁. *Ift* F₂F₃.

'twill not serve] 'twill not Stee-
vens (1793), ending lines 57, 58 at
not...knaves.

59. [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff.

60. First Var. Serv.] 1. Var. Serv.
Malone. 1. Varro. Ff. Var. Rowe.

How!] *How's that? What says
he?* Capell, reading lines 60—65 as
verse, ending *does...poor...broader...
in?...buildings*.

62. Sec. Var. Serv.] 2. Var. Serv.
Malone. 2. Varro. Ff. Tit. Rowe.

64. *rail]* have leave to rail Capell.

66—72. *O, here's...chamber.]* Prose
in Ff. Seven lines of verse in Capell.
Pope reads lines 66—70 *O...soul*, as
prose; the rest as three lines of verse.

66. *know]* have Rowe.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health and keeps his chamber. 70

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick: And if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, 75 And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house 80 Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill. 85

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle. 90

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

68. *to repair*] *But to repair* Capell.

69. *derive much*] *much derive* Steevens.

from 't] *from it* Pope.

take 't of] *take it of* Pope. *take it o'* Capell.

71. *he's*] F₁F₃F₄. *hes* F₂. *He is* Pope.

74. *And if*] *An if* S. Walker conj.

it] *he* Rowe (ed. 2).

77. *answer, sir*] *an answer* Rowe. *an answer, sir* Collier (Collier MS.).

78. *in a rage*] Ff. om. Capell.

Flaminius following.] Capell.

om. Ff.

79. SCENE V. Pope.

81. *gaol*] F₄. *gaole* F₁. *goale* F₂. *goal* F₃.

84—99. *Put in...My lord,—*] Verse in Capell.

85. *here is*] *here's* F₄.

87. *Hor.*] Capell. 1. Var. Ff. *Hor. Serv. Malone.*

88. *Both Var. Serv.*] *Malone.* 2. Var. Ff. Cap. Rowe. Var^s. Capell.

89. *All*] *And* Rowe (ed. 2).

91. *lord,—*] Capell. *lord.* Ff.

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord. 95

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours?—
and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! 100
[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils! 105

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord. 110

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:

92. *Cut*] *Cut out* Pope.

96, 97. *Five...and yours?*] Prose in Hudson. One line in Dyce. Two lines in Ff, the first ending *that*.

96. *pays*] *pay* Pope.

What] *What's* Hanmer.

98. *First Var. Serv.*] 1. *Var. Serv.* Malone. 1. *Var. Ff.* *Var. Rowe.*

98, 99. *lord,—*] *lord—* Rowe. *lord.* Ff.

99. *Sec. Var. Serv.*] 2. *Var. Serv.* Malone. 2. *Var. Ff.* *Cap. Rowe.*

100. *Tear...upon*] *Here tear...on* Pope. *Here tear...upon* Capell.

[*Exit.*] *Exit* Timon. Ff.

103. *Re-enter.....*] Pope. Enter Timon and Flavius. Rowe. Enter Ti-

mon. Ff.

106, 108. *lord,—*] Johnson. *lord.* Ff.

108. *My lord*] *My dear lord* Rowe.

112. *and*] add F₂.

Sempronius: all] F₃F₄. *Sempronius Vllorxa: All F₁, Sempronius: all F₂. Sempronius; Ullorxa, all Malone. Sempronius, all, look, sir or Sempronius— Flav. Alack, sir. Tim. All Collier conj. Sempronius, Valerius, all S. Walker conj. Sempronius— Flav. O my lord! Tim. All Delius conj. Sempronius; Ventidius, all Grant White. Sempronius; all on 'em, all Keightley. Sempronius: All, sirrah, all Edd. (Globe ed.).*

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

115

Tim. Be it not in thy care;
Go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the
fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

5

First Sen. Now, captain?

113—116. *O my...table.*] As verse
first by Pope. Prose in Ff.

115. *There is*] Capell. *There's* Ff.
to] Ff. *as to* Rowe.

116. *Be it*] Ff. *Be 't* Steevens
(1793).

in] om. Pope.

117. *Go*] In a separate line by
Edd. At beginning of line 118 in Ff.
At end of line 116 in Capell.

118. *I charge thee,*] and Pope.

SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE III.
Rowe. SCENE VI. Pope.

The Senate-house.] Theobald.
The city. Rowe. om. Ff.

The Senate sitting.] Dyce. The
Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, at-
tended, Capell. Enter three Senators

at one doore, Alcibiades meeting
them, with Attendants. Ff.

1, 2. *My...die*] As in Reed (1803).
Three lines, ending *too't...Bloody:...
dye:* in Ff. Two lines, the first end-
ing *bloody*, in Rowe. Prose in Collier.

1. *lord*] *lords* Dyce conj.

to it] Reed (1803). *too 't* F₁F₂.
to't F₃F₄.

fault's] F₃F₄. *faults* F₁F₂.

4. *him*] Hanmer. *'em* Ff.

Enter...] Dyce.

5. *Honour, health*] *Health, honour*
Pope.

6. *Now, captain?*] Capell. *Now
captaine.* F₁F₂. *Now captain.* F₃.
Now, captain. F₄. *Now? Captain.*
Johnson.

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

14. *He is*] *He's* F₄.
14—18. *He is...But*] See note (XII).
15—20. *Of...foe*] Five lines in Keightley, ending *fact...which...fury...reputation...foe*.
18. *fair*] *free* S. Walker conj.
19. *touch'd*] *Touched* Keightley.
21. *and unnoted*] *and innated* Becket conj. *undenoted* Jackson conj. *and unwonted* Anon. conj.
22. *behave his*] Rowe. *behoove his* Ff. *behave in 's* Hammer. *behave, his* Steevens (1773). *behalve his* Malone conj. *behood his* Singer, ed. 2 (Jackson conj.). *reprove his* Collier (Collier MS.).
behave...spent] *behold his ad-*

versary shent Johnson conj. *behave, ere was his anger spent* Steevens conj. *behave; his anger was, 'ere spent* Becket conj.
23. *proved*] *mov'd* Collier (Collier MS.).
26. *if*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.
27—30. *To bring...born*] Five lines, ending *set...which...came..factions...born*, S. Walker conj.
27. *manslaughter*] *mad-slaughter* F₂.
and] om. Pope.
quarrelling] *This over-readiness in quarrelling* Anon. conj.
30. *were*] *were but* Pope.

10

15

20

25

30

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

35

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.

40

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? If there be

45

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,

50

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

55

32, 33. *The...carelessly,*] Two lines
in Pope. Three, ending *breath, ...out-*
sides, ...carelessly, in Ff.

make...to wear] *take his wrongs To*
wear Anon. conj., omitting *His outsides.*

33. *outsides, to wear them*] *outside-*
wear; hang Warburton.

to wear] *wear* Pope.

34. *to his*] *to 's* S. Walker conj.

38. *lord,—*] *lord!*—Rowe. *lord.* Ff.

39. *To...bear*] *It is not valour to*
revenge, but bear Pope.

valour] *true valour* Anon. conj.

43. *threats*] *threatnings* Pope.
treatments Anon. conj.

sleep upon 't] *nay, sleep upon 't*
Capell. *sleep upon it* Steevens. *and*

sleep upon 't Long MS.

44. *the*] *their* Long MS.

45. *repugnancy*] *repugnance* S.
Walker conj., reading *Without...val-*
our as one line.

If] *but if* Pope. *Or, if* Capell.
An if Anon. conj. *If that* Anon. conj.

If there be] *If there be then*
Keightley.

46. *the bearing*] *bearing* S. Walker
conj., reading *In bearing...abroad* as
one line.

47. *then*] *then sure* Pope. *then,*
the Johnson conj.

49—51. *And...lords,*] See note (XIII).

55. *mercy,*] *mercy!* Delius.

most] *made* Warburton.

To be in anger is impiety ;
But who is man that is not angry ?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! His service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that ?

Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies :
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;
He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin
That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions : 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.

59. breathe] breath Ff. preach Edd. conj.

59, 60. His.....Byzantium] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

62. I say, ...has] I say my lords h'as Pope. Why say my Lords ha's F₁. Why I say my Lords h'as F₂F₃. Why, I say my Lords h'as F₄. Why, I say, my lords, he has Capell. Why, I say, my lords, has Dyce. I say, my lords, he has Edd. (Globe Ed.).

63. And slain in fight] And slain in battle Pope. slain In battle Hanmer, ending line 62 at slain.

66. made] made murder Anon. conj.

66, 67. with 'em ; He's a] with em Hes a F₂. with em He's a F₃. with 'em, He's a F₄. with him : He's a F₁. with 'em, he Is a Hanmer. with

'em, he's A Malone. with 'em here. He's a S. Walker conj. with himself ; He's a Keightley.

67. sworn] swoln Warburton.

67, 68. Divided as in Ff. Malone ends line 67 at often.

68. That often] Oft' Hanmer. and takes his] and takes Pope. takes his Capell.

69. If there were...enough] Were there...enough alone Pope. And, if there were...enough Capell. Were there...itself enough Collier MS. That if there were...enough Long MS. If there were no more foes, that were enough Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). If there were no other foes, that were enough Keightley.

foes] moe foes or foes else Anon.

conj.

My lords, if not for any parts in him— 75

Though his right arm might purchase his own time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,

Take my deserts to his and join 'em both :

And, for I know your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all 80

My honours to you, upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more, 85

On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,

I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How! 90

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;

It could not else be I should prove so base

To sue and be denied such common grace :

My wounds ache at you. 95

First Sen. Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;

We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me !

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly. 100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,

79—81. As in Capell. The lines end *security...you...returnes*, in Ff. Pope ends them *love...victories...returns*. S. Walker ends them *know...security...you...return*.

80. *all*] om. Pope.

81. *honours*] F₂F₃F₄. *honour* F₁.
upon] on Pope.

returns] *return* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

83. *war*] F₃F₄. *warre* F₁. *waare*

F₂.

88, 89. *My.....me.*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.

91. *remembrances*] *remembrance*, Capell, ending line 90 at *Call me*.

92. *What!*] *What, sir!* Hanmer.

93. *has*] F₁F₂. *hath* F₃F₄.

97. *in*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

in few] *few in* Rann (Johnson conj.).

101. *contain*] *contains* Rowe.

Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our
spirit,

He shall be executed presently. *[Exeunt Senators.]*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you ! 105

I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money and let out

Their coin upon large interest, I myself

Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110

Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment !

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 115

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. *[Exit.]*

102. *Attend...spirit,*] One line in in Ff.
Capell. Two in Ff.

102, 103. *And...presently,*] *And*
note, to swell your spirit, He... or
And, but to swell your spirit, He...
Theobald conj. 2. Sen. *And, (not*
to swell our spirit) he shall then Be
executed presently. Hammer. *And,*
(now to swell your spirit,) He shall...
Warburton. *And, not to swell your*
spirit, He... Capell. *And, not to*
swear our spirit, He... Becket conj.
And, to show well our spirit, He...
Anon. conj.

102. *swell*] *quell* Singer conj.

103. *[Exeunt...]* Exeunt Senate.
Capell. Exeunt. Ff.

104. *Now...live*] As in Steevens.
Two lines, the first ending *enough,*

Now the] om. Pope.
enough] om. Capell.

105. *in bone*] *at home* or *in doors*
Staunton conj.

on] *upon* Keightley.

111. *Banishment!*] *Banishment.*
F₁. *ha* *Banishment.* F₂ F₃. *Ha!*
Banishment! F₄.

115. *lay*] *play* Johnson conj.
lay for hearts] *say,—Forth*
hearts! Jackson conj.

116. *most lands*] *most hands* War-
burton. *most lords* Malone conj. *my*
stains Mason conj. *most brands* Becket
conj. *most bands* Jackson conj.
be] *beat* Jackson conj.

117. *should brook as little*] *as little*
should brook Pope.

SCENE VI. *A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends. 5

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 10

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out. 15

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you? 20

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE IV. Rowe. SCENE VII. Pope.

A banqueting-room..] Timon's House. Rowe. State Room... Capell.

Music.....doors.] Capell, substantially. Enter divers Friends at several doores. Ff. Enter divers Senators at several doors. Rowe.

1. First Lord.] 1. L. Capell. 1. Ff. 1. Sen. Rowe (and throughout).

2. Sec. Lord.] 2. L. Capell. 2. Ff. 2. Sen. Rowe (and throughout).

4. *tiring*] *stirring* Jackson conj.

19. *here's*] F₄. *heares* F₁F₂. *heare* F₃.

24. Sec. Lord.] 2. L. Capell. 2. Ff.

3. Sen Rowe.

me, sir,—] *me for—* S. Walker conj.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you? 25

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship. 30

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently. 35

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer? 40

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before— 45

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

29, 30. *The...lordship.*] Prose in conj.).
F₁F₂. Two lines in F₃F₄.

29. *willing*] *willingly* F₄.

31, 32. *Nor.....men.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Johnson.

34. *harshly o' the trumpet's*] *harshly o' the trumpets* Ff. *harshly as o' the trumpets* Rowe. *harshly as on the trumpets* Pope. *harshly, as o' the trumpet's* Capell. *harshly on the trumpet's* Singer (ed. 1). *harshly. The trumpets* S. Walker conj. *harshly. O, the trumpets* Dyce, ed. 2 (Grant White

harshly] *sparingly* Anon. conj.

39. *lord,—*] Hanmer. *lord.* Ff.

41. *My most*] *Most* Pope (ed. 2).
I am] *I'm* Rowe.

42. *this other*] F₁. *the other* F₂F₃
F₄. *t'other* Rowe.

45. *before—*] Rowe. *before.* Ff.

47. [*The banquet brought in.*] Ff, after line 40. Transferred by Dyce and Staunton. Goes toward the table. Capell.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season
can yield it. 50

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it. 55

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast toward. 60

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would
to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places
alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere
we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require
our thanks. 65

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thank-
fulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but
reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to
each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for,
were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake
the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man
that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score
of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a
dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O
gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common
70
75

50. *Third Lord.*] 3. L. Capell. 3. *so.* Capell.
Ff. 3. Sen. Rowe (and throughout). 68. *sit, sit*] F₁. *sir, sir* F₂F₃F₄.
53. *hear...it?*] *here...it.* F₂. 70—83. *You.....welcome.*] Printed
54. *First and Sec. Lord.*] Both. Ff. in italics in Ff.
59. *you*] *ye* Theobald. 75. *be*] om. Pope.
62. *Will 't...will 't*] F₄. *Wilt...*
wilt F₁F₂F₃. 78. *be—as they are.*] Steevens (1793).
63. *will—and so—*] Steevens. *will,*
and so. F₁F₂F₃. *will, and so—* F₄. *be as they*
are— F₄.
fees] *foes* Hanmer (Warburton).
lees Singer (ed. 1).

lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make 80
 suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,
 as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to
 nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full
 of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean? 85

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
 Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
 Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, 90
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villany. [*Throwing the water in their faces.*]
 Live loathed, and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, 95
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
 Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
 Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—

80. *lag*] Rowe. *legge* F₁F₂F₃. *leg*
 F₄. *lee* Capell conj. *tag* Anon. ap.
 Rann conj.

81. *present*] om. Pope.

82. *to me*] *to be* Boswell (a mis-
 print?).

83. *are they*] *they are* Steevens
 (1793).

84. [The dishes...] Johnson, sub-
 stantially. Capell puts a similar stage
 direction after line 87.

warm water.] stones and warm
 water. Steevens conj.

88. *smoke*] *stones* Anon. conj.

89. *last*] After this S. Walker conj-
 ectures that a line is lost, ending
Timon.

90. *you with*] Ff. *with your* Hanmer

(Warburton). *by you with* Keightley.
flatteries] *flatreries* F₂. *flattery*
 Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

91. *it*] *them* Hanmer.

92. [Throwing...] Johnson. om. Ff.

95. *fools*] *tools* Theobald conj.

time's flies] *Times Flies* F₁.
Time flyes F₂. *Time flies* F₃.
Time-flies F₄.

96. *Cap-and-knee slaves*] Pope. *Cap
 and knee-slaves* F₁. *Cap and knee
 slaves* F₂F₃F₄.

minute-jacks!] A full stop in
 F₁. No stop in F₂F₃F₄.

97. *infinite*] *infectious* Grant White
 conj.

malady] *maladies* Hanmer.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

100

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity!

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

105

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?

110

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

115

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]

100. [*Throws...out.*] Rowe, after line 99. om. Ff. Pelts them with stones. S. Walker conj.

and...out.] om. Delius.

104. *Re-enter.....*] *Re-enter the Senators.* Pope. Enter the Senators, with other Lords. Ff. *Re-enter Lords &c.* Capell. The Guests return. Grant White. *Re-enter the Company.* Dyce (ed. 2).

107. *Push*] *Psha* Theobald. *Pish* Hammer.

108. *Fourth Lord.*] 4. L. Capell. 4. Ff. 4. Sen. Rowe.

I have] *I've* Pope.

109—111. *He's...hat.*] Printed as four lines of verse by Rann. Three lines, Capell conj.

109. *humour*] F₃F₄. *humours* F₁ F₂.

111. *hat*] *cap* Pope.

112. *Third Lord.*] 3. L. Capell. 2. Ff. 2. Sen. Rowe. 4. Lord. Keightley.

113. *Sec. Lord.*] 2. L. Capell. 3. Ff. 3. Sen. Rowe.

117. [*Exeunt.*] *Exeunt the Senators.* Ff. om. Capell (corrected in MS.).

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.**Enter* TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
 Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, 5
 And minister in their steads! To general filths
 Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal! 10
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear, 15
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries, 20

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe.

Without...] Rowe.

1, 2. *thee. O...wolves,*] Ff. *thee, O...wolves!* Pope.2. *girdlest*] Rowe. *girdles* Ff.6. *steads!* To...*filths*] *steads: to...filths* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *steads, to...filthes.* F₁F₂. *steads to...filthes.* F₃. *steads to...filths* F₄.*filths*] *filth* Hanmer.7. *green virginity!*] *green, virginity* Pope (ed. 1).8, 9. *fast; Rather.....back, out]*Theobald (Anon. conj.). *fast Rather...backe; out* F₁F₂F₃. *fast, Rather...back; out* F₄.13. *o' the' i' th'* Hanmer. *at the* Keightley.*Son]* Some F₁.14. *lined]* *lean'd* Keightley.15. *With.....brains]* *And with it beat his brains out* Pope.*Piety and fear]* *Fear and piety*

Pope

And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
 Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
 Amen.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II. *Athens. Timon's house.**Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

21. *let*] Hammer. *yet* Ff.33. *detestable town*] *town detestable*
Hammer.34. [Throwing away his raiment.
Delius conj. Plucking out his hair.
Ingleby conj.36. *more*] *much* F₄.37. *you*] *ye* Pope (ed. 2).41. *Amen*] om. Pope.

SCENE II.] Rowe.

Athens.....] Timon's House.
Rowe.1. *master steward*] *M. steward* F₁.
good master steward Pope.

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

4. *me*] *it* Hanmer. om. Capell.
5—8. *I am.....backs*] S. Walker
would end the lines *noble...friend...
go...backs*.
8. *do*] om. Hanmer.
9, 10. *From our...to his*] *From our
...from his* Hanmer. *To our...from
his Rann* (Mason conj.).
10. *his familiars*] *the familiars*

S. Walker conj.
11. *leave*] *and leave* Long MS.
14. *all-shunn'd*] Hyphenated in
Pope.
15. *like*] *likes* F₂.
18. *still*] om. Pope.
20. *dying*] *sinking* Keightley conj.
22. *this*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).
25. *let's shake*] *shake* Pope.

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 30
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp and all what state compounds 35
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
 Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat 45
 Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit. 50

29. [Servants.....] Embrace and part severall wayes. Ff. He gives them mony, they embrace... Pope. Embrace, and Exeunt Servants. Capell.

30. *fierce*] *first* Theobald (ed. 2).

33. *Who would*] *Who'd* Pope.

or to] *as to* Rowe. *and so or so to* Grant White conj. (withdrawn). *or would* Keightley. *or so* Dyce, ed. 2.

34. 35. *friendship?* *To have his*] *friendship?* *and to have His* Singer (ed. 2). *friendship;* *and revive To have his* Collier (Collier MS.). *friendship?* *and survive To have his* Keightley.

35. *what state compounds*] *state comprehends* Collier (S. Walker conj.).

that state compounds Grant White conj.

36. *varnish'd*] *vanish'd* Pope.

38. *unusual blood,*] *unusual mood,* Johnson conj. *unequal blood,* Becket conj. *unusual!—'sblood!* Jackson conj.

41. *does*] F₄. *do* F₁F₃. *doe* F₂.

44. *Alas*] 'Las S. Walker conj.

45. *ingrateful*] *ingratefull* F₁F₂. *ungrateful* F₃F₄.

46, 47. *Of monstrous...it.*] As in Pope. Three lines in Ff.

46. *has*] *his* F₂.

with him] om. Rowe.

48. *follow*] *follow after* Hammer.

SCENE III. *Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.**Enter* TIMON, *from the cave.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence and birth
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes, 5
 The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar and deny't that lord,
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,

SCENE III.] Rowe.

Woods...] Edd. The Woods.
 Rowe. Wood; a Cave in View. Capell.

Enter Timon...] Edd. Enter Timon
 in the Woods. Ff. Enter Timon.
 Rowe. Enter Timon, with a Spade.
 Capell.

1. *blessed breeding*] *blessing-breed-*
ing Warburton. *blessed-breeding* Dyce
 (S. Walker conj.).

5. *dividant*] *divided* Hanmer.
them] om. Pope.

6. *not nature*] *not ev'n nature* Pope.
not his nature Capell. *not those natures*
 Steevens conj.

6—8. *nature...nature*] *natures...*
natures Mason conj.

8. *by*] *with* Hanmer.

9. *Raise*] *Robe* Maginn conj.

deny't] *denude* Theobald (War-
 burton). *degrade* Hanmer. *deprive*
 Heath conj. *devest* Steevens conj. *de-*

chute Becket conj. *decline* Collier
 (Collier MS.). *demit* Staunton ('Obe-
 lus,' N. and Q. 1856, conj.). *deject*
 Arrowsmith conj. *deknicht* Anon.
 conj.

10. *senator*] Rowe. *senators* Ff.

12. *pasture*] Rowe. *pastour* F₁.
pastor F₂F₃F₄. *pasterer* Farmer and
 Steevens conj.

pasture.....rother's] *paste d'er-*
lards the brother's Jackson conj.

lards] Rowe. *Lards*, F₁. *Lords*,
 F₂F₃F₄.

rother's] Collier (Singer, ed. 2).
Brothers Ff. *beggar's* Rowe. *weather's*
 Theobald (Warburton). *broader* Far-
 mer conj. *breather's* Malone conj.
 (withdrawn).

13. *The...lean*] F₃F₄. *The...leave*
 F₁. *The...leane* F₂. *'Tis...leave* John-
 son conj. *The gaunt that makes him*
leave Farmer conj. Johnson supposes
 that a line is lost.

And say 'This man's a flatterer'? if one be, 15
 So are they all; for every grise of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures
 But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd 20
 All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here? 25
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this 30
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves, 35
 And give them title, knee and approbation
 With senators on the bench: this is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

15. *say*] *fay* F₁.*man's*] F₃F₄. *mans* F₁F₂.16. *grise*] *grize* Ff. *greeze* Pope.18. *all is oblique*] Pope. *All's oblique* F₁. *Alls obliquy* F₂F₃. *All's obliquy* F₄. *all's obloquy* Rowe. *all, all's oblique* Lettsom conj.20. *Therefore*] *Then* Pope.23. *fang*] Johnson. *phang* Ff.

[Digging.] Digging the Earth. Rowe. om. Ff.

26—29. *Gold...valiant*] As in Hammer. Five lines, ending *gold?...votarist, ...make...right;...valliant*, in Ff.27. *idle votarist*] *idol votarist* Collier (Collier MS.).*you*] om. Hammer.*clear*] *dear* Jackson conj.29. *right*] After this Keightley marks an omission.30. *Ha*] om. Pope.*what*] *why* Hanmer. *what?* Johnson.32. *stout*] *sick* Hanmer.*their*] F₁. *the* F₂F₃F₄.35. *thieves*] *theeves*, F₁. *theeves*. F₂F₃. *thieves*. F₄.37. *this is it*] *this, this is it* Hanmer. *why, this it is* Steevens conj.38. *wappen'd*] *waped* Hanmer (Warburton). *wained* Johnson conj. *wapper'd* Collier, ed. 2 (Malone conj.). *Wapping* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag.

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?
 Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief, 45
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;*
 PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, 50
 That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange. 55

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know
 thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Vol. LX. p. 127). *weeping* Steevens
 conj. *vapid* Seymour conj.

wed] *wood* d Mason conj.

39. *Shē*] *Her* Hammer.

39, 40. *whom...at*] *whose ulcerous
 sores the spital-house Would...at or at
 whose ulcerous sores the spital-house
 Would...up* Steevens conj.

40. *at, this*] Pope. *at. This* Ff.
at; this Rowe.

41. *damned*] Rowe (ed. 2). *damn'd*
 Ff.

42. *put'st*] *putt'st* Pope. *puttes* Ff.
puttest Rowe.

44. *Do...quick*] One line in Pope.

Two in Ff.

45. *thou'lt*] F₄. *thou't* F₁F₂F₃.

47. [*Keeping some gold.*] Pope.

om. Ff.

SCENE IV. Pope.

Phrynia] and Phrynia Ff.

speak.] om. Seymour conj.

48. *The canker*] *Cankers* Rowe.

52. *misanthropos*] *misanthropos* F₁.

56. *that*] *as* Pope.

58. *With...paint*] *And with...paint*
all Hammer.

gules, gules:] gules, total gules:
 Capell. *gules, gules; for if* Keightley.

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine 60
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change? 65

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
 But then renew I could not, like the moon;
 There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion. 70

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou
 wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man:
 if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries. 75

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world
 Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra? 80

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
 Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
 Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
 For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth 85

63. *not*] *but* Staunton conj.

68. *were*] *were now* Pope (ed. 2).

69—74. *Noble...man!*] Prose in Ff.
 Seven lines of verse in Capell.

70. *but to*] *but this*, To Capell.

73. *not promise*] *but promise* Staun-
 ton conj.

74. *perform*] *promise*, and *Perform*
 Capell.

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

77. *then*] *thine* Malone conj.

80—83. *Art thou.....lust*] Three
 lines, ending *still!.....diseases, ...lust*,
 S. Walker conj.

82—86. *Be.....diet.*] Verse first in
 Pope. Prose in Ff.

83. *Give...lust.*] *Leaving with thee*
their lust. Give them diseases; Grant
 White (Johnson conj.).

85. *bring*] *bring me* Capell (MS.
 correction).

85, 86. *rose-checked youth To the*]

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains

Malone. *Rose-cheek'd youth to the F₁.*
Rose-cheek'd youth to the F₂F₃. *Rose-*
cheek'd youth to the F₄. *the rose-cheek'd*
youth To th' Pope. rose-cheek'd youth
to The Dyce.

rose-cheeked...tub-fast] the rose-
cheek'd youth, Th' fub, to th' fast
Theobald conj.

86. *tub-fast] Theobald (Warbur-*
ton). Fubfast Ff.

88. *calamities] calamities F₂.*

89. *I have] I have had Collier (Col-*
lier MS.).

91. *have] om. Rowe.*

92. *Athens,] Athens is Hanmer.*

94. *trod upon] had trod on Hanmer.*
them—] Rowe. them. Ff.

98. *I had] I'ad Pope.*

99. *Here is some] Here's Pope.*

100. *heap—] Rowe (ed. 2). heap.*
or heap. Ff.

101. *Athens?] F₃F₄. Athens. F₁*
F₂.

101—105. *Ay...country.] S. Walk-*
er would end the lines them...when
...killing...country.

102. *all] all then Pope. om. Ca-*
pell, ending the line at and.

in thy] i' thy Steevens (1793),
ending the lines and... Timon?... That,
...conquer...country.

103. *thee after, ...conquer'd] after,*
thee, ...conquered Pope.

104. *Why] But why Hanmer.*
of] om. Hanmer.

90

95

100

Thou wast born to conquer my country. 105
 Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison
 In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard; 110
 He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes 115
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
 Think it a bastard whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut, 120
 And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
 Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers: 125
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
 givest me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
 thee! 130

105. *conquer my]*, *make conquest of my* Hanmer. *conquer thy own* Capell, ending the previous line at *born*. *scourge thy* S. Walker conj.

107. *when]* F₁. *whom* F₂F₃F₄.

111. *counterfeit]* om. Pope.

114. *for]* *nor* Tyrwhitt conj.

115. *window-bars]* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *window barne* F₁F₂. *window barn* F₃F₄. *window-barn* Pope. *window-lawn* Theobald (Warburton). *widow's barb* Tyrwhitt conj.

117. *But]* om. Pope.

them] om. Dyce (ed. 2).

118. *exhaust]* *extort* Hanmer.

119. *whom]* *who*, Hanmer.

120. *pronounced thy]* Pope. *pronounced, the* Ff.

121. *swear]* *whoso'er* Heath conj.

against] *'gainst all* Hanmer.

objects] *abjects* Collier, ed. 2 (Farmer conj.). *audits* Becket conj.

124. *priests]* *priest* Pope.

128, 129. *Hast... ..counsel.]* As in Capell. Verse first in Pope, the first line ending *yet?* Prose in Ff.

129. *all]* om. Pope.

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear, 135
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; 140
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still; 145
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
 A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?
 Believe't that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins, 150
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,

131, 147, 165. *Phr. and Timan.* Steevens. Both. Ff. Wom. Capell.

133. *whores, a bawd*] Ff. *whore a bawd* Pope. *whole a bawd* Theobald (Warburton). *whores abundant* Hammer. *whores abhorr'd* Collier (Collier MS.).

134. *you are*] *you're* Pope.

142—145. *And be.....still*] As in Capell. In Ff the lines end months.....thatch.....dead,.....matter:.....still. Seven lines in Johnson, ending *turncoats...contrary...thatch... &c.*

142. *turncoats*] *turncocks* Jackson conj.

pains, six months] *pain-sick months* Becket conj.

six months] *six mouths* F₂.

exterior Hammer. *six months thence* Keightley.

143. *contrary*] *contraried* Johnson conj.

and] om. Capell.

and thatch] *Make false hair, and thatch* Pope, ending lines 143—145 as Ff.

145. *whore*] *and whore on* Pope.

148. *Believe't*] *Believe* Rowe.

150, 151. *man...men's*] *men...their* S. Walker conj.

151. *spurring*] *sparring* Hammer. *spurning* Long MS. *springing* Seymour conj.

153. *hoar*] *hoarse* Singer, ed. 1 (Upton conj.).

That scolds against the quality of flesh
 And not believes himself: down with the nose, 155
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you: plague all; 160
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold:
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money,
 bounteous Timon. 165

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given
 you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell,
 Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm. 170

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
 Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and
 Timandra.*]

154. *scolds*] Rowe. *scold'st* Ff. Delius, *find it.*
 157, 158. *to foresee, Smells from*] 172. *it*] *it such* Steevens. *it so*
not foresees, Smells for Capell. Keightley.
 157. *foresee*] *forefend* Warburton. *Get thee away*] *Get thee hence*
 158. *bald*] *Quite bald* Hanmer, *away* Pope, ending the line as Ff.
 ending lines 158, 159 *ruffians...of.* *Get thee hence. Away* Johnson. *Hence;*
 160. *all*] *all of them* Keightley. *Get thee away* Capell, ending the line
all; plague all Anon. conj. *at Hence.*
 165—168. *More...again*] Verse in 173. *Strike*] Put in a separate line
 Pope. Prose in Ff. by Steevens (1793).
 166. *I have*] *I've* Pope. [Drum beats.] Johnson. om.
 170. *did thee*] *did the* F₂. Ff.
 172, 173. *Men...thee.*] As in Dyce. Exeunt...] Theobald. Exeunt.
 In Ff the first line ends *away.* In Ff.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou, [*Digging.* 175
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm, 180
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb, 185
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!— 190
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague! 195

174. SCENE V. Pope.

175. [*Digging.*] Johnson, before
line 174. om. Ff.

177. *whose*] *oh thou! whose* Pope.
mettle] *forming mettle* Keight-
ley.

181. *crisp*] *cript* Warburton.

183. *thy human*] Pope. *the hu-
mane* Ff. *the human* Rowe.

doth] Capell. *do* Ff. *do's*

Rowe.

184. [*digs.* Capell.

185. *Ensear*] *Then sear* Hanmer.
conception] F₁. *conceptions*

F₂F₃F₄.

186. *out*] *out to* Warburton.

189. *marbled*] *marble* Capell.

mansion all] *mansion-hall*

S. Walker conj.

191. *thy*] *your* Singer conj.

marrows, vines, and] F₃F₄.
marrowes, vines, and F₁F₂. *marrows,
veins, and* Rowe. *meadows, vineyards,
Hanmer. harrow'd veins, and* War-
burton. *marrow'd veins, and* Heath
conj. *meadows, vines, and* Collier
(Collier MS.). *marrowy vines and*
Grant White (Dyce conj.). *married
vines and* Keightley.

193. *unctuous*] Johnson. *unctious* Ff.
pure] *impure* Keightley.

194. *slips!*] *slippes*—F₁F₂. *slips*—
F₃F₄.

195. SCENE VI. Pope.

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected; 200
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung

From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot 205

That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee 210

And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain

And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again, 215

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st 220

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures 225

Whose naked natures live in all the spite

200. *infected*] *affected* Rowe.

202. *fortune*] Rowe and Southern
MS. *future* Ff. *fauturs* Becket conj.

205. *diseased*] F₂F₃F₄. *diseas'd* F_x.

206. *woods*] *weeds* Theobald (War-
burton).

211. *off*] of F₂.

213. *bade*] *bad* F_x. *bid* F₂F₃F₄.

217. *Were*] *Where* F₂.

218. *Thou hast*] *Thou 'ast* Pope.
Thou'st Theobald.

219. *A madman so long*] *So long*
a mad-man Pope.

think'st] *think'st thou* Pope.

221. *moss'd*] Hammer. *moyst* F₁F₂.
moist F₃F₄.

223. *when*] *where* Grant White
(S. Walker conj.).

Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart. 230

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's. 235

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery 240

Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete,

The other at high wish: best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content. 245

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.

230. *find--*] Rowe. *finds*. F₁F₂.
find. F₃F₄.

231, 267, 278. *thee*] *the* F₂.

232. *Apem. Why?* *Tim.*] Omitted
by Hanmer.

Why?] *Why so?* Keightley.

234. *To*] *Only to* Hanmer.

236. *a knave too?*] *a knave thou!*
Hanmer. *and know't too?* Warburton
conj.

237. *sour-cold*] Hyphen added by
Steevens (1793).

239. *courtier*] F₁F₄. *courtier* F₂F₃.
again] om. Pope.

241. *Outlives uncertain*] Rowe.
Out-lives: incertaine F₁. *Out-lives:*
in certaine F₂. *Out-lives: in certain*
F₃F₄. *Out-strips uncertain* Hanmer.
Out-vies uncertain Capell.

before] *before it* Hanmer.

243, 244. *state...Hath*] *states...*
Have Pope.

249. *but bred*] *bred but* Hanmer.

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded 250
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd 255
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment; 260
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen: 265
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff 270
 To some she beggar and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem.

Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.*Apem.*

I, that I was

275

251. *The*] *Through* Rowe.252. *drugs*] F₄. *drugges* F₁F₂.
druggs F₃. *drudges* Delius (Mason
 conj.). *dugs* Collier (Collier MS.).
dregs Capell conj. MS.253. *command*] Rowe. *com-*
mand'st Ff.256. *follow'd*] Capell. *followed* Ff.259. *and hearts*] F₁F₂. *the hearts*
 F₃F₄.260. *employment*] F₁. *employments*
 F₂F₃F₄. Here Keightley marks a line
 omitted.261. *me*] F₁. *the* F₂. *thee* F₃F₄.262, 263. *have...Fell...and*] *yet...*
Fall'n...have Hammer. *and...Fell...*
and Capell. *and...Fall'n...have* Ca-
 pell (MS. correction).263. *Fell*] *Fall'n* Rowe.265. *some*] *sume* F₂.269. *rag*] F₄. *ragge* F₁F₂F₃. *rogue*
 Collier, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.).272. *rogue*] *rag* Anon. conj.274. *a knave*] *knave* Pope.275, 276. *I.....prodigal.*] As in
 Capell. One line in Ff.

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

280

[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

285

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

290

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o'
days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where
I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

295

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy guilt and
thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in

300

279. [*Eating...*] Rowe. om. Ff.
280—284. *Here.....were.*] Put in
the margin by Pope.

280. *I will*] *will I* Rowe (ed. 2).
[*Offering...*] Offering him an-
other. Johnson. Throwing him a
crust. Capell. Offering him some-
thing. Steevens (1778).

281. *my*] Rowe. *thy* Ff.

282. *mine*] *my* Pope.

290. *o' nights*] Theobald. *a nights* Ff.

291, 292. *Under...Apemantus?*
Prose in Capell. Two lines, the first
ending *me*, in Ff.

o' days] *a-dayes* F₁F₂.
a daies F₃F₄.

293. *or*] om. Hanmer, ending the
lines *Where...it...mind!...dishes*.

295. *and*] om. Hanmer.

296. *it*] *it then* Hanmer.

300. *curiosity*] *courtesy* Hanmer.

thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee. 305

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved? 310

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 315

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of 320 men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy 325 life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest 330

302—313. *There's...dog.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

305. *Ay, though it look*] *I, though it looke* Ff (*look F₃F₄*). *I thought it look'd* Johnson conj. *Ay, for it looks* Rann. *Ay, troth, it looks* Becket conj.

306. *An*] Pope. *And* Ff.

thou hadst] Capell. *th' hadst*

Ff.

321. *and*] or Pope.

beasts?] Rowe (ed. 2). *beasts.* Ff.

324. *the lion*] a lion Pope.

328. *thou livedst*] *thou liv'st.* Rowe. *thou 'dst live* Hammer.

of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by
 the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by
 the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the 335
 lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life:
 all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence.
 What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a
 beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not
 thy loss in transformation! 340

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me,
 thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of
 Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out
 of the city? 345

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague
 of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and
 give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee
 again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt 350
 be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Ape-
 mantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse. 355

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

337. *remotion*] *motion* Grant White
 conj.

339. *that seest*] *and seest* Rowe.

341—343. *If...beasts.*] Prose in
 Pope. Five lines, ending *me...might'st*
...here...become...beasts, in Ff.

345. *city?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *citie*.
 or *city*. Ff.

346—352. *Yonder...Apemantus.*] Prose in Pope and Theobald. Nine
 irregular lines in Ff.

346. *Yonder...painter:*] Omitted
 by Pope, who transfers Apem. *The*
plague...Apemantus (346—352) to fol-

low line 393.

353—357. *Thou...speak'st.*] As in
 Pope. Ten lines in Ff.

355. *A...thee!*] Given to Timon by
 Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald).

358, 359. *If...hands.*] Arranged as
 by Capell. Two lines, the first end-
 ing *beate thee*; in Ff. Prose in
 Theobald.

358. *If I name thee.*] Omitted by
 Pope.

thee.] *thee.*— Theobald. *thee*,
 Ff. *thee*,— Capell.

359. *I'll I'd* Hanmer.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off! 360

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall 365
lose a stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue! 370

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph, 375

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[To the gold] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer, 380

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 385

360. *I...off!]* One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.

361, 363. *Away...thee.* As in
Rowe. The lines end *dog...me...
thee*, in Ff.

363. *Swoon]* Pope. *swoond* F₁F₂.
swoond F₃F₄.

364. *Would] I would* Hanmer.

364—370. *Would...rogue!]* As in
Ff. Three lines, ending *burst...sorry
I...rogue!* in Hanmer. Capell ends
the lines *Away!...lose...rogue!*

366. *Throws...]* Throwing at him.
Capell. om. Ff.

370. *Rogue, rogue, rogue!]* *Rogue!*
Hanmer.

[Apemantus retreats back-
ward, as going. Theobald.

372. *even...upon 't] ev'n...upon it*
Pope.

376. *me] thee* Johnson.

377. [To the gold] Looking on
the gold. Pope. om. Ff.

king-killer] kin-killer Maginn

conj.

378. *son and sire]* Rowe. *Sunne
and fire* F₁F₂F₃. *Sun and Fire* F₄.

380. *fresh, loved]* *fresh-lived* Ma-
ginn conj. *fresh-loved* Anon. conj.

382. *That...god,]* One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.

Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!
Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I
am quit.
Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some
poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere
want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him
into this melancholy. 395

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he

386. *slave man*] Rowe. *slave-man*
Ff.

388. *Apem.*] *Apem.* [advancing.
Capell.

389. *thou hast*] Pope (ed. 2). *th'*
hast Ff. *thou 'st* Collier.

390. *to...to*] Rowe (ed. 2). *too...*
too Ff.

391. *Live...misery!*] Continued to
Timon by Hamner.

392. *Long...quit*] Given to *Apem.*
Malone conj.

and so] or *so* Hamner.

Exit Apemantus.] Dyce. *After*
quit. Capell. *Exit Apeman.* (after
line 393) Ff.

die...I] *die, so I* Hamner.
dye!—*So, I* Capell.

393. *Moe.....them.*] Continued to
Timon by Hamner. Given to *Ape-*
mantus in Ff. One line in Hamner.
Prose in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

Moe] *Mo* Ff. *More* Johnson.
them.] Rowe. *then.* Ff. Here

Pope and Hamner insert lines 346—
352, *Apem.* *The plague...Apemantus.*
[Seeing the Thieves. Ham-
ner.

Enter Banditti.] *Enter the*
Bandetti. F₁F₂F₃. *Enter the Ban-*
ditti. F₄. *Enter Thieves.* Pope. *Enter*
certain Thieves. Capell.

394. Scene VII. Pope.

First Ban.] 1 Band. Rowe.
1 Thief. Pope. 1. Ff (and elsewhere).

396. *falling-from of his*] Capell.
falling from of his Ff. *falling off of*
Pope. *falling from him of his* Col-
lier (Collier MS.).

398. *Sec. Ban.*] 2 Band. Rowe.
2 Thief. Pope. 2. Ff (and elsewhere).

It is...treasure.] As in Pope.
Two lines in Ff.

hath] *hath* F₂.

care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously 400
reserve it, how shall's get it?

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

405

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

410

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do
want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

415

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes; 420
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

402. *True...hid.]* As in Pope. Two
lines in Ff.

404, 407, 409, 411. *Banditti.]*
Knight. All. Ff.

406. *He;]* Rowe. *He?* Ff.

408. *thieves?]* Capell. *thieves.* Ff.
thieves! Hanmer.

410. *Both too]* *Both, both* Hanmer.
Both two Collier (ed. 2). *Both the two*
Anon. conj.

Both.....sons] *Both, and wo-*
men's sons too Anon. conj.

411. *We...want.]* As in Pope. Two
lines in Ff.

412. *want is.....meat.]* *want? Is*

your want much of meat? Heath conj.
want is much, you want. O men,
Anon. conj.

want much] *wont much* F₂.
412, 413. *much of meat.* *Why]*
much.—Of meat Why Rann (Farmer
conj.).

412. *meat]* *meet* Theobald. *men*
Hanmer. *me* Steevens conj.

414. *a hundred]* F₁F₂. *an hun-*
dred F₃F₄.

415. *mast]* *masts* Rowe (ed. 2).
hips] *heps* F₁.

424. *Rascal thieves]* *Rascals, thieves*
Pope.

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape, 425
 Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
 Do villany, do, since you protest to do't, 430
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves 435
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away, 440
 Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! 445
 Amen.

426. *froth*] *broth* Pope.

429. *Moe*] *More* F₄.

take...lives] F₁. *take...live* F₂
 F₃F₄. *takes...life* Hanmer. *take...
 rob* Long MS.

430. *villany*] Rowe. *villaine* F₁
 F₂. *villain* F₃F₄.

protest] *profess* Theobald.

430, 431. *do't, Like workmen.*
do't, Like workmen; Pope. *doo't.*
Like workmen, F₁F₂. *do't, Like work-
 men*, F₃F₄.

433. *vast*] *daste* F₂ (Long's copy).
chaste Long MS.

436. *moon*] *mounds* Theobald.
earth Capell. *main* Tollet conj. *marge
 or mole* Anon. conj.

437. *composture*] *composure* Pope.

438. *excrement*] *excrements* Theo-
 bald.

thing's] *think's* F₂.

440. *Havē*] Pope. *Ha's* Ff.

441. *Cut throats*] *cut-throats* Anon.
 conj. (Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 307).

443. *nothing*] *for nothing* Pope.
where nothing Steevens conj. *nought*
 S. Walker conj., ending lines 443—
 446 *thieves...give you...Amen.*

444—446. *But...Amen*] As in Ca-
 pell. Two lines, the first ending *give
 you*, in Ff. Three, ending *this...give
 you...Amen*, in Delius.

444. *not*] Rowe. om. Ff. *no* Col-
 lier (Collier MS.). *not the* Keightley.

444, 445. *for this I give you*] *for
 what I give* Pope, ending line 444 at
what.

445. *howsoe'er*] *howsoever* Rowe
 (ed. 2).

446. [Exit. Rowe. Retiring to-
 wards his Cave. Capell. om. Ff.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery. 450

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods! 455

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made! 460

What viler thing upon the earth than friends

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo 465

Those that would mischief me than those that do!

Has caught me in his eye: I will present

447. *Has*] F₁F₂. *H'as* F₃F₄. *He has* Steevens.

449. *the malice of*] *his malice to* Hanmer.

450. *us; not*] *us, not* Rowe. *us not* Ff.

451, 452. *I'll...trade*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

453, 454. *there is...true.*] Given to '2 Thief' by Theobald (Warburton).

454. [*Exeunt...*] Exit Theeves. F₁. *Exeunt* Thieves. F₂F₃F₄.

Enter Flavius.] *Enter the Steward to Timon.* Ff.

455. ACT V. SCENE I. The Woods and Timon's Cave. Rowe. Capell continues the Scene.

457, 458. *Full.....bestow'd*] As in Ff. Three lines, ending *failing?*...

deeds, ...bestow'd, in Johnson.

459, 460. *What.....made!*] As in Malone. One line in Ff. *What change of honour desp'rate want has made?* Pope. *What change of humour desp'rate want has made?* Warburton. Steevens ends the first line at *has*.

459. *What*] *Why, what* Capell. *Ah, what* Anon. conj.

honour] *favour* Anon. conj.

461. *viler*] Pope. *vilder* Ff.

464. *wish'd*] *will'd* Warburton. 465, 466. *woo...do*] *too, ...woo* Warburton.

466. *mischief*] *miscreefe* F₂.

467. *Has*] *H'as* F₄. *He has* Steevens.

467—469. *present.....life.*] As in

My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? 470

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all 475

I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I 480
love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord, 485
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Pope. Prose in F₁F₂. Two lines,
the first ending *grief*, in F₃F₄.

468. *unto* to Pope.

469. [Timon comes forward from
his cave. Theobald.

470. *thou*] om. S. Walker conj.

471. *dost*] *dost thou* Theobald (ed. 2).

472. *Then.....thee*] As in Capell.

Two lines in Ff.

grant'st...I] Capell, and South-
ern MS. *grunt'st, th'art a man. I F₁.*
grunt'st th'art a man, I F₂F₃F₄.
grantest that thou art a man I, ending
the line at man, Pope. grant'st thou'rt
man, I Steevens (1793).

I have] *I've* Capell.

473. *An...yours*] *An honest servant*
Pope.

474. *Then*] *Nay, then* Capell, end-
ing the lines at *then...man...knaves*.
Steevens (1793) reads *Then*, but fol-

low's Capell's arrangement.

475. *never*] F₁F₂. *nev'r* F₃F₄.
ne'er Rowe.

man] *men* S. Walker conj.

me, I; all] Steevens (1778).

me, I all, F₁F₂F₃. me, I, all F₄. me,

all Pope. *me; ay, all* Delius.

476. *I kept*] *that I kept* Capell.

480. *Ne'er*] Pope. *Nevr* F₁F₂.
Never F₃F₄.

steward] *steward's* Capell conj.

480. *What.....thee*] As in Rowe.

Two lines in Ff.

483. *thorough*] *thorow* F₁F₂.
through F₃F₄. *or through* Pope.

and] *or* Pope.

laughter. Pity's sleeping:]
laughter, pity sleeping. Johnson conj.

483, 484. *Pity's...weeping*] Put in
the margin by Hammer.

Tim. Had I a steward
 So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
 It almost turns my dangerous nature mild, 490
 Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
 Was born of woman.
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man—mistake me not—but one; 495
 No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
 How fain would I have hated all mankind!
 And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.
 Methinks thou art more honest now than wise; 500
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
 For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure— 505
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late: 510
 You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

488—492. *Had...woman.*] As in Ff. Four lines in Capell, ending *just*, ...*turns....behold....woman.* Malone ends the first line at *now*, following Capell's arrangement in the rest.

488. *steward*] *steward then* Capell.

490. *dangerous...mild*] *nature dangerous-wild* Becket conj. *dolorous nature wild* Jackson conj.

mild] Hanmer (Thirlby conj.).
wilde Ff.

494. *You*] om. Pope.

perpetual-sober] Hanmer. *perpetuall sober* Ff.

495, 496. *One...steward*] S. Walker would end the lines *man:—...pray,—...steward.*

496. *pray*] *say* Lettsom conj.

pray...steward] *pray...steward too* Hanmer. *pray you,—and he is a steward* Capell.

506. *subtle, covetous*] *subtle-covetous* S. Walker conj.

507. *If not a*] *Is't not a* Rowe. *A Pope. An* Hanmer. *Is it not a Keightley*, ending the line at *men.*

kindness] om. Seymour conj.
and] om. Pope.

rich.....gifts] *gifts That rich men deal* Anon. conj.

gifts] *Gifts to catch gifts* S. Walker conj., ending the lines *deal... return.*

512. *where*] *when* Hanmer.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living; and, believe it, 515
 My most honour'd lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me by making rich yourself. 520

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
 But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,
 Hate all, curse all, show charity to none, 525
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
 Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
 What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods! 530
 And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
 Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

514. *unmatched*] *unmarched* F₂.
 515. *and*] *And, O Capell*, ending
 the lines *living...lord*.

516. *My...lord,*] Omitted by Pope.
 516—520. *My.....yourself.*] Four
 lines in Keightley, ending *benefit*,...
I'd...power...yourself.

518. *exchange*] *exchange it* Han-
 mer. *exchange't* Capell.

521. *thee*] F₁F₃F₄. *the* F₂. *ye*
 Capell.

523. *Have*] Rowe. *Ha's* Ff. *Ha'*
 Anon. conj.

thee] *the* F₂.

528. *deniest*] *denyest* Ff. *deny'st*

Rowe.

529. *'em to nothing*] *'em* Pope.
them to nothing Malone. *them* Stee-
 vens (1793).

531, 532. *O...master.*] As in Ca-
 pell. One line in Ff.

532, 533. *If.....free.*] As in Ff.
 Malone ends the first line at *hat'st*.

533. *fly*] *flye* F₁F₂. *flee* F₃F₄.
but fly Pope. *fly, fly* or *fly now* Anon.
 conj.

534. [*Exeunt severally.*] Theobald.
 Exit. Ff. *Exeunt*. Rowe. Exit Fla-
 vius; and Timon into his cave. Collier
 (Collier MS.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum. 5

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends. 10

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having. 15

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him. 20

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the

ACT V. SCENE I.] Capell. ACT V. SCENE II. Pope. See note (XIV).

The woods.....cave.] Capell, substantially.

Enter...] Dyce. Enter Poet and Painter. Ff. Enter...Timon behind unseen. Capell.

1, 2. *As.....abides.*] Prose in F₁. Two lines, the first ending *farre*, in F₂F₃F₄.

1. *cannot*] *can't* Pope.

3—37. *What's.....thee?*] Prose in

Pope. Irregular lines in Ff.

5. *Phrynia*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Phrynica* F₁. *Phrinia* F₂F₃F₄.

Timandra] *Timandylo* F₁.

9. *try for*] *tryal for* Pope. *tryal of* Theobald (ed. 2).

15. *purposes.....they*] *purses...we* Collier (Collier MS.). *purses...they* Keightley conj.

22. *best. Promising*] *best. Promising*, F₁. *best Promising*, F₂F₃. *best, Promising* F₄.

time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it. 25

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*]

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself. 30

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. 35

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late. 40

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, 45

25. *of saying*] om. Pope. *of paying* Anon. conj.

quite] quiet F₂.

28. [*Timon...behind.*] Edd. Enter Timon from his Cave. Ff. Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen. Pope. Re-enter...unseen, but over-hearing him. Hammer. The stage direction of Ff transferred to the beginning of the scene by Capell, who first marks Timon's speeches as '*Aside.*'

30. *is*] om. Pope.

38—44. *Poet. Nay...late. Pain. True;...Come.*] Ff. *Pain. Nay...late. Poet. True;...Come.* Hammer. *Poet. Nay...late. Pain. True. Poet. While*

the day...Come. Theobald.

42. *When*] *While* Pope.

black-corner'd] *black-corneted* Hammer. *black-cornette* Warburton conj. *black-coroned* Farmer conj. MS. *black-coned* Anon. ap. Steevens conj. *black-crowned* Mason conj. *black cornered* Becket conj. *dark-horned* Jackson conj. *black-cover'd* Collier, ed. 2 (Anon. ap. Steevens conj.). *black-curtain'd* Singer conj. *black-garner'd* or *black'coutred* Anon. conj.

44. *Come*] om. Capell.

[going towards to the Cave. Capell.

45—47. *I'll...feed!*] As in Capell,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

50

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them.

[*Coming forward.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain.

Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

55

Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you,

60

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:

65

You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seen and known.

The lines end *turne*:...*worshipt*...*feede*?

in Ff.

46. *worshipp'd*...*temple*] *worshipped*
In *baser temples* Pope.

47. *feed*] *do feed* Pope.

48. *foam*] *wave* Theobald.

50. *worship*] Rowe. *worshipt* F₁
F₂F₃. *worship't* F₄.

50, 51. *aye* B₂] Rowe (ed. 2). *aye*:
Be Ff.

52. *Fit I*] 'Tis fit I Rowe. 'Fit I
do Capell.

[*Coming forward.*] Puts him-
self in their way. Capell. Advancing.
Malone. om. Ff.

54. *Have*.....*men*?] One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.

56. *open*] om. Rowe, reading *Sir*,
...*tasted* as one line.

tasted] *tested* F₂.

58. *Whose*...*spirits*!—] *For whose*
most thankless natures (*abhorred spi-*
rits!) Hanmer.

59. *enough*—] Rowe. *enough*,
F₂F₃F₄. *enough*: Dyce. See note
(xv).

60. *to you*] *even to you* Hanmer,
ending lines 60—64 *nobleness*.....*I'm*
rapt...*this*...*words*.

62. *whole*] om. Hanmer.

I am] *I'm* Pope.

62, 63. *cover*...*ingratitude*] As in
Ff. One line in Pope.

65. *Let*...*better*] One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.

go naked, men] Theobald. *go*,
Naked men Ff.

67. *them*] *men* Theobald conj.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service. 70

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have
gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men. 75

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord. 80

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault: 85

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

68. *travail'd*] F₁F₂, *travel'd* F₃F₄. *ye've*] Dyce. *Y'have* Ff.
great] om. Hanmer. *You've* Rowe. *you have* Steevens.
69. *you are*] *you're* Pope. 75. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
men] *man* F₁. *ye're*] Dyce. *y'are* Ff. *you're*
70. *We...service*] One line in Pope. Capell. *you are* Steevens.
Two in Ff. 77. *nor*] *and* Capell.
- We are*] *We're* Pope. 78. *men*] F₁. *man* F₂F₃F₄.
71. *Most...you*] One line in Pope. 79. *thou'rt*] Rowe. *th'art* F₁F₂.
Two in Ff. *th'art* F₃F₄.
- 73, 74. *What...gold*] Two lines in
Pope. Four in Ff. 81. [To the Poet. Hanmer.
74. *Ye're*] Dyce. *Y'are* Ff. 84. *honest-natured*] Hyphenated by
You're Capell. *You are* Steevens. Rowe.
86. *'tis*] om. Pope.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord. 90

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured 95
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught, 100
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in com-
pany:
Each man apart, all single and alone, 105
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves: 110
[*To Painter*] You have work for me, there's payment:
hence!

91. *never*] Ff. *ne'er* Pope.
93. *Ay, ... dissemble,*] One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.
94. *love*] *yet love* Capell.
feed him] *and feed him* Pope.
feed him, and Keightley.
95. *Keep*] *Keep him* Heath conj.
97. *Nor I*] *Nor I, my lord* Steevens conj.
98. *Look...gold,*] One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.
100. *a draught*] F₁. *draught*
F₂F₃F₄. *the draught* Rowe.
104. *You...company.*] One line in

- Pope. Two in Ff.
but] *not* Hammer. *both* Jackson conj.
in] *is* Collier MS.
105. *apart*] F₃F₄. *a part* F₁F₂.
107. *two villains*] *four villains*
Seymour conj.
[*To the Painter.* Pope.
108. *reside*] Rowe. *reside* Ff.
[*To the Poet.* Pope.
110. *you*] F₁. *ye* F₂F₃F₄.
111. [*To Painter*] Edd. (Globe ed.). om. Ff.
You have work] F₃F₄. *You*

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that :
Out, rascal dogs ! [*Beats them out, and then retires
into his cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;
For he is set so only to himself 115
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike 120
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. 125
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be
hang'd:

have worke F₁F₂. *You have work'd*
Hanmer. *You have done work* Ma-
lone. *You've worked* Steevens conj.
You have worked Keightley.

there's] Ff. *there's your* Pope.
there is your Johnson. *there is* Capell.

payment] *payment for ye*
Anon. conj.

hence] F₁. *thence* F₂F₃F₄.

[*To Poet*] Edd. (Globe ed.). om. Ff.

113. [*Beats...*] Staunton. Beating
and driving 'em out. Rowe. Exeunt. Ff.
Exit beating and driving 'em out.
Hanmer.

114. SCENE III. Pope. SCENE II.

The same. Capell.

in] F₃F₄. om. F₁F₂.

118. *part]* *part* Dyce ed. 2 (S.
Walker conj.).

124. *chance]* F₃F₄. *chand* F₁.
chanc'e F₂.

125. *Peace...here!]* Spoken by one
of the Senators. Staunton conj.

Lord] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

128. *Timon...]* Enter Timon out
of his Cave. Ff.

129. *Thou...hang'd]* One line in
Hanmer. Two in Ff.

comfort'st] Pope. *comforts*
F₁. *comfort* F₂F₃F₄.

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking! 130

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the
plague, 135

Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators with one consent of love

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie 140

For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body, which doth seldom

Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 145

Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

131. *as a cauterizing*] Rowe. *as a Catherizing* F₁. *as a catherizing* F₂F₃F₄. *cauterizing* Pope. *cancerizing* Capell. *as a cancering* Steevens conj. *as a cancerizing* Rann (Steevens conj.). *as a cauter* Lettsom conj. See note (xvi).

cauterizing to the] *cancer in* the Anon. apud Rann conj.

133. *Of...Timon.*] O'ne line in Pope. Two in Ff.

135. *I thank...plague.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

142. *general, gross*] Pope. *general grosse* Ff. *general-gross* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

143. *Which now]* *And now* Hamner. *But now* Capell.

145. *sense]* *sence* Rowe. *since* Ff.

146. *its]* *it's* Rowe. *it* Ff. *fail]* Capell. *fall* Ff. *fault* Hamner.

restraining] *refraining* Johnson conj.

147. *send]* Ff. *sends* Rowe.

sorrowed render] Ff. *sorrowed tender* Pope. *sorrow's tender* Hamner. *sorrows' tender* Capell. *sorrow'd render.* Dyce.

148. *Together with]* Rowe. *Together, with* Ff.

149. *weigh...dram;]* *woigh.* *Down by the dram,* Johnson.

149—151. *down...As]* *ay, ev'n such heaps* *And sums of love and wealth,* *down by the dram,* *As* Johnson conj.

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth, 150
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
 Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 155
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name 160
 Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,— 165

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards, 170
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 175
 And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love before

152. *in thee*] instead Anon. conj.

160. *Allow'd*] Pope. *Allowed* Ff.
Hallow'd Warburton.

161. *so*] om. Pope.

162. *the approaches*] *th'approaches*

F₁. *h'approaches* F₂F₃F₄.

165. *Timon,—*] *Timon—* Rowe.

Timon. Ff.

166. *sir; thus:] sir; thus—* Theo-
 bald. *sir thus:* Ff. *sir, thus—* Rowe.

169. *But*] om. Pope.

175. *him,]* *him,—* Hammer.

178. *whittle]* *whistle* Becket conj.

179. *at]* *in* Hammer.

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you 180
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 185
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck, 190
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them; 195
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them: 200
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

180. *reverend'st*] *reverends* F₁.

197. *aches, losses*] F₄. *aches losses*

181. *prosperous*] *phosphorus* Jack-
son conj.

F₁F₂F₃.

198. *throes*] F₄. *throws* F₁F₂F₃.

183. *Why, I...epitaph;*] *Why, I...
epitaph*, Pope. *Why I...epitaph*, Ff

200. *voyage*] *voyages* Pope.

190. *wreck*] Hanmer. *wrackle* F₁
F₂. *wrack* F₃F₄.

I will] *say, I will* S. Walker
conj., ending the lines *will...prevent...
will*.

191. *bruit*] F₃F₄. *bruite* F₁F₂.
brute Rowe.

do them] om. Steevens conj.
do 'em S. Walker conj.

192. *countrymen,—*] Capell. *coun-
treymen*. Ff.

200, 201. *some.....teach*] *do Some
kindness to them, teach* Pope, ending
the lines *do...prevent*.

193. *These.....them.*] One line in
Pope. Prose in Ff.

201. *I'll.....to*] *I will.....How to*
Anon. conj., ending the lines *voyage,
...them...wrath*.

thorough] *thorow* Ff. *thro'* Rowe.
them] om. Anon. conj.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends, 205
Tell Athens, in the sequece of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting. 210

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 215
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain! 220
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave.]

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us 225
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

202. *he...again.*] Omitted by Hamner, reading *Wild...well* as one line.

206. *sequence*] F₁. *frequence* F₂F₃F₄.

208. *take his*] *make* Long MS. *make his* Staunton conj.

haste] *taste* Pope. *tatch* Warburton conj. MS. *halter* Collier (Collier MS.).

211. *Trouble...him*] One line in Pope. Two, the first ending *shall*, in Ff.

Trouble] *Vex* Pope.

215. *Who*] F₁. *Which* F₂F₃F₄.

Whom Malone.

218. *sour*] Rowe. *four* F₁F₂. *four* F₃F₄. *your* S. Walker conj.

221. [Retires...] Dyce. Exit Timon. Ff.

222, 223. *His...nature.*] Arranged as in Capell. Prose in Ff. One line in Pope.

222. *unremoveably*] om. Pope.

223. *nature*] *his nature* Pope.

226. *dear*] F₄. *deere* F₁F₂. *deer* F₃. *dead* Rowe. *dread* Hamner. *near* Anon. conj.

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.**Enter two Senators and a Messenger.*

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd : are his files
As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least :
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon. 5

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends : this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring 15
Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare :
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

- | | | |
|--|-----------------|--|
| SCENE II.] Dyce. | SCENE IV. Pope. | Hammer. <i>When</i> Singer (ed. 2). |
| SCENE III. Capell. | | <i>in general</i>] <i>on several</i> Singer |
| Before...] Edd. | The walls... | (ed. 2). |
| Rowe. Athens. A Council-Chamber. | | 8. <i>made...force</i>] <i>had...force</i> Han- |
| Capell. | | <i>took...truce</i> Staunton conj. |
| two...and...] two other...with... Ff. | | 9. <i>made</i>] <i>bade</i> Jackson conj. |
| 2. <i>thy</i>] <i>they</i> F ₂ . | | 13. Enter...] Capell. Enter the |
| <i>I have</i>] <i>I've</i> Dyce (ed. 2). | | other Senators. Ff, after <i>moved</i> . |
| 3, 4. <i>Besides.....approach.</i>] As in | | 14. Third. Sen.] r. S. Capell. |
| Pope. One line in Ff. | | 15. <i>enemies</i>] Theobald (ed. 2). |
| 6. <i>courier</i>] Rowe. <i>currier</i> Ff. | | <i>enemies</i> Ff. <i>enemy's</i> Delius. |
| <i>one</i>] <i>once</i> Upton conj. | | 17. <i>foes</i>] <i>foe's</i> Johnson. |
| 7. <i>Whom</i>] Ff. <i>Who</i> Pope. <i>And</i> | | |

SCENE III. *The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
 Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
 Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
 I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
 Our captain hath in every figure skill,
 An aged interpreter, though young in days:
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

5

[Exit. 10

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

SCENE III.] Dyce. SCENE V. Johnson. SCENE IV. Capell. Warburton continues the Scene. Pope puts the whole in the margin.

The woods...Enter...] The woods. A rude Tomb seen. Enter... Capell. Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon. Ff.

2. *Who's*] F₃F₄. *Whose* F₁. *Whos* F₂.

[spying the Tomb. Capell.

3. See note (XVII).

who] *he* Capell.

4. *read*] F₃F₄. *reade* F₁F₂. *rear'd* Theobald (Warburton). *did* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 127). *made* Delius.

there does] *here does* Theobald (Warburton). *here did* Capell (MS. correction).

not live] *no live* F₂. *not lye* Capell conj.

5, 6. *Dead...wax*] As in Ff. Three lines in Capell, ending *tomb...take...wax*. Three lines in Singer (ed. 1), ending *grave...character...wax*.

SCENE IV.] Dyce. SCENE II. Rowe. SCENE V. Pope.

Before...] Theobald.

Enter...] Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens. Ff.

2. [A parley...] Parley sounded. Capell. Sounds a Parly. Ff.

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice ; till now myself and such 5
 As slept within the shadow of your power
 Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
 Our sufferance vainly : now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries of itself ' No more : ' now breathless wrong 10
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
 And pury insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, 15
 We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love
 By humble message and by promised means : 20
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands from whom
 You have received your griefs : nor are they such
 That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall 25
 For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
 Who were the motives that you first went out ;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess

Enter Senators...] Enter Senators &c.... Capell. The Senators appeare... Ff.

9. *strong*] *stung* S. Walker conj.
 15. *of*] F₁. to F₂F₃F₄.
 17. *ingratitude*] *ingritudes* Capell.

18. *their*] *its* Hanmer.

20. *means*] *'mends* Theobald.

24. *griefs*] Theobald. *greefe* F₁F₂.
grief F₃F₄.

28. *Shame.....excess*] Theobald.
 (*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess*) F₁. *Shame (that they wanted*

Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread : 30
 By decimation and a tithed death—
 If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
 And by the hazard of the spotted die
 Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended ; 35
 For those that were, it is not square to take,
 On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
 Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended : like a shepherd
 Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile 45
 Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
 Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope ;
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else, 50
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;

cunning in excess) F₂F₃F₄. *Shame that they wanted coming in excess* Johnson conj.

29. *March,*] *March on, oh Pope.*

34, 35. *And...spotted.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

35. *All*] *We all* Hammer.

36. *it is...take,*] *is't not severe to*

take? Collier (Collier MS.).

37. *revenges...like?*] Steevens (1778).
revenge.....like Ff. *revenge.....like to*

Pope.

44. *all together*] F₃F₄. *altogether*
 F₁. *al together* F₂.

49. *thou'tt*] *thoul't* F₄. *thou't* F₁
 F₂F₃.

Descend, and open your uncharged ports : 55
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more : and, to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead ; 65
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads*] 'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched 70
 soul bereft :

Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked caitiffs
 left !

Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
 Pass by and curse thy fill ; but pass and stay not here thy
 gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :

55. *Descend*] *Defend* F₁.

56. *Timon's*] *Timon* Hammer.

62. *render'd to your*] Dyce (*Chedworth* conj.). *remedied to your* F₁.
remedied by your F₂F₃F₄. *remedied*
by Pope. remedied to John-
son. remedy'd, to your Malone. *re-*
mitted to your Singer (ed. 2). See
 note (xviii).

64. [*The Senators...*] Malone.
 Senators come from the Walls, and de-
 liver their keys to Alcibiades. Capell.
 om. Ff.

Enter Soldier.] Capell. En-

ter a Soldier. Theobald. Enter a
 Messenger. Ff.

67. *his*] *the* Pope (ed. 2).

69. *Interprets*] *Interpreteth* Pope.
poor] *poorer* S. Walker conj.
 (withdrawn).

70. Alcib. [*Reads*] Alcibiades
 reads the Epitaph. Ff.

71. *wicked*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

72. *alive*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

73. *pass and*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.
gait] Johnson. *gate* Ff. *gaite*

Pope.

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs, 75
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon: of whose memory 80
 Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword,
 Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
 Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
 Let our drums strike. [Exeunt. 85

75. *abhorr'dst*] *abhorred'st* Rowe. *faults forgiven.* — *Dead* Theobald.
human] Rowe. *humane* Ff. *grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead*
 76. *brain's*] Steevens. *braines* F₁ Hammer. *grave.—One fault's for-*
 F₂F₃. *brains* F₄. *brine's* Hammer. *given.—Dead Tyrwhitt conj.*
brains' Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). 82. *use*] *twine* S. Walker conj.
 79. *grave...Dead*] Ff. *grave.—On:* *prune* Anon. conj.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. In the list given in the Folio PHERYNTIA, TIMANDRA, and others are omitted. 'Timon's creditors' are termed 'usurers.' VENTIDIUS is called VENTIGIUS, PHILOTUS, PHILO, and HORTENSIUS, HORTENSIS. VARRO and LUCIUS occur among the names of the servants, and the latter has been retained by all editors except Mr Dyce in his second edition. In the play the servants address each other by the names of their respective masters: hence the confusion. Perhaps all the names assigned to the servants should be considered as names of their masters. 'Hortensius,' for instance, has not a servile sound. Flaminius and Servilius may be regarded rather as gentlemen in waiting than menials.

Sidney Walker suggests that CAPHIS should be CAPYS.

The list as given by modern editors contains successive additions and alterations made by Rowe, Johnson and Capell, which it is unnecessary to specify further.

With the exception of '*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima*' at the beginning, there is in the Folios no indication of a division into Act and Scene throughout the play.

NOTE II.

I. I. 1, 2. This conjecture of Farmer's is given from his own MS. in the copy of Johnson's Shakespeare which belonged to him, now in the library of Emmanuel College. In a note found in the Variorum edition, *ad loc.*, he makes a different suggestion:

Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, sir: I am glad you're well.'

NOTE III.

I. 2. 1—3. We have left this corrupt passage as it stands in the Folios. Rowe made no change. Pope altered it to:

'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.'

In this reading he was followed by Theobald, Hanmer and Warburton. Johnson read :

'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the Gods
To remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.'

Capell has :

Most honour'd Timon,
'T hath pleas'd the gods in kindness to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.'

Steevens (1773) has :

'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the Gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.'

In his edition of 1793 he read 'remember' for 'to remember.'

NOTE IV.

I. 2. 53—58. The Folios print Apemantus's speech as prose down to 'Timon'; then as four lines of verse :

'Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i' th' mire :
This &c.'

The second has 'mird' for 'mire.' The third and fourth follow the first. Pope, whose arrangement we follow, prints as prose down to 'mire.' Capell prints the whole as verse thus :

'Flow this way!
A most brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill,'

following the Folios in the next four lines.

Steevens adopts this arrangement omitting 'most' in the second line. Sidney Walker would divide the lines thus :

'Flow this way! a brave fellow!
He keeps his tides well. Timon, these healths will make
Thee, and thy state, look ill. Here's that which is
Too weak to be a sinner, honest water,
Which ne'er left man i' th' mire: &c.'

NOTE V.

I. 2. 89—91. Mr Staunton suggests that one of the two clauses 'if we should ne'er have need of 'em' and 'should we ne'er have use for 'em' was intended to be cancelled.

NOTE VI.

I. 2. 113—118. The first Folio, followed substantially by the rest, has:

‘*Cap.* Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful bosome.

There tast, touch all, pleas’d from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.’

Rowe made no material alteration except that he put a comma after ‘touch’ in the last line but one.

Pope arranged thus:

‘Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all

That of his bounties taste:

The five best senses acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom.

There &c.’

Theobald:

‘Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all

That of his bounties taste ! the five best Senses

Acknowledge thee their patron ; and do come

Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom :

Th’ Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas’d from thy Table rise,

These only now come but to feast thine eyes.’

and he adds in a note: ‘The incomparable Emendation, with which the Text is here supply’d, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr *Warburton*.’ It was adopted by Hanmer and Johnson. Capell altered ‘do come’ in line 3 to ‘are come;’ Steevens (1785) restored ‘They’ for ‘These’ in the last line, and Malone changed ‘pleas’d’ in the last line but one to ‘all pleas’d.’

Rann introduced the change which we have adopted in the text, placing ‘th’ ear’ at the end of the fourth line, and reading ‘Taste, touch *and* smell’ in the fifth. Steevens, in his edition of 1793, followed this arrangement, reading in the fifth line, ‘Taste, touch, smell, all pleas’d, &c.’

NOTE VII.

I. 2. 171, 172. We have printed this passage as prose, as it is difficult to say from the arrangement of the lines in the first and second

Folios, whether or not it was intended to be read as two lines of verse, the first ending 'thee,' as it certainly is in the third and fourth Folios. Pope printed it as prose. Capell eked out the metre thus :

'Me near? why, then another time I'll hear thee :
I pr'ythee, let us be provided now
To shew them entertainment.'

Steevens suggested 'provided *straight*' in the second line.

In many parts of this play it is difficult to say whether the lines are intended to be read as irregular verse, or as rhythmical prose, and we have therefore left them as they stand in the Folios.

NOTE VIII.

II. 2. 89—96. This and many other passages are printed in the Folio as if they were intended to be irregular verse, where it is evident that they can only be read as prose. In such cases it is not always worth while to record how the lines were divided by the caprice or negligence of the printer. Seymour has endeavoured throughout the play to complete imperfect lines by the insertion of words, and imperfect hemistichs by the addition of entire clauses, but he has in this so far exceeded the license of conjecture that, except in the first scene of the play, we have not recorded all his proposed alterations.

NOTE IX.

III. 2. 60—64. Pope altered these lines as follows :

'Why, this is the world's soul ;
Of the same piece, is every flatterer's sport :
Who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse.'

Theobald follows Pope's arrangement, but reads 'spirit' for 'sport' in the second line, an emendation which he first suggested in a letter to Warburton, still unpublished, in the British Museum. Warburton's conjecture 'coat,' which he made no allusion to in his own edition, is mentioned by Theobald in the same letter. Hanmer gives the whole passage thus :

'Why, this is the world's soul ;
Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit :

Who can call him his friend that dips with him
 In the same dish? for even in my knowing,
Timon has been to this Lord as a father,
 And kept his credit with his bounteous purse.'

Johnson follows the Folios except that he gives the first lines thus :

'Why, this is the world's soul;
 And just of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit :
 Who can call him his friend,
 That &c.'

Steevens, in the edition of 1773, followed Johnson's arrangement, but adopted in the first lines a transposition proposed by Upton :

'Why, this is the world's sport ;
 And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.'

In his edition of 1793 he read as follows :

'Why this
 Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece
 Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
 His friend, &c.'

Following, in the rest, Capell's arrangement.

Malone arranged as follows :

'Why this is the world's soul, and just of the same piece
 Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him his friend,
 That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing
 Timon has been this lord's father, and kept
 His credit with his purse.'

In a note, however, he says, 'I do not believe this speech was intended by the authour for verse.'

NOTE X.

III. 3. 8. Hanmer made here one of his audacious alterations :

'How? deny'd him?
 Have Lucius and Ventidius and Lucullus
 Deny'd him all? and does he send to me?
 It shews &c.

Capell emulated him thus :

'How ! have they deny'd him?
 Has Lucius, and Ventidius, and Lucullus,
 Deny'd him, say you? and does he send to me ?

Three? hum!
It shews &c.'

NOTE XI.

III. 3. 19. Hanmer altered the passage thus :

'That I'll requite it last? so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst Lords I shall be thought a fool.'

Capell follows Hanmer, except that he replaces 'no' in the first line.

Steevens (1793) follows Capell in the first two lines, reading in the third :

'And I amongst the Lords be thought a fool.'

Mr. Staunton suggests that the passage once stood :

'So I may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords be thought a fool.'

Mr. Dyce, in his second edition proposes the following arrangement :

'That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.'

NOTE XII.

III. 5. 14—18. The first Folio, followed substantially by the rest, has :

'He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But &c.'

Rowe arranged the lines as follows :

'He is a Man, setting his Fate aside, of comely Virtues,
And Honour in him, which buys out his Fault ;
Nor did he soil the Fact with Cowardise,
But &c.'

Pope read :

'He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
But &c.'

Theobald follows Pope verbatim, and so Hanmer, except that he reads 'setting this fact aside.' Warburton proposed 'setting this fault aside.' Johnson read:

'He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
An honour in him which buys out his fault,
But, &c.'

Steevens, in his edition of 1773, restored 'his fate' from the Folios in the first line, giving the reading we have adopted in the text.

NOTE XIII.

III. 5. 49—51. The first Folio has here:

'And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
&c. &c.'

The second Folio:

'And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon? the fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
&c. &c.'

The third and fourth Folios, spelling apart, follow the second.

Rowe placed a comma after 'Judge,' and this punctuation was adopted by all subsequent editors.

Pope altered the passage thus:

'The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow
Loaden with irons, &c.'

He was followed by Theobald, Hanmer and Warburton, and by Johnson in his text; the last named however proposed a different arrangement of the preceding line and the substitution of 'felon' for 'fellow' in line 49, thus:

'what make we
Abroad, why then the women are more valiant
That stay at home;
If bearing carry it, then is the ass
More captain than the lion, and the felon
Loaden with irons &c.'

This suggestion was adopted substantially by Rann. The reading

'felon' had been independently proposed by Theobald (Nichols's *Illustrations*, II. 475).

Capell and Steevens (1773) followed Pope. Steevens (1778) read :

'The ass, more captain than the lion ; and the fellow,
Loaden &c.'

In 1793 he read :

'And th' ass, more captain than the lion ; the felon,
Loaden &c.'

This was followed in the Variorum Editions of 1803 and 1813.

Malone (1790) read :

'And the ass, more captain than the lion ; the fellow,
Loaden &c.'

and was followed by Boswell (1821).

Mr Knight (1839) returned to the arrangement and readings of the first Folio. Singer (ed. 2) adopted this arrangement, but read 'felon' for 'fellow.' In his first edition he followed the arrangement of the second Folio, reading 'felon.'

Mitford suggests :

'The ass more than the lion, and the felon
Loaden &c.'

or :

'And th' ass more than the lion, the felon
Loaden &c.'

NOTE XIV.

v. i. Johnson calls attention to the impropriety of placing the entry of the Banditti in one act and that of the Poet and Painter in another, when the latter were mentioned as within view when Ape-mantus parted from Timon. 'It might be suspected,' he says, 'that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the Thieves, when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggl'ing soldiers with great quantity.*'

NOTE XV.

v. i. 59. After the word 'enough' in the first Folio a space has slipped up, but there is no trace of any stop. The punctuation, as Mr Dyce observes, is important to the sense of the preceding line.

NOTE XVI.

V. 1. 131. The word 'canterisyng' for 'cauterizing,' is found very frequently in an old surgical work, printed in 1541, of which the title is 'The questyonary of Cyrurgyens.' The heading of one of the chapters is, 'Here foloweth the fourthe partycle, where as be moued and soyled other dyfficultees touchyng the maner of *canterisyng* or searynge.' The instrument with which the operation is performed is in the same book called a 'cantere.' The form of the word may have been suggested by the false analogy of 'canterides,' *i.e.* cantharides, which occurs in the same chapter.

NOTE XVII.

V. 3. 3, 4. Mr Staunton prints as follows :

[*Reads.*] TIMON IS DEAD!—*who hath outstretch'd his span,—
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.*

He regards these lines as the only part of the inscription which the soldier could read, the rest being in some different language. But this explanation introduces a fresh difficulty. The difficulty would be lessened by supposing the legible lines to be inscribed not on the tomb but on the rock beside it, and the epitaph proper to be written not in a different language but in a different character : a notion which might be suggested to the author by the Gothic letters commonly found on ancient monuments.

In the Globe edition we adopted the emendation 'rear'd' because, with the change of a single letter, it yields something approaching to a satisfactory sense. But we incline to think that the words were originally intended as an epitaph to be read by the soldier. The author may have changed his mind and forgotten to obliterate what was inconsistent with the sequel, or the text may have been tampered with by some less accomplished play-wright. Anyhow the close of the play bears marks of haste, or want of skill, and the clumsy device of the wax cannot have been invented and would scarcely be adopted by Shakespeare.

In the epitaph given in the next scene two inconsistent couplets are combined into a quatrain.

NOTE XVIII.

V. 4. 62. Some editors attribute the conjecture 'render'd' to Mason; but the earliest mention of it which we have remarked is in Lord Chedworth's volume of *Notes* (1805).

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }

CICERO,
PUBLIUS, } senators.
POPILIUS LENA, }

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
DECIUS² BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, }

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric³.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, }

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS, } servants to Brutus.
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, }

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA⁴, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

¹ First given imperfectly by Rowe:
more fully by Theobald.

² DECFVS] DECIMUS Hanmer.

³ See note (1).

⁴ CALPURNIA] Grant White. CAL-
PHURNIA Rowe.

THE TRAGEDY OF
 JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
 Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
 Upon a labouring day without the sign
 Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou? 5

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
 What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
 You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I 10
 am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus.
 Scœna Prima. Ff.

Rome. A street.] Capell. Rome.
 Rowe. A Street in Rome. Theobald.

Enter...] Enter a Rabble of Citizens;
 Flavius, and Murellus, driving them.
 Capell. Enter Flavius, Marullus, a
 Carpenter, a Cobler, and certain other
 Commoners. Jennens.

Marullus,] Theobald, from

Plutarch. Murellus, Ff.

certain Commoners.] certaine
 Commoners over the Stage. Ff. cer-
 tain Plebeians. Hanmer.

6. First Com.] 1. C. Capell. Car.
 Ff. 1 Pleb. Hanmer.

10, 16, &c. Sec. Com.] 2. C.
 Capell. Cobl. Ff. 2 Pleb. Hanmer.

11. *you*] *who* Anon. conj.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade? 15

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you. 20

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork. 25

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph. 30

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft 35

13. *Sec. Com.*] Edd. Cob. Ff. 2 Pleb. Hammer. 2. C. Capell. First Cit. Dyce (ed. 1).

14. *soles*] *soals* F₄. *soules* F₁F₂. *souls* F₃.

15. *Mar.*] Mur. Capell. Fla. Ff.

17. *if you be*] *if you should be* Keightley.

18. *Mar.*] Mur. Ff. Flav. Theobald. *thou*] om. Steevens conj., reading as verse.

22. *with*] om. Rowe.

23. *no tradesman's*] *no man's* Hammer. *no tradesmen's* Warburton. *no trade,—man's* Steevens, 1778 (Farmer conj.). *trades, man's* Staun-

ton conj.

women's] *womens* F₁. *womans* F₂F₃F₄.

24. *with awl*] I] Steevens, 1778 (Farmer conj.). *withal* I F₁. *withall* I F₂F₃. *withal*, I F₄. *with all*. I Capell.

25. *re-cover*] Pope. *recover* Ff.

27, 28. *But...streets?*] As in Ff. Prose in Theobald (ed. 2).

32. *Wherefore...home?*] One line in Rowe. Two lines in Ff.

conquest] *conquests* Pope (ed. 2).

37, 38. *Pompey? Many...oft Have*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Pompey many...oft?* *Have* Ff.

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat 40
 The live-long day with patient expectation
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks 45
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way 50
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone!
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude. 55

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. 60

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
 This way will I: disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. 65

39. *windows,*] Rowe. *windowes?*
Ff.

42. *Rome:*] Ff. *Rome?* Rowe.

45, 47. *her*] *his* Rowe.

47—52. *Made.....Be gone!*] Arranged as in Ff. Five lines in Hanmer, ending *now...now...now...Rome...gone.*

47. *shores*] *shots* F₂.

49. *a*] *an* F₄.

51. *comes*] *comes to Rome* Hanmer.

56. *this*] *that* Theobald (ed. 2).

58. *Tiber banks*] *Tyber bank* Rowe.
Tyber's bank Theobald (ed. 2).

60. [*Exeunt...*] Ff. *Exeunt* Commoners. Rowe. *Exeunt* Plebeians. Hanmer. *Exeunt* Citizens. Capell.

61. *whether*] *where* Ff. *wher*'re Theobald. *wher*'r Hanmer. *wher* Dyce.

metal] Johnson. *mettle* Ff.

62. *vanish*] *vanish'd* Pope.

65. *ceremonies*] *ceremony* Grant White.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets: 70
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.* 75

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA,
PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a
great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs.

Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

66, 67. *May...Lupercal*] As in Ff. Capell ends the first line at *feast*.

68. *It is*] ? *Tis* Capell.

let no] *let on* F₂. *let not* Long MS.

69. *with*] F₁. *with the* F₂F₃F₄.

75. [*Exeunt.*] Ff. *Exeunt* severally. Theobald.

SCENE II.] Pope. om. Ff.

A public place.] Capell.

Flourish. Enter...] Capell, substan-

tially. Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, ...Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flavius. Ff.

1, 7, &c. *Calpurnia*] Grant White (Craik conj.). *Calphurnia* Ff.

1. [*Music ceases.*] Capell. om. Ff.

3. *Antonius*] Pope. *Antonio's* Ff.

4, 6. *Antonius*] Pope. *Antonio* Ff.

5. *Cæsar,*] om. Anon. conj.

9. *curse*] *course* Rowe (ed. 2).

- Ant.* I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd. 10
- Cæs.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
- Sooth.* Cæsar!
- Cæs.* Ha! who calls?
- Casca.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
- Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me? 15
- I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
- Cæs.* What man is that?
- Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
- Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face. 20
- Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
- Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
- Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.
- Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*
- Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course? 25
- Bru.* Not I.
- Cæs.* I pray you, do.
- Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30
I'll leave you.
- Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand 35
Over your friend that loves you.

11. [*Flourish.*] Musick; and the Procession moves. Capell. om. Ff.

14. *Bid.....again!*] continue to Cæsar, or thus: *Casc. Bid...peace yet!* *Cæs. Again! Who is it...* Staunton conj.

14. [*Musick ceases.* Capell.

19. *soothsayer bids]* *soothsayer, bids* Craik.

you] om. Capell.

21. *Cas.] Casca.* Johnson.

24. [*Sennet.*] F₁F₂F₃. Senate. F₄. om. Rowe. Musick. Capell.

Exeunt...] *Exeunt. Manent Brut. & Cass. Ff (Manet F₁).*

25. SCENE III. Pope.

31. *I'll leave you]* om. Seymour. conj.

32. *you now]* om. Steevens conj.

36. *friend...loves]* F₁. *friends... loves* F₂F₃. *friends...love* F₄.

Bru.

Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect

Than that poor Brutus with himself at war

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

37. *veil'd]* *vail'd* Seymour conj.42. *behaviours]* *behaviour* Rowe.45. *further]* Ff. *farther* Pope
(ed. 2).48. *mistook]* *mista'en* Seymour
conj.51. *face]* *eye* Upton conj.52, 53. *No...things]* As in Rowe.
Three lines, ending *Cassius...reflection,*
...things, in Ff.52. *itself]* *it selfe:* F₁. *himselſe*
F₂. *himselſ* F₃F₄.53. *by some]* *from some* Pope. *of*
some Staunton conj.*things]* *thing* Dyce, ed. 2 (S.
Walker conj.).54. *'Tis just:]* om. Seymour conj.56. *mirrors]* *mirror* Dyce, ed. 2
(S. Walker conj.).58. *That...heard]* One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.63. *Into...Cassius]* One line in
Rowe. Two, the first ending *you,* in
Ff.

For that which is not in me? 65

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I your glass

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laugher, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, 75

And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? 80
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good, 85

Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently,

For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life, but, for my single self,

66. *Therefore*] *Nay, it is, Therefore* F₂F₃F₄.
Seymour conj.

70. *you yet*] F₁F₂. *yet you* F₃F₄.

71. *on*] Ff. of Rowe.

72. *Were*] *Where* F₂.
laugher] Rowe. *laughter* Ff.

77. *myself*] *my selfe* F₁. om.

79, 80. *What...king*] As in Rowe.

Three lines, ending *showting?*... *Cæsar*
...*king*; in Ff.

87. *both*] *death* Theobald (Warburton).

94. *for*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

I had as lief not be as live to be 95
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in 105
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110
 Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
 I, as Æneas our great ancestor
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man 115
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans 125

101. *chafing*] F₁F₄. *chasing* F₂F₃.
her] Ff. *his* Rowe.

102. *said*] *saide* F₁. *saies* F₂F₃.
says F₄.

105. *Accoutred*] F₁. *Accounted* F₂
 F₃F₄.

106. *bade*] *bid* Pope (ed. 2).

107. *we*] *he* Pope (ed. 2).

110. See note (III).

112. *I*] *Then* Seymour conj.

113, 114. *shoulder...bear*] *shoulders*
bear *The old Anchises* Seymour conj.

114. *the waves of Tiber*] *Tyber's*
waves Seymour conj.

119. *fever*] *Feaher* F₂.

124. *his*] *its* Pope.

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world
 And bear the palm alone. 130
[Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world 135
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; 145
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! 150
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? 155

126. *write*] *writ* F₃F₄.

127. *Alas*] '*Alas*' Staunton.

131. [Shout. Flourish.] Ff. Shout
 again. Capell.

132. *general*] om. Seymour conj.

139. *some time*] F₃F₄. *sometime*
 F₁F₂. *some times* Rowe. *sometimes*
 Warburton.

142. *that*] om. Seymour conj.

144. *yours is*] *yours'* S. Walker
 conj.

146. '*em*] '*em man* F₃F₄. *them*
 Capell.

147. *spirit*] *sprite* Seymour conj.
 [Shout. Jennens.

155. *walls*] Rowe (ed. 2). *walkes*
 F₁F₂F₃. *walks* F₄.

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present, 165
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said
 I will consider; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us. 175

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,

156, 157. *Now...man.*] Put in the conj.
 margin by Pope.

160. *eternal*] *infernal* Grey conj.

163. See note (III).
aim] *aim of* Keightley.

164. *thought*] *though* F₂.

166. *not, so...you,*] *not (so...you)*
 Theobald. *not so (with...you)* Ff.

167. *further*] *farther* Collier.

170. See note (III).

174. *these*] *such* Rowe. *those* Craik

as] *which* Singer conj.

176. *that...words*] *my words* Rit-
 son conj.

176, 177. *I...Brutus.*] S. Walker
 proposes to end the lines *glad...show*
...Brutus.

178. SCENE IV. Pope.

178, 179. *The...sleeve;*] Two lines
 in Rowe. Four in Ff.

181. *Re-enter...*] Capell (after line

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:

Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero 185

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

190

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. 195

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid 200

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort 205

As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous. 210

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

177). Transferred by Collier to follow
line 178, by Dyce to follow line 181.

Enter... Ff (after line 177).

183. *glow*] F₁. *hlow* F₂. *blow* F₃
F₄.

188. *by*] with Rowe.

senators] *senator* Dyce, ed. 2

(S. Walker conj.).

190. *Antonius*] Pope. *Antonio* Ff.

192. [To Ant. apart. Johnson.

193. *o' nights*] Capell. *a-nights* F₁
F₂. *a nights* F₃F₄.

194. *Yond*] *Yon* Capell.

198. *him*] *m* F₄.

208. *be*] *are* Seymour conj.

209. *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe.

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train but Casca.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak
with me? 215

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus:
and then the people fell a-shouting. 220

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for? 225

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every
time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine
honest neighbours shouted. 230

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it:
it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony
offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one
of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once:
but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it.
Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again:
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.
And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third
time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted 240

214. [Sennet. Exeunt...] Sennit.
Exeunt Cæsar and his Train. Ff.
Exeunt Cæsar, and Train: Casca stays.
Capell.

215. SCENE V. Pope.

218. *Why.....not?* *Were you not
with him?* Seymour conj.

222. *a-shouting*] Dyce. *a shouting*
Ff. *a' shouting* Capell.

224, 226. *Why*] om. Seymour conj.

227. *him*] om. Seymour conj.

235. *was*] F₁. *were* F₂F₃F₄.

242. *hooted*] Johnson. *howted* F₁
F₂F₃. *houted* F₄. *shouted* Hanmer.

and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 245

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless. 250

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 255

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself? 260

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 265 270

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

243. *chopped*] *chopt* Ff. *chapped* Knight.

246. *swoounded*] *swoounded* Ff. *swooned* Rowe.

249. *swoound*] Ff. *swoon* Rowe.

252. *like: he*] *like; he* Theobald. *like he* Ff. *like, he* Rowe.

258. *use*] *used* Theobald.

263. *An*] *An'* Theobald. *And* Ff.

If Pope.

265. *a word*] *his word* Hanmer.

270. *no*] om. F₂.

271. *stabbed*] *stabl'd* F₂.

273. *away*] Theobald. *away.* Ff.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing? 275

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 280

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? 285

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you. 290

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. 295

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you: 300
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,

278. *an*] *an'* Theobald. *and* Ff. F₄.
if Pope.

281. *Marullus*] Theobald. *Mur-*
rellus F₁. *Murellus* F₂F₃F₄.

288. *your mind*] *my mind* S. conj.
Walker conj.

289. *worth*] *be worth* Rowe.

293. *quick mettle*] *quick-mettl'd*
Capell conj. *quick metal* Collier conj.

298. *digest*] F₃F₄. *disgest* F₁F₂.

299. *appetite*] F₁. *appetites* F₂F₃.

300. *And...you*] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.

For this time] om. Seymour

you] *you, Cassius* Capell,
reading *For...Cassius* as one line.

301. *you*] *you* F₂.

with] *with with* F₂.

302. *come*] *go* Seymour conj.

Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, 305

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus: 310

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion 315

That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

303. *to*] with Seymour conj.

305. *art noble; yet*] *art: noble yet*

F₂. 306. *metal*] F₃F₄. *metile* F₁. *met-*
tall F₂.

307. *that*] *what* Pope.

disposed] *disposed to* Keightley

(Seymour conj.).

therefore] *so* Seymour conj.

it is] F₁. *tis* F₂. *'tis* F₃F₄.

312. *He should not humour*] *Cæsar*

should not love Hanmer.

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VI.

Pope. ACT II. SCENE I. Warburton

conj. (withdrawn).

A street.] Capell.

Enter...] Capell, substantially. En-

ter Casca, and Cicero. Ff. Enter

Caska, with his Sword drawn, and

Cicero. Rowe. Enter Casca, his sword

drawn; and Cicero, meeting him.

Theobald.

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 5
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight— 15
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glared upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 25
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural:' 30
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,

10. *tempest dropping fire*] Rowe:
tempest-dropping-fire Ff.

15. *you know*] *you'd know* Dyce
conj. *you knew* Craik conj.

19. *ha'*] *have* Capell.

21. *glared*] *glar'd* Rowe (ed. 2).
glaz'd Ff. *gaz'd* Malone (Grey conj.).

surly] F₁F₄. *surely* F₂F₃.

23. *Upon*] *Up on* Mason conj.

28. *Hooting*] Johnson. *Howting*
F₁F₂F₃. *Houting* F₄.

30. *reasons*] *seasons* Collier MS.

33. *strange-disposed*] Theobald.
strange disposed Ff.

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero. 40

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults. 45

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send 55

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

36. *to*] F₁F₂. *up* F₃F₄.

37. *Antonius*] Pope. *Antonio* Ff.

39, 40. *Good...in.*] As in Rowe.
The first line ends *Caska*: in Ff.

41. SCENE VII. Pope.

42. *Your...this!*] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.

what night] *what a night* Craik.
this!] Dyce. *this?* Ff.

44. *heavens*] *heaven's* Warburton.

57—60. *You.....wonder,*] As in
Rowe. Five lines, ending *Caska*:...
Roman,...not...feare,...wonder, in Ff.

58. *That*] *Which* Capell.

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
 But if you would consider the true cause
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
 Why old men fool and children calculate, 65
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures and preformed faculties,
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
 To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
 Unto some monstrous state.
 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol, 75
 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow 85
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

60. *cast*] *case* Grant White (Jervis conj.).

64. *Why...kind,*] Johnson would place this after *ordinance*, line 66: Mitford, after *faculties*, line 67.

65. *old men fool and*] Grant White (Mitford conj.). *Old men, Fooles, and F₁F₂. Old men, Fools, and F₃F₄. old men fools, and Steevens, 1778 (Blackstone conj.).*

69. *heaven*] *nature* Capell.
hath] *has* Theobald.

71—73. *Unto...night,*] As in Ff.

Two lines, the first ending *Casca*, in Hanmer.

72. *to*] om. Capell, following Hanmer's arrangement.

74. *roars*] *roares* F₁. *teares* F₂. *tears* F₃F₄.

75. *lion in*] *lion, in* Craik.

78. *these strange*] *theser stange* F₂.

79. 'Tis...Cassius?] As in Rowe.
Two lines in Ff.

81. *thews*] *sinews* F₃F₄.

85. *say*] See note (III).

In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where, I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; 95
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I: 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep: 105
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already

89. *dagger then*] Ff. *dagger, then* 117. *Hold, my*] Ff. *Hold my*
Crail. Theobald.

100. [*Thunder still.*] Ff. om. Rowe.

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me 125
 In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,
 And the complexion of the element
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate 135
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
 O Cassius, if you could 140
 But win the noble Brutus to our party—

122. *noblest-minded*] Rowe. *No-blest minded* Ff.

124. *honourable - dangerous*] Hy-phened first by Capell.

125. *know, by this they*] Rowe. *know by this, they* Ff.

128. *element*] *elements* Warburton.

129. *In favour's like*] *In favour's, like* Johnson. *Is Favours, like* F₁F₂. *Is Favours, like* F₃F₄. *Is fav'rous, like* Rowe. *Is favour'd like* Capell. *It favours, like* Steevens (1773). *It favours like* Steevens (1778).

130. *bloody, fiery*] *bloody-fiery* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

Enter Cinna.] Transferred by Dyce to follow *friend*, line 133.

131. SCENE VIII. Jennens.

132. *gait*] Johnson. *gate* Ff.

136. *attempts*] *attempt* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

137. *I...this!*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

I am] *I'm* Pope.

night is this!] Rann. *night is*

this? F₁. *night?* F₂F₃F₄.

139. *for?*] *for, Cinna?* Capell, ending the line *Yes*.

139-141. *Yes...party—*] Arranged as in Singer (ed. 2). Three lines, ending *Cassius, ...Brutus...party—*, in Ff. The lines end *are...Brutus...party—* in Rowe. Two lines, the first ending *could*, in Johnson. Three, ending *Yes, ...win...party—*, in Capell.

140, 141. *if you could But win*] *could you win* Pope, following Rowe's arrangement.

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax 145
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
 See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire 155
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
 And that which would appear offence in us
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 For it is after midnight, and ere day
 We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

144. *but*] *best* Craik conj.

146. *Brutus'*] Pope. *Brutus* Ff.

148. *Decius*] *Decimus* Hammer
 (and throughout).

151. *bade*] Theobald (ed. 2). *bad*

Ff.

155. *Is*] *Are* Hammer.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.**Enter BRUTUS.**Bru.* What, Lucius, ho!

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

5

*Enter LUCIUS.**Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.[*Exit.**Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,

10

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:

How that might change his nature, there's the question:

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—

15

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

20

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

ACT II. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus
Secundus. Ff.5. *when?*] Ff. *when!* Delius.15. *him?—that;—*] *him—that—*Rowe. *him that,* Ff. *him!—that!*
Delius.Rome...Enter Brutus.] Malone.
Enter Brutus in his Orchard. Ff. A
garden. Enter Brutus. Rowe. Brutus's
Garden... Theobald.23. *climber-upward*] Hyphened
first by Warburton.

But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back, 25
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
 Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35
 Searching the window for a flint I found
 This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
 Give so much light that I may read by them. 45
 [*Opens the letter and reads.*]

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 50

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

24. *upmost*] *topmost* Anon. conj. *first* Ff.
 28. *lest*] F₂F₃F₄. *least* F₁. 47, 51. *Rome, &c.*] Ff. *Rome,—*
may] *do* Seymour conj. Rowe.
 34. Enter...] *Re-enter*... Capell. 50. *took*] *ta'en* Seymour conj.
 38. Gives...] Ff. om. Capell. 52. *What, Rome?*] Rowe. *What*
 40. *ides*] Theobald (Warburton). *Rome?* Ff.

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

55

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

60

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
 I have not slept.
 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion all the interim is
 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council, and the state of man
 Like to a little kingdom suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

65

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

70

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

53. *ancestors*] *ancestor* Dyce (ed. 2).

55. *Speak, ... entreated*] Printed as two lines by Craik.

entreated] *entreated then* Pope.

56. *thee*] $F_1 F_4$. *the* $F_2 F_3$.

57. *receivest*] *Ff. receiv'st* Rowe.

59. *fifteen*] *Ff. fourteen* Theobald (Warburton). *now, full fourteen* Seymour conj.

Knocking within.] Collier.

Knocke within. $F_1 F_2$. *Knock within* $F_3 F_4$. *Knocking without.* Staunton.

60. [*Exit Lucius.*] Theobald. om. *Ff.*

66. *instruments*] *instrument* Smith conj. ap. Grey.

67. *man*] $F_2 F_3 F_4$. *a man* F_1 .

69. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...* *Ff.*

72. *moe*] *Ff. more* Rowe.

Bru.

Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

75

Bru.

Let 'em enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

80

85

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

90

Bru.

He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

73. See note (ii).

74. *cloaks*] *cloakes* F₁. *cloathes* F₂.
cloaths F₃F₄.76. 'em] F₁F₂F₃. *them* F₄.81. *Seek*] om. Seymour conj.82. *it in*] *in it* Reed (1803).83. *path, thy...on,*] F₂. *path thy
...on,* F₁F₃F₄. *hath thy...on,* Quarto
(1691). *march, thy...on,* Pope. *put
thy...on,* Dyce, ed. 2 (Southern MS.,
Long MS., and Coleridge conj.).*put'st thy...on,* Singer conj. *hadst thy
...on,* Grant White conj. *pull thy...
o'er,* Heraud conj. *walk, thy...on,*
Sawyer conj. *pass, thy...on,* Anon.
conj. ('Footsteps of Shakspeare', p. 32).
parle, thy...on, Nicholson conj. *pace,
thy...on,* Anon. conj.

85. the conspirators] om. Rowe.

86. SCENE II. Pope.

89. [Aside. Rowe.

Bru. He is welcome too. 95

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*] 100

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived. 105

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here. 110

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— 115

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

96. *This...Cimber.*] Two lines in Rowe.

This.....Cinna] *This valiant Casca; Cinna, this Seymour conj. this, Cinna*] *Cinna, this, Capell.*

97. *all welcome*] *welcome, all Seymour conj.*

98. *themselves*] om. Steevens conj., ending the line *betwixt*.

100. [*They whisper.*] Ff. Converse apart. Capell.

114. *if not the face*] *if that the face Theobald.* *if that the fate Warburton.* *if not the faith Mason conj.* *if not the faiths Malone conj.* *if not the fate Keightley.*

115. *abuse,—*] Theobald. *abuse; Ff.*

118. *high-sighted*] *high-sieged Warburton conj. (withdrawn).* *high-seated Theobald conj.*

122. *women, then*] *women; Then F₂F₃F₄.* *women. Then F₁.*

What need we any spur but our own cause
 To prick us to redress? what other bond
 Than secret Romans that have spoke the word, 125
 And will not palter? and what other oath
 Than honesty to honesty engaged
 That this shall be or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance 135
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion 145
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him, 150
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

125. *Romans*] *Romans'* Anon. 136. *Did*] *Doth* Hanmer.
 conj. *oath*; *when*] Capell. *oath*:
 126. *palter*] *faulter* Long MS. *when* Hanmer. *oath*. *When* Ff.
 128. *it?*] Theobald. *it*. Ff. 139. *do*] *doth* F4.
 131. *That*] *As* Seymour conj. 153, 154. *Indeed...Casar?*] Given
 132. *stain*] *strain* Warburton conj. to 'Dec.' by Hanmer.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet 155

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar: 165

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, 175

Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,

166. *Let us.....Caius.*] Theobald.
Let's ... Caius. Ff. *Let's ... Cassius.*
Rowe. *Let us...butchers.* Pope (omit-
ting *Caius*).

168. *men*] *man* Pope.

169. *spirit*] F₁. *spirits* F₂F₃F₄.

175. *And*] *Nor* Seymour conj.

177. *'em*] *them* F₄.

make] *mark* Collier (Collier
MS.).

180. *We.....purgers*] *Purgers we*
shall be call'd Seymour conj.

call'd purgers] *purgers call'd*
Staunton conj.

183. *fear*] *do fear* Pope.

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: 185

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should, for he is given

To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190

For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late, 195

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:

It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night

And the persuasion of his augurers, 200

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, 205

Lions with toils and men with flatterers:

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

184. *in*] om. Pope.

Cæsar—] Rowe. *Cæsar*. Ff.

187. *himself, take*] *himself take*
Pope.

189. *to wildness*] See note (III).

191. *this*] See note (III).

192. *stricken*] Ff. *strucken* Steevens (1778).

194. *Whether*] *If* Pope. *Whe'er*
Capell.

196. *main*] mean Mason conj.

197. *fantasy*] *fantasies* Hammer.

204, 205. *trees.....glasses.....holes*
stoles...glas...trees Smith, ap. Grey, conj.

206. *flatterers:] flatterers*. Ff. *flatterers*; Craik.

209. *Let me work*] *Leave me to work* Pope. *Let me to work* Steevens conj. *Let me work on him; I can humour him* Seymour conj.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, 215

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you,
Brutus:

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes; 225

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untired spirits and formal constancy:

And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit 235

Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

213. *eighth*] F₄. *eight* F₁F₂F₃.

215. *hard*] F₁. *hatred* F₂F₃F₄.

218. *by him*] *to him* Pope.

219. *reasons*] *reason* Dyce, ed. 2
(S. Walker conj.).

221. *The... Brutus:*] One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.

upon's] *upon us* Capell.

228. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt.* Manet

Brutus. Ff.

230. *honey-heavy dew*] *hony-heavy-*
Dew Ff. *honey heavy dew* Johnson.
heavy honey-dew Collier (Collier MS.
and Singer MS.).

233. SCENE III. Pope.

236. *raw cold*] *raw-cold* Steevens
(1793).

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
 I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not, 245
 But with an angry wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, 255
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night 265
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,

237. *You've*] Rowe. *Y'have* Ff.
You have Steevens.

238. *Stole*] *Stol'n* Johnson.

243. *further*] *farther* Collier.

246. *wafture*] Rowe. *wafter* Ff.

255. *you, Brutus*] F₄. *you Brutus*
 F₁F₂F₃.

263. *dank*] *danke* F₁. *darke* F₂.
dark F₃F₄.

267. *his*] *hit* F₁.

Which by the right and virtue of my place
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night 275
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Br. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs 285
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Br. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman, but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman, but withal
 A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter. 295
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300

270. [Kneeling. Collier (Collier MS.).

271. *charm*] F₃F₄. *charme* F₁F₂,
charge Pope.

278. [raising her. Capell.

280. *the*] *tho* F₁.

284. *comfort*] *consort* Theobald.

285. *sometimes*] om. Pope.

295. *reputed, Cato's*] *reputed: Cato's*
 Ff. *reputed Cato's* Warburton.

298. 'em] *them* F₄.

Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru.

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

305

The secrets of my heart:

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charaḡtery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's that
knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

315

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible,

325

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

302. *secrets*] *secret* Capell conj.

303. [*Knocking within.*] Malone.
Knock within. Capell. Knocke F₁F₂.
Knock. F₃F₄.

309. *who's that*] *who's there that*
Pope. *who's that that* Capell. *who is*
that Steevens. *who is't that* Collier
(one volume edition).

Re-enter.....] Dyce. Enter
Lucius and Ligarius. Ff (after '*Exit*
Portia.').

312. [*Exit Luc.* Capell.

319. *a*] *an* F₄.

320. *that Romans*] *the Romans*
Rowe (ed. 2).

326. *Yea*] *Yet* Rowe (ed. 2).

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-
night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success. 5

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

327. *A...whole.*] One line in Rowe. Pope.
Two in Ff.

329. *must we] we must* Theobald. Rowe. *Cæsar's house.] Cæsar's Palace.*
(ed. 2). Capell. A room in Cæsar's Palace.

330, 331. *going To] Craik. going,* Enter Cæsar...] Enter Julius Cæsar
To Ff. ... Ff.

334. [*Exeunt.*] Pope. Thunder. in his night-gown] om. Pope.
Exeunt. Ff. 1. *Nor.....to-night]* One line in

SCENE II.] Rowe. SCENE IV. Rowe. Two in Ff.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 10
 Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
 The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use, 25
 And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
 Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 30
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear; 35
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

10. *threaten'd*] *threaten* S. Walker
 conj.

19. *fight*] *fought* Grant White
 (Dyce, ed. 2). *did fight* Keightley.

22. *hurled*] F₁. *hurried* F₂F₃F₄.

23. *did neigh*] *do neigh* F₁.

24. *ghosts*] *ghost* F₄.

37. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...*

Ff.

augurers] *augurs* Pope. *au-*

gures S. Walker conj.

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he: 45
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well, 55
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 60
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie? 65

38. *to stir*] *stir* F₄.

40. [Exit Servant. Theobald.

44—48. *No.....forth.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

46. *are*] Capell (Upton conj.).

heare F₁F₂, *hear* F₃F₄. *heard* Rowe.
were Theobald.

53. *shall*] *will* Rowe (ed. 2).

57. SCENE V. Pope.

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: 75

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,

Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts

Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans

Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings and portents 80

And evils imminent, and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 85

In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

67. *afear'd]* *afraid* F₄.

76—80. Malone conjectures that the lines should end *statue, which... run...came...these...portents.*

76. *to-night]* *to nigh* F₂. *last night* Rowe.

76, 77. *statua, Which like]* Steevens (1793). *statue, Which like* Ff. *statue, which Like* to Hanmer. *statue, Decius, Which, like* Capell.

77. *an]* a Collier.

80. *And...apply]* *These she applies* Pope.

80, 81. *and portents And]* *and portents* Of Hanmer. *portents* Of Capell.

87. *great Rome]* *our Rome* Capell conj.

88. *press]* After this Warburton marks an omission of some lines.

89. *cognizance]* *cognisances* Hanmer.

If you shall send them word you will not come, 95
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
 'Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia! 105
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.
 Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS,
and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110
 Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.
 What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 115

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
 Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 97. <i>render'd</i>] <i>rendered</i> Craik. | 108. SCENE VI. Pope. |
| 101. <i>Lo,</i>] <i>Lord</i> Anon. conj. | 111. <i>Caius</i>] <i>Oh Caius</i> Hammer. |
| 106. <i>ashamed</i>] <i>asham'd</i> Warburton. | 114. <i>o'</i>] Theobald. <i>a</i> Ff.
<i>strucken</i>] <i>stricken</i> Johnson. |
| 107. [to an Att. Capell.
Enter Publius, Brutus,...and
Cinna.] Malone, after Capell. Enter
Brutus,...Cynna, and Publius. Ff. | 116. <i>See!</i>] <i>See</i> , F ₁ F ₂ . <i>See</i> F ₃ F ₄ .
<i>o' nights</i>] Theobald. <i>a-nights</i> |

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs.

Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

125

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.

Brut. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not
Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus
loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against
Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: secur-
ity gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend
thee!

5

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

118. *Bid.....within*] *Bid prepare*
Seymour conj.

[to an Att. Capell.

119. *to blame*] F₃F₄. *too blame* F₁
F₂.

124. [*Aside*] Rowe. om. Ff.

128. [*Aside*] Pope. om. Ff.

129. *yearns*] Capell. *earns* F₁F₂
F₃. *earns* F₄. *yearns* Theobald.

SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENE VII.
Pope. SCENE V. Jennens.

A street.....] Theobald. The
Street. Rowe.

reading a paper] Rowe. om. Ff.

1—8. *Cæsar...thee!*] As nine lines
of verse, S. Walker conj.

4. *thou hast*] *th' hast* S. Walker
conj.

4, 5. *There is*] *There's* S. Walker
conj.

5. *against*] *'gainst* S. Walker conj.

6. *you*] *thee* Rowe.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 10
 And as a suitor will I give him this.
 My heart laments that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit. 15

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house
 of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
 Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. 5
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
 For he went sickly forth: and take good note
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. 15
 Hark, boy! what noise is that?

13. *teeth*] *reach* Anon. conj. Jennens.
 14. *mayst*] *may'st* Rowe. *mayest* Another...] Capell.
 Ff. 6—9. *O.....counsel!*] Marked as
 15. [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff. Scene 'Aside' by Capell.
 closes. Jennens conj. 8. *might*] *heart* Capell.
 SCENE IV.] Capell. Rowe and 13. *boy*] om. F₄.
 Pope continue the Scene. SCENE VI.

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: 20

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol. 25

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him? 30

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: 35

I'll get me to a place more void and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

18. *heard*] *hear* Knight (National ed.).

bustling] Rowe. *bussling* Ff.

20. Enter the Soothsayer.] Ff.
Enter Artemidorus. Rowe.

20, 21. *Come.....been?*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.

21, &c. *Sooth.*] Art. Rowe.

22. *o'*] Theobald. *a* Ff.

27, 28. *lady: if...me,*] *lady. If...*

me, Johnson. *lady, if...me:* Ff.

29. *befriend*] *defend* Rowe (ed. 2).

30. *Why...him?*] Printed as prose in Ff.

harm's] *harm* Pope.

31. *None.....chance*] One line in Pope, omitting *may chance*. Two lines in Ff.

much.....chance] *much, fear, will chance* Seymour conj.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! 40
 Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
 That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
 Say I am merry: come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee. 45
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
 That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar. 5

38. *I must.....thing*] One line in leading to the Capitol. Jennens.
 Rowe. Two in Ff. A crowd of people...Popilius, Pub-
Ay] *Aye* Ff. *ah* Johnson. lius, and others.] Malone, after Ca-
 39. *Brutus,*] *Brutus! Brutus!* pell. Flourish. Enter Cæsar...Arte-
 Pope. midorus, Popilius, and the Soothsayer.
 45. [*Exeunt severally.*] Theobald. Ff (Artimedorus, Publius, F₁).
 Exeunt. F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄. and the Soothsayer.] om. Rowe
 ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus (ed. 1). and the Soothsayers. Rowe
 Tertius. Ff. (ed. 2).
 Rome. Before...] Capell, sub-
 stantially. The Capitol. Rowe. The
 Street before the Capitol; and the
 Capitol open. Theobald. The Street

3. *schedule*] F₃F₄. *scedule* F₁F₂.
 7. *nearer*] *near* Anon. conj.
great] om. Pope.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena? 15

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cæs. Casca,

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, 25
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

8. *What.....ourself*] *That touches us? Ourself* Craik (Collier MS.).

12. *Cæsar...*] Steevens, substantially. Artemidorus is push'd back. Cæsar, and the rest, enter the Senate: The Senate rises. Popilius presses forward to speak to Cæsar; and passing Cassius, says, Capell. Omitted in Ff. Exeunt. Scene II. The Capitol... Jennens.

13. [*Aside to Cæs.* Jennens.

14. [*Advances to Cæsar.*] Leaves him, and joins Cæsar. Capell. om. Ff. Follows Cæsar. Jennens.

15-30. *What...hand.*] Marked as

'*Aside*' by Capell.

18. *him*] *him well* Steevens conj.

18, 19. *Casca...prevention.*] As in Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). One line in Ff.

20. *done? If...known,*] Ff. *done, if...known?* Theobald.

21. *or*] *on* Malone conj.

22. [Cæsar being arrived at his seat, Popilius whispers him and smiles. Jennens.

23. *Lena*] om. Anon. conj.

purposes] *purpose* Theobald.

26. [*Exeunt Antony.....*] Exeunt

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber. 35
These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 45
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50

Antony and Trebonius, conversing.
Cæsar takes his Seat; the Senate
theirs: and Metellus advances towards
Cæsar. Capell. om. Ff.

30 *rears your]* *rear your* Capell.
rears his Tyrwhitt conj.

31. *Are...ready?* Given to Cinna,
Ritson conj.; to Casca, by Dyce (Col-
lier MS.).

we] *you* Hanmer (ed. 2).

35. *heart:—]* Capell. *heart.* Ff.
[Kneeling.] Rowe. om. Ff.
Prostrating himself. Capell.

36. *couchings]* *crouchings* Hanmer.
courtesies] F₁F₂. *curtesies* F₃.

Curtsies F₄.

37. *fire]* *stir* Warburton.

38. *first]* *fix'd* Craik conj.

39. *law]* Malone (Johnson conj.).
lane Ff. *line* Steevens conj. *play*
Mason conj. *bane* Becket conj. *vane*
Bailey conj.

43. *Low-crooked]* *Low, crooked*
Becket conj. *low-crouched* Craik (Col-
lier MS.).

spaniel-fawning] Hyphen in-
serted by Johnson.

47. *wrong, nor]* *wrong, but with*
just cause; Nor Tyrwhitt conj. (from
Ben Jonson's quotation in his 'Sylva').
See note (IV).

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Br. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: 55
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place: 65
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he, 70
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? 75

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and
Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*]

56. *low*] *love* F₂.

61—70. *Of whose...he,*] Put in the margin by Pope.

61. *true-fix'd*] *true-fixt* Capell. *true fixt* Ff. *true, fixt* Rowe.

69. *rank*] *race* Johnson conj.

70. *motion*] *notion* Upton conj.

74. *Cin.*] *Cim.* Rowe.

74, 75. *Cæsar,—*] *Cæsar—* Rowe.

Cæsar. Ff.

75. *Doth...kneel?*] *Doth...kneele?* F₁. *Do...kneel?* F₂F₃F₄ (*kneele* F₂).
Do...kneel. Rowe.

76. *Speak, hands*] Capell. *Speak hands* Ff.

[*Casca.....*] Edd. (Globe ed.).
They stab Cæsar. Ff. stabbing him in the Neck. Cæsar rises, catches at

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too. 85

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer; 90
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed 95
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

the Dagger, and struggles with him: defends himself, for a time, against him, and against the other Conspirators; but, stab'd by Brutus, Capell (from Plutarch).

77. [Dies.] Dyes. F₁. om. F₂F₃
F₄. he submits; muffles up his Face in his Mantle; falls, and dies. Senate in Confusion. Capell.

88. *friend*] *friends* Pope (ed. 2).

96. [Exeunt all but Conspirators. Capell.

Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...
Ff.

97. SCENE II. Pope.

Where is] *Where's* Pope.

99. *will*] *well* Staunton conj.

102. *Cas.*] Pope. Cask. Ff.

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged 105
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, 115
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away: 120
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; 125

106—111. *Stoop.....liberty!*] Given to Casca by Pope.

112. [Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood. Rowe.

113. *over*] o'er Pope.

114. *states*] *state* F₁.

115. *Bru.*] Casca, Pope.

116. *lies*] F₃F₄. *lyes* F₂. *lye* F₁.

117. *Cas.*] *Bru.* Pope.

So oft] om. Seymour conj.

shall be] om. Steevens conj.

119. *their*] *our* Steevens (1793).

120. *What*] *What, what* Rowe.

Ay, every man away:] *Ay, every man: Away!* Capell conj.

122. *boldest and best*] *bold, and the best* Rowe.

Enter...] Ff. Transferred by Dyce to follow *here?* line 123.

123. *A friend of Antony's.*] Given to the Servant by Pope.

124. [Kneeling. Rowe.

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
 Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
 Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him. 130
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
 May safely come to him and be resolved
 How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living, but will follow 135
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
 I never thought him worse. 140
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind 145
 That fears him much, and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit

126. *bade*] Johnson. *bad* Ff.

128. *bold, royal*] *royal, bold* Pope.

138. *my master*] *Mark* Seymour
 conj.

140. *I...worse*] om. Seymour conj.

143. [Exit.] Exit Servant. Ff.

145. *have I*] *I have* Pope (ed. 2).

147. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...*

Ff. Transferred by Dyce to follow
comes Antony, line 148.

148. SCENE III. Pope.

But...Mark Antony.] As in
 Pope. Two lines in Ff.

149. [Kneeling over the body.
 Collier (Collier MS.).

As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument 155
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us. 165
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; 170
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
 Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts 175
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased 180
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,

155. *death's hour*] *death hour* Collier
 (one volume ed.).

158. *you*] *ye* Theobald (ed. 2).

162. *mean*] *means* Pope.

173, 174. *Cæsar. For...Antony*
Cæsar; but for you, Mark Antony,
our swords have leaden points Seymour
 conj.

175. *in strength of malice,*] *exempt*
from malice, Pope. *no strength of*
malice; Capell. *reproof of malice,* Sey-

mour conj. *instrain'd of malice,* Becket
 conj. *in strength of welcome,* Craik
 (Collier MS.). *in strength of amity,*
 Singer conj. *unstring their malice,*
 Badham conj. *unfraught of malice,*
 Anon. conj. *forspent of malice,* Anon.
 conj.

176. *in*] *in them* Keightley.

183. *struck*] Steevens (1778). *strooke*
 F₁F₂. *strook* F₃F₄.

Have thus proceeded.

Ant.

I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:

185

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;

Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

190

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

195

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

200

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;

205

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

How like a deer stricken by many princes

210

Dost thou here lie!

184. *Have thus proceeded*] *Proceeded thus* Pope.

wisdom] F₃F₄. *Wisdom* F₁
F₂. *wisdoms* Anon. conj.

185. [Taking them one after other.
Collier (Collier MS.).

191. *all,—*] Rowe. *all*: F₁F₂F₃.
all, F₄.

195. [Turning to the body, and
bending over it. Collier (Collier MS.).

199, 200. *foes, ...corse?*] Pointed as

in Rowe. *foes?...course*, Ff.

205. *hart*] F₁. *heart* F₂F₃F₄.

207. *lethe*] *Lethe* F₂F₃. *Lethe* (in
italics) F₄. *Lethee* F₁. *death* Pope.

208—211. *O world...lie!*] Put in
the margin by Pope.

209. *heart*] Theobald. *hart* Ff.

210. *strucken*] Steevens (1778).
strooken F₁. *stricken* F₂F₃F₄. *strooken*
Capell.

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so; 215
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar. 220
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard 225
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 230
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved 235
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest

212. *Antony,—*] *Antony*—Rowe,
Antony. Ff.

Caius Cassius] om. Seymour
conj., reading *Dost...me* as one line.

224. *were this*] *this were* Pope (ed.
2).

226. *you, Antony,*] Theobald. *you*
Antony, F₁F₂. *you Antony* F₃F₄.

232. *with you*] om. Steevens conj.

233. [*Aside to Bru.*] *Aside.* Rowe.
om. Ff.

236. *pardon:*] Ff. *pardon,* Rowe.

He speaks by leave and by permission, 240
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body. 245
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
 And say you do't by our permission ;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral: and you shall speak 250
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 255
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, 260
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; 265

242. *true*] *due* Pope.

244. *fall...not*] *follow: I not like*
it Seymour conj.

245. *you*] *your* Pope.

249. *Else shall you not*] *You shall*
not else Pope.

254. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. *Exeunt.*
Manet Antony. Ff.

255. SCENE IV. Pope.
bleeding piece of] *piece of*
bleeding Variorum (1803, 1813, 1821).

259. *hand*] *hands* Grant White
 (Becket conj.). *land* Becket conj.

263. *the limbs*] F₃F₄. *the limbs*
 F₁F₂. *the kind* Hanmer. *the line*
 Warburton. *the lives* or *these lymmes*
 Johnson conj. *these imps* Jackson
 conj. *the loins* Craik (Collier MS.).
the tombs Staunton conj. *the sons*
 Grant White conj. *the minds* Dyce,
 ed. 2 (Jervis conj.). *the times* S.
 Walker conj.

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds: 270
 And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth 275
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming; 280
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 285
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 290

269. *quarter'd*] Pope. *quartered*
 Ff.

with] by Pope.

274. *Havoc*] *Ha! vous* Anon. conj.
 ap. Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 307.

276. *With*] *Of* Long MS.
 Enter a Servant.] Enter Oc-
 tavius's Servant. Ff.

279. *for him*] *to him* Capell.
to Rome] F₁F₃F₄. *Rome* F₂.

282. [*Seeing the body.*] Rowe. om.
 Ff.

284. *catching, for*] F₂F₃F₄. *catch-*
ing from F₁.

285. *beads*] *beds* Pope.

286. *Began*] *Begin* Hanmer.

288. *Post...chanced.*] One line in
 Rowe. Two in Ff.

290. *Rome*] *room* Upton conj.

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.

295

Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.

5

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

10

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

292. *corse*] Pope. *course* F₁F₂.
course F₃F₄.

298. *[Exeunt.....body.]* Rowe.
 Exeunt. Ff.

SCENE II.] Rowe. SCENE V. Pope.
 SCENE III. Jennens.

The Forum.] Rowe.

Enter...Citizens.] Malone (after Capell). Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians. Ff.

1. Citizens.] Capell. Ple. Ff (and throughout the scene).

5. *me speak*] *my speak* Rowe (ed. 2).

'em] *them* Capell.

7, 10. *rendered*] Pope. *rendred* Ff.

10. *[Exit...pulpit.]* Edd. (Globe ed.). Exit...rostrum. Capell. Exeunt Cassius, with some of the Plebeians. Rowe. Exit...Plebeians. Theobald. Omitted in Ff.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause,
and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour,
and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: 15
censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any
dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to
Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why 20
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I
loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you
rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar
were dead, to live all free-men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep
for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was
valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. 25
There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for
his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base
that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I
offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?
If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile 30
that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have
I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more 35
to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his
death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated,
wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which
he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,

- | | |
|---|---|
| 13. <i>lovers</i>] <i>friends</i> Pope. | lines of verse in Johnson. |
| 18. <i>to him</i>] F ₁ . <i>to them</i> F ₂ F ₃ F ₄ .
<i>Brutus</i>] Capell. <i>Brutus</i> Ff. | 27. <i>Who is</i>] <i>Who's</i> Pope. |
| <i>Brutus's</i> Pope. | 32. <i>reply.</i>] Ff. <i>reply</i> — Rowe. |
| 23. <i>free-men</i>] Ff. <i>free men</i> John-
son. | 33. All.] Ff. Cit, Capell. Cit.
[several speaking at once. Malone. |
| 26. <i>There is</i>] <i>There are</i> Pope. | 38. Enter Antony and others,...
body.] Malone. Enter Antony, and |
| 27—32. <i>Who.....offended.</i>] As six | |

though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the
benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as
which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I
slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same
dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need
my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.* 60

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

certain of his House, bearing Cæsar's
body. Capell. Enter Mark Antony,
with Cæsars body. Ff.

40, 41. *the benefit...commonwealth]*
place in the commonwealth, and the
benefit of his dying Seymour conj.

45. [comes down. Capell.

46. *live, live!]* *live!* Pope.

46, 71, 138, 153, &c. All.] Ff. Cit.
Capell.

50. *Shall]* *Shall now* Pope. *Shall*
all or Shall well Staunton conj. om.
Anon. conj.

Shall...Brutus.] Mitford would
add *Live! live! Brutus, live!*

crown'd] Ff. *crowned* Stee-
vens.

51. *We'll...clamours.]* One line in
Capell. Two, the first ending *house,*
in Ff.

52. *countrymen,—]* *countrymen—*
F4. *country-men.* F1F2F3.

57. *glories]* *glory* Dyce, ed. 2 (S.
Walker conj.).

61. SCENE VI. Pope.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*]

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, 65

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say. 70

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus 75

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,— 80

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious; 85

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: 90

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

64. [*Goes...pulpit.*] Edd. *Goes up.*
Capell. om. Ff.

64, 65. *Brutus'*] Pope. *Brutus*
F₁F₂F₃. *Brutus's* F₄.

64, 66. *beholding*] F₁F₂F₃. *be-*
holden F₄.

65. *He says*] om. Steevens conj.

67. *he*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

69. *blest*] F₁. *glad* F₂F₃F₄. *most*

blest Capell.

71. *Romans,—*] *Romans—* F₄.

Romans. F₁F₂F₃.

75. *their bones*] *the bones* F₄.

76. *The noble*] *Noble* Pope.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown, 95
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know. 100
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 105
 And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.
Third Cit. Has he, masters?
 I fear there will a worse come in his place. 110
Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
 the crown;
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will deare abide it.
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
 Antony. 115
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters, if I were disposed to stir 120

94. *om*] at Pope.103. *art*] F₂F₃F₄. *are* F₁.108. *Sec. Cit.*] 2. F₁. Omitted in
F₂F₃F₄.

109. See note (IV).

Has he] *Ha! has he* Anon.
conj.*masters*] *my masters* Capell.*not, masters* Craik.109, 110. *Has...place.*] Divided as
in Capell. One line in Ff. Prose in
Pope (ed. 2).116. *again*] om. Theobald (ed. 2).

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, 125
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— 130
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy 135
 Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. 140
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it! 145

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it: 150
 I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

133. *Yea*] *Nay* Capell.

143. *It will*] *I will* Capell.

146. *Fourth Cit.*] 4. Ff. All.
 Anon. conj.

Read] *Read us* Anon. conj.

146, 147. *Read...will.*] As in Ff.

Prose in Craik.

we'll] *we will* Theobald.

147. *Cæsar's*] *read Cæsar's* Keightley (Capell conj.).

152—154. *They...murderers:*] As two lines of verse, Capell MS.

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will. 155

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down. 160

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony. 165

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 170

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; 175

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: 180

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart; 185

156. *will?*] Pope. *will*: F₁. *will*; F₂F₃. *Cassius's* F₄.

F₂F₃F₄. 160. All] Ff. First Cit. Edd. 182. *This was the most*] *This, this,*
was the Pope.

conj. 184. *traitors'*] Warburton. *trai-*
tors Ff.

161. He...pulpit.] Rowe. om. Ff.

173. *Cassius'*] Pope. *Cassius* F₁

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

190

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

195

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

200

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

205

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

210

They that have done this deed are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

187, 188. *Even...statua, Which...fell.*] These lines are transposed by Warburton.

statua, Which...blood] statue, which All...with blood Hanmer.

187. *statua]* Steevens, 1793 (Malone conj.). *statue* Ff. *statuë* Keightley.

194. *what weep]* Ff. *what, weep* Pope.

196. *with]* by Pope.

197—205. *O piteous...countrymen]*

Marked as five lines of verse in Capell MS.

202. *We will]* *We'll* Capell.

203, 204. *All. Revenge!.....live!]* See note (v).

205. [They are rushing out. Collier (Collier MS.).

206. *Peace]* *Peace, peace* Capell conj.

213. *do it: they are]* *do't: they're* S. Walker conj.

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts: 215
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, 220
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus, 225
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny. 230

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what: 235
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal. 240

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience. 245

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

214. *reasons*] *reason* Warburton.

219. *gave*] *F*₁. *give* *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄.

220. *wit*] *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄. *writ* *F*₁.

230, 231. *All...First Cit.*] *All...1.*

Ff. *First Cit....Sec. Cit. Edd. conj.*

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures, 250
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 255

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, 260
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him: 265

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

249. *this*] *that* Theobald.

253. *Come, away, away!*] *Come, come, away: Capell. Come, away, away, away!* Keightley. *Come, come, away, away!* Anon. conj.

255. *brands*] *brands' ends* Anon. conj.

fire the] *F₁.* *fire all the* *F₂F₃* *F₄.* *then fire the* Seymour conj.

258, 259. *benches.....windows*] *the benches...the windows* Capell, reading *Take...thing* as two lines, the first ending down.

259. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt Plebeians with the Body.* Rowe. *Exit Plebeians.* *F₁.* *Exeunt Plebeians.* *F₂F₃* *F₄.*

260. *Ant.*] om. Theobald (ed. 2). *afoot,*] *afoot;* Hammer.

261. *Take...fellow!*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

Take thou] *Take now* Craik conj. *Take then* Anon. conj.

261, 262. *Take...Sir,*] Marked as one line in Capell MS.

261. a *Servant.*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Servant.* Ff.

262. *Sir,*] om. Pope. As a separate line, Anon. conj.

264. *He*] *He, sir,* Capell conj. *Sir, he* or *Both he* Anon. conj.

Lepidus] *Lord Lepidus* S. Walker conj.

268. *him*] *them* Capell.

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people, 270
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name? 5

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly. 10

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: 15
wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

271. *Octavius*] *Octavius* F₁.

SCENE III.] Capell. Rowe continues the scene. SCENE VII. Pope. SCENE IV. Jennens.

A street.] Capell.

Enter Cinna the Poet.] Capell. Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians. Ff.

2. *unlucky*] Warburton. *unluckily*

Ff. *unlikely* Collier (Collier MS.).

4. Enter Citizens.] Capell. om. Ff.

6, 13. *Whither*] F₃F₄. *Whether* F₁F₂.

7. *dwell*] *live* Capell.

16. *wisely I*] *wisely, I* Craik.

18, 19. *Proceed; directly.*] *Proceed. Directly.* Johnson. *Proceede directly.*

F₁F₂. *Proceed directly.* F₃F₄.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol. 25

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his 30
bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but
his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire- 35
brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius'
house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

32. *Cin.* *I am.....conspirator.*
Omitted in Reed (1803, 1813, 1821).

33. *but*] out Johnson.

35—37. *Tear...go!*] Prose in Ff.
Three lines of verse by Rowe, ending
firebrands:...house...go. Capell prints
Tear...firebrands only as verse.

36. *Brutus'*] Capell. *Brutus* Ff.

Cassius'] Capell. *Cassius* Ff.

Decius'] Capell. *Decius* F₁F₂

F₃. *Decius's* F₄. *Decimus's* Hanmer.

37. *house*] F₁. *houses* F₂F₃F₄.

Ligarius'] Capell. *Ligarius* Ff.

[*Exeunt.*] *Exeunt* all the Ple-
beians. Ff. *Exeunt*, forcing out Cinna.
Collier (ed. 2).

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe. *Actus*
Quartus. Ff.

A house in Rome.] See note (vi).
Antony.....table.] Malone. Enter
Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. Ff.

1. *These many*] *These, marry* Grey
conj.

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

5

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,

15

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

20

25

Oct. You may do your will:

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

30

3. *consent—*] Knight. *consent:*
Capell. *consent.* Ff.

4. *Publius*] *Lucius* Upton conj.

5. *Who is your*] *You are his* Upton
conj.

6. *damn*] F₄. *dam* F₁F₂F₃.

8. *shall*] *will* Steevens (1793).

23. *Either*] Ff. *Or* Pope.

point] F₁. *print* F₂F₃F₄.

27. *in commons*] *in common* Han-
mer. *on commons* Collier MS.

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth; 35
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
 On objects, orts and imitations,
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
 But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
 Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
 And let us presently go sit in council, 45
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS
 and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

33. *motion govern'd*] Pope. *motion, govern'd* Ff.

36. *barren-spirited*] Hyphened by Pope.

37. *objects, orts*] Staunton. *object orts* Theobald. *Objects, Arts* Ff. *object arts* Becket conj.

imitations,] Rowe (ed. 2). *Imitations.* Ff.

38. *staled*] *stal'de* F₁F₂. *stal'd* F₃. *stall'd* F₄.

44. *made, our*] *made secure, our best* Anon. conj.

our means stretch'd] *our meanes stretcht* F₁. *and our best meanes stretcht* out F₂F₃F₄ (*means* F₄). *our best meanes stretcht* Johnson. *our meanes stretch'd*

to the utmost Malone. *our choicest means stretch'd out* Staunton conj.

49. *bay'd*] Pope. *bayed* Ff.

51. *mischiefs*] *mischief* Steevens (1778).

SCENE II.] Rowe.

Camp...] Before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Rowe.

Enter Brutus, Lucilius...Titinius...]
 Enter Brutus, Lucius, and soldiers;
 Lucilius, Titinius... Nicholson conj.

Lucius] Capell. om. Ff.

Soldiers] Rowe. the Army Ff.

1. *Stand, ho!*] *Stand here* Steevens (1793).

2, 3. S. Walker would read *Give*
 ...*Lucilius*, as one line.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master.

5

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

10

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

15

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

20

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

25

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:

30

5. [presenting Pindarus, who gives a Letter. Capell. Jennens supposes that a speech of Pindarus is lost here.

7. *change*] *charge* Hanmer (Warburton).

officers] *offices* Johnson conj.

13. *He...Lucilius,*] As in Ff. As two lines in Craik.

A word] *Hear, a word* Hanmer. *A word with you* Anon. conj.

13—30. *A word...Cassius.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

13, 14. *Lucilius,.....you:*] F₃F₄.
Lucilius...you: F₁F₂. *Lucilius,—...you,* Rowe.

26. *crests*] F₁. *crest* F₂F₃F₄.

27. *Sink*] *Shrink* Craik conj.

30. [*Low...*] Pope. After line 24 in Ff. *March within.* Capell.

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

35

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

45

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

50

31. [March. Capell.

Enter...] Ff (after *Cassius*, line

30). Enter *Cassius* and Soldiers.

Rowe. Enter *Cassius*, and Forces.
Capell.

32. [to his Officers, entering. Ca-
pell.

33. *Stand, ho!* *Stand*:—[to his.]
Capell.

34. First Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.).

1. O. Capell. om. Ff. Within. Rowe.
Without. Staunton.

35. Sec. Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.).

2. O. Capell. om. Ff. Within. Rowe.
Without. Staunton.

36. Third Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.).

3. O. Capell. om. Ff. Within. Rowe.

Without. Staunton.

[One after other, and fainter

Collier MS.

39. *brother?*] F₃F₄, *brother.* F₁F₂.

49—51. S. Walker would end the
lines *Lucilius, ...like...we...conference.*

50. *Lucilius*] *Lucius* Craik. (See
note VII).

you] om. Pope.

let] see *you let* Mitford conj.,
ending line 49 at *Lucilius.*

man] *man, Lucilius*, Capell,
reading *Do...Lucilius* as one line.

52. *Let Lucius*] *Lucilius* Craik.
See note (VII).

our] *the* Rowe.

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case. 5

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head. 10

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 15

SCENE III.] Pope. Rowe continues the scene.

Brutus's tent.] Hanmer. The Inside of Brutus's tent. Theobald. Within the Tent. Lucius, and Titinius at the Door. Capell.

Enter.....] Capell. Manet..... F₁. Manent... F₂F₃F₄. Re-enter... Theobald.

4. *Wherein*] *Whereon* Seymour conj.

4, 5. *letters...man, were*] Malone. *letters...man was* F₁. *letter...man, was*

F₂F₃F₄.

5. *off*] *of* Rowe (ed. 2).

6. *case*] *cause* Capell conj.

8. *his*] Ff. *its* Pope.

9. *Let*] *Yet let* Pope. *And let* Capell.

12. *I*] *Ay*, Rowe.

13. *speaks*] F₄. *speakes* F₁F₂F₃. *speak* Pope.

16. *doth*] *does* Collier (ed. 1).

his] Ff. *its* Pope.

19. *justice*] Capell. *justice* Ff.

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours 25
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther. 35

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch 45
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

27. *bay*] F₁. *bait* F₂. *bait* F₃F₄.

28. *bait*] F₃F₄. *bait* F₁F₂. *bay*
Theobald.

30. *soldier, I]* *soldier, ay* Steevens,
1773 (Jennens conj.).

32. *to]* *too* F₁.
not, Cassius] Hanmer. *not*
Cassius Ff.

34. *I say]* *Cassius, I say* Steevens
conj.

36. *farther]* Ff. *further* Steevens.

41. *O ye gods]* *O gods* Pope.

44. *budge]* F₄. *bouge* F₁. *bouge*
F₂F₃.

48. *Though]* *Thought* F₂.

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; 55
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. 65
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: 70

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send 75

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

54. *noble*] *abler* Collier (Collier MS.). *able* Singer conj.

55. *You.....Brutus*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

me every way; you] me; every way you Ritson conj.

56. *elder*] *older* Collier (one volume edition).

57. *better*] *a better* Knight (National ed.).

75. *indirection*] *indirectness* Pope.

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
 heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 85
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 90
 As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; 95
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better 105
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

81, 82. *thunderbolts, Dash]* *thun-*
derbolts Dash Collier (one volume ed.).

84. *That brought my]* Ff. *that*
brought My Dyce.

back] om. Steevens conj.

85. *his]* a Rowe.

87. *not, till]* *not. Still Warburton.*

not, till.....me.] not: will you
practise that on me? Hammer.

90. *do]* *did Collier MS.*

98. *my]* *his Capell conj.*

101. *Plutus']* Pope. *Pluto's Ff.*

102. *be'st a Roman]* *needst a Ro-*
man's Warburton.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too. 115

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, 120
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them. 125

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

108. *humour*] *honour* Craik conj. in. Poet within. Theobald. Enter a
109. *lamb*] *man* Pope. *temper* Poet. Poet. Ff. Enter Lucilius and
Anon. conj. Titinius, and a Poet. Poet. Rowe.
111. *Who*] *Which* Hammer. (Lucius, Rowe, ed. 2).
114. *blood 'ill-temper'd*] *blood, ill-* 123—136. Poet.....*gone!*] Put in
temper'd, Staunton. the margin by Pope.
117. [*Embracing*, Rowe. 124. *'em*] *them* Capell.
118. *not you*] *you not* Pope (ed. 2). 125. Lucil. [*Within*]. Dyce. Lucil.
120. *forgetful*] *forgetfulls* F₂. *for-* F₁. Luci. F₂F₃F₄. Luc. Rowe. Luc.
get Seymour conj. within. Theobald.
from] om. Capell. 126. Poet. [*Within*]. Theobald.
123. Poet. [*Within*]. A noise with- Poet. Ff.

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye. 130

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? 135
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.* 140

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead. 145

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence, 150
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Enter...Lucius.] Edd. (Globe ed.). Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius and Titinius. Dyce. Enter Poet. Theobald. om. Ff.

131. *vilely*] F₄. *vildly* F₁F₂.
vildly F₃.

doth] *does* Capell.

135. *jiggling*] *jingling* Pope.

137. SCENE IV. Pope.

140. [*Exeunt...*] Rowe. om. Ff.

[*Exit Lucius.*] Capell.

145. *Portia is*] *Portia's* Pope.

146. *Portia!*] *Portia? brother, said you?* Seymour conj.

150. *Impatient*] *Impatience* Capell conj.

Brut.
Cas.

Even so.

O ye immortal gods!

155

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Brut. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.* 160

Brut. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Brut. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters, 165
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Brut. With what addition? 170

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,

155. *O ye*] om. Steevens conj.
Re-enter Lucius...taper.] Edd.
(Globe ed.). Enter Boy...Tapers. Ff.
Re-enter Lucius...Tapers. Capell.
160. *Brutus'*] Pope. *Brutus* F₁F₂
F₃. *Brutus's* F₄.
[*Drinks.*] Capell. om. Ff.
161. SCENE V. Pope.
Come in...Messala] One line
in Rowe. Two in Ff.
[*Exit Lucius.*] Edd. (Globe
ed.). om. Ff.
Re-enter.....] Dyce. Enter
Titinius and.... Ff (after line 165).

Enter..... Theobald (after line 166).
Re-enter..... Capell (after line 165).
164. *Portia*] *Oh Portia* Pope. *Ah!*
Portia Seymour conj.
165. *here*] om. Pope (ed. 2).
168. *toward*] *towards* Capell.
169. *tenour*] Theobald. *tenure* Ff.
170. *addition?*] Rowe. *addition.* Ff.
171. *proscription*] *proscriptions*
Pope.
and.....outlawry] om. Sey-
mour conj.
outlawry] F₄. *outlarie* F₁.
outlary F₂F₃.

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

175

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

180

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

185

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once

I have the patience to endure it now.

190

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

195

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas.

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

200

173. *an]* a Capell.

Ff.

177. *Cicero]* *Cibero* F₂.

178. *by that]* *that by* Capell.

Cicero...dead,] As two hemistichs, or as prose, Craik conj.

proscription.] F₃F₄. *proscription* F₁F₂.

Cicero] *Ay, Cicero* Capell.

183. *Why.....yours?]* One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

Yes, Cicero Keightley.

177, 178. *Cicero.....proscription]*

195. *presently?]* Pope. *presently.* Ff.

Arranged as in Johnson. One line in

196. *This it is:]* *This;* Steevens conj.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
 The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
 Do stand but in a forced affection,
 For they have grudged us contribution:
 The enemy, marching along by them, 205
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off
 If at Philippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother. 210

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
 The enemy increaseth every day;
 We, at the height, are ready to decline. 215
 There is a tide in the affairs of men
 Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat, 220
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
 We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity; 225
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
 Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

207. *new-added*] Capell. *new added*
 Ff. *new aided* Singer (ed. 2). *new-*
hearted Craik (Collier MS.).

208. *shall we] we shall* Craik conj.
off] Rowe. *off*. Ff.

209. *him there,]* Ff. *him, there*
 Theobald conj. (withdrawn).

210. *brother.] brother—* Rowe.

222, 223. *Then...Philippi]* Arranged

as in Capell. Two lines, the first end-
 ing *along*, in Ff.

222. *will]* *good will* Seymour conj.,
 omitting *go on*.

223. *We'll along]* *we will along*
 Rowe. *We'll on* Capell.

We'll.....ourselves] *We will*
along Seymour conj.

227. *say?]* Capell. *say*. Ff.

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

230

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother. 235

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

240

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

229. *Lucius!* [*Re-enter Lucius.*] Ff (after *Brutus*, line 239). *Re-enter...*
My] Edd. Enter Lucius. *Lucius my* Hanmer (after *Brutus*, line 239).
Ff. 239. *not*] F₁. *art* F₂. om. F₃F₄.
[*Exit Lucius.*] Hanmer. om. 240, 242, 287, 288, 297. *Claudius*
Ff. Rowe. *Claudio* Ff.
Farewell] *now farewel* Hanmer. 242, 287. *Varro*] Rowe. *Varrus*
Fare you well or *Fare ye well* S. Ff. *Varus* S. Walker conj. (with-
Walker conj. drawn).
233. *come*] *came* Rowe (ed. 1). 242. Enter...] Rowe. Enter Var-
235. *Cas. Good...brother*] Omitted rus and Claudio. Ff.
by Pope. 243. SCENE VI. Pope.
236. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt* Cas. Tit. *Calls*] *Did you call*, Seymour
Mes. Capell. *Exeunt*. Ff. conj.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by 245
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; 250
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 255

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest. 260

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber, 265

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. 270

247. *So.....pleasure*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

251. [*Var. and Clau....*] Servants retire, and sleep. Capell. Serv. lie down. Malone. om. Ff.

254, 255. *heavy...two*] F₁. *instrument a straine or two. And touch thy heavy eyes a-while* F₂F₃F₄.

255. *two?*] Rowe. *two.* Ff.]

256. *Ay,*] *Ay, good* Seymour conj.

256—258. S. Walker would ar-

range thus: *It...much, But...sir.*

258. *duty, sir*] *duty to my still kind lord* Seymour conj.

264. [*...song.*] Ff. *...song: toward the End, Lucius falls asleep.* Capell.

265. *slumber*] F₃F₄. *slumbler* F₁ F₂.

266. *Lay'st*] Rowe. *Layest* Ff.

270. [*lays the Instrument by, and sits down.* Capell.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*Sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition. 275

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou? 280

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest. 285

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. 290

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing? 295

271. *Let me see, let me see*] *But let me see* Pope. (1793).

see; F₁. *see*? F₂F₃F₄.

272. [*Sits down.*] He sits down to read. Rowe. om. Ff.

273. SCENE VII. Pope.

278. *stare*] *start* or *stand* Anon. conj.

280. *Brutus.*] F₃F₄. *Brutus*? F₁. *Brutus* F₂.

282. *Well*] As in Ff. om. Pope. Put in a separate line by Steevens

284. [*Exit Ghost.*] Rowe (after line 288). om. Ff. vanishes. Capell (after line 288).

285, 286. *vanishest. Ill spirit,*] *vanishest, Ill spirit*; Rowe.

290. *still is*] *is still* F₄.

292. [*waking.* Capell.

293. *Didst.....out?*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.

Lucius] *Lucus* F₁.

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

300

305

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content

5

297, 298. *Sleep.....Fellow*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.

298. [*To Var.*] Edd. (Globe ed.). om. Ff.

Fellow thou,] *fellow!* *Varro!* Theobald (Warburton).

302, 307. *Var. Clau.*] Capell. Both. Ff.

ACT V. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Quintus. Ff.

The plains.....] Capell. The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps. Rowe.

5. *warn*] *wage* Hanmer. *wait* Mason conj.

To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
 But 'tis not so.

10

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

15

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.* 20

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
 Make forth; the generals would have some words.

25

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words: 30
 Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
 Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,
 The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

9, 10. *places; and...bravery,*] Pope.
places, and...bravery: Ff.

15. *something*] *something's* Han-
 mer.

17. *even*] *evil* F₄.

18. *thou*] *you* Ritson conj.

19. *exigent?*] F₃F₄. *exigent.* F₁F₂.

21. SCENE II. Pope.

Lucilius...others.] Lucilius...

others, attending. Capell. om. Ff.

26. [to his Troops. Capell.

33. *posture*] *puncture* Singer conj.

are] *is* Collier, ed. 2 (Stevens

conj.).

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. 35

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself: 45
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look; 50

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors. 55

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

34. *they] you* Capell.

35. *stingless] stringless* Rowe (ed. 1).
stingless too.] stingless too? De-

lius conj.

36—38. *O, yes ..sting.] You threat
before you sting.* Pope, putting the
original in the margin.

40. *Hack'd] Hackt* F₁F₂. *Hack*
F₃F₄.

41. *You.....hounds,]* One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.
teeth] F₃F₄. teethes F₁F₂.

43. *Whilst] While* Collier (one
volume edition).

44. *Struck] F₃F₄. Strooke* F₁F₂.
you] om. Pope.

44, 45. *Struck...Cas. Flatterers]*

As one line, Capell conj., omitting *you*.

45. *Flatterers!] You flatterers!*
Keightley.

thank] you may thank Steevens

conj.

48. *sweat] Rowe* (ed. 2). *sweet* Ff.

50. *Look;] Behold,* Rowe, arranging
as Ff.

50, 51. *Look; I...conspirators]* As
in Steevens (1793). One line in Ff.

51. *a sword] sword* S. Walker
conj., arranging as Ff.

53. *thirty] twenty* Theobald.

55. *sword of traitors] word of traitor*
Collier MS.

56. *traitors' hands] traitors* Reed
(1803, 1813, 1821).

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct.

Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:

65

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil.

[*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?

Cas.

Messala, 70

This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

75

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

60. *honourable*] *honourably* Craik conj.

61. *worthless*] *worthles* F₁. *worthies* F₂F₃F₄.

66. [...their army.] Army. Ff.

67. SCENE III. Pope.

Why.....bark!] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

68. *all is*] *all's* S. Walker conj., ending the line *Ho!*

69. *Ho,*] om. Pope. As a separate line by Steevens (1793).

69, 70. [*Standing forth*] See note (VIII).

70. *Messala!*] *Messala*. Ff. *Messala*,—Capell.

70, 71. *Messala, ...day*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

71. *as*] *at* Keightley.

74. *am I*] *I am* S. Walker conj.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd, 80
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us:
 This morning are they fled away and gone;
 And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us, 85
 As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved 90
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, 95
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy 100
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself: I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life: arming myself with patience 105

79. *former ensign*] *foremost ensign*
 Rowe. *forward ensign* Collier MS.
foremost ensigns Lettsom conj.

84. *steads*] F₃F₄. *steads* F₁F₂.
ravens, crows] *ravenous crows*

Warburton.

88. *ready to*] *as'twould* Seymour conj.
up] om. Pope.

91. *perils*] F₁. *peril* F₂F₃F₄.

92. *Lucilius*] *Lucius* Rowe (ed. 2).

95. *rest*] Rowe. *rests* Ff.

incertain] *uncertain* Capell.

101. *By*] *Be* F₂.

102. *himself: ... how,*] *himself; ...*
how, Pope. *himselfe, ... how:* Ff. *him-*
self, ... how, Craik.

102—105. *I...life*] Put in paren-
 theses by Johnson.

105. *time*] *term* Capell.

life:] life; Theobald. *life,* Ff.
 Here Warburton marks a sentence
 omitted.

To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman, 110
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take. 115
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 120
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.* 125

SCENE II. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive

106. *some*] *those* Craik (Collier MS.).

107. *this battle*] om. Steevens conj.

109. *Thorough*] *Thorow* F₁ F₂.
Through F₃ F₄. *Along* Pope. *By the proud victors, thro'* Seymour conj.

streets] *street*, Rowe (ed. 2).

110. *No,Roman,*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

113. *the*] F₁, *that* F₂ F₃ F₄.

began] *began* Collier (Malone conj.).

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.

The field of battle.] Capell.

Alarum.] Ff. Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Capell.

2. [*Loud alarum.*] Ff. om. Capell.

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

5

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.**Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

5

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

10

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
 Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
 And here again; that I may rest assured
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

15

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

4. *Octavius'*] Pope. *Octavio's* Ff.
 5. *And*] *One* Hanmer. *A* Warburton.

SCENE III.] Capell. Scene continued in Pope.

Another...field.] Capell.

Alarums.] Ff. *Alarum.* Pope.

8. *are*] *were* Pope.

9. *further*] *farther* Collier.

11. *far*] *far'* Dyce (ed. 2).

18. *yond*] *yon'* Capell.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news? 25

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face! 35

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ; 40

20. *get...hill*] *get thee higher on this hill* Capell conj.

higher] F₁. *thither* F₂F₃F₄.

22. [*Pindarus...*] Pindarus goes up. Dyce. Exit *Pin.* Hanmer. Omitted in Ff.

23. *breathed*] F₁F₂. *breath'd* F₃F₄.

25. *his*] *its* Pope.

Sirrah,] *Now* Pope.

26. [*Above*] Ff. Within Hanmer. Appearing on the hill. Jennens. *my lord*] *my good lord* Steevens conj.

28. [*Above*] Dyce. Within. Hanmer. om. Ff.

28—32. *Titinius...joy.*] As in Pope,

who reads *Titinius* for *Now*, *Titinius*, line 31. In Ff *He's tane* is in a separate line. Malone ends the lines *is... that...on.*—*Titinius!*—*...hark!*—*...joy.* Dyce (ed. 2) ends them *about...spur ;*—*...him ;*—*Titinius!*—*...hark!*—*...joy.*

31. *Now,*] *Now, now*, Nicholson conj., ending the line *O, he.*

33. *down ; behold*] *down*, *Behold* Capell, ending line 32 at *down.*

[*Pindarus disappears.* Jennens.

35. Pindarus descends.] Dyce. Enter Pindarus. Ff. Re-enter Pindarus. Capell.

36, 37. *Come.....prisoner ;*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou
art revenged,

45

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.* 50

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

55

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

60

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!

41. *freeman*] F₃F₄. *free-man* F₁
F₂.

43. *hilts*] *hilt* Pope.

45. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Kills
him. F₂F₃F₄ (after line 46). Kills
himself. Rowe (ed. 2), after line 46.

46. [*Dies.*] Capell. om. Ff.

47. *So...been,*] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.

50. [*Exit.*] Rowe. om. Ff.
Re-enter...with] Capell. Enter
...and Ff.

51. SCENE V. Pope.

61. *to night*] *to-night* Knight (ed.
1) and Collier (ed. 1).

62. *is set*] F₁. *it set* F₂F₃F₄.

63. *sun*] *sunne* F₁. *sonne* F₂. *son*
F₃F₄.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

65

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth,

70

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,

75

For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

85

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

90

[*Kills himself.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

69. O] om. Pope.

72. *What,*] *Why,* Capell.

79. [*Exit Messala.*] Pope. om. Ff.

90. [*Kills himself.*] Dies. Ff. Stabs

himself (after line 89). Dies. Rowe.

Alarum.] om. Capell.

Re-enter.....] Capell. Enter

Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,

Volumnius, and Lucillius. Ff.

91. SCENE VI. Pope.

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords 95

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,

And come, young Cato: let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.* 110

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS,
young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

95. *walks*] *walkes* F₂.

96. [*Low alarums.*] om. Capell.

97. *whether*] Edd. *where* Ff. *if*
Pope. *wh'er* Capell. *wh'er* Dyce.

99. *The*] *Thou* Rowe.
fare] *far* F₁.

101. *moe*] F₃F₄. *mo* F₁F₂. *more*
Rowe.

104. *Thasos*] Edd. (S. Walker
conj.). *Thassos* Theobald. *Tharsus* Ff.

105. *funerals*] *funeral* Pope.

108. *Labeo*] Hanmer. *Labio* Ff.

Flavius,] F₄. *Flauio* F₁.

Flavius F₂F₃.

109. *o'clock*] Theobald. *a clock* Ff.

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VII.
Pope.

Another...] Capell. The Field
of Battel. Pope.

Alarum.] Alarums. Capell.

Enter.....others.] Capell, sub-
stantially. Enter Brutus, Messala,
Cato, Lucillius, and Flavius. Ff.

young Cato,] Dyce. Cato, Ff.

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

5

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

10

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:

[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me
straight;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

15

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

25

6. [Enter Souldiers, and fight. Ff. Charges the retiring Enemy. Capell.

7. Bru.] Rowe. om. Ff.

8. [Exit.] Pope. Charges them in another Part, and Exit, driving them in. The Party charg'd by Cato rally, and Cato falls. Capell.

9, 12. Lucil.] Jennens. Luc. Ff.

12, 15. First Sold.] I. S. Capell. Sold. Ff.

12. *Only I*] *I only* Hanmer.

die:] Here Warburton marks a line, spoken by the soldier, as omitted.

13. [Offering money] Johnson. Giving him money. Hanmer. om. Ff.

15. *not*] *not, sir* Capell.

17. *the*] Pope (ed. 2). *thee* Ff.

[Enter Antony.] Capell. After line 15 in Ff.

19. [They shew Lucilius. Capell.

24. *or alive*] *alive* Warburton.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
 How every thing is chanced.

30

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
 He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering.*]

5

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

15

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

26. *Brutus, friend*] F₄. *Brutus* Pope.
friend F₁F₂F₃.

Another...] Pope.

30. *whether*] Edd. *where* Ff. *if* Pope. *wher*'r Capell.

5. [*Whispering.*] Rowe. om. Ff.

31. *us word*] *us word*, F₁. *us*, F₂ F₃. *us* F₄.

8. [*Whispering.*] Whispers him. Capell. om. Ff.

Shall] om. Pope.

SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VIII.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night, at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, 25
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volum-
nius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me. 35
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history: 40
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

23. [*Low alarums.*] F₁. Low alarum. F₂F₃F₄. Alarum. Pope. Alarm. Johnson.

27. *prithee*] *prethee* Ff. *pray thee* Capell.

28. *sword-hilts*] *sword hilts* F₁F₂. *swords hilt* F₃F₄.

whilst] *whilist* F₁F₂. *while* F₃F₄.

31. [*Shaking hands severally.* Collier (Collier MS.).

33. *thee too, Strato. Countrymen,*] Theobald. *thee, to Strato, Countrymen:* Ff.

34. *in*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

38. *this*] *their* S. Walker conj.

40. *life's*] Rowe (ed. 2). *lives* Ff.

42. [*Alarum.*] Alarums. Capell.

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

43. *follow*] *follow thee* Pope.

[*Exeunt...*] Capell. om. Ff.

46. *smatch*] *smack* Steevens.
in it] *in't* Pope.

50, 51. [*Runs on his sword...*]
[*Dies.*] He runs on his Sword and dies. Rowe, after line 51. Dyes. Ff, after line 51.

51. Alarum.] Alarums.] Capell.
Octavius, Antony,] Capell.

Antony, Octavius, Ff.

the army.] their army. Ma-

lone.

52. SCENE IX. Pope.

58. Lucil.] Jennens. Luci. Ff.

63. *good*] om. Capell, reading 63,
64 as one line.

64. *master*] F₁. om. F₂. Lord F₃
F₄.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

70

75

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

80

[*Exeunt.*]

66. *then take him*] *take him then*
Hanmer.

69. *he*] *him* Seymour conj.

70. *that*] *what* So quoted by S.
Walker.

71. *general honest*] *general-honest*
S. Walker conj.

71, 72. *general...And*] *generous...*
Of Craik (Collier MS.).

77. *With all*] F₃F₄. *Withall* F₁
F₂.

79. *order'd*] Pope. *ordered* Ff.

81. [*Exeunt.*] Capell. *Exeunt*
omnes. Ff.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. Rowe has 'Artemidorus, a Soothsayer,'—'Artimedorus a Sooth-sayer' in the first edition—which was altered by Theobald, who described Artemidorus as 'a Sophist of Cnidos,' and made the Soothsayer a separate person.

The Acts, but not the Scenes, are marked in the Folios.

NOTE II.

II. 1. 73. In both the editions of Pope this line is ludicrously printed thus:

'No, Sir, their—are pluckt about their ears.'

He seems to have thought that 'hat' was an intolerable anachronism, for in *Coriolanus*, II. 3. 92 and 160, he has substituted 'cap.' In this passage it would seem that he could not make up his mind and left a blank accordingly. It is noticed in one of Theobald's letters to Warburton (Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 493).

NOTE III.

II. 1. 189. Jennens quotes '*and* wildness' as the reading of Rowe's Octavo. Two lines below he quotes 'laugh at *us* hereafter' as from the same edition. In I. 2. 110, he says that Rowe's Octavo reads 'we arrive' for 'arrive;' in I. 2. 163, that it reads 'would you' for 'you would;' in I. 2. 170, that it reads 'But' for 'Both;,' in I. 3. 85, that it omits 'say;' in III. 1. 207, that it reads 'Sing'd.' In none of these cases does our copy of Rowe correspond with his statements.

NOTE IV.

III. 2. 109. We transcribe a portion of Pope's note on this passage :

“Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Cæsar had never wrong, but with just cause.”

If ever there was such a line written by Shakespear, I shou'd fancy it might have its place here, and very humorously in the character of a Plebeian.' He refers to Ben Jonson's quotation in the *Sylva* or *Discoveries*, which has been much discussed by the commentators on III. 1. 47. Jonson's words are: 'Many times he [i.e. Shakespear] fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar thou dost me wrong," He replied "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous.' Vol. ix. pp. 175, 176. ed. 1816. There is another reference to Shakespear's supposed blunder in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, first acted in 1625: '*Prologue.* Cry you mercy, you never did wrong, but with just cause.' Vol. v. p. 162. Gifford in his note supposes that Metellus Cimber's speech and Cæsar's reply, as they are found in the Folio of 1623, are due to the 'botchery of the players,' and that they originally stood thus:

⁴ *Met.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.'

But surely the first twelve lines of Cæsar's reply, to which Gifford makes no allusion, cannot have been written by any other hand than Shakespear's. On the whole it seems more probable that Jonson, quoting from memory, quoted wrong, than that the passage was altered in consequence of his censure, which was first made, publicly, in 1625.

NOTE V.

III. 2. 202. The arrangement given in the text, suggested by Mr Grant White and Dr Delius, was first printed by us in the *Globe Shakespeare* and has been adopted by Mr Dyce in his second edition. The folios continue the words to the second citizen, thus:

'2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor live.'

See Coriolanus, Note (VII). Perhaps the speech given to *Sec. Cit.* lines 206, 207, should be also given to *All*, as Dr Delius has also suggested. The same remark may apply to the speech of *Third Cit.* at the end of Scene 3.

NOTE VI.

IV. 1. Rowe and Pope give 'Rome' for the Scene. Theobald places it on 'a small Island near Mutina.' In his note he says, 'Shakespeare, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these Triumvirs met, upon the Proscription, in a little Island: which *Appian*, who is more particular, says, lay near *Mutina* upon the River *Lavinius*.' Hanmer makes the scene at 'A small Island in the little River *Rhenus* near *Bononia*.' Warburton cuts the knot by omitting to indicate the scene. Johnson followed Theobald. Capell put 'A Room in Antony's House,' which is adopted by Malone and modern editors generally. Mr Knight says, 'The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription. But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."' "

NOTE VII.

IV. 2. 50, 52. The ingenious alteration made by Mr Craik cures the defective metre of line 50 and gets rid of the incongruous 'association of an officer of rank and a servant boy' in line 52. We have not however adopted it, because we are of opinion that the error, such as it is, is due to the author and not to a transcriber. In the first place, irregularities of metre are especially frequent, as Mr Dyce and others have pointed out, where proper names occur; and, secondly, an incongruity which was unnoticed by a long series of commentators may well have escaped the observation of a writer among whose merits minute accuracy cannot be ranked. Moreover in Shakespeare's eyes Lucius was probably a page of gentle birth, with whom Titinius might not unfitly be associated; and the office of guarding a door is at least as suitable to him as that of carrying a message to an army. In the next scene, both Lucius and Lucilius are in attendance.

NOTE VIII.

V. 1. 69, 70. The stage directions given in the text are compounded of that given in the Folios and that given by Rowe. The Folios after 'hark, a word with you,' add *Lucillius and Messala stand forth*, which Capell was the first to omit. Rowe retaining those words added, *Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius*.

MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } generals of the King's army.

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman² attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and
Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland: England.*

¹ First given by Rowe; more fully by Capell.

² Gentlewoman...] Capell. Gentlewomen... Rowe.

THE TRAGEDY OF
M A C B E T H.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

All. Paddock calls:—anon!

5

ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus.
Scena Prima. Ff.

A desert place.] An open Heath.
Rowe. An open place. Theobald.
om Ff.

1. *again*] Hanmer. *again?* F₁
F₂. *again?* F₃F₄.

2. *or*] *and* Hanmer.

3. *done*] *over* A. Hunter.

5. *the*] om. Pope.

7. *to meet with Macbeth*] *I go to meet Macbeth* Pope. *to meet with great Macbeth* Capell. *we go to meet Macbeth* A. Hunter (Jennens conj.). *to meet with*— 1. Witch. *Whom?* 2. Witch. *Macbeth.* Rann (Steevens

conj.). *to meet and greet Macbeth* Jackson conj. *to meet with thane Macbeth* Nicholson conj.

8. *I come*] *I come, I come* Pope, putting *Grimalkin* in a separate line.

[Spirits call in succession. Nicholson conj.]

9—11. All. *Paddock.....air.*] 2. Witch. *Padocke calls—anon!* All. *Fair...air.* Pope. 2. Witch. *Paddock calls.* 3. Witch. *Anon.* All. *Fair...air.* Grant White (Hunter conj.).

9, 10. *Paddock...fair.*] Two lines in Pope. One in Ff.

9. *calls:—anon!*] *calls—anon—* Rowe. *calls anon.* Ff.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*

10

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX,
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

5

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles

10

10. *foul is fair*] *foul sfair* Rowe (ed. 2).

11. *the*] om. Pope.

[*Exeunt.*] Ff. They rise from the Stage, and fly away. Rowe. Witches vanish. Malone.

A camp.....] Capell. A Palace. Rowe. The Palace at Forres. Theobald.

Alarum within] om. Rowe.

Duncan,] Capell. King, Ff.

Sergeant.] Edd. Captaine. Ff. Soldier. Capell.

1. *Dun.*] Capell. King, Ff. (and throughout).

3, 4. *sergeant Who...good*] *serjeant, who Like a right good* Hanmer.

4, 5. *soldier fought 'Gainst*] *sol-*

dier Fought against S. Walker conj., or supposes some words to be lost.

5. *Hail*] *Haile* F₁. *Haile: haile* F₂. *Hail, hail* F₃F₄. *Hail, my* S. Walker conj.

6. *the knowledge*] *thy knowledge* Keightley (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.).

7. *Doubtful*] *Doubtful long* Pope. *Doubtfully* Steevens (1793).

it] *it had* Anon. conj.

stood;) Here Keightley marks a line omitted.

8. *two*] *to* Warburton.

spent] *expert* Jennens.

9. *Macdonwald*] F₁. *Macdonnell* F₂F₃F₄.

11. *villanies*] F₁F₄. *Villaines* F₂F₃.

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak: 15
 For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion carved out his passage
 Till he faced the slave; 20
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection 25
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
 But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,

13. *Of] With* Hanmer.
gallowglasses] Gallow glasses
 F₂F₃F₄. *Gallowgrosses* F₁.
is] was Pope.

14. *damned quarrel] Hanmer* (Warburton and Johnson). *damned quarry* Ff. *damp'd quarry* Jackson conj.

15. *a rebel's] the rebel's* Hanmer.
all's too weak] all too weak
 Pope. *all-to-weak* Hunter conj.

17. *Disdaining fortune] Like valour's minion* Mitford conj.

19, 20. *Like.....slave;] As in Ff.* Steevens (1793) ends the first line *minion*. Keightley marks an omission after *minion* and after *slave*.

19. *Like valour's minion] om.* Mitford conj.

carved] Rowe (ed. 2). *carv'd* Ff.

20. *he] he had* Pope.

21. *Which ne'er] Knight. Which ne'er* F₁F₂F₃. *Which never* F₄. *Who ne'er* Pope. *And ne'er* Capell.

When he ne'er Nicholson conj.

Which.....hands] And ne'er slack'd hand Bullock conj.

bade] Steevens (1778). *bad* F₁F₂F₃. *bid* F₄.

22. *nave] nape* Hanmer (Warburton). *chaps] chops* Ff.

25. *'gins] F₁. gins* F₂F₃F₄. *gives* Pope.

26. *Shipwrecking.....break] Burst forth shipwrecking storms and direful thunders* Anon. conj.

thunders break,] Pope. thunders: F₁. thunders breaking F₂F₃F₄. *thunders burst, or thunders threat, S.* Walker conj.

28. *Discomfort swells] Discomfort swell'd* Pope. *Discomforts well'd* Johnson (Thirlby conj.). *Discomfit well'd* Warburton. *Discomfort wells* Capell.

30. *kerns] kernes* Ff. *kermes* Johnson.

32. *furbish'd] furbusht* Ff.

Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. 35

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks;

So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, 40

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell—

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons. 45

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should
he look

33, 34. *Dismay'd.....Banquo?*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.

34. *captains*] *captains twain* S. Walker conj.

Macbeth] *brave Macbeth* Hanmer.

34, 35. *Yes;...lion.*] As in Pope. Two lines, ending *eagles...lyon*, in Ff.

37. *overcharged with*] *overcharg'd; with* Theobald. *charg'd with* Seymour conj. (reading *As...they* as one line).

38. *So they*] As a separate line in Steevens. In Ff *So they* begins line 39, in Globe ed. ends line 37. Before or after these words Grant White conjectures the rest of a line to be lost. Keightley marks the omission of part of a line before *So they*.

39. *Doubly*] om. Pope, reading *So...foe* as one line.

40. *reeking*] F₁F₄. *recking* F₂F₃.

42, 43. *I...help.*] As in Rowe. Two lines, the first ending *faint*, in Ff.

42. *tell—*] Rowe. *tell*: Ff.

44. *So*] *As* A. Hunter.

45. [*Exit...*] Exeunt some with the Soldier. Capell, *Exit* Soldier, attended. Malone. om. Ff.

46. *Who*] *But who* Pope. *Who is't* Steevens conj.

here?] *here now?* Keightley.

Enter Ross.] Steevens (after line 45). *Enter Rosse* and Angus. Ff (after line 45). Transferred by Dyce to follow *strange*, line 48.

47. *a haste*] F₁. *hast* F₂F₃F₄. *haste* Rowe.

47, 48. *So...strange*] As in Hanmer. One line in Ff. Given to Malcolm, Upton conj.

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norway banners flout the sky

50

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

55

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

60

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

65

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,

48. *seems*] *teems* Johnson conj. *comes* Collier (Collier MS.). *seeks* or *deems* Anon. conj.

50. *flout the*] *float i' the* Becket conj. *Did flout the* Keightley, reading *From...cold* as two lines, the first ending *banners*.

51, 52. *And...himself,*] One line, S. Walker conj.

52. *Norway himself, with*] *Norway, himself with* Theobald.

terrible numbers,] *numbers terrible,* Pope. *terrible numbers, there* Keightley.

54. *began*] *'gan* Pope.

57. *point rebellious, arm*] Theobald. *point, rebellious arme* Ff.

58. *and*] om. Pope.

60, 61. *That...composition*] As in

Steevens (1778). Two lines, the first ending *king*, in Ff.

That now.....the Norway's] *Now...Norway's* Pope, reading *Now...composition* as one line.

61. *Sweno*] om. Steevens conj., reading *That...composition* as one line.

Norways'] Steevens (1778). *Norwayes* Ff. *Norway's* Rowe.

63. *Colme's inch*] *Colmes yuch* F₁. *Colmes-hill* F₂F₃F₄. *Colmes-kill-isle* Pope. *Colnkil-isle* Hammer. *Colme's hill* Capell. *Colmes' inch* Steevens.

66. *bosom interest*] *bosom trust* Capell conj. *bosom's trust* Anon. conj. *bisson trust* Anon. conj. *trusting bosom* Anon. conj.

go] om. Capell conj.

present] om. Pope.

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me,'
quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:

67. greet] *F*₁. great *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄.
A heath] Capell. The heath. Rowe.

1. thou] om. Steevens conj.

3. Sister] om. Steevens conj.

5. Give...I:] As in Pope. A separate line in Ff.

6. Aroint thee] Aroynt thee *F*₁*F*₂.
Aroynt thee *F*₃*F*₄. I've rauntree
Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIV. p. 731).
A rauntree Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag.
LV. p. 535). A rown-tree A. Hunter.
Aroint the Becket conj.

10. and I'll do] and I'll not fail
Jackson conj.

12. Thou'rt] Capell. Th'art Ff.
Thou art Pope.

15. very] various Johnson conj.
ports] points Pope.

16. know] knows, *F*₁. know. *F*₂*F*₃
*F*₄.

17. card.] card to show. Collier
(Collier MS.).

18. I will] Pope. Ile *F*₁. I'le
*F*₂*F*₃. I'll *F*₄.

Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary se'nnights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25
 Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, 35
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, 45
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

22. *se'nnights*] *sev'nights* Ff. *seven-nights* Dyce.

31. C. Lofft conjectured that the play should begin with this line; Strutt that it should commence with the following line.

32. *weird*] Theobald. *weyward* Ff. *weyard* Keightley.

33. *of*] *o'er* A. Hunter.

35. *Thrice*] *Thice* F₂.

37. *Banquo.*] *Banquo*, with Soldiers and other Attendants. Rowe. *Banquo*, journeying; Soldiers, and Others, at a Distance. Capell.

38. SCENE IV. Pope.

39. *Forres*] *Foris* Pope. *Soris* Ff.

41. *the inhabitants o' the*] *inhabitants of* Pope.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king
hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

52. [To the Witches. Rowe.

57. *rapt*] Pope. *wrapt* Ff.

59. *not*] *rot* Porson conj. MS.

68. *So*] om. Pope.

69. *First Witch.*] 1. Ff. 1. 2. Capell.

71. *Sinel's*] *Finleg's* Ritson conj.
Sinane's Beattie conj.

I am] *I'm* Pope.

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner? 85

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, 95
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100

78. *With...you.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

81, 82. *Into...stay'd!*] As in Capell. Three lines, ending *corporall, ...winde ...stay'd*, in Ff.

84. *on*] of F₄.

88. *Who's*] *but who is* Hanmer.

89. SCENE V. Pope.

91. *venture*] *'venture* Warburton.

92, 93. *contend Which...that,*] *contend.*—*Silenc'd with that which should be thine, not his,* Becket conj.

93. *should*] *would* Pope.

96. *afeard*] *afraid* F₄.

97. *death. As*] Pope. *death; as* Rowe. *death, as* Ff.

97, 98. *thick...with post*] *quick as tale, Post follow'd post* A. Hunter.

hail Came] Rowe. *tale Can Ff. tale, Came* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *bale Came* Becket conj.

98. *with*] *on* Pope.

100. *sent*] *not sent* Hunter conj.

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: 105
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved, 115
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

102, 103. *Only.....pay thee.*] *To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.* Steevens (1793). *Only to herald thee into his sight.* Mitford conj.

102. *herald*] F₄. *harrold* F₁. *herald* F₂F₃.

into his] *to's* or *in's* S. Walker conj., reading *Only...thee* as one line.

105. *bad*] Theobald (ed. 2). *bad* Ff.

108, 109. *why...robes?*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.

109. *borrow'd*] Capell. *borrowed* F₁. *his borrowed* F₂F₃F₄. *his borrow'd* Pope.

111—114. *Whether...know not*] As in Malone. Five lines, ending *loose... Norway...helpe,...labour'd...not*, in Ff. Four lines, ending *was...rebel...both... not*, in Pope.

112. *those of*] om. Pope. *did*] F₁ and Pope. *else did* F₂F₃F₄.

113. *that*] om. Pope.

116. [Aside] Rowe. om. Ff.

117. [To Angus. Rowe.

118. [To Banquo. Rowe.

120. *trusted*] *thrusted* Keightley (Malone conj.).

The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's 125
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair 135
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function 140
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [Aside] If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

125. *betray's*] F₁F₃F₄. *betrays* F₂.
betray us Rowe (ed. 2).

126, 127. *In...you*] As in Ff. One
line in Capell.

127. [To Rosse and Angus. Rowe.
talks with Rosse and Angus apart.
Capell.

[Aside] Rowe. om. Ff.

130. [Aside] Marked first by Ca-
pell.

131. *Cannot...cannot*] *Can it...can*
it Anon. conj.

cannot be good] *can it be good?*

Jackson conj.

131, 132. *if ill...success,*] As in
Rowe. One line in Ff.

133. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

135. *unfix*] *upfix* Warburton. *up-*
lift A. Hunter.

hair] Rowe. *heire* F₁F₂F₃.

heir F₄.

137. *fears*] *feats* Theobald (War-
burton). *acts* A. Hunter.

139. *whose*] *where* Collier MS.

murder.....fantastical] *mur-*
ther's yet but fantasy Hammer.

140—142. *Shakes...not.*] Arranged
as in Pope. Three lines, ending
man, ...surmise, ...not, in Ff.

142. *partner's*] F₁F₄. *partners*
F₂F₃.

143. [Aside] Rowe. om. Ff.

If...me,] As in Rowe. Two
lines in Ff.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould 145
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly. 155

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and
Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

146. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff.

147. *Time and the hour*] *Time!*
on!—the hour Johnson conj. *Time*
and the honour Jackson conj. *Time's*
sandy hour Bailey conj.

149—153. *Give...time,*] Arranged
as in Pope. As seven lines, ending
favour...forgotten...registred,...leaf,
...them...upon...time, in Ff. Six lines,
ending *favour:—...forgotten...regis-*
ter'd...them.—...king...time, in Knight.

150. *forgotten*] *forgot* Pope.

[*To Rosse and Angus.* John-

son.

153. [*To Banquo.* Rowe.

154. *The*] *I' th'* Steevens conj. *In*
the Keightley.

156. *Till...friends.*] As in Pope.

Two lines in Ff.

SCENE IV.] Ff. SCENE VI. Pope.

Forres. The palace.] Foris.
A Room in the Palace. Capell. A
Palace. Rowe.

Duncan,] Capell. King, Ff.

Malcolm.....Lennox,] Rowe.

Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbaine, Ff.

1. Dun.] Capell. King. Ff (and
throughout).

Is...not] Arranged as by Capell.

The line ends at *Cawdor?* in Ff.

Cawdor?] *Cawdor yet?* Pope.

Are] F₂F₃F₄. Or F₁.

2—8. *My liege,...died*] Arranged
as by Pope. Seven lines, ending *back*

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die, who did report
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, 5
 Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face:
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
 The sin of my ingratitude even now 15
 Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties
 Are to your throne and state, children and servants; 25
 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing

...die:...hee...pardon,...repentance:...
 him,...dy'de, in Ff.

10. *owed*] *own'd* Warburton (Johnson conj.). *had* A. Hunter.

14. *worthiest*] *my most worthy* Hanmer.

16. *Was*] *Is* A. Hunter.
thou art] *Thou'rt* Pope.

17. *That*] *The* Jennens.
wing] F₁. *wine* F₂F₃F₄.

wind Rowe.

18. *thou hadst*] *thou'dst* Pope.

20. *mine*] *more* Collier (Collier MS.). *mean* Staunton conj.

I have] *I've* Pope.

21. *than more*] *ev'n more* Hanmer.
nay, more A. Hunter.

23—27. *Your...honour.*] Arranged as in Pope. Five lines, ending *duties*:

...state,...should,...love...honor, in Ff.

26, 27. *by...Safe toward*] *in doing nothing, Save tow'rds* Johnson conj.

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun.

Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

30

Ban.

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

Dun.

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

35

40

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

45

Dun.

My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

50

27. *Safe*] *Shap'd* Hanmer. *Fief'd* F₄.
Warburton. *Fiefs* Warburton conj.
Serves Heath conj. *Saf'd* Malone conj.

Safe toward your] *Safe to ward*
your Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIX. p.
713). *Safe-toward your* Seymour conj.
Your safeguards Becket conj.

your] *you* Blackstone conj.
love] *life* Warburton.

30. *nor*] and Rowe.

35. *kinsmen*] F₁. *kinsman* F₂F₃

thanes] and *thanes*, Hanmer.
40. *unaccompanied*] *accompanied*
Warburton and Johnson.

42. *From*] om. Pope.

Inverness] Pope. *Envernes* Ff.

43; 44. S. Walker would end the
lines *labour, ...you*.

45. *harbinger*] Rowe. *herbenger*
F₁F₂F₃. *harbenger* F₄.

48. [*Aside*] Rowe. om. Ff.

Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed; 55
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to
question them further, they made themselves air, into which
they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, 5
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane
of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted
me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with
"Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to
deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou 10
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant

51. *not light*] *no light* Hanmer.
not night Warburton.

54. *so valiant*] *of valour* Hanmer.

56. *Let's*] *let us* Pope.

58. *It*] *He* A. Hunter.

[Flourish. Exeunt.] F₁. Exeunt. F₂F₃F₄.

SCENE V.] SCENE VII. Pope.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.]

An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.
Rowe. An...Castle at Inverness. Pope.

Enter Lady Macbeth.....] Enter
Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.
Ff. Enter Lady Macbeth alone with
a Letter. Rowe. Enter Lady Mac-

beth, reading. Capell.

1. Lady M.] Lady. Ff.

2. *perfectest*] Rowe (ed. 2). *perfectest* F₁F₂. *perfect'st* F₃F₄. *perfected* Warburton.

5. *Whiles*] *While* Pope.

6. *all-hailed*] *all-hail'd* F₁. *all hail'd* F₂F₃F₄. *all, hail'd* Rowe (ed. 1).

7. *weird*] Theobald. *weyward* Ff. *wayward* Rowe.

9. *shalt be*] *shalt be hereafter* Upton conj.

11. *the dues*] *thy dues* Capell conj.

of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; 15
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, 20
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, 25
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it: 30

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more 35

14. *art*] *art now* Seymour conj.

15. *do I*] *I do* F₄. *I* Pope.

16. *human*] Rowe. *humane* Ff.

21, 22. *And.....it;*] As in Pope.
Three lines, ending *winne...cries, ..*
it, in Ff.

21—24. *thou'ldst...undone.*] See
note (1).

24. *Hie*] F₄. *High* F₁F₂F₃.

27. *impedes thee*] *impeides thee* F₁.

thee hinders F₂F₃F₄.

28. *metaphysical*] *metaphysic* Pope.

doth seem] *doth seek* Johnson conj.

do strive Anon. conj.

29. *thee crown'd*] *crown'd thee*
Warburton.

Enter a Messenger.] *Enter*
Messenger. Ff. *Enter an Attendant.*
Capell.

30, 33. *Mess.*] *Att.* Capell.

Than would make up his message.

Lady M.

Give him tending;

He brings great news.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

40

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

45

The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

50

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

55

This ignorant present, and I feel now

37. *He...hoarse*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

[*Exit Messenger.*] Ff. *Exit Att. Capell.*

himself is] *himself's not* Warburton.

39. *you spirits*] *all you spirits* Pope (Davenant's version). *come, you spirits* Steevens (1793). *spirits of evil* Keightley.

40. *mortal*] *deadly* A. Hunter.

42. *direst*] *direct* Warburton and Johnson.

45. *peace*] *pace* Johnson conj.

46. *The effect and it*] *The effecting* it Becket conj.

effect] *esset* F₂.

it] F₃F₄. *hit* F₁F₂.

47. *for gall*] *with gall* Keightley.

52. *blanket*] Ff. *blank height* Coleridge conj. *blankness* Collier MS. *blackness* Bailey conj. *blankest* Jes-sopp conj. *blonket* Anon. (N. and Q.) conj.

53. [*Embracing him.* Rowe.

56. *present*] *present time* Pope.

feel] *feel e'en* Hunter conj. *feel me* Anon. conj.

The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming

Must be provided for: and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady Macb. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

60

65

70

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

57. *My*] om. Pope.

60. *sun*] *his sun* Jackson conj.

61. *a*] om. F₂.

62. *matters. To...time,*] Theobald.
matters, to...time. Ff.

71. *to fear*] *and fear* Theobald
(ed. 2).

SCENE VI.] SCENE VIII. Pope.

SCENE IV. Rowe (ed. 1).

Before.....] The Castle Gate.

Rowe. Before Macbeth's Castle Gate.

Theobald.

Hautboys and torches.] Hoboyes,
and Torches. Ff (Hoboyes, F₄). Haut-
boys. Servants of Macbeth with
Torches. Capell.

Enter Duncan...] Enter King
... Ff.

1. *seat*] *site* Johnson conj.

1, 2. *the air...itself*] As in Rowe.
One line in Ff.

Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

3. *Unto...senses*] *Gentle unto our sense* Becket conj.

gentle senses] *general sense* Warburton. *gentle sense* Capell (Johnson conj.).

4. *martlet*] Rowe. *Barlet* Ff.

5. *loved mansionry*] *love-mansionry* Staunton conj.

mansionry] Theobald. *mansonry* Ff. *masonry* Pope (ed. 2).

the] om. Pope.

6—10. *Smells...delicate*] Steevens (1793) ends the lines *buttress, ...made... they...air...delicate.*

6. *wooingly*] *sweet and wooingly* Hamner.

wooingly here: no] *wooingly.* Here is no Johnson conj. (withdrawn).

jutty, frieze] Steevens (1793). *jutty frieze* Ff. *jutting frieze* Pope. *jutty*, (word omitted) *frieze* S. Walker conj.

7. *bird*] *bird on't* Keightley.

8, 9. *cradle:.....haunt,*] Rowe. *cradle, ...haunt:* Ff.

9. *most*] Rowe. *must* Ff. *much* Collier (Collier MS.).

10. Enter Lady Macbeth.] Enter Lady. Ff (and passim).

See, see,] *See!* Hamner.

11. *sometime is*] *sometime's* Pope (ed. 1). *sometimes* Pope (ed. 2). *sometimes is* Theobald.

12, 13. *you How you*] *you:—How?* —*You* Jackson conj.

13. *shall*] *should* Rowe (ed. 2). *God'ild*] *God-eyld* Ff. *Godild* Hamner. *God-yeld* Warburton. *god-yield* Johnson. *God shield* Johnson conj.

17—20. *Against...hermits*] As in Pope. In Ff the first three lines end *broad, ...house: ...dignities.*

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun.

Where's the thane of Cawdor? 20

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M.

Your servants ever 25

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun.

Give me your hand;

Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. 30

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

20. *hermits*] F₃F₄. *Ermites* F₁.
Hermites F₂.

23. *as*] at F₂.

24. *To his*] To's Pope.

26. *theirs, in compt*] *theirs, in compt* Pope. *theirs in compt*, Ff.

29. *host: we*] *host, we* F₃F₄. *host we* F₁F₂.

31. [kisses her. Nicholson conj.

SCENE VII.] SCENE IX. Pope.

Macbeth's castle.] An Apartment. Rowe. An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle. Theobald.

Hautboys and torches.] Ho-boyes. Torches. F₁F₂. Ho boyes. Torches.

F₃. Hoboys. Torches. F₄.

Enter...and pass over...] Enter ...over... Ff.

a Sewer, and] om. Rowe.

1, 2. *well It...quickly: if*] *well, It...quickly: If* Ff. *well. It...quickly.*

If Anon. apud Johnson conj. *well. It...quickly if* Grant White (Anon. conj.

N. and Q.).

2. *assassination*] *assassinator* Becket conj.

4. *his*] *its* Pope.

surcease, success] *success, surcease* A. Hunter (Johnson conj.).

Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgement here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught return 10
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, 15
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

5. *be...end-all*] *be the all, and be the end of all*—Rowe (ed. 2).

be-all] Hyphen inserted by Pope.

end-all] Hyphen inserted by Pope.

end-all here,] Hammer. *end all.* Heere, Ff (*Here* F₃F₄). *end all*—*Here*, Rowe (ed. 1). *end-all*—*Here*. Warburton.

6. *But here, upon*] *Here only on* Pope.

shoal] Theobald. *schoole* F₁F₂. *school* F₃ F₄. *shelve* Warburton. *school'd* Becket conj.

time,] *time*—Rowe.

9. *instructions*] *inductions* Becket conj.

10, 11. *the inventor...Commends*] F₁. Omitted in F₂F₃F₄ and Rowe.

10. *this*] om. Pope. *thus*, Collier,

ed. 2 (Mason conj.).

11. *Commends*] *Returns* Pope.

ingredients] Pope. *ingredience* Ff.

17. *his*] F₁. *this* F₂F₃F₄.

faculties] F₁F₂. *faculty* F₃F₄.

19. *against*] *again* Johnson.

22. *cherubin*] Ff. *cherubim* Jennens.

23. *couriers*] Pope. *Curriers* Ff. *curriers* Rowe. *coursers* Theobald (Warburton).

27. *itself*] *its sell* Singleton conj. *its seat* Bailey conj.

28. *on the other.*] *on th' other.* Ff. *on th' other*—Rowe. *on th' other side.* Hammer. *upon the other.* Steevens conj. *on the rider.* Mason conj. *on theory.* Jackson conj. *on th' earth.* or *upon th' earth.* Bailey conj. *on the other bank.* Anon. conj.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk 35

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale

At what it did so freely? From this time

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard

To be the same in thine own act and valour 40

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'

Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace: 45

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;

SCENE X. Pope.

29. *He has*] *He's* Pope. *He hath* F₄,
Hammer.

30. *Know you not he has?*] *Know*
you not? *he has.* Capell conj.

33. *sorts*] *sort* Theobald.

34. *would*] *should* Pope.

36. *dress'd*] *blest'd* Bailey conj.

38. *did*] *bid* Becket conj. *eyed*
Bailey conj.

time] After this Keightley
marks a line omitted.

39. *love*] *liver* Bailey conj.

afeard] *affear'd* F₁F₂F₃, *afraid*

41, 43. *have...And*] *leave...And* or
have...Or Johnson conj. *crave...And*
Becket conj. *lack...And* Anon. conj.

45. *adage?*] Capell. *adage.* Ff.

47. *Who...none.*] Given to Lady
M., reading *no*, Hunter conj.

do] Rowe and Southern MS.
no Ff.

beast was't] *boast was't* Collier
MS. *baseness was't* Bailey conj. *was*
it Hunter conj.

And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: 55
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
 Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince
 That memory, the warder of the brain, 65
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two 75
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

51. *the*] *than* Hammer.
 52. *adhere*] *co-here* Pope.
 53. *They have*] *They've* Pope.
 58, 59. *And...this.*] As in Steevens
 (1793). In Ff the first line ends at
sworne.

58. *brains*] *branes* F₂.
out] *on't out* S. Walker conj.
so] F₁. *but so* F₂F₃F₄. om.

Seymour conj.

59. *fail?*] *fail?*— Rowe. *fail*,—
 Theobald (ed. 2).

fail!] Rowe. *faile?* F₁F₂.
fail? F₃F₄. *fail.* Capell.

62. *his*] *this* Pope.

64. *convince*] *confound* A. Hunter.

68. *lie*] *lyes* F₁.

73. *mettle*] *metal* F₄.

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

80

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in
heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

5

79. *I am]* *I'm* Pope.

81, 82. *Away...know.]* Given to
Lady M., Hunter conj.

Inverness.....castle.] The same.
Court within the Castle. Capell (John-
son conj.). A Hall. Rowe. A Hall
in Macbeth's Castle. Pope.

Enter.....] Collier (substantially).
*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a
Torch before him. Ff. Enter Banquo,
and Fleance; Servant with a Torch
before them. Capell.*

2. *The moon...clock.]* *I've not...
clock: The moon is down.* Seymour
conj., ending the first line at *clock*.

4. *Hold.....heaven]* One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.

There's] *'Tis very dark; there's*
Seymour conj.

7—9. *And...repose]* As in Rowe.
In Ff lines 7 and 8 end *sleep:.....
thoughts.*

9, 10. *Gives...there?]* As in Hanmer.
In Ff the lines end *repose...there?*

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

10

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

15

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban.

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

20

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban.

At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis
It shall make honour for you.

25

Ban.

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,

9. Enter...] Ff. After *sword* in Capell. After *there?* in Dyce.

Give.....sword.] om. Seymour conj., reading *Gives.....friend* as one line.

13, 14. *He...offices.*] See note (II).

16, 17. *By...content.*] Arranged as in Pope. The first line ends *hostesse*, in Ff.

16. *hostess;*] An omission here. Anon. conj.

and shut up] *And shut up* F₁. *And shut it up* F₂F₃F₄. *and's shut up* Hanmer.

19. *All's*] *Sir, all is* Steevens conj. *well*] *very well* Hanmer.

20. *weird*] Theobald. *weyward* Ff.

21. *they have*] *they've* Pope.

23. *We would*] *Would* Pope. *it in*] *it* Rowe (ed. 1). om. Rowe (ed. 2).

24. *kind'st*] F₁. *kindest* F₂. *kind* F₃F₄. *kindest* A. Hunter. *leisure*] See note (III).

25. *my consent*] *my ascent* Capell conj. MS. *my content* Malone conj. *my concert* Id. conj. (withdrawn). *me constant* Jackson conj. *my convent* Becket conj. *my consort* Grant White conj.

25, 26. *when 'tis.....you.*] As in Rowe. One line in Ff.

I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

35

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

40

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

45

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

50

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

30. [*Exeunt...*] Theobald. Exit Banquo. Ff.

31. SCENE II. Pope.

32. [*Exit Servant.*] Rowe. Exit. Ff.

41—43. *As..... use.*] S. Walker would end the lines *me...instrument...use.*

41—45. *As.....still;*] Five lines, ending *me...instrument...fools...rest...still;* in Keightley.

46. *thy blade and dudgeon*] *the blade of th' dudgeon* Warburton. *thy blade,*

vain dudgeon, Becket conj.

49. *Thus*] *This* Rowe (ed. 2).

the one half-world] *one half*

the world Pope.

51. *sleep*] F₃F₄. *sleep* F₁F₂. *sleep* Rann (Steevens conj.).

witchcraft] *now witchcraft* Rowe (Davenant's version), *while witchcraft* Nicholson conj.

52. *wither'd*] *with her* Seward conj.

54. *howl's*] F₃F₄. *howle's* F₁. *howles* F₂.

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design 55
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: 60
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
 me bold;
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark!
 Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

55. *With Tarquin's...strides,*] Pope.
With Tarquins...sides, Ff. *Tarquin's*
.....slides, Anon. conj. (*Gent. Mag.*
 LVIII. p. 766). *With Tarquin ravish-*
ing, slides Johnson conj. *With ravish-*
ing Tarquin's sides, Becket conj. *With*
Tarquin's ravishing ideas, Jackson
 conj. (*Which Tarquin's ravishing*
sides) Knight conj. *Or Tarquin's*
ravishing strides Hunter conj. *With*
ravishing Tarquin's strides, Staunton
 conj.

56. *sure*] Capell (Pope conj.). *sowre*
 F₁F₂. *sowr* F₃. *sour* F₄. *sound* Pope.
sure and] *souvand* Becket conj.

57. *Hear*] *Heed* Becket conj.
which way they] Rowe. *which*
they may Ff. *where they may* Barry
 conj.

walk, for] *walk.* For Becket

conj.

58. *Thy*] *The A. Hunter.*
of my whereabouts] *of that*
we're about Hanmer. *of me: veer*
about or of me: wheel about Anon.
 conj. (*Gent. Mag.* LVIII. p. 766).

59, 60. *And take.....Which*] *And*
talk—The present horroure of the time!
That] Johnson conj.

60. *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe. *While*
 Capell.

61. *Words...gives.*] Put in the mar-
 gin by Pope.

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope. Theo-
 bald continues the scene.

The same.] Capell.

2—6. *What...possets,*] Arranged as
 in Rowe. In Ff the lines end *fire...
 shriek'd, ...night...open...charge...pos-*
sets.

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
possets,

5

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

10

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak? 15

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands. 20

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

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

8. *Macb.* [Within] Steevens. Enter Macbeth. *Macb.* Ff.

10. *attempt and.....deed*] Edd., Globe ed. (Hunter conj.). *attempt, and...deed*, Ff.

12. *'em*] *them* Capell.

13. Enter Macbeth.] Steevens (1793). Re-enter Macbeth. Dyce, after *husband!*

My husband!] As in Rowe. A separate line in Ff.

14. *I...noise?*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

I have] I've Pope.

16. *Did...descended?*] *Macb.* *Did...speak?* *Lady M.* *When? Now?* *Macb.* *As...descended.* Hunter conj.

18, 19. *Hark!.....chamber?*] Arranged as by Steevens (1793). One line in Ff.

20. [Looking...] Looks... Pope. om. Ff.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together. 25

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!' 35
Macbeth does murder sleep—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean? 40

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

22—25. *There's...sleep.*] Arranged as by Rowe. The lines end *sleep*, *other...prayers*, *...sleep*, in Ff.

22. *in's*] in his Capell.

23. *That...I*] *They wak'd each other*; and I Pope.

24. *address'd*] *address* Theobald.

27, 28. *hands...fear*,] Pointed as in Ff. *hands...fear*; Rowe.

28. *fear*] *prayer* Anon. conj.

29. *did say*] om. Steevens conj.

32, 33. *I had...throat.*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

33, 34. *These...ways*,] As in Ff. One line in Rowe.

33. *thought*] *thought on* Hanmer.

35, 36. '*Sleep...sleep*'] See note (IV).

36. *does*] *doth* Rowe (ed. 2).

37. *Sleep...care*,] Put in the margin by Pope.

sleave] Steevens (Seward conj.).

sleeve Ff.

38. *death*] *birth* Warburton. *breath* Becket conj.

life] *grief* Jennens conj.

39. *course*] *source* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).

40. *feast*,—] *feast*.— Theobald. *feast*. Ff.

42, 43. '*Glamis...more*.'] See note (IV).

42. *Glamis*] *For Glamis* Seymour conj.

Shall sleep no more : Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think 45
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more: 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, 55
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame

51. *what*] on *what* Keightley.

55. *do*] om. Pope.

56. *gild*] F₃F₄. *guild* F₁. *gilde* F₂.

57. [Knocking...] Knocke... Ff. Knocks... Rowe (ed. 2).

knocking?] *knocking?* [Start- ing. Rowe.

58. *is't*] *is it* Theobald (ed. 2).

62, 63. *The...red*] *Make the green ocean red*— Pope, putting *Thy multi- tudinous sea incarnadine* in the mar-

gin.

62. *The*] *Thy* Theobald, after Pope's margin.

seas] *sear* F₄. *sea* Rowe.

incarnadine] Rowe. *incar- nardine* Ff.

63. *green one red.*] *Green one Red.* F₄. *Greene one, Red* F₁F₂F₃. *green, One red*— Johnson. *green—one red.* Steevens, 1778 (Murphy conj.).

Re-enter.....] Capell. Enter Lady. Ff.

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a
knocking

65

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more
knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us

70

And show us to be watchers: be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking
within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' ex-
pectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about

5

65, 69, 73. [*Knocking within.*]
Dyce. Knocke. Ff. Knocking with-
out. Staunton.

65—69. *To...knocking:*] Arranged
as in Pope. Seven lines, ending *white
...entry:...chamber:...deed...constancie
unattended...knocking*, in Ff.

73, 74. *To...couldst!*] Two lines in
Pope. Four in Ff.

73. *To know*] *T^o unknow* Hanmer.
[*Knocking...*] Knocke. Ff. om.
Pope.

74. *Wake.....thy*] *Wake Duncan
with this* Rowe. *Wake, Duncan, with
this* Theobald (Davenant's version).

I would] *would* Pope. *Ay,
'would* Steevens (1793).

SCENE III.] Scene continued in
Rowe. SCENE IV. Warburton, fol-
lowing Pope's margin. SCENE II.
Staunton.

The same.] Capell.

1—37. Porter. *Here's...cast him.*
Put in the margin by Pope.

1—18. Blank verse, Maginn conj.
2, 6, 11, 14, 18. [*Knocking within.*]
Knock. Ff.

2. *he should have old*] *he could not
have more* A. Hunter.

4. *on*] in Pope. *upon* Maginn conj.

5. *come in time*] *come in, Time
Staunton. come in, farmer* Anon.
conj.

enow] F₁. *enough* F₂F₃F₄.

you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late? 20

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:
and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lech- 25
ery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire,
but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes
him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off;
it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand 30
to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I
requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for 35

6. *you'll*] *you will* Rann.
7. *in th'*] *i'th'* Theobald (ed. 2).
Faith] *I' faith* Maginn conj.
9. *who*] *one who* Maginn conj.
18. *bonfire*] *darkness*. So quoted
by Maginn.
22, 23. *Faith...things.*] Prose first
by Johnson. Two lines in Ff.
23—37. *of three things...cast him.*
of sleep. A. Hunter.
31, 32. *in a sleep*] *into a sleep* Rowe.
into sleep Mason conj. *asleep* Collier
MS.
34. *on me*] *o' me* Theobald (ed. 2).

him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both. 40

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 'tis one. 45

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay, 50
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible

36. *up*] om. Warburton.

38. SCENE IV. Pope.

Enter M.] Collier. After line 37 in Ff. After *noble sir*, line 40, in Pope. After line 39 in Capell. Re-enter M. Dyce, after line 39.

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

46. *physics*] *Physicks* F₁F₂. *Physick's* F₃F₄.

47. *This*] *That* Capell (MS. correction).

47, 48. *I'll.....service.*] As verse first by Hanmer. Prose in Ff.

48. [*Exit.*] Capell. Exit Macduffe.

Ff.

49. *hence*] *From hence* Steevens (1793), reading *For...king From...so*, as two lines.

He does.] om. Pope.

50—52. *The...death,*] As in Rowe. Four lines, ending *unruly:...downe,...ayre...Death*, in Ff.

53. *And prophesying*] *And prophesyings* Hanmer. *Aunts prophesying* Warburton conj.

53—55. *And...time: the*] *And...time.* The Ff. *And,...time, the Knight* (Anon. conj.).

Of dire combustion and confused events
 New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
 Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
 Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.

55

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
 Cannot conceive nor name thee.

60

Macb. }
Len. } What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
 The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

65

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
 With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
 See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

70

54. *combustion*] *F₁*. *combustions*
F₂F₃F₄.

54, 55. *events New.....time: the*
events, New...time. The Ff. events.
New...time, the Johnson conj.

55—57. *New.....shake.*] Arranged
 as in Hammer. Four lines, ending
time...Night...fevorous...shake, in Ff.
 Three in Rowe, ending *time...night,*
...shake.

55. *obscure*] *obscene* S. Walker conj.

59. *Re-enter M.] Re-enter M.,*
hastily. Capell. Enter M. Ff.

60, 61. *Tongue...thee.] As in Ca-*
pell. One line in Ff.

60. *Tongue nor]* Or *tongue or Pope.*
Nor tongue, nor Theobald.

67. *Macd.] F₁*. *Macb. F₂F₃F₄.*

69. [*Exeunt.....*] *Ff, after awake,*
awake.

74. *Banquo!]* *Donalbain.* Han-
 mer. *Banquo! rise!* Johnson conj.

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites, 75
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: 80
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, 85
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead; 90

76. *Ring the bell.* [*Bell rings.*] Ff. Bell rings. Theobald, omitting *Ring the bell.*

[*Bell rings.*] Alarum-bell rings. Dyce.

Enter...] Re-enter... Dyce.

77. SCENE V. Pope.

78. *a*] *an* Rowe (ed. 2).

79. *speak, speak!*] *speak.* Pope.

O] om. Pope.

82. Enter Banquo.] Enter Banquo,

and Others. Capell. Re-enter Banquo. Dyce.

82, 83. *O...murder'd.*] As in Theobald. One line in Ff.

85. *Dear Duff*] *Macduff* Pope. *contradict*] *contract* F₂F₃F₄.

86. Re-enter...] Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse. Ff. Re-enter Macbeth, and Lenox. Capell.

90. *is dead*] *are dead* Hammer.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

92. *Is] Are* Hanmer.

93. 94. *You are...head,] You are, and do not know it, The spring, the head:* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIX. p. 810).

93. *know't] know it* Steevens.

97. *seem'd, had] seems, have* A. Hunter.

98. *badged] bath'd* Malone conj. (withdrawn).

100—102. *Upon.....them.]* As in Steevens (1793). Two lines, the first ending *distracted*, in Ff.

101. *no] As no* Hanmer, reading *As...them* as one line.

104. *them.] them—* Rowe.

105. *amazed] and mas'd* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIX. p. 35).

108. *Outrun] Outran* Johnson.

109. *His.....blood] His snow-white skin streak'd with his crimson blood* A. Hunter.

laced] lagu'd Warburton conj.
golden] goary Pope.

113. *Unmannerly breech'd] Unmanly reech'd* Warburton. *Unmanly*

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho! 115

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here,
where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let's away; 120

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work, 125

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulged pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, 130
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

drench'd Johnson. *Unmannerly*
hatch'd Seward conj. *In a manner*
lay drench'd Heath conj.

115. *make's* *make his* Capell.

[*Seeming to faint.* Rowe.

116—119. *Look...us?* S. Walker
would end the lines *lady...claim...
spoken...hole...us?*

116. [*gather about her.* Capell.

117, 119, 121. [*Aside...*] Staunton.
om. Ff.

118—120. *What.....away*] As in
Dyce. Three lines, ending *here,.....*

hole, ...away, in Ff. Malone ends the
lines at *spoken...hole...tears.* Knight
ends them at *here...hole...tears.*

119. *Hid in*] *hid in* F_x. *hid within*
F₂F₃F₄. *hidden in* Jackson conj.

122. *Upon* on Pope, reading *Are*
...on as one line.

Look] *Look there* Hanmer.

[*Lady...*] Rowe. om. Ff.

129. *Macd.*] *Macb.* Rowe.

And] om. Pope.

131. [*Exeunt all but...*] Hanmer.
Exeunt. Ff.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody. 135

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 140
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

Enter ROSS with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act, 5
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

132. *What.....them:]* One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

134. *Which...England.]* One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

135—138. *To...bloody.]* As in Rowe. Four lines in Ff, ending *I...safer :... smiles ;...bloody.*

137. *near] near'* Delius.

140. *horse] F₁. house F₂F₃F₄.*

SCENE IV.] SCENE II. Rowe.
SCENE VI. Pope.

Outside.....] The outside of Macbeth's Castle. Theobald.

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

4. *Ah] Rowe. Ha* Ff.

6. *Threaten] Rowe. Threatens* Ff. *his] this* Theobald.

stage] strage Warburton conj. (withdrawn).

7. *travelling] F₃F₄. travailing* F₁ F₂.

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and
certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up

10. *should*] *shall* F₂.
14. *And.....certain*] One line in
Pope. Two in Ff.
horses] *horse* S. Walker conj.
15. *their*] *the* Theobald.
16. *flung*] F₃F₄. *flong* F₁F₂.
17, 18. *would make War*] Divided
as in Steevens (1793). The first line
ends *would* in Ff.
18. *mankind*] *man* Pope.
eat] *ate* Keightley.

19, 20. *They.....Macduff.*] As in
Pope. Three lines, ending *so:.....*
upon't...Macduffe, in Ff.
20. *Enter Macduff.*] As in Ff.
After the line in Johnson.
24. *were*] *are* Theobald (ed. 1).
suborn'd] Rowe. *suborned*
F₁F₂. *suborned* F₃F₄.
28. *wilt*] Warburton. *will* Ff.
ravin up] Theobald. *raven*
up F₁. *raven upon* F₂F₃F₄.

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone? 35

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

40

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>29. <i>Thine</i>] <i>Its</i> Hanmer.
<i>life's</i>] Pope. <i>lives</i> Ff.
<i>Then 'tis</i>] <i>Why then it is</i> Hanmer.</p> <p>31. <i>gone</i>] <i>gons</i> F₂.</p> <p>33. <i>Colme-kill</i>] <i>Colmeshill</i> Rowe.
<i>Colmes-kill</i> Johnson.</p> <p>37. <i>Well, may</i>] Theobald. <i>Well may</i> Ff.</p> <p>40. <i>you</i>] F₁. <i>you sir</i> F₂. <i>you, sir</i> F₃F₄.</p> <p>41. [<i>Exeunt.</i>] <i>Exeunt omnes.</i> Ff.</p> | <p>Forres.] Foris. Capell.
The palace.] A royal Apartment. Rowe. An Apartment in the Palace. Theobald.</p> <p>1. <i>king, Cawdor, Glamis</i>] <i>king, Glamis, and Cawdor</i> Seymour conj.</p> <p>2. <i>As</i>] om. Pope.
<i>weird</i>] Theobald. <i>weyard</i> F₁.
<i>weyward</i> F₂F₃F₄.</p> <p><i>women</i>] F₁F₂. <i>woman</i> F₃F₄.</p> <p>3. <i>foully</i>] <i>fowly</i> F₁.</p> |
|--|--|

But that myself should be the root and father 5
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
 As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well
 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness 15
 Command upon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice, 20
 Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
 In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
 Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 25
 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or twain.

7. *shine*] *shew* Collier MS.

10. *hope*?] F₄. *hope*. F₁F₂F₃.
 Sennet sounded.] Senit sound-
 ed. Ff.

Lady...Lennox, Ross,] Lady
 Macbeth, Lennox, Ross, Rowe. Lady
 Lenox, Rosse, Ff. Lady Macbeth,
 Queen; Ross, Lennox, Capell.

Ladies] Capell. om. Ff.
 13. *all-thing*] F₁. *all-things* F₂.
all things F₃F₄.

15. *I'W*] I A. Hunter.

Let your highness] *Lay your
 highness's* Rowe. *Lay your highness'*
 Pope. *Set your highness'* Mason conj.

16. *upon*] *be upon* Keightley.

20—23. *We...ride*?] As in Ff. In
 Pope the lines end *desir'd...grave...
 but...ride*?

22. *council*] Rowe. *council* F₁F₂.
council F₃F₄.

take] *talk* Malone. *take't*
 Keightley.

23. *Is't*] *Is it* Pope.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing 30
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you? 35

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [Exit Banquo.]
Let every man be master of his time 40
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure? 45

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares, 50
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

34. *you*] om. Pope.

34, 35. *adieu...you*] As in Pope.
Two lines, the first ending *night*, in Ff.

36. *upon 's*] *upon us* Pope.

41, 42. *night; to...welcome,*] Theobald.
night, to...welcome: Ff.

42; 43. *The sweeter.....you*] As in Rowe.
Three lines, ending *welcome: ...alone:...you*, in Ff.

43. *while*] *till* Pope.

be with] *è vi?* Anon. conj.

[Exeunt...] Exeunt Lords. Ff.
Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.
Rowe.

44. SCENE II. Pope.

[To a Servant. Rowe.

with you] om. Steevens (1793),
reading *Sirrah...pleasure?* as one line.

44—46. *Sirrah...gate.*] S. Walker
would end the lines *you:...lord...gate.*

47. [Exit Attendant.] Exit Servant. Ff.

47—50. *To be.....dares,*] Arranged as in Rowe. Four lines, ending *thus:...deepe, ...that...dares*, in Ff.

47, 48. *nothing; But*] *nothing.*
But Pope. *nothing, but* Ff.

To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear: and under him
 My Genius is rebuked, as it is said 55
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown 60
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd; 65
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, 70
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know 75

- 55, 56. *as...Cæsar.*] om. Johnson F₃F₄.
 conj. 71. *And.....there?*] One line in
 56. *Mark*] om. Pope. Pope. Two in Ff.
Cæsar] *Cæsar's* Hammer. Re-enter.....] Capell. Enter
 58. *bade*] Theobald (ed. 2). *bad* Ff. Servant, and two Murderers. Ff.
 62. *with*] by Capell conj. 72. *Now*] om. Pope.
 63. *If't be*] *If'tis* Pope. *go*] om. Steevens (1793).
 64. *filed*] *fil'd* F₁F₂. *fill'd* F₃F₄. [Exit Attendant.] Capell. Exit
 'filed Warburton. *soil'd* Long MS. Servant. Ff.
 64—69. *mind*;...*murder'd*;...*them*,
 ...*kings*,...*kings!*] *Minde*,...*murther'd*,
 ...*them*,...*Kings*,...*Kings*. Ff. *mind*?
 ...*murther'd*?.....*them*?.....*kings*?...
kings? Pope. 74. *First Mur.*] 1. *Mur.* Steevens
 (1793). *Murth.* Ff.
 74, 75. *now...speeches?*] As in Pope.
 One line in Ff.
 75. *Have you*] F₁F₂. *You have* F₃F₄.
 75—81. *Know.....might*] As in

That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments, 80
 Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
 To half a soul and to a notion crazed
 Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find 85
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege. 90

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, 95
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike: and so of men. 100
 Now if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms

Rowe. Eight lines in Ff, ending *past*,
 ...*fortune*, ...*selfe* ...*conference*, ...*you*:
 ...*crost*: ...*them*: ...*might*.

79. *with you*] om. Steevens conj.,
 ending the line *how*.

83. *You...us*.] *True*, you made it
 known. Pope.

84—90. *I did...ever?*] As in Rowe.
 Nine lines, ending *so*: ...*now* ...*meeting*
 ...*predominant*, ...*goe?* ...*man*, ...*hand*
 ...*begger'd* ...*ever?* in Ff.

93. *Shoughs*] *Shoughes* Ff. *shocks*
 Capell. *Slouths* Johnson conj. (with-
 drawn).

clept] Capell. *clipt* Ff. *cleped*
 Theobald. *clep'd* Hammer.

99. *bill*] *quill* Collier MS.

102. *Not i' the*] *And not in the*
 Rowe. *Not in the most* Keightley.
worst] *worser* Jervis conj.

say it] Rowe. *say't* Ff.

103. *that*] F₁F₂. *the* F₃F₄.

Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us, 105
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another 110
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance 115
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine, 120
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord, 125
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour at most

107. *my liege*] om. Pope.

109. *Have*] Rowe. *Hath* Ff.

109, 110. *Have...do*] As in Rowe.
One line in Ff.

111. *weary*] *weary'd* Capell.
with disasters, tugg'd] *with*
disastrous tuggs Warburton. *of dis-*
astrous tuggs A. Hunter.

113, 114. *Both.....enemy.*] As in

Rowe. One line in Ff.

120—122. *For certain...it is*] See
note (v).

122. *Who*] *Whom* Pope.

127. *Your.....most*] One line in
Pope. Two in Ff.

Within] *In* Pope.

at most] om. Steevens conj.

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night, 130
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness: and with him—
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me 135
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
 I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. 140
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The palace.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

128. *yourselves,*] *yourselves.* Steevens (1793).

129. *you*] *ye* Seymour conj.
you.....spy o' the] *you with a perfect spy o' the* Johnson conj. *you with the perfect spot, the* Tyrwhitt conj. *you with the perfectry o' the* Becket conj. *you with the precincts by the* Jackson conj. *you, with a perfect spy, o' the* Collier MS.

131. *always thought*] *a way, though,* Jackson conj.

131, 132. *always...clearness:*] Omit.

ted by Pope.

138. *to you*] om. Steevens conj.
my lord] om. Hammer.

139. [*Exeunt Murderers.*] Theobald. om. Ff.

141. [*Exit.*] Theobald. *Exeunt.* Ff.

SCENE II.] Rowe continues the Scene. SCENE III. Pope.

The palace.] Another Apartment in the Palace. Theobald.

Lady Macbeth] Macbeths Lady, Ff.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content: 5
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice 15
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 25
Can touch him further.

4. *Madam*] om. Seymour conj.
Lady M.] Lady. Ff. Enter
Macbeth. Macb. Strutt conj.
Nought's had] om. Steevens
conj.
6. *safer*] *better* Hanmer.
8. *How...*] Lady M. *How...* Strutt
conj.
9. *fancier*] *francies* F₂.
11. *all*] om. Hanmer.
13. *scotch'd*] Theobald. *scorch'd*
Ff. *switch'd* or *bruis'd* A. Hunter
conj.
14. *close*] *coil* A. Hunter.
16. *But...suffer,*] One line in Theo-
bald. Two in Ff, the first ending

disjoint. Two in Steevens (1793), the
first ending *let.*

the frame...suffer] *both worlds
disjoint, and all things suffer* Pope.

frame] *eternal frame* Collier
(Collier MS.), arranging as Ff.

20. *our peace*] F₁. *our place* F₂F₃
F₄. *our seat* Keightley.

22. *In...grave,*] As in Rowe. Two
lines in Ff.

Duncan is in his] *Duncan's
in's* S. Walker conj.

26—32. *Can.....we*] S. Walker
would end the lines *lord,...jovial...
love;...remembrance...both...we.*

26. *further*] *farther* Collier.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: 30
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this. 35

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, 45
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow 50
Makes wing to the rooky wood:

28. *among*] *F*₁. 'mong *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄.

29—35. See note (vi).

30. *apply*] *F*₁. *still apply* *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄.

32. *Unsafe.....that we*] *Vouchsafe*
the while your presence.—*O, that we*
Bullock conj.

33. *flattering*] *so flattering* Rowe.

34. *visards*] *vizards* *Ff.* *vizors*
Theobald.

to our] *t' our* Pope.

37. *Fleance*] Rowe. *Fleans* *F*₁*F*₃
*F*₄. *Feans* *F*₂.

lives] *live* Hanmer.

38. *eternel*] *eternal* Pope.

42. *shard-borne*] *F*₁*F*₂. *shard-born*
*F*₃*F*₄. *sharp-brow'd* Davenant's ver-
sion. *sharn-bode* Daniel conj.

43, 44. *Hath...note.*] As in Rowe.
In *Ff* the first line ends at *peale*.

46. *seeling*] *Ff.* *sealing* Rowe.

50. *Light*] *Night* Warburton conj.

50, 51. *and...wood*] As in Rowe.
One line in *Ff*.

51. *to the rooky*] *to the murky* or

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
 So, prithee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

55

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.**Enter three Murderers.**First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?*Third Mur.*

Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
 Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.

[The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace
 To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

5

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.*Ban.* [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!*Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation
 Already are i' the court.

10

to the dusky Roderick conj. *to the rocky* Jennens. *to rook i' th'* Steevens conj.

Johnson conj.

5. *lated*] F₁. *latest* F₂F₃F₄.7. *and*] *end* F₁.*near*] *here* Collier MS.

wood:] *wood: on earth below*
 Keightley.

53. *Whiles*] *While* Capell.*preys*] F₃F₄. *prey's* F₁F₂. *prey*

9. *Give us a light*] *Give us light*
 Pope. *Give light* Hammer.

Then, 'tis he] *Then it is he* Pope.
 'Tis he Capell.

SCENE III.] SCENE II. Rowe.
 SCENE IV. Pope.

A park...] A Park, the Castle
 at a Distance. Rowe.

2. *He needs not our*] *We need not*
 to Warburton conj. ap. Theobald MS.
our] to Pope.

3, 4. *do, To...just.*] *do.—To...just!*

9—11. *Give.....about.*] S. Walker
 would end the lines *ho!...within...al-*
ready...about, reading *it is for 'tis*, line
 9, and *in for i'*, line 11.

9, 10. *the rest...expectation*] As in
 Pope. One line in Ff.

10. *That are*] om. Steevens conj.

11. *Already*] om. Steevens conj.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*

13. *from*] om. Seymour conj.

14, 15. *A light...to't.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

14. *Enter...*] Ff (after *walk*). Enter Banquo, and Fleance; Servant, with a Torch, before them. Capell (after *walk*).

Fleance] Fleans, Ff.

16. *It will be*] *Twill* Steevens conj., reading *Stand...down* as one line.

[*They...*] They fall upon Banquo and kill him; in the scuffle Fleance

escapes. Rowe. om. Ff.

17. *O...fly!*] One line in Hammer. Two in Ff.

good] *godd* F₂. om. Pope.

18. [*Dies...*] Pope. Dies. Rowe. om. Ff.

20. *There's...fled*] As in Ff. Pope ends the lines at *son...affair*.

We have] *We've* Pope.

21, 22. S. Walker would end the lines *away,...done*.

SCENE IV. *Hall in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

5

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There's blood
upon thy face.

10

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

15

SCENE IV.] SCENE III. Rowe.
SCENE V. Pope.

Hall.....] A Room of State.
Rowe. A Room of State in the
Castle. Pope. A Hall of State... Capell.

A banquet] Banquet... Ff. A
Banquet set out. Flourish. Capell.

1, 2. *You...welcome.*] Arranged as
in Capell (Johnson conj.). The first
line ends at *downe*: in Ff.

1. *at first*] *And first* Rowe (ed. 2).
To first A. Hunter (Johnson conj.).

2. *last*] *next* Johnson conj.

[They sit. Rowe.

5. *best*] F₁. *the best* F₂F₃F₄.

8. *they are*] *they're* Pope. *their*
Anon. conj.

Enter.....door.] Capell, after
line 10. Enter first Murderer. Ff.

12. [*Approaching the door*] Edd.
(Globe ed.). To the Mur. Rowe. To
the Murderer aside at the door. Pope.
om. Ff.

12—32. *There's...again.*] Marked
as 'Aside' by Capell.

14. [*Aside*. Hunter conj.]
he] *him* Hanmer.

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

[*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

16. *that I did*] *I did that* Pope.

17—19. *Thou.....nonpareil.*] Arranged as in Rowe. The lines end *Cut-throats, ...Fleance: ...Non-pareil* in Ff.

17. *o' the*] of Pope.

good] *as good* Long MS.

21. [*Aside*] Grant White (Hunter conj.).

Then.....perfect,] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

24. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

29. [*Aside*] Indicated by Steevens.

32. *hear ourselves*] *hear't ourselves*

Theobald. *hear thee ourselves* Hammer. *hear, ourselves* Steevens. *hear, ourselves*, Dyce. *hear thee ourselves* Keightley.

ourselves] *ourselves* Capell conj.

33. *sold*] *cold* Pope.

34. *vouch'd*] Ff. *vouched* Rowe.

while 'tis a-making,] *while 'tis a making*: F₁. *while 'tis making*: F₂ F₃F₄. *while 'tis making*, Pope. *the while 'tis making*: Collier MS.

35. *'Tis...feed*] *Then give the welcome: to eat* A. Hunter.

20

25

30

35

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company. 45

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought 55
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

39. [The Ghost...] Ghost of Banquo rises, ... Capell. Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and... Ff, after *it*, line 37. Staunton transfers, to follow *mischance!* line 43: Keightley, to follow *company*, line 45. The Ghost of Duncan... Seymour conj.

42. *Who*] *Whom* Pope.

43. *mischance!*] Pope. *mischance*. Ff.

44. *Please't*] *Please it* Steevens.

45. *company.*] Dyce. *company?* Ff. [starting. Rowe.

46. *Here is*] *Here's* Pope (ed. 2).

48. *Here...highness?*] One line in Capell. Two in Ff.

my good lord] *my lord* Steevens (1793), reading *Where?...highness?* as one line.

55. *momentary*] F₁. *momentary* F₂F₃F₄.

upon] on Pope.

58. *Feed*] *Eat* A. Hunter.

[To Macbeth. Rowe. To Macb. aside. Pope.

58—83. *Are.....is.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become 65
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. 70
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, 75
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

60. *O*] om. Pope.

61. [*Aside.* Pope.

64. *Impostors to true*] *F*₁*F*₃*F*₄. *Imposters to true* *F*₂. *Importers to true* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *Impostors of true* Hamner. *Impostures true to* Johnson conj. *Impostures of true* Capell.

69. [*Pointing to the Ghost.* Rowe. *Prithee.....you?*] One line in Capell. Two in *Ff*.

73. [*Exit Ghost.*] *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄. Omit-

ted in *F*₁. Ghost vanishes. Rowe.

in folly] om. Steevens conj.

75. *olden*] *olde* Rowe (ed. 1). *golden* Mason conj. *elden* Seymour conj.

76. *humane*] *Ff*. *human* Theobald (ed. 2).

gentle] *gen'ral* Theobald (Warburton). *ungentle* Seymour conj.

77. *have been*] *hath been* Johnson.

78. *time has*] Edd. *times has* *F*₁. *times have* *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; 85
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; 90
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 95
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me 105

84. *do forget*] *forgot* Pope.

87. *Come,*] om. Pope.

89. *o*] of Rowe.

92. *And all*] *And hail* Johnson
conj. (withdrawn).

93. [The Lords rise. Jemmens conj.
Re-enter Ghost.] The Ghost
rises again. Pope. Enter Ghost. Ff,
after line 88. As he is drinking, the
Ghost rises again just before him.

Rowe, after line 88. Enter Banquo's
Ghost. Seymour conj. Enter Duncan's
Ghost. Strutt conj.

101. *the Hyrcan*] *th' Hircan* F₁F₂,
th' Hyrcan F₃F₄. *Hyrceanian* Pope
(Davenant's version). *Hyrcan* John-
son. *the Hircanian* Capell.

103. *or be alive*] *O be alive* Rowe
(ed. 2). *Be alive* Pope.

105. *trembling I inhabit then,*] F₁.

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [Exit Ghost.]

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, 115
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty!

trembling I inhabit, then F₂F₃F₄.
trembling I inhibit, then Pope. *trem-*
bling me inhibit, then Theobald conj.
(withdrawn). *trembling I evade it,*
then Johnson conj. *trembling I in*
habit then, Jennens. *trembling I, in*
habit then Jennens conj. *trembling I*
inhibit thee, Malone (Steevens conj.).
trembling I exhibit, then A. Hunter
(Robinson conj., Gent. Mag. Vol. LIX.
1201). *tremblingly inhabile, then*
Becket conj. *trembling I inhibit then,*
Elwin. *bleaching I evade it, then*
Bailey conj. *trembling I evitate it,*
then Keightley. *trembling I unknigh*
me, then Bullock conj. *trembling I in-*
herit, then Anon. conj.

protest] protect F₄.

106. *horrible] terrible* Theobald
(ed. 2), Warburton and Johnson.

107. [Exit Ghost.] Exit. F₂F₃F₄,
after *shadow*, line 106. om. F₁.
Ghost vanishes. Rowe, after *gone*.
Ghost disappears. Dyce.

being gone] F₁F₂. be gone F₃F₄.

108. [The Lords rise. Rowe.

109, 110. *broke...disorder.*] As in
Rowe. One line in Ff.

110—112. *Macb. Can.....You]*
Lady M. Can't...wonder? *Macb. You*
Warburton.

113. *to] at* Hanmer.

owe] know Johnson conj. (with-
drawn).

114. *When now] Now when* Han-
mer.

115. *cheeks] cheek* Hanmer.

116. *is] are* Malone.

sights] F₁. signes F₂F₃. *signs*
F₄.

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;

Augures and understood relations have

By maggot-pies and coughs and rooks brought forth

125

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send:

130

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

135

All causes shall give way: I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head that will to hand,

121. *A kind*] om. Pope.

[*Exeunt*.....] *Exeunt* Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants. Cap-
pell. *Exit* Lords. F₁. *Exeunt* Lords.
F₂F₃F₄.

122. *It...blood:*] One line in Rowe.
Two, the first ending *say*, in Ff.

blood: they say] *blood, they say*
Pope. *blood they say*, Ff. *blood.—They*
say, Johnson.

123, 124. *speak; Augures*] *speak*
Augures; Singer conj.

124. *Augures*] Ff. *Augurs* Theo-
bald. *Auguries* Rann (Steevens conj.).
See note (VII).

and understood] *that understood*
Rowe. *that understand* Warburton.

125. *maggot-pies and*] *mag-pies*,
and by Pope.

coughs] *coughs* Warburton.

129. *sir?*] om. Collier conj.

130. *hear*] *heard* Keightley.

131. *There's not a one*] *There is*
not one Pope.

a one] *a Thane* Theobald. *a*
man Grant White.

132. *I keep*] *I'll keep* Collier MS.

132, 133. *I...sisters:*] S. Walker
would end the lines *fee'd...will,...*
sisters.

133. *And betimes...to*] *Betimes...*
unto Pope. *And betimes...unto* Rann.
Ay, and betimes...to Anon. conj.

I will] *will I* Lettsom conj.

weird] Theobald. *weyard* F₁.
wizard F₂F₃F₄.

134. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

135. *worst. For...good*] Johnson.
worst, for...good, Ff. *worst, for...good*;
Rowe.

137. *Stepp'd*] *Stept* F₁. *Spent* F₂
F₃F₄.

138. *go*] *going* Hanmer.

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

140

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;

5

And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

10

But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron

15

Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.

141. *natures*] *nature* A. Hunter.

142. *to*] *too* Warburton.

144. *We are*] *We're* Pope.

in deed] Theobald. *indeed*

Ff. *in deeds* Hammer.

SCENE V.] SCENE IV. Rowe.
SCENE VI. Pope.

A heath.] The Heath. Rowe.

Hecate.] F₃F₄. Hecat. F₁F₂.

2. *reason, beldams*] Knight. *reason*

(*Beldams*) Ff.

2, 3. *are, ...over-bold?*] Capell. *arc?*
...over-bold, Ff.

11. *wayward*] *weyward* Pope.

12. *Spiteful...do,*] *A spiteful and a*
wrathful, who Steevens conj.

13. *Loves*] *Lives* Halliwell conj.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground: 25
 And that distill'd by magic sleights
 Shall raise such artificial sprites
 As by the strength of their illusion
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
 And you all know security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
 [*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.*
 Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.* 35
First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be
 back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.**Enter LENNOX and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther: only I say

20. *the] th'* Ff.
 21. *dismal and a fatal] dismal,*
fatal Pope. *dismal-fatal* Steevens
 (1793).
 26. *sleights] slights* Ff.
 27. *raise] rise* F₂.
 33. *mortals']* Theobald (ed. 2).
mortals Ff. *mortal's* Rowe.
 [Music...away,' &c.] Capell,
 substantially. Musicke, and a Song.
 Ff.
 35. *a] the* Rowe (ed. 2).
 [Sing within. Come away,
 come away, &c. Ff.
- [Exit.] Capell. om. Ff.
 36. *back again.]* As in Pope. As
 a separate line in Ff.
 SCENE VI.] SCENE V. Rowe.
 SCENE VII. Pope.
 Forres. The palace.] A Cham-
 ber. Theobald. Foris. A Room in
 the Palace. Capell.
 another Lord.] Angus. A. Hunter
 (Johnson conj.).
 1. *My.....thoughts,]* One line in
 Rowe. Two in Ff.
 2. *farther] further* Johnson.

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: 5
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
 Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive 15
 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well: and I do think
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
 As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20
 But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, 25
 Lives in the English court, and is received
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace

3. *borne*] *born* F₄.
 5. *right-valiant*] Hyphen inserted
 by Theobald.

7—10. *late. Who.....father?*] Ff.
late Who...father. Grant White conj.
 (withdrawn).

8. *Who cannot want*] *You cannot
 want* Hammer. *Who can want* or
Who cannot have Jennens conj. *Who
 care not, want* Jackson conj. *We can-
 not want* Keightley.

monstrous] *monstrous too* Pope.
monsterous Capell.

11. *it did grieve Macbeth!*] Capell.
it did grieve Macbeth? Ff. *did it grieve*

Macbeth? Pope.

14. *not that*] F₁F₂. *that not* F₃F₄.
and] om. Pope.

16. *deny't*] *deny it* Capell.

18. *his key*] F₁. *the key* F₂F₃F₄.

19. *an't*] Theobald (ed. 2). *and't*
 Ff.

should] F₁. *shall* F₂F₃F₄.

21. *'cause*] Pope. *cause* Ff.

24. 40. Lord.] Ang. A. Hunter
 (Johnson conj.).

24. *son*] Theobald. *Sonnes* F₁F₂
 F₃. *Sons* F₄.

26. *Lives*] F₁. *Live* F₂F₃F₄.

is] Ff. *are* Rowe.

That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
 That by the help of these, with Him above
 To ratify the work, we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, 35
 Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
 All which we pine for now: and this report
 Hath so exasperate the king that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45
 Fly to the court of England and unfold
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

29, 30. Arranged as in Ff. Steevens (1773, 1778, 1785) transferred *is gone* to end of line 29.

30. *holy*] om. Pope.
upon] on Capell. om. Anon.
 conj.

upon his aid] *in aid* Anon.
 conj.

31. *Siward*] Theobald (ed. 2).
 Hanmer. *Seyward* Ff.

35. *Free*] *Fright* or *Fray* Steevens
 conj.

Free...banquets] *Our feasts and*

banquets free from Malone conj.

38. *exasperate*] *exasperated* Rowe
 (ed. 2). *exasp'rated* Pope.

the king] Hanmer. *their king*
 Ff. *our king* Anon. conj.

39. *of war*] om. Pope.

44. *to a caution, to*] *to a caution, t'*
 Ff. *to a care* to Pope. *caution and to*
 Steevens conj.

48. *suffering country*] *country, suf-*
fering Capell conj.

49. *I'll send.....him.*] *My prayers*
with him! Steevens (1793).

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.'

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go :

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake ;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Actus Quartus.
Scæna Prima. F₁. Actus Quintus...
F₂F₃F₄.

A...cauldron.] Capell, substantially. A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning. Rowe.

2. *Thrice and*] Staunton and Delius. *Thrice, and* Ff. *Twice, and* Theobald. *Thrice; and* Steevens (1778).

hedge-pig] *Hodge-Pigge* F₁. *Hodges Pigge* F₂. *Hodges Pig* F₃F₄.

3. *Harpier*] *Harper* Pope. *Hark,* *her* Jackson conj. *Harpy* Steevens conj.

cries 'Tis] *cries, 'tis* Ff. *cries—'tis* Steevens (1773). *cries:—'tis* Steevens (1778).

5. *entrails*] *entremes* Warburton conj.

[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several Ingre-

dients as for the Preparation of their Charm. Rowe.

6. *Toad, that*] *This toad, which* Davenant's version. *Toadstool,* Bullock conj.

under cold] *under mossy* Davenant's version. *under the cold* Rowe (ed. 2). *under coldest* Steevens (1793). *under a cold* Staunton conj. *underneath cold* Keightley. *under cold cold* Anon. conj. *under some cold* Anon. conj.

7. *has*] F₃F₄. *ha's* F₁F₂. *hast* Hanmer.

one] *one,* Pope. *one:* Ff.

8. *venom sleeping*] *venom, sleeping* Delius.

10, 20, 35. *Double, double*] Steevens. *Double, double,* Ff.

12. *Sec. Witch.*] 2. Ff. 1 *Witch.* Pope (ed. 2).

5

10

15

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ; 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark, 25
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ; 35
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE *to the other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains : 40
And now about the cauldron sing,

16. *blind-worm's*] *blind-worm* Pope. 34. *ingredients*] Rowe. *Ingredience*
17. *howlet's*] *owlet's* Pope. Ff.
23. *Witches'*] Theobald (ed. 2).
Witches Ff. *Witch's* Singer. *cauldron*] F₃F₄. *cauldron* F₁F₂.
24. *ravin'd*] *ravening* Pope. *ravin* 38. Enter.....] Edd. (Globe ed.).
Rann (Mason conj.). Enter Hecat, and the other three
salt-sea shark] Capell. *salt Sea* Witches. Ff (Hecate, F₃F₄). Enter
sharke Ff. *salt sea-shark* Pope. Hecate, and other three Witches.
28. *Sliver'd*] *Silver'd* Rowe (ed. 2). Rowe. Enter Hecate, and other
33. *chaudron*] *chaudron* Ff. *chaul-* Witches. Collier. Enter Hecate.
dron Keightley. Dyce (Ritson conj.).
39. *O*] om. Anon. conj.

Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*

[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:

45

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

50

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight

Against the churches; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;

55

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken; answer me

60

To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters?

43. *Black spirits, &c.*] See note (VIII).

[*Hecate retires.*] Edd. (Globe ed.). Exit Hecate. Dyce. om. Ff.

46, 47. *Open...knocks!*] As in Dyce. One line in Ff.

48. SCENE II. Pope.

55. *bladed*] *bleaded* Collier (Collier MS.). *bearded* Beisly conj.

56. *on*] *o'er* Collier MS.

57. *slope*] *stoop* Capell conj.

59. *germins*] Théobald. *germaine* F₁F₂. *germain* F₃F₄. *germains* Pope. *germen* Delius.

all together] Pope. *altogether* Ff.

62. *thou'dst*] Capell. *th' hadst* Ff.

63. *masters?*] Pope. *masters*. Ff. *masters?* Capell.

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame. 65

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's ano-
ther, 75
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *Second Apparition: a bloody Child.*

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

'em...em] *them...them* Capell.

65. *grease*] Pope. *grease* F₁. *greace* F₂F₃F₄. *grace* Rowe (ed. 2).

68. *First Apparition...*] 1. Apparition, an Armed Head. Ff (*Apparition*, F₃F₄). Apparition of an armed Head rises. Rowe.

69. *power,—*] *power*—Rowe. *power*. Ff.

71. *Macbeth...Macduff*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

72. [*Descends.*] Rowe. He De-

scends. Ff.

74. *Thou hast*] *Thou'st* Pope.

harp'd] *happ'd* Becket conj.

more,—] *more*—Rowe. *more*. Ff.

76. *Second Apparition...*] 2 Apparition, a Bloody Child. Ff. Apparition of a bloody Child rises. Rowe.

79—81. *Be...Macbeth.*] In Reed (1803) the lines end *bold,...man,... Macbeth.*

79. *Be...scorn*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

85

Thunder. *Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this,
 That rises like the issue of a king,
 And wears upon his baby-brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
 Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
 Shall come against him.

90

[*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
 Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

95

100

83. *assurance double*] Pope. *assurance: double* F₁. *assurance, double* F₂F₃F₄.

F₃.

high Dunsinane] *high Dunsinane* F₄. *Dunsinane's high* Pope.

86, 87. *What...king,*] As in Rowe.
 One line in Ff.

94. [*Descends.*] Rowe. *Descend.* Ff.

86. *Third...]* 3 *Apparition...hand.*
 Ff (*Apparition*, F₃F₄). *Apparition of...rises.* Rowe.

97. *Rebellion's head*] Hanmer (*Theobald conj.*). *Rebellious dead* Ff. *Rebellious head* Theobald (*Warburton*).

89. *top*] *type* Theobald conj.
to 't] om. Pope.

98. *Birnam*] F₄. *Byrnan* F₁.
Byrnam F₂F₃.

90. *lion-mettled*] Hyphen inserted by Pope.

100, 110. *heart*] *hart* F₁.

93. *Birnam*] F₄. *Byrnan* F₁F₂

102. [*The Cauldron sinks into the ground.* Rowe.

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know: 105
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's
Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags! 115
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

105. [Thunder; and the Cauldron
sinks. Horrid Musick. Capell.

105, 106. *know: Why] know Why*
S. Walker conj.

106. [*Hautboys.*] Hoboys. F₁F₂
F₃. Hoboys. F₄.

111. A show...] A show of eight
Kings, and Banquo last, with a
glasse in his hand. Ff. Eight Kings
appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo last, with a Glass in his Hand.
Rowe. Eight...order, and Banquo;
the last, with a glass in his hand.
Theobald. Eight.....order, the last

holding a glass in his hand: with
Banquo following them. Hammer.

113. *eye-balls. And thy hair,] eye-*
balls; and thy hair. Collier MS.

hair] hair Ff. *air* Warbur-
ton (Johnson). *hair* Jackson conj.

114. *is] art* Collier MS.

116. *eyes] F₁. eye F₂F₃F₄.*

119. *eighth] F₃F₄. eight F₁F₂.*

122. *Now] nay now* Pope. *Ay,*
now Steevens (1793).

124. *What, is] Pope. What? is*
F₁. What is F₂F₃F₄

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? 125

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights :
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round, 130
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music.* *The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will? 135

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 145
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

- | | |
|--|--|
| 125. First Witch.] Hec. Edd. conj. | 133. <i>Where.....hour</i>] One line in |
| 125—132. <i>Ay,.....pay.</i>] Omit as | Rowe. Two in Ff. |
| spurious. Anon. conj, | 136. <i>weird</i>] Theobald. <i>weyard</i> |
| 127. <i>sprites</i>] <i>sprights</i> Ff. | F ₁ . <i>wizard</i> F ₂ F ₃ . <i>wizards</i> F ₄ . |
| 130. <i>antic</i>] <i>antick</i> Theobald. <i>an-</i> | <i>sisters</i>] <i>sihers</i> F ₂ . |
| <i>tique</i> Ff. | 144. [<i>Aside</i>] Johnson. |
| 132. The Witches...Hecate.] Edd. | 147. <i>firstlings</i>] F ₁ . <i>firstling</i> F ₂ F ₃ |
| (Globe ed.). The Witches Dance, | F ₄ . |
| and vanish. Ff. | |

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
 Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
 But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen? 155
 Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear. 5

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
 His mansion and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
 He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight

148. *firstlings*] *firstling* Rowe (ed. 2). MS. and Singer MS.). *sprites* Grant

149. *be it*] *be't* Pope. White.

152. *unfortunate*] *th' unfortunate* SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
 Heath conj. Fife. Macduff's castle.] Mac-

153. *him in*] om. Johnson conj. duff's Castle at Fife. Theobald. Mac-

No...fool]; Omit as spurious, duff's Castle. Rowe.
 ending lines 153, 154 *do...sights!* and *Enter* Lady Macduff...] Rowe. *En-*
 reading *Where...are* as prose. Anon. *ter* Macduffes Wife... Ff.

154. *this purpose*] *the purpose* Han-
 mer. 1. *L. Macd.*] Wife. Ff (and through-

155. *sights*] *flights* Collier (Collier 10. *diminutive*] F₄. *diminutive* F₁

F₃. *diminutive* F₂.

So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband, 15
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour 20
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin, 25
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit. 30

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live? 30

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,

14. *My...coz*] *Dearest cousin* Pope.
My dearest cousin Theobald.

16. *He is*] *He's* Pope.

17. *The fits o'*] *What fits* or *That fits* Anon. conj.

season] *time* Pope.

19. *know*] *know't* Hanmer.

19, 20. *we hold rumour...we*] *we bode ruin...we* or *the bold running... they* Johnson conj.

rumour.....fear, yet] *fear* *From rumor, and yet* Becket conj.

21. *float upon*] *floating on* Jackson conj.

22. *Each...move.*] *Each way and wave.* Theobald conj. *And move each way.* Capell. *And each way move.* Keightley (*Stevens* conj.). *Each way,*

and move— Johnson conj. *Each wail and moan.* Jackson conj. *Which way we move.* Ingleby conj. *And move each wave.* Anon. conj.

23. *Shall*] *'T shall* Hanmer. *It shall* Keightley.

26—29. *Blessing...discomfort:*] S. Walker would end the lines *yet...fool* —...*disgrace, ...discomfort.*

27. *Father'd...fatherless.*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

30. [Exit.] Exit Rosse. Ff.

32. *with*] *on* Pope.

33. *With*] *On* Pope.

I mean] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

34. *Poor...lime.*] One line in Theobald. Two in Ff.

lime] F₁. *line* F₂F₃F₄.

The pitfall nor the gin.

35

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was. 45

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must
be hang'd. 50

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and
hang up them. 55

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how
wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would
not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new
father. 60

35—43. *The.....thee.]* Capell ends
the lines *mother?...father's...dead:...*
Nay,...buy me...buy 'em...wit;...thee.

36. *Why...for.]* One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.

37. *My father is] But my father's*
Capell, reading *Poor...father's* as one
line.

38. *Ies.....father?] One line in*
Rowe. Two in Ff.

do] do now Capell.

41. *buy] F₃F₄ by F₁F₂.*

42. *with all] F₂F₃F₄ withall F₁.*

42, 43. *and yet...thee.]* As in Pope.
One line in Ff.

48. *so?] F₃F₄ so. F₁F₂.*

49, 50. *Every...hang'd.]* Prose in
Pope. Two lines in Ff.

54. *the] om. F₃F₄.*

56. *enow] enough* Capell.

58. *Now] om. F₄.*

58, 59. *Now, God...father?] Prose*
first in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect. 65
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 70
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime 75
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified 80
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery!

63. *L. Macd.*] Wife. F₁ F₃ F₄.
Son. F₂.

68, 69. *ones. To...thus,*] *ones: To*
...thus, F₂F₃F₄. ones To...thus. F₁.

70. *worse to you*] *less, to you* Han-
mer. *worship to you* Warburton. *less*
to you, Capell.

72. [*Exit.*] Exit Messenger. Ff.
Whither] F₃F₄. *Whether* F₁

F₂.

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

74. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

78. *To say.....faces?*] One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.

I have] F₁. *I had* F₂F₃F₄.
I had Pope. *I'd* Theobald.

79. First Mur.] 1. M. Capell.
Mur. Ff.

82. *shag-ear'd*] F₃F₄. *shagge-ear'd*
F₁F₂. *shag-hair'd* Dyce (Steevens
conj.).

[*Stabbing him.*] Rowe. om. Ff.

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :
 Run away, I pray you ! [Dies.
[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder !'
 Exeunt murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
 Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
 Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
 Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
 New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows 5
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
 What know, believe; and what I can redress,
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest: you have loved him well ;
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
 You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom 15
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb

83. *He has*] *H'* as Pope.

84. *I pray*] *pray* Pope.

[Dies.] Capell. om. Ff.

[Exit.....] Edd. (Globe ed.).

Exit L. Macduff, crying Murder;
 Murderers pursue her. Theobald.
 Exit crying Murder. Ff.

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.

England. Before.....] Dyce.
 The King of England's Palace. Rowe.
 A Room in Edward the Confessor's
 Palace. Capell. England. Steevens.

4. *down-fall'n*] *downfal'n* Warbur-
 ton (Johnson). *downfall* F₁ F₂ F₃.
downfal F₄. *down-fall* Capell.

birthdom] Johnson. *birthdome*

F₁F₂F₃. *birth-dome* F₄. *birth-doom*
 Pope. *birth-dame* Johnson conj.

8. *syllable*] *syllables* Pope.

14. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

15. *deserve*] Theobald (Warburton).
discerne F₁F₂. *discern* F₃F₄.

of him] om. Steevens conj.

and wisdom] *'tis wisdom* Han-
 mer. *and wisdom is it* Steevens conj.
and 'tis wisdom Collier conj. *and*
wisdom 'tis or *and wisdom bids* Staun-
 ton conj. *and wisdom 'twere* Keightley.

16. *To offer*] *'Tis t' offer* Nichol-
 son conj.

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. 25
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st 35
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal

20. *But...crave*] *I crave* Pope. *But
'crave* Steevens (1793).

23. *wear*] *bear* F₄.

24. *still look*] *look still* Theobald
(ed. 2).

I have] *I've* Pope.

25. *Perchance...doubts.*] One line
in Rowe. Two in Ff.

26. *child*] *childe* F₁. *children* F₂
F₃F₄.

28. *Without*] *Without so much as*
Anon. conj.

I pray you] om. Pope. *pray
you* S. Walker conj. *O Macduff, I
pray you* Anon. conj.

33. *dare*] F₁F₂. *dares* F₃F₄.

34. *The*] Ff. *His* Pope. *Thy*
Malone.

affeer'd] Steevens, 1793 (Heath
conj.). *affear'd* F₁F₂. *afear'd* F₃.
afear'd F₄. *assur'd* or *affirm'd* S.
Walker conj. *affeer'd* Keightley.

Fare] *Far* F₁.

35. *think'st*] *think'st me* Keightley.

There would be hands uplifted in my right;
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, 45
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before,
 More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions 55
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name: but there's no bottom, none, 60
 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
 Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust, and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'erbear,
 That did oppose my will: better Macbeth 65
 Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may 70

44. *Of*] *Of aid* of Keightley.
but] *but yet* Hammer.

52. *open'd*] *ripen'd* Collier MS.

57. *evils*] *ills* Pope.

Mal.] *F*₁. *Macb.* *F*₂*F*₃*F*₄.

59. *smacking*] *F*₁. *smoaking* *F*₂

*F*₃*F*₄.

every] *each* Pope.

63. *cistern*] *F*₃*F*₄. *cesterne* *F*₁*F*₂.

66. *an*] *a* Capell.

Boundless] *om.* Steevens conj.

Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
 We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
 That vulture in you, to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclined. 75

Mal. With this there grows
 In my most ill-composed affection such
 A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
 Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more, that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root 85
 Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
 Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
 Of your mere own: all these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd. 90

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them, but abound 95
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,

71. *Convey*] *Enjoy* Singer, ed. 2
 (Collier MS.).

72. *cold, the.....hoodwink:*] Theo-
 bald. *cold. The...hoodwinke:* Ff. *cold.*
The...hoodwink, Rowe. *cold: the...*
hoodwink: Pope.

73. *We have*] *We've* Pope.

83. *loyal*] *royal* Pope.

85. *Sticks*] *Strikes* Hammer (Theo-
 bald conj.).

86. *summer-seeming*] *summer-teem-*

ing Theobald (Warburton). *summer-*
seeding Rann (Heath conj.). *fume, or*
seething Johnson conj. *summer-sin-*
ning Jackson conj. *summer-seaming*
 Staunton conj.

88. *foisons*] *foysons* F₁F₂. *poison*
 F₃F₄. *foison* Anon. conj.

89. *portable*] *bearable* A. Hunter.

98. *Pour...hell*] *Sow'r...hate* Han-
 mer. *Sow'r...hell* Jackson conj.

Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, 105

Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul 115

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120

Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,

99. *Uproar*] F₃F₄. *Uprore* F₁F₂.
Uproot Keightley.

102, 103. *Fit...miserable!*] As in
Pope. One line in Ff.

107. *accursed*] *accurst* F₂F₃F₄.
accust F₁.

111. *lived*] *liv'd* Ff.

Fare] *Oh fare* Pope.

113. *Have*] Rowe. *Hath* Ff.

117. *thy*] *this* Hanmer (1745).

123. *detraction*] *detractions* Capell.
conj.

126. *woman*] F₁. *women* F₂F₃F₄.
forsworn] *forsworne* F₁. *for-*
swore F₂F₃F₄. *yet forsworn* Hanmer
(1745).

At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking 130
 Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
 Is thine and my poor country's to command:
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth. 135
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray
 you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.* 145

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
 A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,

133. *Whither*] *Whether* F₄.
thy] *they* F₁.
here-approach] Hyphen in-
 serted by Pope.

134. *Siward*] Theobald. *Seyward*
 Ff.

135. *Already*] Ff. *All ready* Rowe.
at a point] *at appoint* War-
 burton.

forth.] F₁. *foorth?* F₂. *forth?*
 F₃F₄.

136. *the chance of goodness*] *our*
chance, in goodness Hanmer. *the*
chance, O goodness, Johnson conj. *the*

chain of goodness Jackson conj.

137. *Be like*] *Be-link* Jackson conj.
Belike Staunton.

warranted] *unwarranted* Ca-
 pell (corrected in MS.).

140. SCENE V. Pope.
Well.....you?] As in Rowe.
 Two lines in Ff.

142. *convinces*] *defeats* A. Hunter.

145. [*Exit Doctor.*] Capell. Exit.
 Ff, after *amend*.

148. *here-remain*] Hyphen inserted
 by Pope.

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 150
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves 155
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot 165
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

149. *I have]* *I've* Pope.
 150. *strangely-visited]* Hyphen inserted by Pope.
 159. SCENE VI. Pope.
 162. *God, betimes]* Capell. *God betimes* Ff.
 163. *The means]* Twice in F₂F₃F₄.
makes] *make* Hammer.

166. *nothing]* *no one* A. Hunter.
 168. *rend]* Rowe. *rent* Ff.
 170. *dead man's]* Johnson. *dead-*
mans F₁F₂. *dead-man's* F₃F₄.
 171. *for who;]* *for whom?* Pope.
 173. *Dying]* *Die* A. Hunter.
or ere] *or e'er* Rowe.
O, relation] *Relation, oh!* Hammer.

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker; 175
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: 185
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they? 195
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

173, 174. *O, ... true*] As in Theobald. One line in Ff.

174. *Too...true!*] *Too nice, yet true!* Steevens conj.

What's] *What is* Hanmer.

newest] *new'st* S. Walker conj.

180. *goes't*] *go's't* F₁F₂F₃. *go's it* F₄.

187. *make our women*] *and make women* Pope.

189. *We are*] *We're*] Pope.

190. *Siward*] Theobald. *Seyward* Ff.

195. *latch*] *catch* Rowe.

195, 196. *What...cause?*] Theobald. *What concerne they, The generall cause,* Ff. *What? concern they The general cause?* Rowe.

Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner, 205
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. 210

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief. 215

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

203. *Hum*] *Ha* A. Hunter.
211—213. *Wife...too?*] As in Capell. Two lines in Ff.
213. *I have*] *I've* Pope.
216. *He has*] *You have* A. Hunter.
All] *What, all* Hammer, ending the previous line at *children*.
217. *say all?*] *say all? what, all?*

Theobald.
217—219. *O hell-kite.....swoop?*] Put in the margin by Pope, who reads instead *what, all?*
217. *O hell-kite!*] *O vulture! hell-kite!* S. Walker conj.
All?] *what, all?* Pope's margin.

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd.

I shall do so;

220

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

225

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,

230

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

235

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.* 240

220. *Dispute*] *Endure* Pope.
do so] om. Pope.

225. *struck*] Rowe. *strooke* F₁F₂.
strook F₃F₄.

229. *anger*] *wrath* Pope.

231. *heavens*] *heav'n* Pope.

233. *Scotland and myself;*] *Scot-*

land and myself, Pope. *Scotland, and
my selfe* Ff.

235. *Heaven*] *Then heaven* Pope.
O God, or *Then God* Anon. conj.

This tune] Rowe (ed. 2).

This time Ff. *Thus, time* Jackson
conj.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 5

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? 10

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! 15

This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command. 20

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Dunsinane.] Capell.

Ante-room...] An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle. Rowe.

1. *two*] *too* F₁.

12. *report*] *repeat* Warburton conj.

15. Lady Macbeth,] Rowe. Lady, Ff. Queen, Staunton.

22. *sense is*] Rowe. *sense are* Ff. *sense' are* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. 25

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 30

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? 35

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 40

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known. 45

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. 50

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have

30. [taking out his Tables. Capell. *satisfy*] *fortifie* Warburton.

32. *murky*.] *murky*! Steevens. See note (ix).

33. *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe.

33, 34. *fear who...account?*] Theobald. *feare? who.....account*: F₁F₂. *fear? who...account*: F₃F₄. *fear who...account*— Rowe (ed. 2).

36. *him?*] Rowe. *him*. Ff.

38. [Sings. Nicholson conj.

40. *this*] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.

42. *Go...no!*] Prose in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

46. *of the blood*] F₁F₂. *of bloud* F₃F₄.

52. *well,—*] *well*— Rowe. *well*. Ff.

known those which have walked in their sleep who have
died holily in their beds. 55

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown;
look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried;
he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so? 60

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate:
come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done
cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly. 65

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak. 70

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,
LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:

55. *which.....who*] *who.....to A.*
Hunter.

58. *Banquo's*] *Duncan's* Hunter
conj.

59. *on's*] *of his* Pope. *of's* Ca-
pell.

63. [*Exit.*] *Exit* Lady. Ff.

70. *God, God*] *Good God* Pope.

73. *she has*] *she 'as* Pope.

74. [*Exeunt.*] *Exeunt* severally.
Capell.

The country...] Capell. A Field
with a Wood at Distance. Rowe.

Caithness,] Dyce. Cathnes. Ff.
and] om. Ff.

2. *Siward*] Theobald. *Seyward* Ff.

Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood

5

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,

And many unrough youths, that even now

10

Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

15

Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;

Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his title

20

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd senses to recoil and start,

When all that is within him does condemn

Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,

25

To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

3—5. *for...man.*] Omit as spurious,
Anon. conj.

3. *causes*] Quoted *cause* in Theo-
bald's note.

4. *Would...alarm*] F₁. Omitted
in F₂F₃F₄.

5. *mortified*] *milkiest* Anon. conj.

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

10. *unrough*] Theobald. *unruffe*
F₁F₂. *unruff* F₃F₄. *unruff'd* Pope.
unwrought Mason conj. *untough* Col-

lier MS.

11. *tyrant?*] F₄. *tyrant.* F₁F₂F₃.

13. *hate*] F₁F₂. *hates* F₃F₄.

15. *cause*] *course* Singer, ed. 2 (Col-
lier MS. and S. Walker conj.). *corse*
Anon. conj.

25. *there?*] Pope. *there.* Ff.

27. *medicine*] *Med'cine* Ff. *medecin*
Stevens (Warburton conj.). *med'cin*
Capell.

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30

Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb.

Geese, villain?

Serv.

Soldiers, sir.

31. *Make we*] *Make me* Theobald
(ed. 1). *Make up* Theobald (ed. 2).

Birnam] *Birnan* F₄.

[*Exeunt, marching.*] Ff. *Exeunt*.

Rowe.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.]
Capell. The Castle. Rowe. Dunsinane. Pope.

2. *Birnam*] F₃F₄. *Byrnane* F₁.
Byrnam F₂.

3. *taint*] *faint* S. Walker conj.

4. *The spirits*] *Spirits* Pope.

5. *consequences have*] *consequents*,

Steevens (1793).

me thus] *it* Pope. *me* Capell.

7. *upon*] *on* Steevens (1793).

Then fly] *Fly* Pope.

9. *sway*] *stay* Anon. conj.

10. *Enter a Servant.*] F₃F₄. *Enter*
Servant. F₁F₂. *Enter an Attendant,*
hastily. Capell.

11. *loon*] F₃. *loone* F₁F₂. *lown* F₄.

12. *goose*] *ghost* Anon. apud Rann
conj.

13. *is*] *are* Rowe.

thousand—] Rowe. *thousand.* Ff.

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? 15
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, 25
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more? 30

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round; 35
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

- | | |
|---|--|
| 17. <i>whey-face</i>] <i>whay-face</i> Ff. | 22. <i>way</i>] <i>May</i> Steevens, 1778,
(Johnson conj.). |
| 19. [Exit Servant.] Dyce. om. Ff. | |
| 19, 20. <i>Seyton...say!</i> —] Pointed as
in Rowe. <i>Seyton, I...hart, ...behold:</i>
<i>Seyton, I say,</i> Ff. | of] <i>off</i> Jackson conj. |
| 19. <i>I am</i>] <i>I'm</i> Pope. | 28. <i>and dare</i>] <i>but dare</i> Reed (1803,
1813, 1821). |
| 21. <i>cheer</i>] F ₃ F ₄ . <i>cheere</i> F ₁ F ₂ .
<i>chair</i> Dyce (Percy conj.). | 29. <i>Seyton!</i>] om. Rowe. |
| <i>disseate</i>] Steevens (Jennens and
Capell conj.). <i>dis-eate</i> F ₁ . <i>disease</i> F ₂
F ₃ F ₄ . | 30. <i>What's</i>] <i>What is</i> Pope. |
| | 32. <i>be</i>] F ₁ . <i>is</i> F ₂ F ₃ F ₄ . |
| | 35. <i>moe</i>] F ₁ F ₂ . <i>more</i> F ₃ F ₄ .
<i>skirr</i>] <i>scour</i> A. Hunter. |
| | 36. <i>talk of</i>] F ₁ . <i>stand in</i> F ₂ F ₃ F ₄ . |

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient 45
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say.
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug, 55
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

39. *Cure her*] F₂F₃F₄. *Cure* F₁.
Make cure Anon. conj.

of] F₁F₂. *from* F₃F₄.

40. *not*] om. Badham conj.

a mind] *minds* Pope.

42. *Raze*] F₁F₂. *Raise* F₃. *Rase* F₄.

44. *stuff'd...stuff*] *clogg'd...stuff* or
stuff'd...load Staunton conj.

stuff'd] *stuff* F₁. *stuf* F₂F₃F₄.

full Pope. *foul* A. Hunter (Steevens
conj.). *fraught* Anon. conj. *press'd*
Anon. conj.

stuff] F₃F₄. *stuff* F₁F₂. *tuft*] Jack-

son conj. *grief* Collier (Collier MS.).
matter Keightley. *slough* Anon. conj.

46. *to*] F₁. *unto* F₂F₃F₄.

48. *mind*] F₁F₂F₃. *my* F₄.

52. *pristine*] *pristiae* F₁.

55. *cyme*] *Cyme* F₁. *Caeny* F₂F₃.
senna F₄. *clysm* Badham conj. *sene*
Wellesley conj. *sirrah* Bullock conj.

60. *Birnam*] *Birnaue* F₁.

[*Exit*. Steevens (1793). *Exeunt*
all except Doctor. Dyce.

61. [*Aside*] Hanmer.

62. [*Exeunt.*] *Exit*. Steevens (1793).

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures

Country.....] Edd. (Globe ed.). A
Wood. Rowe. Birnam Wood. Pope.
Plains leading to Dunsinane; a Wood
adjacent. Capell. om. Steevens.

Drums and colours.] Ff. om. Rowe.
Enter...] Enter Malcolme, Sey-
ward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne,
Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Sol-
diers Marching. Ff.

1. *Cousins*] *Cosins* F₁F₂. *Cousin*
F₃F₄.

3. *Birnam*] F₃F₄. *Byrnam* F₂.
Birname F₁.

8. *confident*] *confin'd* Warburton.
11, 12. *where...have given*] *when*
...do give A. Hunter.

11. *advantage to be given*] a 'van-
tage to be gone Johnson conj. *advan-
tage to be gone* Capell. *advantage to*
be got Steevens conj. *advantage to be*
taken Keightley (Chedworth conj.).
advantage to be gain'd Singer conj.
(withdrawn). *advantage to be gotten*
Collier (Collier MS.).

14, 15. *Let...Attend*] F₁. *Let our*
best censures Before F₂F₃F₄. *Set our*

5

10

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

15

Siz. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:

20

Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darest, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*]
What is that noise?

5

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

10

best censures Before Rowe. *Let our best centuries Before:*— Jackson conj.

Dunsinane. Within.....] Malone. The Castle. Rowe. Dunsinane. Pope. The Castle of Dunsinane. Theobald. Before Dunsinane. Hanmer. Dunsinane. A Plat-form within the Castle. Capell.

...drums and colours.] ...Drum and Dolours. F₃. ...Drums and Colours.

F₄.

1. *banners on...walls;]* banners on

.....walls, Ff. banners; on.....walls Anon. conj.

5. *forc'd]* 'forc'd Hanmer. *far'd* Collier (Collier MS.).

7. [*A cry...*] A. Cry within of Women. Ff (after *noise?*).

8. [*Exit.*] Dyce. om. Ff. Retires. Collier conj. Enter an Attendant, who whispers Seyton. Anon. conj.

10. *cool'd]* 'coil'd Malone conj. *quail'd* Collier (Collier MS.).

13. *supp'd full]* *surfeited* Hanmer.

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

15

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

20

25

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

30

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

15. *once*] *now* Hanmer.
Re-enter Seyton.] Dyce. om.

24—26. *A poor...more:]* Omitted
by A. Hunter.

Ff.

16. *my lord*] om. Pope.

30. *Gracious my*] F₁. *My gracious*
F₂F₃F₄.

17, 18. *died hereafter; There*] *died:*
hereafter There Jackson conj.

31. *I say*] *I'd say* Hanmer. om.
Keightley, reading *Gracious...which*
as one line.

18. *time...word.] time for—Such a*
world!— Johnson conj. (withdrawn).

32. *do it*] Knight. *doo't* F₁F₂.
do't F₃F₄.

20. *Creeps*] *Creep* Capell conj.

22. *fools*] *foules* Hunter conj.

say] *say it* Pope.

23. *dusty*] F₁. *study* F₂ F₃ F₄.
dusky Hanmer (Theobald conj.).

34, 44. *Birnam*] F₄. *Byrnane* F₁.
Byrnam F₂F₃.

Macb. Liar and slave! 35

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood 45
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. 50
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and
their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,

35. [Striking him. Rowe:
37. *may you!* F₁F₂. *you may* F₃F₄.
39. *shalt*] *shall* F₁.
40. *cling*] *clem* Anon. conj.
42. *pull*] *pall* A. Hunter (John-
son conj.).
46. *toward*] *towards* Warburton.
47—50. *If.....undone.*] Omit as
spurious, Anon. conj.
48. *nor flying*] F₁F₂. *no flying*
F₃F₄.
49. *a-weary*] F₁. *a weary* F₂F₃F₄.
weary Johnson.
50. *the estate*] *th' estate* Ff. *the*
state Pope.
51. *Ring...bell*] A stage direction,
Theobald conj.
Dunsinane. Before...] Before Mac-
beth's Castle. Rowe. Before Dunsinane.
Pope.
Drum and colours.] Ff. om. Rowe.
Enter...old Siward...] Enter...
Seyward... Ff.
1. *Now...down.*] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.
leavy] Ff. *leafy* Collier.

Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

5

Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. 5

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

4. *worthy*] *brave* Pope.

5. *upon's*] *upon us* Capell.

7. *Do we*] *Let us* Pope.

10. [*Exeunt.*] Capell. *Exeunt.*
Alarums continued. Ff.

SCENE VII.] *Scena Septima.* Ff.
Rowe, Pope, &c. continue the Scene.
Another...] The same. Another

Part of the Plain. Capell.

Alarums.] *Alarums*, as of a Battle
join'd. *Skirmishings.* Capell. *Alarums*
continued. Ff (at end of SCENE VI).

1. *They have*] *They've* Pope.

4. *Enter young Siward.*] Theobald.
Enter young Seyward. Ff (*yong F₂*).

6. *hotter*] *hoter* F₁.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. 10

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, 15
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided: let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; 25
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Excunt. Alarum.*]

10. *abhorred*] F₁. *thou abhorred* conj.
F₂F₃F₄.

11. [*They fight.....*] Fight, and young Seyward slaine. F₁F₂ (*yong F₂*). Fight, and young Seyward's slain. F₃F₄.

18. *either*] or Pope.

19. *unbatter'd*] Rowe. *unbattered* F₁F₃F₄. *unbattered* F₂.

22, 23. *Seems.....And*] As in Ff. One line in Hanmer.

22. *bruided*] *bruided there* Steevens

find] but *find* Steevens conj.

23. *Alarums.*] Ff. *Alarum.* Rowe (ed. 2).

old Siward.] Seyward. Ff. Siward. Theobald. old Seyward. Capell.

27. *itself professes*] *professes itself* Johnson.

28. *We have*] *We've* Pope.

29. *Alarum.*] Ff. *Alarums.* Capell.

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.**Enter* MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already. 5

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou locest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born. 10

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd. 15

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense; 20

SCENE VIII]. Dyce. SCENE VII.
Pope. Scene continued in Ff.

...field.] ...plain. Dyce.

Enter...] Ff. Re-enter... Capell.

2. *whiles*] *whilst* Rowe.

3. Enter...] Ff. Re-enter... Capell.

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

8. [*They fight.*] Malone. Fight:
Alarum. Ff. Fight. Capell.

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, 25
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. 35

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

22. *I'll*] *I will* S. Walker conj.,
ending the lines *hope!...coward.*

26. *pole*] *cloth* A. Hunter.

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

30. *Birnam*] F₄. *Byrname* F₁.
Byrnam F₂F₃.

31. *being*] *be* Theobald.

34. *him*] *he* Pope.

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]
Pope. *Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*
Enter *Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.*

Ff. *Exeunt, fighting. Capell.*
Retreat. Flourish.] Retreat,
and Flourish. Ff.

old *Siward,*] *Seyward, Ff.*
Siward, Theobald. old Seyward, Ca-
pell.

the other *Thanes,*] *Thanes,*
Ff. *Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Men-*
teth, Malone.

35. SCENE VIII. Pope.

41. *his prowess*] *he well* A. Hunter.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

45

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

50

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

55

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

60

43. *he is] is he* Pope.
44. *cause] course* Anon. conj.
53. *And so] So* Pope. *And* Collier
MS.
be with] & w? Anon. conj.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...
Ff.
...head.] Ff. ...head on a
pole. Malone (from Holinshed). ...head
on a pike. A. Hunter.
54. *Hail.....stands]* One line in
Rowe. Two in Ff.
[Sticking the pike in the

- ground. Collier (Collier MS.).
56. *pearl]* F₃F₄. *pearle* F₁F₂.
peers Rowe. *pearls* Anon. conj.
59. *Scotland!] Scotland! hail!*
Hamner.
All. *Hail,]* All. *All hail,*
Anon. conj.
Hail.....Scotland!] King of
Scotland, hail! Steevens (1793).
60. *spend] make* Keightley.
expense] extent Steevens conj.
expanse Singer conj.
62. *My]* om. Pope.

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time, 65
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 70
 Took off her life; this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
 We will perform in measure, time and place:
 So thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. 75

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Oct 6 1854

70. *self and*] *self-laid* Anon. conj. Warburton.
 71. *what*] *what's* Hammer. 75. Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Ff.
 72. *Grace*] *heaven* Pope. *God*

NOTES.

NOTE I.

I. 5. 21—24. Pope was the first to place the words 'Thus thou... undone' in inverted commas, and was followed substantially by all subsequent editors with the exception of those we are about to mention. Hanmer printed in italics 'This thou must do if thou have it' only, and was followed by Capell and Mr. Staunton, except that they restore the original reading 'Thus' for 'This.' Johnson proposed to read 'me' for 'it' in line 22, printing in italics the same words which Pope included in inverted commas. His reading was adopted by Rann. Dr. A. Hunter (Harry Rowe) read:

'Thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have me,*
And that's what rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.'

Mr. Joseph Hunter (*New Illustrations &c. of Shakespeare*, II. p. 172) proposed to mark the words 'Thus thou must do' only as a quotation, and to read line 22 thus:

'That which cries "Thus thou must do" if thou wouldst have it.'

NOTE II.

II. I. 13, 14. The first Folio reads here:

'He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.'

The second, followed substantially by the third and fourth :

‘He hath beene in unusuall pleasure.
And sent forth a great Largesse to your Offices.’

Rowe altered ‘Offices’ to ‘Officers.’

Pope reads :

‘He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,
And sent great largess to your officers.’

‘To-night’ was first introduced in Davenant’s Version.

This reading was adopted by subsequent editors down to Capell, inclusive. Steevens (1773) has :

‘He hath been in unusual pleasure ;
Sent forth great largess to your officers.’

Jennens first adopted the arrangement given in our text, though he retained Rowe’s emendation ‘officers.’

NOTE III.

II. I. 24. After this line Jennens proposes to add the following to Banquo’s speech :

‘Those lookers into fate, that hail’d you, *Cawdor!*
Did also hail you, king! and I do trust,
Most worthy *Thane*, you would *consent* to accept
What your deserts would grace, when offer’d you.’

NOTE IV.

II. 2. 35, 36. In the Folios and the earlier editors it is not clear from the mode of printing where the words of the ‘voice’ ended. Hanmer printed the whole in italics down to ‘life’s feast’ in line 40, omitting however line 37 with Pope. Johnson was the first to print only the words ‘Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep’ as the cry of the voice, supposing the remainder to be Macbeth’s comment. In lines 42, 43, where the printing of the earlier editions is equally indecisive, Hanmer prints from ‘Glamis’ to ‘Macbeth shall sleep no more’ in italics, while Johnson prints only ‘Glamis hath murder’d sleep’ as the cry of the voice.

NOTE V.

III. I. 120—122. Dr. A. Hunter (Harry Rowe) arranges these lines as follows :

‘But wail his fall whom I myself struck down :
For certain friends there are, both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop : and thence it is, &c.’

NOTE VI.

III. 2. 29—35. In these lines we have followed the arrangement of Steevens (1793), which with the exception of the fourth and fifth lines is the same as that of the Folios. The Folios divide the fourth and fifth lines thus :

‘Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames.’

Rowe read them :

‘Unsafe the while, that we must lave our Honours
In these so flattering streams,
And make &c.’

Pope :

‘Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt’ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards t’ our hearts, disguising what they are.

Capell rearranged the whole passage thus :

‘So shall I, love ;
And so, I pray, be you : let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo ; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue : Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.’

Steevens suggested that something was omitted, and proposed to read ‘Unsafe the while it is for us, that we,’ &c.

NOTE VII.

III. 4. 124. ‘Augure,’ as was pointed out by Mr. Singer, was used for ‘augury.’ In Florio’s *Worlde of Wordes* (1598), we find

‘Augurio, an *augure*, a soothsaying, a prediction, a signe, a coniecture, a divination, a bad or ill hap, a wishing of good hap, a forboding.’

NOTE VIII.

IV. I. 43. Rowe, from Davenant’s version, prints the song thus :

‘Black Spirits and White,
Blue Spirits and Gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.’

In the second line Malone printed ‘Red spirits,’ &c., following Middleton’s play of *The Witch*, Act v. Sc. 2.

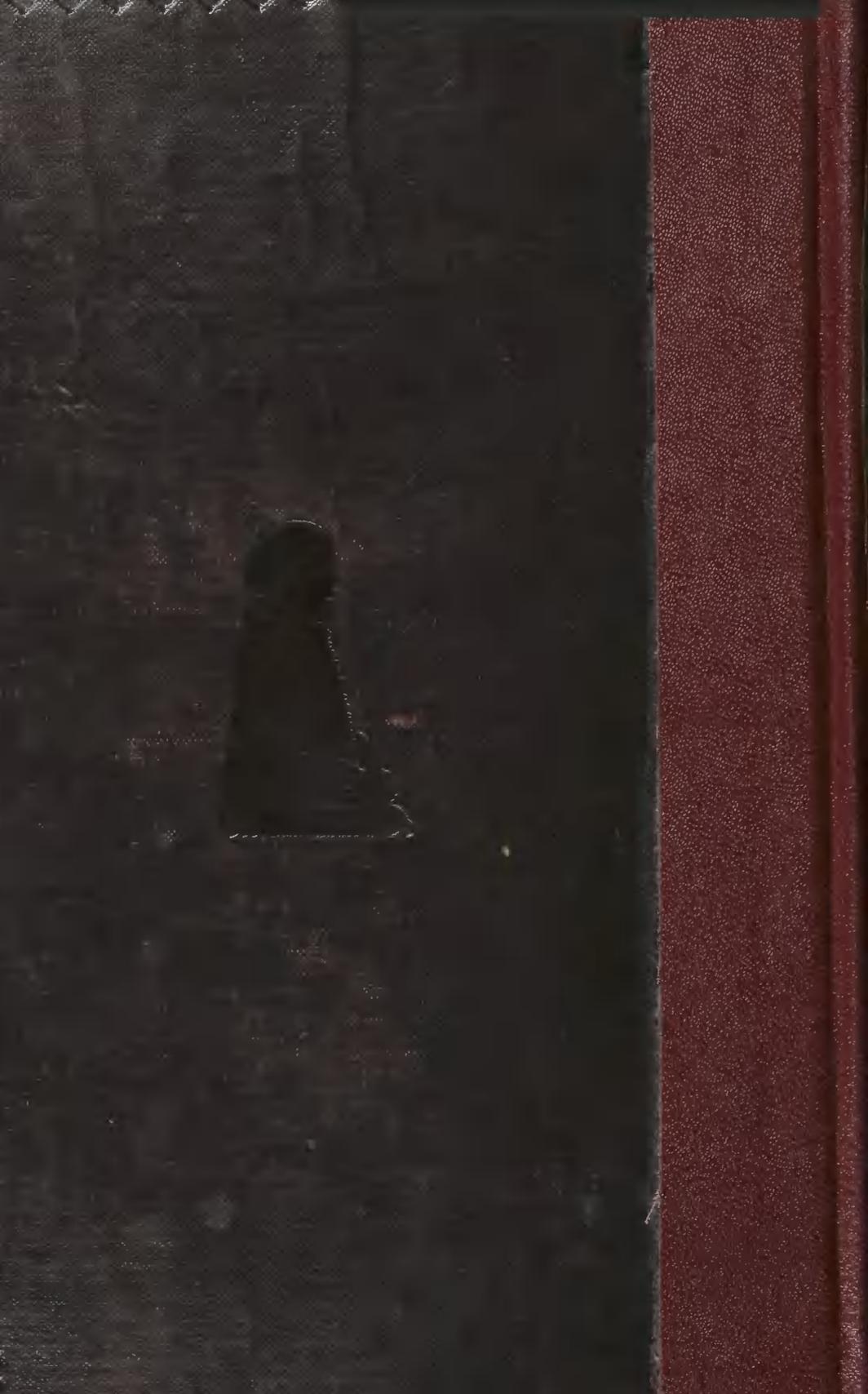
NOTE IX.

V. I. 32. *Hell is murky*. Steevens printed these words with a note of exclamation after them, with the following note. ‘She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes,) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i.e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.’









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