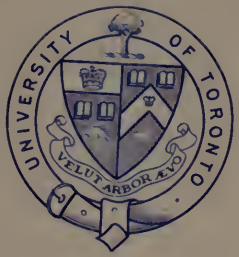

SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

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SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

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INTRODUCTION.

CONTENTS.—1. The subject. 2. The story in Boccaccio and Chaucer. 3. Various versions of it. 4. Editions of the play. 5. Formation of the text. 6. The play due to two authors. 7. Opinions of Lamb, Coleridge, and others. 8. First considerations. 9. Further considerations. 10. Opinion of Mr Spalding. 11. Opinion of Mr Hickson. 12. Act II. 13. Act III. 14. Act IV. 15. Act V. 16. Shares of Shakespeare and Fletcher. 17. Metrical Tests. 18. Principle of division. 19. Date about 1612. 20. Perhaps revised by Fletcher or another. 21. Shakespeare's the better share. 22. Table of results. 23. Conclusion.

1. THE subject of the play of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* is the story of Palamon and Arcite, as told in the *Knightes Tale* of Chaucer, from whom the story was avowedly borrowed.

"Chaucer of all admired the story gives." (Prol. 1.)

The title is due to the fact that Palamon and Arcite were supposed to be first cousins. Chaucer describes them as "of sistren two yborn", *Kn. Ta.* 161 : and, in the play, Palamon says to Arcite—"thou art mine aunt's son", III. 6. 95.

2. The story has at all times been a favourite one. As far as the present play is concerned, Chaucer is the only authority to be consulted, and the *Knightes Tale* should be carefully read and compared with it. Some of the more striking parallels between the Play and the Tale are pointed out in the Notes, but the original is so easily accessible that it is unnecessary to enumerate either the resemblances or the variations; see, in particular, Dr Morris's edition of Chaucer's *Prologue and Knightes Tale*, in the Clarendon Press Series. It is sufficient to say here that the Play follows the Tale in the general outline of the principal part of the plot, and that some

expressions used by Chaucer are carefully copied; but there is, nevertheless, a wide difference between the two, and, in particular, there is an underplot in the Play, of which Chaucer afforded only the merest hint; *K. T.* 610. Chaucer's Tale itself stands in a somewhat similar relation to its own original, which was an Italian poem in twelve books named the *Teseide*, written by Boccaccio; that is to say, Chaucer, though following Boccaccio, tells the story in his own way, with considerable alterations, omissions, and additions. For a comparison of the *Knightes Tale* with the *Teseide*, see the extract from Tyrwhitt's Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales*, reprinted in Dr Morris's Introduction. If we attempt to trace back the story still further, we find at least a probability that Boccaccio himself obtained it from an older source. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry* (ed. 1840, II. 131; or ed. 1871, II. 300), suggests that Boccaccio possibly took the story from a certain Greek poem on the same subject which was first printed at Venice in 1529, and endeavours to prove this. But there exists a fatal objection to this theory, namely, the express declaration of Tyrwhitt (Introd. Discourse, note 13) that "the poem in modern Greek political verses *De Nuptiis Thesei et Emiliae*, printed at Venice in 1529, is a mere translation of the Theseida. The author has even translated the prefatory epistle addressed by Boccace to the Fiammetta". All that is known upon the subject is thus reduced to the expressions used by Boccaccio himself; for, as Tyrwhitt points out, he calls it a very ancient story, which he had found in Italian—"una antichissima storia, e al più delle genti non manifesta[1], in latino volgare[2]". The facts, that the scene is laid at Athens and at Thebes, and that the chief personage referred to in it is Theseus, tend to prove

[1] I take the opportunity of suggesting here that the puzzling expression of Chaucer concerning Palamon and Arcite, "tho the storie is knowen lyte" (*Legend of Good Women*, 421), has really no significance whatever as relating to *his own* version of it, but is a *mere translation* of this very sentence of Boccaccio.

[2] I do not suppose that this expression means "Latin"; it more likely implies an Italian dialect.

that the ultimate source of the Tale was Greek, though we shall hardly succeed in discovering more than is conveyed in Tyrwhitt's remark that—"if it was of Greek original, as I rather suspect, it must have been thrown into its present form [the form in which it appears in Boccaccio] after the Norman Princes had introduced the manners of chivalry into their dominions in Sicily and Italy"; that is, roughly speaking, after A. D. 1130. The very names of the Two Kinsmen are strong evidence of a Greek origin. Arcite or Arcyta is the Greek Archytas (Ἀρχύτας), whilst Palamon, spelt Palemone in Boccaccio, is the Greek Palæmon (Παλαίμων). These names were discussed by Mr Hales in a letter to the *Academy;* Jan. 17, 1874.

3. Tracing the story downwards, we find, then, a probability that it may have had a Greek original, and was thence translated into Latin or Italian, and first appears, in a known form, in Boccaccio's *Teseide*. Next we find it in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, which is the acknowledged and immediate source of the present play; though we must not forget that Chaucer borrowed some of his descriptions from the Thebaid of Statius. Chaucer's poem of *Queen Anelida and False Arcite* is also worth consulting, because of the idea of *falseness* there attributed to Arcite; see note to v. 4. 92. Lydgate mentions Palamon and Arcite in his *Complaint of the Black Knight*[1], ll. 368, 379. Sir Thomas Wiat alludes to the "story that the Knight tolde" in his 2nd Satire, l. 51. Next we come to the appearance of the story in a dramatic form, respecting which I shall quote Mr Knight's account, from the Supplementary Volume to his Pictorial edition of Shakespeare, p. 170: "Before the first builders-up of that wondrous edifice the English drama, lay the whole world of classical and romantic fable, 'where to choose'. One of the earliest, and consequently least skilful, of those workmen, Richard Edwards, went to the ancient stores for his 'Damon and Pythias', and to Chaucer

[1] This poem was inserted into the early editions of Chaucer's *Works*, but by mistake. It is really Lydgate's, as plainly marked in MS. Addit. 16165 in the British Museum by a contemporary authority.

for his 'Palamon and Arcyte'. We learn from Wood's MSS. that when Elizabeth visited Oxford, in 1566, 'at night the Queen heard the first part of an English play, named *Palæmon*, or *Palamon Arcyte*, made by Mr Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her chapel, acted with very great applause in Christ Church Hall'. An accident happened at the beginning of the play by the falling of a stage, through which three persons were killed—a scholar of St Mary's Hall, and two who were probably more missed, a college-brewer and a cook. The mirth, however, went on, and 'afterwards the actors performed their parts so well, that the Queen laughed heartily thereat, and gave the author of the play great thanks for his pains'. It is clear that the fable of Chaucer must have been treated in a different manner by Edwards than we find it treated in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. We have another record of a play on a similar subject. In Henslowe's 'Diary' we have an entry, under the date of September, 1594, of *Palamon and Arsett* being acted four times. It is impossible to imagine that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is the same play[1]."

4. The existence of these plays in 1566 and 1594—whether they were different plays or the same we cannot tell—shews that the subject was not forgotten, and we may readily suppose that the playwrights took the outline of their plays from Chaucer. In the same way, we may feel sure that the authors[2] of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* followed Chaucer, as they professed to do, without troubling themselves with examining these earlier plays. Edwards's play could not have been of much

[1] Mr Knight no doubt grounds this statement of "impossibility" upon the fact of the date being so early as 1594. Mr Hickson most needlessly assumes that Henslowe is here referring to *The Two Noble Kinsmen;* an assumption which is wholly unnecessary to his arguments, introduces unnecessary confusion, and is positively contradicted by Mr Fleay, who undertook to "confirm" Mr Hickson's views. In 1594, Fletcher was scarcely 15 years old; being born in Dec. 1579 (Dyce), not in 1576, as the date is usually given.

[2] Who were the authors, is a disputed point, and is discussed below; in any case, the play is by *two* authors, not by one only.

use to them; and as to the play of 1594, there is no mention of it beyond that in Henslowe's *Diary*, nor was it ever (to our knowledge) printed. We have no clear external evidence as to the date of the composition of our play, but we shall consider this question presently. It was not printed till 1634, nine years after the death of Fletcher (in 1625), and eighteen years after that of Shakespeare (in 1616). It then appeared, by itself, in a small quarto, the title-page of which runs as follows:—'The Two Noble Kinsmen: Presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Maiesties servants, with great applause: Written by the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for Iohn Waterson: and are to be' sold at the signe of the Crowne in Pauls Church-yard. 1634. Of this quarto edition there are two copies in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the text of the present edition has been carefully collated with one of them (marked S. 4). It is interesting to find that this quarto edition was printed from a prompter's copy; for it contains a few marginal notes that refer to the representation of the play. We learn from these that the name of the actor who took the part of the Messenger in Act IV. Sc. 2, was Curtis; and that two of the Attendants in Act V. Sc. 3, were Curtis and T. Tucke. A folio edition of the collected plays of Beaumont and Fletcher appeared in 1647, but our play is not included in it. A second folio edition appeared in 1679, with a notice that it contained 17 more plays than the former folio edition—*The Two Noble Kinsmen* being one of them—and that these plays were reprinted from the quarto editions. Since then, it has been often reprinted; see the Critical Notes, at p. 89. Lastly, it may be remarked that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* appeared again on the stage in a new form and under a new title; this reproduction of it being due to Sir William Davenant, who named it *The Rivals;* and it is said to have been acted with great success. *The Rivals* was printed in quarto in 1668. Dryden's version of Chaucer's *Knightes Tale* is preceded by a dedication to the duke of Ormond, which is dated 1669.

5. In order to form what is, I hope, a sufficiently sound text, I have examined nearly all the existing editions, and very readily came to the conclusions that the original quarto of 1634 is the *sole* authority for the text, and that the only editions containing any conjectural emendations of any value are that of 1750, (containing notes by Seward, Sympson, and Theobald), and Mr Dyce's edition, printed in 1843—6. A full account of all the various readings is given in the Critical Notes, wherein I have also accounted for all the passages which have been in any way altered or curtailed. In conformity with the common usage, I have modernised the spelling in the case of ordinary words; but the old spelling is retained in a few cases, where the words are of unusual occurrence, as, e.g. the words *greise*, II. I. 27; *cestron*, V. I. 46. In many small particulars I have followed, in general, the peculiarities of the quarto, especially in the variable use of *them* and *'em;* in the variable use of *ye* and *you* in the accusative case; in the abbreviation *y'are* for *ye are;* &c. It is necessary for the metre that the reader should remember to sound the final *-ed* as a distinct syllable, when printed at length; thus *unearthed* has three syllables in V. I. 52. In general, the final *-ed* does not form a distinct syllable, but the elision of *e* is denoted by an apostrophe; such forms as *fear'd*, *suffer'd* (I. I. 48, 55) are very common, Similarly we find *blest* in I. I. 45. The words *I have* are to be pronounced as *I've* in most instances; and this must be attended to, or the metre will be less perceived; see I. I. 56. Sometimes they are so printed, as in III. I. 63. So also *I am* is to read as *I'm*, II. I. 153. In many places the punctuation has required correction, and such corrections frequently occur in all the modern editions.

6. Who were the authors of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and what was the date of its composition, are questions of some difficulty, concerning which various opinions have been expressed; and, as there is no *certain* evidence upon the subject, I must beg leave to remind the reader that what will be here advanced is all more or less founded on conjecture; that I rather record the conclusions of others than advance any decided conclusion

of my own ; and that he is advised to read the play carefully, and to form his own opinion on the subject. Still there are certain points about which there cannot be much doubt, and to these I shall first draw attention. All critics are agreed that Fletcher had a hand in the production of the play. The extreme view is that he wrote the whole of it, a position which was maintained by Steevens, in a note subjoined to the play of *Pericles;* and which seems to have been held by Hallam, though at a later period he felt some doubts about it. Hallam's words are as follows : "*The Two Noble Kinsmen* is a play that has been honoured by a tradition of Shakespeare's concern in it. The evidence as to this is the title-page of the first edition ; which, though it may seem much at first sight, is next to nothing in our old drama, full of misnomers of the kind. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher [previous to Knight and Dyce] have insisted upon what they take for marks of Shakespeare's style ; and Schlegel, after 'seeing no reason for doubting so probable an opinion', detects the spirit of Shakespeare in a certain ideal purity which distinguishes this from other plays of Fletcher, and in the conscientious fidelity[1] with which it follows the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* has much of that elevated sense of honour, friendship, fidelity, and love, which belongs, I think, more characteristically to Fletcher, who had drunk at the fountain of Castilian romance, than to one in whose vast mind this conventional morality of particular classes was subordinated to the universal nature of man. In this sense Fletcher is always, in his tragic compositions, a very ideal poet. The subject itself is fitter for him than for Shakespeare. In the language and conduct of this play, with great deference to better and more attentive critics, I see imitations of Shakespeare rather than such resemblances as denote his powerful stamp. The madness of the gaoler's

[1] This 'conscientious fidelity' is not always conspicuous; the authors follow Chaucer when they please. It is well worth remarking that the confusion in Act IV. Sc. 2, where the descriptions, copied from Chaucer, are applied to the wrong persons, occurs in a scene which was almost certainly written by Fletcher.

daughter, where some have imagined they saw the master-hand, is doubtless suggested by that of Ophelia, but with an inferiority of taste and feeling which it seems impossible not to recognize."—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, 6th ed. (1860), Vol. III. p. 330. Now it may be replied to this, that the question can hardly be reduced to this simplicity. Nearly all other critics are agreed (and indeed Hallam himself seems to have admitted at a later period) that *two* hands are plainly visible in this play; indeed, the fifth Scene of the third Act is so bad that Mr Hickson declares it to be even inferior to everything else written by Fletcher, containing as it does "a terrible dull pedantic schoolmaster, a most spiritless imitation of Holofernes"; and being, as it is, so obviously copied from a similar scene in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is indeed hard to believe that the author of this Scene could have written the first Act of the play. But if it once be conceded that some author besides Fletcher was employed upon the play, and if it be supposed for a moment that that other author was Shakespeare, we are at once involved in new complexities; it is no longer a case of seeing "imitations rather than resemblances", but we have to consider whether there may not be "imitations" in one place, and "resemblances" in another. Before proceeding to consider this, it will be best to see what division of the play into two parts has been attempted. Accordingly, in sections 7, 8, and 9, I give some suggestions of a more general character, before entering into particulars, as in section 10.

7. First, we may cite the old stage tradition, that the First Act was written by Shakespeare. Again, Lamb, in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* (London, 1808), p. 419, assigns to Shakespeare Act I. Scenes 1 and 3, and to Fletcher the latter part of Act II. Sc. 1, containing the dialogue of Palamon and Arcite in prison. Coleridge says, "I have no doubt that the First Act and the First Scene of the Second Act[1] of the *Two*

[1] Mr Dyce suggests that Coleridge meant the First Scene of the *Third* Act. More probably, he meant Act II. Sc. I. ll. 1—53.

Noble Kinsmen are Shakespeare's"; *Table Talk*, 2nd ed. 1836, p. 200. The remarks of Seward and Colman, in their editions of the play, do not much help us, though I think Seward makes a point in assigning to Fletcher Act III. Sc. 5 on account of its general contents, and because it contains some Latin quotations; and again, Colman points out that the curious word *trace* in the same scene occurs in *Philaster*, Act V. Sc. 4, and that ll. 21—24 of Act IV. Sc. 2 also strongly resemble a passage in *Philaster*, Act IV. Sc. 4 (see Note to IV. 2. 21[1]). Weber, in his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, assigns to Shakespeare the whole of Act I., Act III. Sc. 1, Act IV. Sc. 3 (in prose), and Act V., excepting Sc. 4; whilst he assigns to Fletcher the whole of Act II., Act III. Scenes 2—6, Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2, Act V. Scenes 1—3. He does not, however, express himself very positively upon the subject. If we put these opinions together, we find a close agreement amongst them, and we obtain, as an antecedent probability resulting from them, that the scenes most likely to be Shakespeare's are Act I., Act III. Sc. 1, and part of Act V.; whilst Fletcher's work is most likely to be found in Act II., part of Act III., and Act IV.

8. If we now examine the play carefully, taking this rough scheme as a probable guide, I think there will be found to be several things in its favour; or, at least, in favour of most of it. The First Act is particularly good; and, although it has been rightly argued that it is hardly fair to assign it to Shakespeare upon that ground, it is difficult to resist the feeling that, if his hand is to be found in the play at all, it is here (and in Act V.) that we find it. There are "resemblances" to his manner here, and there are no palpable "imitations" of it. On the other hand, we do find such "imitations" in Act III. Sc. 5, which was clearly suggested by the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and it is also evident that

[1] Mr Hickson, I do not know why, assures us that this passage in *Philaster* is not by Fletcher, but by Beaumont. He also denies that *Philaster* preceded *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Yet *Philaster* (first printed in 1620) is said to have been one of the first plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction, and to have been produced in 1608.

the author of that scene must have written Act II. Sc. 2. So again, in Act IV. Sc. 1 there is a description of the appearance of the Gaoler's Daughter which "has a certain resemblance to the circumstances of the death of Ophelia, and was probably written with that scene in view[1]", and which is surely Fletcher's. In the Fifth Act, without considering Scenes 1 and 2, the last two Scenes are so well put together, and so simple and perfect in their action, that we may here again recognise, as most critics have done, the hand of the master.

9. There are yet two more considerations that are not without weight. It has been observed that Shakespeare often wrote in prose, whilst Fletcher is not *certainly* known to have done so. The two pieces in prose are Act II. Sc. 1, ll. 1—53, and Act IV. Sc. 3. Again, it has been observed that Fletcher sometimes indulged in perfectly unmeaning and gratuitous grossness of expression, of a character peculiarly his own; and, although these instances have not been printed in this edition (especially as they are, for the most part, superfluous), I may point out that the scenes which may confidently be assigned to Fletcher on this account are Act II. Sc. 1 (latter part), and Sc. 2, Act III. Scenes 3 and 5, and Act IV. Sc. 1[2]. Adding the results thus gained to those in sections 7 and 8, we obtain the following distribution of scenes, and this too without having taken into careful consideration the plot and action of the play.

Some of Shakespeare's scenes—Act. I. (all); Act II. Sc. 1 (prose part); Act III. Sc. 1; Act IV. Sc. 3 (prose); part of Act V.

Some of Fletcher's scenes—Act II. Sc. 1 (verse part); Sc. 2; Act III. Scenes 3, 5; Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2.

10. But the examination of the *plot* of the play, and of the distribution of the characters, will do more for us than this. The above considerations are but preliminary, and the test of

[1] Quoted from Mr Hickson; see section 10 below. Mr Hickson rightly protests against any resemblance between the *characters* of Ophelia and of the Gaoler's Daughter.

[2] I have also omitted some lines in Act IV. Sc. 3 (in prose); but these, as Mr Hickson suggests, are different in character, and have some purpose in them.

them will be furnished by considering the dramatic peculiarities of each scene. This problem has been attempted, with much success, by two writers. Mr Spalding (afterwards known as the author of an excellent *History of English Literature*) published, in 1833, a letter signed J. S., with the title, *A Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen.* This letter attracted much attention, and Mr Dyce, in his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, expressed his general assent to its arguments. Mr Spalding remarks upon the distinction between the main plot, having reference to the main action of the play, and the underplot, which refers to the Gaoler and the Gaoler's Daughter, the Wooer, and the Doctor. This underplot he assigns wholly to Fletcher, and the result of his examination came to this, that he assigned to Shakespeare "the First Act, wholly, one scene out of six in the Third Act [i. e. Act III. Sc. 1], and the whole of the Fifth Act, except one unimportant scene" [i. e. Act V. Sc. 2]. Mr Spalding's work was criticised in an article by the late Mr S. Hickson, which originally appeared as Art. IV. in the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. XCII., Vol. LXXVII., for April, 1847, pp. 59—88, reviewing: 1. *A Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen*, a drama commonly ascribed to John Fletcher, 1833. 2. *Knight's Pictorial Edition of Shakespeare*, 1841. 3. *Dyce's Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, 1846. Mr Hickson's article has been reprinted by the New Shakspere Society, in Series I., Part I., Appendix, pp. 25*—65*, with further notes by Mr Fleay and Mr Furnivall.

II. Mr Hickson's contribution to the solution of the question is the most satisfactory that has appeared. He begins by rejecting one of the theories proposed by Mr Knight, viz. that our play was written by Fletcher and Chapman, a view which, as it has found no supporter, need not be considered. He then proceeds to shew how far Mr Spalding and Mr Dyce (who accepted Mr Spalding's view for the most part) are right. In Act I. Sc. 1, which is purely dramatic, and merely *suggested* by Chaucer, he finds the work of Shakespeare; and this he contrasts with another scene, also a fine one, viz. Act II. Sc. 1 (the

prose introduction is excepted), which, "with all its beautiful poetry, does not exhibit dramatic power". Indeed, it is remarkable that, in this scene, "between the characters of Palamon and Arcite there is positively no distinction; and the speeches of one might be given to the other without the least injury to the plot". This is the more remarkable because, in Act I. Sc. 2, there is a well-marked distinction between them; in that scene "Palamon is manifestly the superior"; which is as it ought to be. Mr Hickson next remarks, very acutely, that Mr Spalding has been "misled by the apparent simplicity of the case; and the source of his error would seem to lie in assuming that as, undoubtedly, the greater part of the underplot was by the inferior writer, the whole thereof was written by the same hand". To this it deserves to be added that there are, in fact, *two* underplots. There is the story of the Gaoler's Daughter, and there is, again, the introduction of the Morris-dancers. It is best to clear the way by claiming for Fletcher the whole of the latter; i. e. it is best to assign to him the characters of Gerrold, and of the Countrymen, wholly. This disposes of Act II. 2 and Act III. 5. But, as regards the Gaoler's Daughter, there is no reason why Shakespeare may not have *designed* this character, and *imagined* the underplot, leaving Fletcher literally nothing to do but to fill up the less important part of it. It is most significant that the same remark will apply to the main plot. There again, the scenes left for Fletcher are those in which he has to *continue* rather than to imagine, and it is remarkable that he is, on this theory, left most to himself exactly where Chaucer's work comes in most to guide him.

12. If the first scene of Act II. be read in this light, it is really very easily understood. There we find a masterly introduction, in prose, putting us in possession, in a few lines, of three new characters, and indicating, in the justest manner, what we are to expect of them afterwards. Then follows, in verse, a prettily worded scene, in which no distinction is made between Palamon and Arcite, extending to a considerable length, and having Chaucer's poem as a guide throughout. The break between the two is most remarkable, and fully explains the very

significant fact, that this scene, properly one and indivisible, is cut in two in the quarto edition; the latter part, beginning at l. 54, being marked as "Scæna 2"; see notes to II. 1. Passing on to Act II. Sc. 2, we have still Fletcher's work before us, as is clear from its containing the underplot of the *Countrymen*. In Scene 3, we have merely the following out of the hint in Scene 1; little power is required or shewn here. In Scene 4, the writer again had Chaucer to guide him, and the work, though necessary, is by no means very striking. Scene 5 is the natural sequel of Scene 3. So that, in fact, in this Act, there is no suspicion of Shakespeare's work beyond the prose passage with which it commences.

13. Passing on to Act III. Sc. 1, we come across this curious phenomenon, that the characters of Palamon and Arcite are once more distinct, and once more our sympathy is enlisted on the side of Palamon. It is not in the spirit of Act II. Sc. 1, but in that of Act I. Sc. 2. The whole, too, is full of action, and the plot moves on. We need not wonder that this scene has been claimed for Shakespeare. With regard to Scene 2, there is a great difference of opinion. It never seems to have occurred to Mr Spalding that this could be Shakespeare's, because, as Mr Hickson says, he had run away with the idea of assigning all the underplot to Fletcher. But Mr Hickson, on the other hand, claims it for Shakespeare without hesitation, and I incline to think he is right. Lines 1—17 are admirable, and shew us the exact progress of the play; Palamon is released, but he is lost to his releaser. In Scene 3, we have Act II. Sc. 1 over again; Palamon and Arcite are again undistinguishable; there is much talk, and little action. Scene 4 is entirely superfluous, and a weak continuation of Scene 2. Scene 5, with its morris-dance, is clearly Fletcher's also. Scene 6 is a mere continuation of Scene 3, and in the same style. Theseus is not only represented as not knowing his own mind, but changes his mind more than once. A review of Act III. leads to this result, that Shakespeare began it, and Fletcher ended it. It is merely a question as to where Shakespeare left off. The only scene

left in doubt is Scene 2. Fletcher certainly wrote Scenes 3—6.

14. In Act IV. Sc. 1, all critics have seen the work of Fletcher; it shews an "imitation" of *Hamlet*, not a "resemblance" to it. The oddest thing is in l. 131, where the Gaoler's Daughter, being very mad, thinks she is at sea; merely because she had unreasonably thought herself upon the sea-shore once before; see Act III. Sc. 4, l. 5. In Scene 2, Emilia shews the same indecision as was so remarkably shewn by Theseus in Act III. Sc. 6; once more the author has merely to copy Chaucer, especially in ll. 71—138, and it has been already remarked (p. ix., note 1) that he blunders over it. Once more we have a palpable imitation; Emilia, with the two pictures, speaks very much in the strain of Hamlet when pointing to "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers". Clearly all this is the work of Fletcher; yet it is not to be unjustly decried. Fletcher could write really fine lines, and he does so here. Mr Hickson calls this scene "Fletcher's masterpiece". About Scene 3 there may be doubts. Mr Hickson assigns it to Shakespeare, and points out that certain strong expressions in it are of a different character to those used by Fletcher. He considers it to resemble, in character, *Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 5, and *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 6. We are asked, too, to consider the argument that the scene is *in prose*. For all this, I have my doubts about it.

15. In Act V. the Second Scene is clearly Fletcher's; no one has ever doubted it. But the rest of the Act has been claimed for Shakespeare, and the claim may, I think, be allowed. The most suspicious portions are to be found in Scene 1; I cannot resist an impression that Fletcher may have touched up the speeches of Palamon and Emilia; I do not feel convinced that we have Shakespeare's work in ll. 1—17, or much beyond l. 68.

16. Reviewing the whole, we may say that Mr Hickson's scheme is probably right in the main, and leaves but little unexplained. His scheme is shortly this.

SHAKESPEARE, I. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; II. 1 *a* (ll. 1—53); III. 1, 2; IV. 3; V. 1, 3, 4.

FLETCHER, II. 1 *b* (ll. 54—325), 2, 3, 4, 5; III. 3, 4, 5, 6; IV. 1, 2; V. 2.

The only scenes that seem to me doubtful are III. 2, IV. 3, and certain parts of V. 1. These have all been claimed for Shakespeare, but I am not convinced about them. But in all the other scenes the marks of partnership are sufficiently distinct. It must surely be admitted that there were *two* authors; that their respective portions have been rightly assigned to them; and that one of those authors, the one who had the least to invent, was Fletcher. The whole of the real conduct of the play, the introduction of all the more important characters, the beginning and the ending of the piece, are due to a greater mind and an abler artist. Why should we hesitate to suppose that that artist was Shakespeare?

17. By way of testing the above conclusions, two distinct metrical tests have been applied by Mr Fleay and Mr Furnivall respectively. The results confirmed Mr Hickson's in a very striking manner, and the tables of them may be seen at pp. 62*—65* of the publication by the New Shakspere Society already referred to. Mr Fleay considered the number of lines having double endings (i. e. having redundant syllables at the end), and found a remarkable difference. In the Shakespeare-portion, the proportion of lines having double endings is only 10 lines in 35, but in the Fletcher-portion, it is just twice that, or 20 lines in 36. Mr Fleay also counted the lines consisting of only 4 feet instead of 5. In the Shakespeare-portion he found but 1, nine scenes being free from them; but in the Fletcher-portion there are 19, only three scenes being free from them. Again, Mr Furnivall applied what he calls the "stopt-line test," the "stopt-lines" being those in which there is a stop at the end. The result is, that Shakespeare employs "unstopt or run-on lines" much more freely than Fletcher, viz. in the proportion of 100 in 241 as against 100 in 553. To these I would add a test of my own, even more curious. The number of lines said to be written by Shakespeare (excluding the two prose scenes) is 1124; and the number said to be written by Fletcher is 1398. Reckoning in the prose, their respective portions are, according to the

theory, very nearly *equal in length*. Nevertheless, if Fletcher's part were to be removed, an intelligible plot would be left, and the play could be restored, by the help of Chaucer's poem. But if Shakespeare's part were to be removed, the play would be nearly destroyed, and we should possess little beyond what we already have in Chaucer in a better form. I think this test is even more searching. Neither must I omit to mention the important test furnished by the words employed. I find, by the use of Mrs Clarke's *Concordance*, many Shakespearian words and phrases in the Shakespeare-scenes, and but few in the rest.

18. It is easy, also, to see the *principle* upon which the division of the play was made. Shakespeare took the more important share, began the play, started all the principal characters, and left Fletcher nothing to do but to fill up the easier portions, where he had Chaucer to guide him, or else had merely to continue what was begun, or lastly, could introduce a morris-dance and some countrymen by way of filling a gap. Obviously, the original division of labour was, that they should write the alternate Acts; Shakespeare taking the First, Third, and Fifth Acts, and Fletcher the Second and Fourth. This was slightly varied in the end, but the principle was not really altered. Shakespeare wrote all the First Act, the first and most important part of the Third Act, and all of the Fifth Act but one scene; but he also helped Fletcher (in all probability) by starting the Second Act for him; which Fletcher repaid by contributing a Scene to Act v. This once perceived, there is little left to be explained; excepting that I beg leave to urge, by way of modifying the preceding statements, the words of caution contained in sect. 20.

19. I come lastly, to the question of the date. The play must have been written before Shakespeare's death in 1616, yet it is later than *Hamlet*, which may be dated about 1604; or, to come still closer, we may remember that we have no play by Fletcher much before 1607, and no play by Shakespeare after 1613. There is a remarkable absence of rime in the play, and Mr Fleay goes so far as to assure us that this "enables us to say with confidence that Shakespeare's part of this play was

written as late as 1610 A.D. ; as only in the *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale* do we find that he had given up rhymes to anything like such an extent as he has here ; even in the Roman plays we find twenty rhymes in a play". Mr Furnivall remarks that "so far as the stopt-line test can settle the date or place of Shakspere's part in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, it puts it between *Cymbeline* and *Winters Tale*", i. e. in all probability, between 1604 and 1610. But here we are helped further by a very important consideration, viz. that we have, in the play of *Henry VIII.*, as pointed out by Mr Spedding, another play in which Shakespeare and Fletcher worked together ; see the publications of the New Shakspere Society, Series I. Part I. Appendix. Moreover, there is strong evidence that the date of *Henry VIII.* is 1613, since the Globe theatre on Bankside was burnt down on June 29, 1613, whilst this "new play" was being represented ; and perhaps the *Two Noble Kinsmen* may be supposed to have been in hand nearly at the same time. In the conjectural list of dates given in the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, Ser. I. Part I., p. 10, the date assigned to the *Two Noble Kinsmen* is 1609, upon rather vague evidence. But surely it is far more probable that the two plays in which Shakespeare and Fletcher worked together were written nearly at the same time ; and, if we allow the *Two Noble Kinsmen* to have been the earlier (which is sufficiently likely), then we cannot be far wrong in saying that the date is about 1612. It may be remembered that the date of our Authorised Version of the Bible is 1611 ; so that we may fairly suppose our play to have been nearly contemporaneous with the publication of that important Book.

20. In conclusion, let me quote an opinion once held by Mr Knight. "The theory that Shakspere left a portion of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which, after his death, was completed by Fletcher, is one which, upon a mature consideration of the subject, we are constrained to reject ; although it has often presented itself to us as the most plausible of the theories which would necessarily associate themselves with the belief that Shakspere had written a considerable portion of this play." The strongest objection to this is that the completion of the

play, especially the two last scenes, is almost certainly Shakespeare's; yet I mention this opinion because I believe there is really a sort of truth in it. I cannot resist the conviction that the play, *in the exact form in which we have it*, was revised by Fletcher (or another?) after Shakespeare's death; and that he did to some extent, here and there, alter some phrases at his pleasure. I think he may have done so, for instance, in Act v. Sc. 1; and perhaps the Song at the very beginning of the play is such a piece as he might have added. The theory is worth mention, because it may account for some minor difficulties. The Prologue and Epilogue may be his; or indeed, they may have been added by a third person. At the same time, I must express my complete dissent from the untenable opinion of Mr Dyce, that "whatever the date of the Shakespearian portions of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*", he feels "assured that they were written long before Fletcher's contributions to the play". The principle of division explained in Sect. 18 wholly forbids this, and it is difficult to see any reason why a practical man like Shakespeare should have written such portions of a play, on the chance that some one else would one day finish it. The simple and natural order of things would be somewhat of the following description. The authors would roughly divide the work, write contemporaneously, fit the scenes together, and the play would be acted. In case of repetition after an interval of time, nothing would be more natural than that it should be to some extent revised; and for the revision, one author would suffice. This is, accordingly, the theory which I offer, and which agrees, in the main, with the general result of the opinions of most critics. Suppose Shakespeare and Fletcher to have written the *Two Noble Kinsmen* in conjunction in 1612, and the play of *Henry VIII.* in 1613; after which Shakespeare retires from his labours, not to live long afterwards. The play proving a favourite one—as seems to have been the case—Fletcher revises it, not altering much perhaps, but adding a few lines here and there; and at last, after he also is dead, the play is printed from an acting copy, representing it *in its latest form*. This will account for all the circumstances of the case, whilst merely requiring the

supposition that things took their natural and easiest course. It will also account for such a phenomenon as is seen in Act v. Sc. 1, where, out of the first 17 lines, no less than 15 have one or more redundant syllables, whilst in the next 30 lines we have but 10 lines with redundant syllables. Those 17 lines may easily have been a later addition; in any case, they have the trick of Fletcher's metre. To this theory I have nothing to add, beyond repeating that these conclusions are, after all, founded upon conjecture, that they are merely offered for what they are worth, and that the reader is advised to form his own opinion about the matter in his own way.

21. If then, upon sufficient grounds, we accept the hint offered by the old title-page, that the play was written by Fletcher and Shakespeare, it remains for us to make one alteration in it, viz. in the order of their names. As they stand, they are in alphabetical order, as in the case of Beaumont and Fletcher. But we shall be justified in placing Shakespeare's name first, not because he was the greater writer, but because he was the older man and of more experience; and because also (which is more to the point) he actually wrote all the more important scenes in the play, and only entrusted his younger partner with the easier and subordinate part of it.

22. For the convenience of the reader, I here repeat the results of section 15 in another form, viz. in the due order of the Scenes.

ACT I. Sc. 1—5. Probably all composed by Shakespeare, but perhaps revised by Fletcher.

ACT II. Scene 1. Shakespeare may have written the prose Introduction, in ll. 1—53. The rest of this scene is by Fletcher.

Sc. 2—5. All these scenes are by Fletcher.

ACT III. Sc. 1, 2. These two scenes have been ascribed to Shakespeare; there is some doubt about Sc. 2.

Sc. 3—6. All these scenes are by Fletcher.

ACT IV. Sc. 1, 2. These two scenes are by Fletcher.

Sc. 3. This has been ascribed to Shakespeare; there is some doubt about it.

ACT V. Sc. 1. Probably by Shakespeare; at the beginning, and towards the end, Fletcher may have added to it.

Sc. 2. Written by Fletcher.

Sc. 3, 4. Written by Shakespeare.

To which must be added that, if we have the play (as I incline to think) in a revised form, it was obviously Fletcher, or some third person, and not Shakespeare, who revised it.

23. I take this opportunity of stating that the New Shakspere Society's prospectus, dated March 28, 1874, contained the following announcement: '*The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; *a*. A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636 [read 1634]; *b*. A revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.' This work has not yet appeared, but it will doubtless contain a great deal of information which could not well be attempted in a small volume like the present. Also, in the Transactions of the same Society, Series I., Part II., p. 442, will be found a paper by Professor Ingram, 'On the Weak Endings of Shakspere', in which he applies the metrical test furnished by the fact that the poet was much addicted, towards the close of his career, to the writing of verses terminating with such weak and light final syllables as 'and', 'but', 'for', 'am', 'who', &c. The application of this additional test to the *Two Noble Kinsmen* gives almost exactly the same division of the play as has been already obtained; and, though these metrical tests are certainly of a subordinate character and must not be very highly valued, there is a certain satisfaction in finding that they do not contradict our results, but remarkably confirm them.

I must not conclude without expressing my thanks to Mr T. N. Toller, late Fellow of Christ's College, for some hints upon the earlier portion of the play, and especially to Mr J. W. Hales, also late Fellow of the same College, and a member of the Committee of the New Shakspere Society, for numerous hints, criticisms, and references, too numerous to be specified, of which I have freely availed myself, with his kind good will and permission.

CAMBRIDGE,
August 20, 1875.

Prologue.

Flourish.]

Chaucer (of all admir'd) the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives.
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear, be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, "O, fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we needs must leave.

[*Flourish.*

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
PALAMON, } The Two Noble Kinsmen,
ARCITE, } *in love with* Emilia.
PIRITHOUS, *an* Athenian *general.*
ARTESIUS, *an* Athenian *captain.*
VALERIUS, *a* Theban *nobleman.*
Six valiant Knights.
Herald.
Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughter.
Brother, } *to the* Gaoler.
Friends, }
Doctor.
Gentleman.
GERROLD, *a schoolmaster.*

HIPPOLYTA, *an* Amazon, *bride to* Theseus.
EMILIA, *her sister.*
Three Queens.
Gaoler's Daughter, in love with Palamon.
Servant to Emilia.
Country Wenches, and women personating Nymphs.

A Taborer, Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE,—ATHENS; *and in part of the First Act,* THEBES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. Before a temple.*

Enter HYMEN, *with a torch burning; a* Boy, *in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after* HYMEN, *a* Nymph, *encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other* Nymphs *with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLYTA, *the bride, led by* PIRITHOUS, *and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train; and* ARTESIUS.

THE SONG. [*Music.*

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true :—

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring time's harbinger,
With hairbells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks-heels trim:—

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strewing flowers.*
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter Three Queens, *in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The* First Queen *falls down at the foot of* THESEUS; *the* Second *falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLYTA; *the* Third *before* EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me!
2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish yourself may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me!
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Theseus. Sad lady, rise!
Hippolyta. Stand up!
Emilia. No knees to me!

What woman I may stead that is distress'd
Does bind me to her.
Theseus. What's your request? Deliver you for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure
The beaks of ravens, talents of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus; but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything!
Theseus. Pray you kneel not!
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair;
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd: O grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!
1 *Queen.* O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he 'll infuse power, and press you forth

Our undertaker!

Theseus. O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—
Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour,
First nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection: soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee: who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of thy speech: dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head 's pluck'd off!
Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!

Hippolyta. Poor lady, say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I 'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I 'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [*Kneels to Emilia.*
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.
3 *Queen.* O, woe!
You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' the earth,
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.
Emilia. Pray you, say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in 't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed,
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!)—but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort!
Theseus. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.
1 *Queen.* O, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' the world. What you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but, (O Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!
2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!
3 *Queen.* None fit for th' dead:
Those that, with cords', knives', drams' precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves

Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow—
1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings, when living.
Theseus. It is true:
And I will give you comfort, [and engage
Myself and powers] to give your dead lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself to th' doing:
Now 't will take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then, bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat; now, he 's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory—
3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Theseus. Artesius, that best knowest
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise,
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business, forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!
1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All the Queens. Farewell!
2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fit'st time
For best solicitation?
Theseus. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming

Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in 't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!

Hippolyta (*kneeling to Theseus*). Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me. Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!

All Queens. O, help now! [*To Emilia.*
Our cause cries for your knee.

Emilia (*kneeling to Theseus*). If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I 'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Theseus. Pray stand up! [*Hippolyta and Emilia rise.*
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. Pirithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything

In the pretended celebration.—Queens,
Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you, [*To Artesius.*
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd.—(*To Hippolyta.*) Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token!—(*To Artesius.*) Set you forward;
For I will see you gone. [*Exit Artesius.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister! Pirithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on 't!
Pirithous. Sir,
I 'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.
Theseus. Cousin, I charge you,
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!
[*Exeunt Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, Hymen, Boy, Nymphs, and Attendants, towards the temple.*]
1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' the world—
2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars—
3 *Queen.* If not above him; for,
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Theseus. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies!
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Thebes. The court of the Palace.*

Enter Palamon *and* Arcite.

Arcite. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in

The crimes of nature; let us leave the city,
Thebes, and the temptings in 't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth!
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: for not to swim
I' the aid o' the current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life and weakness.

Palamon. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound,
To his bold ends, honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By Peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that Peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than Strife or War could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?

Palamon. Yes; I pity
Decays where'er I find them; but such most,
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

Arcite. 'T is not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil

Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be ev'n jump
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Palamon. It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor 's) to
Be masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 't is not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle 't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace! These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's—
Arcite. Our uncle Creon.
Palamon. He,
A most unbounded tyrant! whose successes
Make Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power there 's nothing: almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance: who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act: commands men's service,
And what they win in 't, boot and glory too:
That fears not to do harm; good dares not! Let
The blood of mine that 's sib to him be suck'd
From me with leeches: let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!
Arcite. Clear-spirited cousin,

Let 's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile, or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.
Palamon. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heav'nly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Palamon. Small winds shake him:
But what 's the matter?
Valerius. Theseus (who, where he threats, appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arcite. Let him approach!
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his action 's dregg'd with mind assur'd
'T is bad he goes about?
Palamon. Leave that unreason'd!
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet to be neutral to him were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arcite. So we must.
Is 't said this war 's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Valerius. 'T is in motion;

The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Palamon. Let 's to the king! who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?
Arcite. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the gates of Athens.*

Enter PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* EMILIA.

Pirithous. No further!
Hippolyta. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,
To dare ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.
Pirithous. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. (*To Emilia.*) My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heav'ns infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!
Emilia. Thanks, sir! Remember me
To our all-royal brother! for whose speed
The great Bellona I 'll solicit: and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I 'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent!
Hippolyta. In 's bosom!
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep

When our friends don their helms or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em; then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Pirithous. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war; which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emilia. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider: but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins! Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed?
Hippolyta. With much labour,
And I did love him for 't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' the least of these was dreadful: and they have
Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd,
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emilia. Doubtless
There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hippolyta. 'T was Flavina.
Emilia. Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another. What she liked,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment. The flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom), she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix-like
They died in perfume. On my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking. Had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on),
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal
[Comes in with this importment,] has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.
Hippolyta. You 're out of breath.
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that 's call'd man.
Emilia. I am sure I shall not.
Hippolyta. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you

Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emilia. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A field before Thebes.*

Cornets. A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; Flourish. Then enter Theseus, *victor; the* three Queens *meet him, and fall on their faces before him.*

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!
2 *Queen.* Both heav'n and earth
Friend thee for ever!
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry 'amen' to 't!
Theseus. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heav'ns
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony! Rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: so adieu,
And Heav'n's good eyes look on you!—What are those?
[*Exeunt Queens.*
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told us
They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.
Theseus. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey
Make lanes in troops agast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What was 't that prisoner told me,
When I inquir'd their names?
Herald. With leave, they're call'd

Arcite and Palamon.

Theseus. 'T is right; those, those.
They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 't was possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

Theseus. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister
What man to man may do! for our sake, more!
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal [in] a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty—a fever, madness—
Hath set a mark which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city:
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A field before Thebes.*

Music. Enter the Queens *with the Hearses of their* Knights, *in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

Song.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials, fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying:

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd Pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household's grave: Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

2 *Queen.* And this to yours!

1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend A thousand differing ways to one sure end!

3 *Queen.* This world's a city, full of straying streets; And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A garden, with a castle in the background. Enter* GAOLER *and* WOOER.

Gaoler. I may depart with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker; I would I were really that I am delivered to be! Marry, what I have (be it what it will) I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

Gaoler. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter DAUGHTER, *with rushes.*

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business: but no more of that now. So soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it. I' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

Daughter. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 't were pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity

ashamed: the prison itself is proud of 'em: and they have all the world in their chamber.

Gaoler. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daughter. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a greise above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported, in the battle to be the only doers.

Daughter. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Gaoler. Do they so?

Daughter. It seems to me, they have no more sense of their captivity, than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet, sometime, a divided sigh, martyred as 't were i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Gaoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they; what the reason of it is, I know not.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE, *above.*

Look, yonder they are! that 's Arcite looks out.

Daughter. No, sir, no; that 's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain: you may perceive a part of him.

Gaoler. Go to, leave your pointing! They would not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daughter. It is a holiday to look on them! Lord, the difference of men! [*Exit, with Gaoler and Wooer.*

Palamon. How do you, noble cousin?

Arcite. How do you, sir?

Palamon. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners,
I fear, for ever, cousin.

Arcite. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently

Laid up my hour to come.
Palamon. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-stripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,
(Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!
Arcite. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us;
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!'
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;

Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead cold winter must inhabit here still!
Palamon. 'T is too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour!) lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.
Arcite. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!
Palamon. Certainly,
'T is a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together: 't is most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all 's done.
Arcite. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?
Palamon. How, gentle cousin?
Arcite. Let 's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting

New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Palamon. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite!) almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'T is like a beast, methinks! I find the court here,
I am sure, a more content; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones! Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!
Shall I say more?

Arcite. I would hear you still.

Palamon. Ye shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?

Arcite. Sure, there cannot.

Palamon. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arcite. Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter EMILIA *and her* Servant, *below.*

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!
Emilia. This garden has a world of pleasures in 't.
What flower is this?
Servant. 'T is call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emilia. That was a fair boy, certain, but a fool
To love himself: were there not maids enough?
Arcite. Pray, forward!
Palamon. Yes.
Emilia. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Servant. They could not be to one so fair.
Emilia. Thou wouldst not?
Servant. I think I should not, madam.
Emilia. That 's a good wench;
But take heed to your kindness though!
Servant. Why, madam?
Emilia. Men are mad things.
Arcite. Will ye go forward, cousin?
Emilia. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
Servant. Yes.
Emilia. I 'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: will 't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Servant. Dainty, madam.
Arcite. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!
Palamon. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arcite. Why, what 's the matter, man?
Palamon. Behold, and wonder!
By heaven, she is a goddess!
Arcite. Ha!
Palamon. Do reverence!
She is a goddess, Arcite!
Emilia. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.
Servant. Why, gentle madam?
Emilia. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.

Arcite. She is wondrous fair!

Palamon. She is all the beauty extant!

Emilia. The sun grows high; let 's walk in. Keep these flowers;
We 'll see how near art can come near their colours.

[*Exit with Servant.*

Palamon. What think you of this beauty?

Arcite. 'T is a rare one.

Palamon. Is 't but a rare one?

Arcite. Yes, a matchless beauty.

Palamon. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

Arcite. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for 't! Now I feel my shackles.

Palamon. You love her then?

Arcite. Who would not?

Palamon. And desire her?

Arcite. Before my liberty.

Palamon. I saw her first.

Arcite. That 's nothing.

Palamon. But it shall be.

Arcite. I saw her too.

Palamon. Yes; but you must not love her.

Arcite. I will not, as you do, to worship her,
As she is heav'nly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to possess her;
So both may love.

Palamon. You shall not love at all.

Arcite. Not love at all? who shall deny me?

Palamon. I that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind! If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!

Arcite. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.

Palamon. Have I call'd thee friend?

Arcite. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus?

Let me deal coldly with you! am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me
That *I* was Palamon, and *you* were Arcite!

Palamon. Yes.

Arcite. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

Palamon. Ye may be.

Arcite. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Palamon. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.

Arcite. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

Palamon. Yes, if he be but one.

Arcite. But say that one
Had rather combat me?

Palamon. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!

Arcite. You are mad.

Palamon. I must be,
Till thou art worthy: Arcite, it concerns me;
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arcite. Fie, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Palamon. Oh, that now, that now,
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What 't were to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I 'll nail thy life to 't!
Arcite. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble!
Put my head out? I 'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Enter Gaoler, *above.*

Palamon. No more! the keeper 's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arcite. Do!
Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen.
Palamon. Now, honest keeper?
Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to th' duke:
The cause I know not yet.
Arcite. I am ready, keeper.
Gaoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with Arcite.*
Palamon. And me too,
Even when you please, of life!—Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her: he 's goodly;
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous! If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again! Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
And fruit, and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,

For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heav'nly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I am sure she would love me.

Enter GAOLER, *above*.

How now, keeper!
Where 's Arcite?

Gaoler. Banish'd. Prince Pirithous
Obtained his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.

Palamon. He 's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he 's a cold coward.
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to grasp at me!

Gaoler. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.

Palamon. To discharge my life?

Gaoler. No; but from this place to remove your lordship;
The windows are too open.

Palamon. Devils take 'em,
That are so envious to me! Prithee, kill me!

Gaoler. And hang for 't afterward?

Palamon. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I would kill thee!

Gaoler. Why, my lord?
Palamon. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.
Gaoler. Indeed you must, my lord.
Palamon. May I see the garden?
Gaoler. No.
Palamon. Then I am resolved I will not go.
Gaoler. I must
Constrain you then! and, for you are dangerous,
I 'll clap more irons on you.
Palamon. Do, good keeper!
I 'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep;
I 'll make ye a new morris! Must I go?
Gaoler. There is no remedy.
Palamon. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! O my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Athens.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arcite. Banish'd the kingdom? 'T is a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for; but, banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 't was a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he 'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she 's fair,
I know she 's his; he has a tongue will tame

Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worst is death ; I will not leave the kingdom :
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there ; if I go, he has her.
I am resolv'd : another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes ; either way, I am happy :
I 'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People ; *one with a Garland before them.*

1 *Countryman.* My masters, I 'll be there, that 's certain.
2 *Countryman.* And I 'll be there.
3 *Countryman.* And I.
4 *Countryman.* Why then, have with ye, boys, 't is but a chiding ;
Let the plough play to-day ! I 'll tickle 't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow !
1 *Countryman.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey :
But that 's all one ; I 'll go through, let her mumble.
3 *Countryman.* Do we all hold against the Maying ?
4 *Countryman.* Hold ! what should ail us ?
3 *Countryman.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Countryman.* And Sennois,
And Rycas ; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
Under green tree ; and ye know what wenches. Ha !
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think ? for he does all, ye know.
3 *Countryman.* He 'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail : go to !
The matter 's too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now ;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Countryman.* Shall we be lusty ?
2 *Countryman.* [Aye,] and here I 'll be,
And there I 'll be, for our town ; and here again,
And there again ! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers !
1 *Countryman.* This must be done i' the woods.
4 *Countryman.* Oh, pardon me !
2 *Countryman.* By any means ; our thing of learning says so ;

Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs; he 's excellent i' the woods;
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.
3 *Countryman.* We 'll see the sports; then every man to 's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let 's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on 't!
4 *Countryman.* Content: the sports
Once ended, we 'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arcite. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray you, whither go you?
4 *Countryman.* Whither? why, what a question 's that!
Arcite. Yes, 't is a question
To me that know not.
3 *Countryman.* To the games, my friend.
2 *Countryman.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arcite. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Countryman.* Yes, marry, are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arcite. What pastimes are they?
2 *Countryman.* Wrestling and running.—'T is a pretty fellow.
3 *Countryman.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arcite. Not yet, sir.
4 *Countryman.* Well, sir,
Take your own time. Come, boys!
1 *Countryman.* My mind misgives me,
This fellow has a vengeance trick o' the hip;
Mark, how his body 's made for 't!
2 *Countryman.* I 'll be hanged though
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
He wrestle? He roast eggs! Come, let 's be gone, lads!
[*Exeunt Countrymen.*
Arcite. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run,
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn

(Curling the wealthy ears) e'er flew! I 'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there: who knows
Whether my brows may be not girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daughter. Why should I love this gentleman? 'T is odds
He never will affect me: I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
To love him else is witless. Out upon 't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her whole affection
To a young handsome man: [and] then, I lov'd him,
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: when I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
'Fair gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband!' Once he kiss'd me;
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:
What should I do, to make him know I love him?
For I would fain possess him: say I ventur'd
To set him free? what says the law then?

Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it,
And this night or to-morrow he shall love me! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *An open place in Athens. A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA, *and* ARCITE (*disguised*), *with a garland, &c.*

Theseus. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arcite. I am proud to please you.
Theseus. What country bred you?
Arcite. This; but far off, prince.
Theseus. Are you a gentleman?
Arcite. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
Theseus. Are you his heir?
Arcite. His youngest, sir.
Theseus. Your father,
Sure, is a happy sire then. What proves you?
Arcite. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have halloo'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
Theseus. You are perfect.
Pirithous. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emilia. He is so.
Pirithous. How do you like him, lady?
Hippolyta. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble
(If he say true) of his sort.
Emilia. Believe,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman!
His face methinks goes that way,
Hippolyta. But his body
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

Pirithous. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.
Hippolyta. He 's well born, sure.
Theseus. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arcite. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.
Pirithous. All his words are worthy.
Theseus. Sir, we are much indebted to your travail,
Nor shall you lose your wish. Pirithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Pirithous. Thanks, Theseus!—
Whate'er you are, you 're mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray observe her goodness.
You 've honour'd her fair birthday with your virtues,
And, as your due, you 're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arcite. Sir, you 're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emilia. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't:
You 're mine; and somewhat better than your rank
I 'll use you.
Pirithous. I 'll see you furnish'd: and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 't is a rough one.
Arcite. I like him better, prince; I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
Theseus. Sweet, you must be ready—
And you, Emilia—and you, friend—and all—
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flow'ry May, in Dian's wood. Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress! Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.
Emilia. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses. Take your choice; and what

You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You 'll find a loving mistress.
Arcite. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows!
Theseus. Go, lead the way; you have won it; 60
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 't were wrong else.
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise.
Emilia. I hope too wise for that, sir. [*Flourish.*
Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Before the prison.*

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daughter. Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I 've ventur'd for him;
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane 5
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it. 10
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety! I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge, 15
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose, is my way too: sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not so easily 20
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;

And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
For use me so he shall, or I 'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I 'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I 'll venture,
So he be with me! by him, like a shadow,
I 'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for.—Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A forest. Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing, as of People a-Maying.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arcite. The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several laund. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To the heart of ceremony. O queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O jewel
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place
With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
To drop on such a mistress—expectation
Most guiltless on 't! Tell me, O lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign,) how far
I may be proud? She takes strong note of me,

Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia! Me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, O coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter PALAMON *as out of a bush, with his shackles; he bends his fist at* ARCITE.

Palamon. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword! By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I 'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away—

Arcite. Dear cousin Palamon—

Palamon. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me feat!

Arcite. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 't is your passion
That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er

You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I 'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question 's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.
Palamon. That thou durst, Arcite!
Arcite. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare: you 've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.
Palamon. Sir,
I 've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week 's not fair,
If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arcite. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you!
Palamon. Come up to me!
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
(Though it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry 't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.
Arcite. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house.
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and

Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, 'Arcite,
I am in plight!' there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.
Palamon. Oh, you heav'ns, dare any
So nobly bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
Arcite. Sweet Palamon—
Palamon. I do embrace you, and your offer: for
Your offer do 't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on 't. [*Horns winded within.*
Arcite. You hear the horns:
Enter your musit, lest this match between 's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I 'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong!
Palamon. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow! most certain
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: by this air,
I could for each word give a cuff! my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.
Arcite. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
[*Horns winded again.*
In me have but one face. Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.
Palamon. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.
Arcite. I 've a good title,
I am persuaded: this question, sick between 's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.
Palamon. But this one word:

You are going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is—
Arcite. Nay, then—
Palamon. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daughter. He has mistook the brake I meant, is gone
After his fancy. 'T is now well-nigh morning;
No matter! would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world!—Hark! 't is a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that 's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may 't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I 'll set it down
He 's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All 's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie,
My father 's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days; [once, indeed,
I] sipp'd some water. I have not clos'd mine eyes,

Save when my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: but the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same as Scene* I.

Enter ARCITE, *with meat, wine, and files.*

Arcite. I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter PALAMON.

Palamon. Arcite?

Arcite. The same: I have brought you food and files.
Come forth, and fear not; here 's no Theseus.

Palamon. Nor none so honest, Arcite!

Arcite. That 's no matter;
We 'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir, drink!
I know you 're faint; then I 'll talk further with you.

Palamon. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

Arcite. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parleys! Let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health! [*Drinks.*

Palamon. Do.

Arcite. Pray, sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 't will disturb us;
We shall have time enough.

Palamon. Well, sir, I 'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*

Arcite. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good blood, man.

Do not you feel it thaw you?
Palamon. Stay; I 'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arcite. Spare it not.
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Palamon. Yes.
Arcite. I am glad
You have so good a stomach.
Palamon. I am gladder
I have so good meat to 't.
Arcite. Is 't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Palamon. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arcite. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Palamon. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arcite. Venison.
Palamon. 'T is a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arcite. After you, coz.
Palamon. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
Arcite. She did so: well, sir?
Palamon. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arcite. Out with it, faith!
Palamon. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz?
Arcite. Well, the marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad: you 'll pledge her?
Palamon. Yes.
Arcite. A pretty brown wench 't is! There was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Palamon. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,

Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily! Base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arcite. You are wide.
Palamon. By heaven and earth,
There 's nothing in thee honest!
Arcite. Then I 'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Palamon. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arcite. There 's all things needful; files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I 'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Palamon. A sword and armour?
Arcite. Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
Palamon. Sirrah—
Arcite. I 'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Palamon. If he keep touch, he dies for 't! [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daughter. I 'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he 's in heaven!—Where am I now?—
Yonder 's the sea, and there 's a ship; how 't tumbles!
And there 's a rock, lies watching under water,
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There 's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
Run her before the wind, you 'll lose all else!
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; y' are gone!—I 'm very hungry:
Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o' the world; then would I make
A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the king of pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning; I 'll say never a word.

SONG.

For I 'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee;
And I 'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He 's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I 'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter GERROLD, *four* Countrymen as *morris-dancers*, *another as the* Bavian, *five* Wenches, *and a* Taborer.

Gerrold. Fie, fie!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, ev'n the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do you still cry 'where,' and 'how,' and 'wherefore?'
You most coarse frieze capacities, ye jane judgments,
Have I said 'thus let be,' and 'there let be,'
And 'then let be,' and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
For why, here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries 'rare!' and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him; like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys!

1 *Countryman.* And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold.

2 *Countryman.* Draw up the company. Where 's the taborer?

3 *Countryman.* Why, Timothy!
Taborer. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!
Gerrold. But I say, where 's their women?
4 *Countryman.* Here 's Friz and Maudlin.
2 *Countryman.* And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.
1 *Countryman.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.
Gerrold. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour and a frisk!
Nell. Let us alone, sir.
Gerrold. Where 's the rest o' the music?
3 *Countryman.* Dispers'd as you commanded.
Gerrold. Couple, then,
And see what 's wanting. Where 's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity and manhood!
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bavian. Yes, sir.
Gerrold. Quousque tandem? Here is a woman wanting!
4 *Countryman.* We may go whistle; all the fat 's i' the fire!
Gerrold. We have,
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
2 *Countryman.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,
That gave her promise faithfully she would be here,
Cicely, the sempster's daughter!
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin!
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.
Gerrold. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners, this was false position.
1 *Countryman.* A wild-fire take her! does she flinch now?

3 *Countryman.* What
Shall we determine, sir?
Gerrold. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity.
Yea, and a woful and a piteous nullity!
4 *Countryman.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal!
Go thy ways: I 'll remember thee, I 'll fit thee!

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daughter. *The George alow came from the south,*
From the coast of Barbary-a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whither now are you bound-a?
Oh, let me have your company
Till I come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
The one said it was an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Countryman.* There 's a dainty mad woman, master,
Comes i' the nick; as mad as a March hare!
If we can get her dance, we are made again:
I warrant her, she 'll do the rarest gambols!
1 *Countryman.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!
Gerrold. And are you mad, good woman?
Daughter. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.
Gerrold. Why?
Daughter. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten: I have poz'd him. Buz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you 're a tinker: sirrah tinker—

Gerrold. Dii boni!
A tinker, damsel?
Daughter. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa, o' the bells and bones!
Gerrold. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace.
En, opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in!
2 *Countryman.* Come, lass, let 's trip it!
Daughter. I 'll lead.
3 *Countryman.* Do, do. [*Wind horns.*
Gerrold. Persuasively and cunningly; away, boys!
I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. [*Exeunt all but Gerrold.*
Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and* Train.

Theseus. This way the stag took.
Gerrold. Stay, and edify!
Theseus. What have we here?
Pirithous. Some country-sport, upon my life, sir.
Theseus. Well, sir, go forward: we will edify.
Ladies, sit down! we 'll stay it.
Gerrold. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, sweet ladies!
Theseus. This is a cold beginning.
Gerrold. If you but favour, our country-pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title *Pedagogus*, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:

And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer;
And with thy twinkling eyes look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight—
—*is* now comes in, which being glew'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,
The body of our sport, of no small study.
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenor:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next—the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night,
That seek out silent hanging: then mine Host,
And his fat Spouse, that welcomes to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say 'ay,' and all shall presently advance.

Theseus. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine!

Pirithous. Produce. [*Music.*

Gerrold. Intrate, filii! Come forth, and foot it.

Enter the four Countrymen, *the* Bavian, *the* Taborer, *the* five Wenches *and the* Gaoler's Daughter, *with others of both sexes. They dance a morris. After which* Gerrold *speaks the* Epilogue.

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster 's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We 'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Theseus. Take twenty, domine.—How does my sweetheart?

Hippolyta. Never so pleas'd, sir.

Emilia. 'T was an excellent dance; and, for a preface,
I never heard a better.
Theseus. Schoolmaster, I thank you.
One see 'em all rewarded!
Pirithous. And here 's something
To paint your pole withal. [*Gives money.*
Theseus. Now to our sports again!
Gerrold. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
Come, we are all made!—*Dii Deaeque omnes!* [*Wind horns.*
Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same as Scene III.*

Enter PALAMON *from the bush.*

Palamon. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armours; if he fail,
He 's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou art yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with: 't is justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me!—Oh, good morrow!

Enter ARCITE, *with armours and swords.*

Arcite. Good morrow, noble kinsman!
Palamon. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arcite. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Palamon. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish
ye

As kind a kinsman as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.
Arcite. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Palamon. Then I shall quit you.
Arcite. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
As you love anything that 's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we are arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen,
And quickly, yours, or mine. Will 't please you arm, sir?
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I 'll stay, cousin,
And ev'ry day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Though I had died; but, loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.
Palamon. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin 's fit to kill thee:
I 'm well, and lusty; choose your arms!
Arcite. Choose you, sir!
Palamon. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
Arcite. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you!
Palamon. That 's well said!
Arcite. You 'll find it.
Palamon. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I 'll pay thee soundly! This I 'll take.
Arcite. That 's mine then;
I 'll arm you first. [*Proceeds to arm* PALAMON.

Palamon. Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
Where gott 'st thou this good armour?
Arcite. 'T is the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it.—Do I pinch you?
Palamon. No.
Arcite. Is 't not too heavy?
Palamon. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arcite. I 'll buckle 't close.
Palamon. By any means.
Arcite. You care not for a grand-guard?
Palamon. No, no; we 'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arcite. I am indifferent.
Palamon. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough!
Arcite. I warrant you.
Palamon. My casque now!
Arcite. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Palamon. We shall be the nimbler.
Arcite. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
Prithee take mine, good cousin!
Palamon. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arcite. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Palamon. I 'll warrant thee I 'll strike home.
Arcite. Do, and spare not!
I 'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Palamon (*arming* ARCITE). Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour 's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arcite. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Palamon. You had indeed;
A bright bay, I remember.

Arcite. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Palamon. More by virtue;
You are modest, cousin.
Arcite. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Palamon. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too strait?
Arcite. No, no; 't is well.
Palamon. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arcite. Now I am perfect.
Palamon. Stand off then!
Arcite. Take my sword; I hold it better.
Palamon. I thank ye, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here 's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
Arcite. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Palamon. This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it!
Fight bravely, cousin; give me thy noble hand!
Arcite. Here, Palamon! This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Palamon. I commend thee.
Arcite. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more farewell, my cousin!
Palamon. Farewell, Arcite!
[*They fight. Horns within; they stand.*

Arcite. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Palamon. Why?
Arcite. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we are wretched! Oh, retire,
For honour's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen, you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
Palamon. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial!
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard—
Arcite. You are not mad?
Palamon. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia! and in that I 'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else!
Arcite. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die, as discourse or sleep: only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!
Palamon. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*They fight again.* *Horns.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Train.

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Palamon. Hold thy word, Theseus!

We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against thine own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am;) and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou beest,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy:
Then take my life! I 'll woo thee to 't.

Pirithous. O heaven,
What more than man is this!

Theseus. I have sworn.

Arcite. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus! 'T is to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty—
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it—
So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her? and if *she* say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

Palamon. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,

As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let 's die together, at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
Theseus. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here speak for 'em!
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
Hippolyta. Alas, the pity! now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost cousins!
Emilia. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to th' ground but I 'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother—
Hippolyta. Sir, by our tie of marriage—
Emilia. By your own spotless honour—
Hippolyta. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me—
Emilia. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite—
Hippolyta. By valour,
By all the moments I have ever pleas'd you—
Theseus. These are strange conjurings!
Pirithous. Nay, then, I 'll in too!
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady—
Emilia. By that you would have trembled to deny,
A blushing maid—
Hippolyta. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,

Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—
Pirithous. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first!
Hippolyta. Next hear my prayers!
Emilia. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Pirithous. For mercy!
Hippolyta. Mercy!
Emilia. Mercy on these princes!
Theseus. Ye make my faith reel: say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emilia. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Theseus. You are a right woman, sister! you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They 'd fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords: be wise then,
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by th' law than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emilia. O my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I am sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Theseus. What is it, sister?
Pirithous. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emilia. That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if ye fail in 't,
Think how you maim your honour!—
(For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
To all but your compassion) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?

That were a cruel wisdom! do men proin
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? O duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have nurtured these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em!
Theseus. On what conditions?
Emilia. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Palamon. I 'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
O all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along; else never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will;
And, for that love, must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has!
Theseus. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Palamon. He 's a villain then!
Pirithous. These are men!
Arcite. No, never, duke; 't is worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall possess her, yet I 'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil!
Theseus. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.
Pirithous. Let it not fall again, sir!
Theseus. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both possess you; they are princes

As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference!
I give consent: are you content, too, princes?
Both. With all our souls.
Theseus. He that she refuses
Must die then.
Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Palamon. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arcite. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Theseus. Make choice then!
Emilia. I cannot, sir; they are both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hippolyta. What will become of 'em?
Theseus. Thus I ordain it:
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country:
And each, within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I 'll plant a pyramid: and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall possess her; the other lose his head.
And all his friends: nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady:
Will this content ye?
Palamon. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I am friends again till that hour.
Arcite. I embrace ye.
Theseus. Are you content, sister?
Emilia. Yes: I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.
Theseus. Come, shake hands again then;
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.
Palamon. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Theseus. Come, I 'll give ye
Now usage like to princes and to friends.

When ye return, who wins, I 'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I 'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter GAOLER *and* First Friend.

Gaoler. Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember!
1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta,
And fair-ey'd Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Pirithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Gaoler. Pray heav'n, it hold so!
2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man! I bring you news,
Good news.
Gaoler. They are welcome.
2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he scap'd, which was your daughter's,
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner
(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.
Gaoler. Ye are a good man,
And ever bring good news.

1 *Friend.* How was it ended?
2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.
1 *Friend.* I knew 't would be so.
2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you 'll hear of
At better time.
Gaoler. I hope they are good.
2 *Friend.* They are honourable;
How good they 'll prove, I know not.
1 *Friend.* 'T will be known.

Enter WOOER.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where 's your daughter?
Gaoler. Why do you ask?
Wooer. Oh, sir, when did you see her?
2 *Friend.* How he looks!
Gaoler. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?
When did she sleep?
1 *Friend.* These are strange questions.
Gaoler. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent; and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Gaoler. Well, sir?
1 *Friend.* Not right?
2 *Friend.* Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
'T is too true, she is mad.
1 *Friend.* It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you 'll find it so.
Gaoler. I half suspected

What you [have] told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,
Or both.
Wooer. 'T'is likely.
Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir?
Wooer. I 'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick-set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'T was one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.
Gaoler. Pray go on, sir!
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
I 'll find him out to-morrow.'
1 *Friend.* Pretty soul!
Wooer. 'His shackles will betray him, he 'll be taken;
And what shall I do then? I 'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we 'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you, sir;
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: then she sung
Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow;' and between
Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'
And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses

A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from heaven! Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; 'Thus our true love's tied;'
'This you may loose, not me;' and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.

2 *Friend.* Alas, what pity it is!

Wooer. I made in to her;
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made
With such a cry and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: three or four
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with her,
And hither came to tell you. Here they are!

Enter BROTHER, DAUGHTER, *and others.*

Daughter. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
Is not this a fine song?

Brother. Oh, a very fine one!

Daughter. I can sing twenty more.

Brother. I think you can.

Daughter. Yes, truly can I; I can sing *The Broom*,
And *Bonny Robin.* Are not you a tailor?

Brother. Yes.

Daughter. Where 's my wedding-gown?

Brother. I 'll bring it to-morrow.

Daughter. Do, very rarely; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels. [*Sings.*
Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c.

Brother. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Gaoler. 'T is true.

Daughter. Good ev'n, good men! Pray did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?

Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daughter. Is 't not a fine young gentleman?
Gaoler. 'T is love!
Brother. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she shews.
1 *Friend.* Yes, he 's a fine man.
Daughter. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?
1 *Friend.* Yes.
Daughter. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: y' had best look to her,
For if she see him once, she 's gone, she 's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is 't not a wise course?
1 *Friend.* Yes.
Daughter. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him:
I 'll warrant ye—
Gaoler. She's lost,
Past all cure!
Brother. Heaven forbid, man!
Daughter (*to Gaoler*). Come hither; you are a wise man.
1 *Friend.* Does she know him?
2 *Friend.* No; would she did!
Daughter. You are master of a ship?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daughter. Where 's your compass?
Gaoler. Here.
Daughter. Set it to th' north;
And now direct your course to th' wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 't is up, the wind is fair,
Top the bowling; out with the mainsail!
Where 's your whistle, master?
Brother. Let 's get her in.
Gaoler. Up to the top, boy.
Brother. Where 's the pilot?
1 *Friend.* Here.
Daughter. What kenn'st thou?

2 *Friend.* A fair wood.
Daughter. Bear for it, master; tack about! [*Sings.*
When Cynthia with her borrowed light, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Within the palace.*

Enter EMILIA, *with two pictures.*

Emilia. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I 'll choose,
And end their strife; two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an eye,
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove afire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
A shining constellation! What a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing,
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He 's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.—
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?

I am a fool, my reason is lost in me!
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these the eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body.—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me!
For if my brother but e'en now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together! Now come, ask me, brother,—
Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet sister;—
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?

Gentleman. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come!

Emilia. To end the quarrel?

Gentleman. Yes.

Emilia. Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Theseus. Bring 'em in,
Quickly, by any means! I long to see 'em.

Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emilia. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.
Theseus. Who saw 'em?
Pirithous. I a while.
Gentleman. And I.

Enter Messenger.

Theseus. From whence come you, sir?
Messenger. From the knights.
Theseus. Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Messenger. I will, sir,
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
Than these they have brought (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;
Arm'd long and round: and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
Theseus. Thou hast well describ'd him.
Pirithous. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that 's first with Palamon.
Theseus. Pray speak him, friend.
Pirithous. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in 't.
He 's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion

Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in 's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he 's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shows no such soft temper. His head 's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy-tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
His nose stands high, a character of honour;
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

Emilia. Must these men die too?

Pirithous. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five-and-twenty.

Messenger. There 's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Pirithous. Oh, he that 's freckled-fac'd?

Messenger. The same, my lord: Are they not sweet ones?

Pirithous. Yes, they are well.

Messenger. Methinks,
Being so few, and well dispos'd, they shew
Great and fine art in Nature. He 's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble-set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he 's gray-ey'd,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp

To spy advantages, and, where he finds 'em,
He 's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he 's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier.
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

Theseus. Are they all thus?

Pirithous. They are all the sons of honour.

Theseus. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.

Hippolyta. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would shew
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;
'T is pity love should be so tyrannous.
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.

Theseus. You have steel'd 'em with your beauty.—
Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it
Fitting the persons that must use it!

Pirithous. Yes, sir.

Theseus. Come, I 'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay
(Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear;
Good friend, be royal!

Pirithous. There shall want no bravery.

Emilia. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler, Wooer, *and* Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she 's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.—

Enter DAUGHTER.

Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.

Daughter. I have forgot it quite; the burden on 't was 'down-a down-a;' and penn'd by no worse man than Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he 's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon 's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff 's here! poor soul!

Gaoler. Even thus all day long.

Daughter. Now for this charm, that I told you of; you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are—there 's a sight now!—we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then—

Doctor. How prettily she 's amiss! note her a little further!

Daughter. Faith, I 'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed: alas, 't is a sore life they have i' th' other place, such burning, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! oh, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us!

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'T is not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daughter. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I 'd call it good sport! [*Sings.*

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c. [*Exit Daughter.*

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

Gaoler. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on 't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses; they may return, and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness. Sing to her such green songs of love, as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing. Desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions and play-pheers; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him: it is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what 's now out of square in her, into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution, and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *An open space, before the temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*

Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* Attendants.

Theseus. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! Let the temples

Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!
[*Flourish of cornets.*
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.
Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.
Pirithous. Sir, they enter.
Theseus. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I 'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.
Pirithous. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt Theseus and Train.*
Palamon. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus;
That, were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were 't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself! then from this gather
How I should tender you!
Arcite. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly Limiter pleases!
Palamon. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin! [*They embrace.*
This I shall never do again.
Arcite. One farewell!
Palamon. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!
Arcite. Farewell, sir!—
[*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too;
Yea, the speed also; to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers; our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brimm'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him!—

[*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me, thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people; I do take

Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly!—Let us go! [*Exeunt.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights, *with the former observance.*

Palamon. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard! To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party!

[*Here they advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subjects' vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the pollèd bachelor,
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh. Take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
As 't were a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
I have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none; would not,
Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts

Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did ; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 't were they wrong'd.—[In] brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion ;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier ;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer :
Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language : such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure !

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter ; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token ! which, being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business.—Let us rise
And bow before the goddess ! Time comes on.

[*They bow ; then exeunt.*

Still music of records. Enter EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath ; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers ; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar of* Diana, *her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it ; then they curtsy and kneel.*

Emilia. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe ; I here, thy priest,

Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I am bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
Were I to lose one, they are equal precious,
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to 't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me,
And has the truest title in 't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band!

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose!
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which descends.*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends! O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery!—I hope she 's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious. [*They curtsy, and exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

Enter DOCTOR, GAOLER, *and* WOOER (*in habit of* PALAMON).

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooer. Oh, very much: the maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I 'd eat, and when I 'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.
Doctor. 'T was well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.
Wooer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.
Doctor. Let her do so.
Wooer. She would have me sing.
Doctor. You did so?
Wooer. No.
Doctor. 'T was very ill done, then:—
You should observe her ev'ry way.
Wooer. Alas!
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.
Doctor. That 's all one, if ye make a noise:—
If she entreat again, do any thing.
Pray bring her in,
And let 's see how she is.
Gaoler. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her. [*Exit.*
Doctor. How old is she?
Wooer. She 's eighteen.
Doctor. She may be; 20
But that 's all one, 't is nothing to our purpose.

Enter GAOLER, DAUGHTER, *and* Maid.

Gaoler. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child;
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
Daughter. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He 's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daughter. How do you like him?
Gaoler. He 's a very fair one.
Daughter. You never saw him dance?

Gaoler. No.
Daughter. I have often :
He dances very finely, very comely ;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him !
He turns ye like a top.
Gaoler. That 's fine indeed.
Daughter. He 'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish :
And gallops to the tune of 'Light o' love :'
What think you of this horse ?
Gaoler. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daughter. Alas, that 's nothing.
Gaoler. Can he write and read too ?
Daughter. A very fair hand ; and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender : that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the duke has ?
Gaoler. Very well.
Daughter. She is horribly in love with him, poor beast ;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Gaoler. What dowry has she ?
Daughter. Some two hundred bottles,
And twenty strike of oats : but he 'll ne'er have her ;
He lisps in 's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare ; he 'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters !
Gaoler. Make curtsy ; here your love comes !
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do ye ? That 's a fine maid ! there 's a curtsy !
Daughter. Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.
How far is 't now to th' end o' the world, my masters ?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daughter. Will you go with me ?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench ?
Daughter. Why, play at stool-ball.
What is there else to do ?
Wooer. I am content,

If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daughter. 'T is true;
For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' the business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daughter. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That 's all one; I will have you.
Daughter. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes, by this fair hand, will I. [*Kisses her.*
Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daughter. 'T is a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daughter. Do you think he 'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daughter. Do you think so too?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daughter. We shall have many children.—Lord, how y' are grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow too, finely,
Now he 's at liberty; alas, poor chicken.
He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. What do you here? you 'll lose the noblest s'ght
That e'er was seen.
Gaoler. Are they i' the field?
Messenger. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Gaoler. I 'll away straight.—
I must ev'n leave you here.

Doctor. Nay, we 'll go with you;
I will not lose the fight.
Gaoler (*to Doctor*). How did you like her?
Doctor. I 'll warrant you, within these three or four days
I 'll make her right again.—You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let 's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we 'll go to dinner;
And then we 'll play at cards. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A part of the forest, near the place of combat.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Emilia. I 'll no step further.
Pirithous. Will you lose this sight?
Emilia. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No deafing, but to hear,—not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Pirithous. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Theseus. Oh, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime shew well, pencill'd: Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the question's title.
Emilia. Pardon me;
If I were there, I 'd wink.
Theseus. You must be there;
This trial is as 't were i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emilia. I am extinct;

There is but envy in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she 's guilty.

Hippolyta. You must go.

Emilia. In faith, I will not.

Theseus. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.

Emilia. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.

Theseus. Well, well, then, at your pleasure!
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hippolyta. Farewell, sister!
I am like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, and some of the Attendants.*

Emilia. Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that

Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.
[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.*
Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which crav'd that very time; it is much better
[*Cornets. Cry within,* A Palamon!
I am not there; oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?
Servant. The cry 's 'A Palamon.'
Emilia. Then he has won. 'T was ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout, and cornets; cry,* A Palamon!
Servant. Still 'Palamon.'
Emilia. Run and enquire. [*Exit Servant.*] Poor servant, thou hast lost!
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in 't else; chance would have it so.
[*Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.*
On the sinister side the heart lies: Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamour
Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry
Was general 'A Palamon;' but anon,
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.
Emilia. Were they metamorphos'd

Both into one—Oh, why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within*, Arcite, Arcite!
To any lady breathing.—More exulting!
'Palamon' still?
Servant. Nay, now the sound is 'Arcite.'
Emilia. I prithee lay attention to the cry;
[*Cornets. A great shout and cry*, Arcite, victory!
Set both thine ears to th' business.
Servant. The cry is
'Arcite, and victory!' Hark! 'Arcite, victory!'
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.
Emilia. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They are coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, ARCITE *as victor*, Attendants, &c.

Theseus. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. Fairest Emily,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!
Arcite. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what 's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.
Theseus. Oh, lov'd sister,

He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed; surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that me thought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by 't; for he that was thus good
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won!—For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; let it here be done.
The scene 's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow!—Arm your prize:
I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*

Emilia. Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.

Hippolyta. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for 't!

Theseus. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same part of the forest as in* Act III. Sc. 6.

Enter PALAMON *and his* Three Knights *pinioned*, GAOLER, Executioner, &c., *and* Guard.

Palamon. There 's many a man alive that hath outliv'd
The love o' the people; yea, i' the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still
Have their good wishes; [herein] we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods
Young and unwapper'd, not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that, sure, shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You 've sold 'em too too cheap.

1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'erweigh us.

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring fortune,
Who, at her certain'st, reels!

3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?

Palamon. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all.—[*To the Gaoler.*] Ah ha, my friend, my friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You 'll see 't done now for ever. Pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Gaoler. Sir, she 's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.

Palamon. By my short life,
I am most glad on 't! 'T is the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee, tell her so;

Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,
Tender her this. [*Gives a purse.*
1 *Knight.* Nay, let 's be offerers all!
2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?
Palamon. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quite or speak of!
All Knights. Commend us to her. [*Give their purses.*
Gaoler. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!
Palamon. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lays his head on the block.*
1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!
2 *Knight.* We 'll follow cheerfully.
[*A great noise within, crying,* Run, save, hold!

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Messenger. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Pirithous *in haste.*

Pirithous. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
Palamon. Can that be, when
Venus, I have said, is false? How do things fare?
Pirithous. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter!
Palamon. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream? [*Palamon rises.*
Pirithous. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: on this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleas'd his rider

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 't were to the music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin), what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein trained,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely. When nought serv'd,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
On end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 't is, that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE *in a Chair.*

Palamon. O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arcite. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I 've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin!

One kiss from fair Emilia! [*Kisses her.*] 'T is done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*
Palamon. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emilia. I 'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and, while I live,
This day I give to tears.
Palamon. And I to honour.
Theseus. In this place first you fought; ev'n very here
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Your thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well: your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose you;
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love. Our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have shew'd due justice.—Bear this hence.
Palamon. O cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!
Theseus. Never fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven. The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite; in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we 'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,

But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. O you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute,
That are above our question!—Let 's go off,
And bear us like the time. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

I would now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with school-boys, cannot say,
I am cruel fearful. Pray, yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see.—He that has
Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, shew his face!
'T is strange if none be here; and, if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market! 'T is in vain, I see, to stay ye:
Have at the worst can come, then! Now, what say ye?
And yet mistake me not; I am not bold;
We 've no such cause.—If the tale we have told
(For 't is no other) any way content ye,
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye),
We have our end; and ye shall have, ere long,
I dare say, many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us. We, and all our might,
Rest at your service: gentlemen, good night! [*Flourish.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

In the following Notes are recorded all the various readings that deserve mention. Every variation from the original quarto edition is given, excepting such as are merely due to modernisation of spelling. The following abbreviations are used:

qu. = original quarto edition, 1634.

fol. = folio edition, 1679.

Tons. = edition published by Tonson, 7 vols. 8vo. 1711.

Sew. = edition by Theobald, Seward, and Sympson, 10 vols. 8vo. 1750.

Col. = edition in 10 vols. 8vo. 1778; said to have been edited by George Colman. (Reprinted in 4 vols. royal 8vo. 1811.)

Web. = Weber's edition, 14 vols. 8vo. 1812.

Kn. = Knight's Pictorial edition, 1838.

D. = Dyce's edition, 11 vols. 8vo. 1843.

Sk. = present edition. (This abbreviation also marks a few *alterations*, for which I am responsible.)

old edd. = the three first editions, collectively; the same as 'qu. fol. Tons.'

the rest = all editions subsequent to that mentioned.

altered = an alteration made in the present edition, noted for the critical reader.

PROLOGUE. The first twelve lines are omitted.

14. *take*, qu.; *tack*, fol.; so also in III. 4. 10, and IV. 1, last line.

17. *travail*. Old edd. *travell*, or *travel*, which has the same meaning.

ACT I. SC. 1.

(Stage direction) *Hippolyta, led by Theseus*, qu. fol.; *Hippolyta, led by Pirithous*, Sew. and the rest.

9. *her bels*, qu. fol.; *her bells*, Tons. and the rest; *hairbells*, Sk.

18. *Is*, old edd.; *Be*, Sew. and the rest.

20. *Clough hee*, fol.; *clough he*, fol. Tons.; *chough hoar*, Sew. and the rest.

27. *yourself*, Sk.; altered.

40. *endured*, qu.; *endur'd*, fol. and the rest (except Dyce); *endure*, D. Sk. The correction was suggested by Mason.

42. *feilds*, qu.; *field*, fol. Tons. Sew.; *fields*, Col. and the rest.

68. *Nenuan*, old edd; *Nemean*, Sew. and the rest.

87. *Whom*, old edd.; *Who*, Sew. and the rest.

89. *servant for*, all edd. but Sew. Col. Web., who read *servant to.*

90. *the speech*, old edd.; *thy speech*, Sew. and the rest.

111. *there; there*, all edd. but Sew. Col. Kn., who read *there; here.*

112. *glasse*, qu.; *glass*, fol. Tons.; *glassy*, Sew. and the rest.

132. *long last*, old edd.; *longer last*, Sew. and the rest.

138. *mooves*, qu. *Asprayes*, qu.

142. *Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance*, old edd.; Sew. Col. Web. D. insert a comma after *drams;* Kn. Sk. retain the old reading, and insert apostrophes after *cords', knives', drams'*.

148. Seward proposed to insert the words within square brackets.

151. old edd. omit *now* after *work;* Sew. and the rest insert it.

156. *Wrinching*, old edd.; *Rinsing*, Sew. and the rest.

172. *any was*, old edd.; *any war*, Sew. and the rest. The emendation was made by Theobald; cf. l. 133 above.

178. *twyning*, qu.; *twining*, fol. Tons.; *twinning*, Sew. and the rest. Correction due to Theobald.

211. *soldier* (*as before*) *hence*, old edd. Sew. Col.; *soldier, as before; hence*, Kn.; *soldier. As before, hence*, Web. D. Sk.

212. *Anly*, old edd.; *Aulis*, Sew. and the rest. Proposed by Theobald.

Act I. Sc. 2.

63. *successes*, all edd. but Kn.; *success*, Kn.

64. *Makes*, old edd. Kn.; *Make*, all the rest.

65. Colon or semicolon inserted after *power* in old edd. Seward removed it.

69. *men*, qu. fol. Tons.; *men's*, Sew. and the rest.

70. *glory on*, old edd.; *glory too*, Sew. and the rest.

109. *come*, qu.; *came*, fol. Tons. Sew.; *comes*, Col. and the rest.

Act I. Sc. 3.

5. *dure*, old edd. Web. Kn.; *cure*, Sew. Col.; *dare*, Sympson's conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

31. *Playing ore*, qu.; *Playing o'er*, fol. Tons. Sew. Col.; *Playing one*, Web. and the rest. Corrected by Mason; it was a mere misprint of *ore* for *one*.

54. *Flauia*, qu.; *Flavia*, fol. Tons.; *Flavina*, Sew. and the rest. Corrected by help of l. 83, where the quarto has *Flavina*.

73. *happely, her careles, were*, qu.; *happily, her careles, were*, fol.; *happily her careles were*, Tons.; *happily her careless wear*, Col. and the rest (except Seward, who proposed to read *her affection; her Pretty, tho' haply careless wear*).

75. *on*, old edd. Web.; *one*, Sew. and the rest.

79. The words within brackets I am responsible for; I have condensed two unintelligible lines into one that is, at any rate, clearer.

81. *individuall*, qu.; *individual*, fol. Tons.; *dividual*, Sew. and the rest.

Act I. Sc. 4.

18. *smeard*, qu.; *smear'd*, fol. and the rest (except Colman); *succour'd*, Col. (surely a misprint). Mr Dyce is wrong in stating that the quarto reads *succard*.

21. *prisoner was't that*, all edd. but D.; *was't that prisoner*, D. Sk. A happy emendation.

22. *We leave*, old edd.; *Wi' leave*, D.; *With leave*, the rest.

40. *Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheastes,*
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath set a marke, &c.; old edd.

Seward transposed the order of the lines by inserting the line

Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason,

after the word *madness;* wrote *friends'* *behests* for *friends, beheastes, Love's provocations* for *Loves, provocations;* and also suggested to read *'T hath* (i. e. *it hath*) instead of *Hath*. Mr Dyce says—"the editors of 1778 adopted Seward's transposition, and his reading *'T hath set a mark*, &c.: in other respects they followed the old editions. Weber gave the passage as Seward had done, bating the transposition. Mr Knight follows Seward in the first two lines, the old editions in the remainder. Heath (*MS. notes*) would read in the first line, 'fights, fury, friends' behests', and in the fourth, 'Have set a mark'. Mr Dyce himself prints as follows:

Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set, &c.

49. *for our*, old edd.; *'fore our*, Sew. and the rest.

Act I. Sc. 5.

11. *households grave*, qu.; *houshold graver* (*sic*), fol.; *household graves*, Tons. and the rest. Mr Dyce wrongly ascribes the last reading to Seward instead of Tonson.

Act II. Sc. 1.

27. *greise*, qu. Sew. D.; *grief*, fol. and the rest (except Seward and Dyce).

74. *were*, old edd.; *wore*, Sew. and the rest (except D.); *ware*, D. But see *wor'st*, III. 6. 72.

75. *Bravish'd*, old edd.; *Ravish'd*, Sew. and the rest.

104. *Strucke*, qu.; *Struck*, fol. and the rest (except D.); *Stuck*, D. The correction was suggested by Heath.

117. *twyn'd*, qu.; *twin'd*, fol. Tons. Web. D.; *twinn'd*, Sew. Col. Kn.

144. *Crave*, old edd., Col. Web. Kn.; *Reave*, Sew.; *Grave*, D. Also *Craze*, suggested by Theobald; *Carve*, Sympson; *Cleave*, Mason; *Raze*, Heath.

171. Seward first assigned this line to *Emily;* so all the rest. In old edd. it is assigned to *Arcite*.

196. After this line, four lines are omitted.
199. After this line, three lines are omitted.
211. *possess*, Sk. ; altered.
284. *Apricocke*, qu. ; *Apricock*, fol. Tons. Sew. ; *apricot*, Col. and the rest (except D.).
307. *grasp at*, Sk. ; altered.

ACT II. SC. 2.

30. After this line, four lines are omitted.
35. *yet know*, old edd. ; *ye know*, Sew., &c.
42. A line omitted ; the word *Aye* supplied.
46. *sees so*, old edd. ; *says so*, Sew., &c.
72. *then wind*, qu. fol. ; *than wind*, Tons. Kn. D. ; *the wind*, Sew. Col. Web.
73. *never*, old edd. ; *ne'er*, Sew. Col. Web. ; *e'er*, Kn. ; *ever*, D. The correction of *ever* or *e'er* for *never* was suggested by Mason. Perhaps *ne'er* is right ; see l. 12 above.

ACT II. SC. 3.

5. *love him else*, Sk. ; altered.
13. *whole affection*, Sk. ; altered.
30. *possess*, Sk. ; altered.
32. *Thus much* is at the end of l. 31 in old edd. The correction is Seward's.

ACT II. SC. 4.

9. *prooves*, qu. ; *proves*, fol. Tons. Web. D. ; *prove*, Sew. Col. Kn.
24. *born*, Sk. ; altered.

ACT III. SC. 1.

2. *land*, all edd. ; *laund*, Sk. Suggested by Dyce.
10. *pace*, old edd. ; *place*, Sew., &c.
36. *voydes*, qu. fol. ; *voyds*, Tons. ; *void'st*, Sew., &c. Correction made by Sympson.
89. *dare*, so the edd. ; the quarto has *dares*.
90. *nobly*, Sk. ; *noble*, all other edd.
97. *Musicke*, qu. ; *Musick*, fol. Tons. ; *muse quick*, Sew. Col. ; *muse*, Web. ; *musit*, Kn. D. Sk.
112. *If*, old edd. ; *I've*, Sew., &c.

ACT III. SC. 2.

1. *Beake*, qu. ; *Beak*, fol. Tons. ; *beck*, Sew. Col. ; *brake*, Web. Kn. D. Correction suggested by Theobald.
7. *reek ;* the quarto has *wreake*.
19. *fed ;* the quarto has *feed*.
26, 27. The words within square brackets were suggested by Dyce.

ACT III. SC. 3.

34. Two lines omitted ; the word *Well* supplied.
50. *Sir ha*, old edd. Sew. ; *Sirrah*, Col., &c.

ACT III. SC. 4.

9. *Upon her*, old edd. Kn.; *Up with her*, Sew. Col.; *Spoom her*, Web. D.; *Run her*, Sk.

ACT III. SC. 5.

8. *jave*, old edd. Web.; *sleave*, Sew. Col.; *jape*, Kn.; *jane*, D. Sk.

53. *fire ill take her*, old edd. Col. Web. Kn.; *feril take her*, Sew.; *wild-fire take her*, Sk. The correction was proposed by Dyce.

58. The latter part of the line omitted.

67. *I come.* The word *I* is omitted in qu. and fol., but supplied in Tonson and the rest; except Weber, who has *We come.*

83. *Sir ha*, qu.; *Sir, ha*, fol. Tons. Sew.; *Sirrah*, Col., &c. After l. 83, a line is omitted.

89. *Et opus*, old edd. D.; *Atque opus*, Sew. and the rest (except D.); *En opus*, Sk.

106. *rable*, qu. fol.; *rabble*, Tons., &c.

123. *tenner*, old edd. Sew.; *tenor*, Col., &c. Even the old edd. have *tenor* in III. 6. 135; *tenner* being merely used to preserve the rhyme to the eye.

128. *welcomes*, old edd. Sew. Sk.; *welcome*, Col., &c.

130. *Informes*, qu. fol.; *Informs*, all the rest but D.; *Inform*, D. After this line, two lines are omitted.

132, 133. For *ay*, the quarto has *I*.

135. This line was first assigned to Gerrold in the edition of 1778; the old edd. give it to Pirithous, but add a side-note—'Knocke for Schoole. Enter the Dance', quarto; 'Knock for Schoolm. Enter the Dance', folio.

137. *thee with*, old edd.; *ye with*, Sew., &c. In l. 140, the quarto has *three* for *thee.*

153. After this line, two lines are omitted.

ACT III. SC. 6.

87. *strait.* Spelt *streight*, qu.

112. *safely*, old edd. Col.; *safety*, Sew., &c. (except Col.).

147. *this owne*, qu.; *this own*, fol.; *this known*, Tons. Sew. Col. Web. Kn. (*known* being perhaps a mere misprint in Tonson); *thy own*, D.; *thine own*, Sk. See *thy edict* in l. 170.

192. *kill*, old edd. D.; *kills*, Sew. &c., all but D.

202. *moments*, Sk.; altered.

223. *The'yld* (sic), qu.; *They'ld*, fol.; *They'll*, Tons. Sew. Col. Kn.; *They would*, Web.; *They'd*, D.

238. *fall*, qu. fol.; *fail*, Tons., &c.

242. *name; Opinion*, old edd. Sew. Col. Web.; *name's opinion*, Kn. D. Correction due to Theobald and Mason.

244. *proyne*, qu.; *proyn*, fol. Tons.; *prune*, Sew. Col. Web. Kn.; *proin*, D.

247. *nurtured*, Sk.; altered.

270, 277, 298. *possess*, Sk.; altered.

ACT IV. SC. 1.

20. *scap'd;* the quarto has *escapt*, and divides the lines badly.
48. The quarto omits *have*.
84. *wreake*, qu.; *wreak*, fol. Tons.; *wreath*, Sew., &c.
110. *rarely*, old edd.; *rearly*, Web. Kn. D.; *early*, Sew. Col.
111. A line and a half omitted here.
126. Seven lines omitted here.
128. About two lines omitted here.

ACT IV. SC. 2.

16. *Love*, old edd.; *Jove*, Sew., &c.
38. *the eyes*, qu. Sk.; altered to *thy eyes* in all other edd.
74. *these*, qu. and all edd. but fol. Tons. Sew. D., which have *those*.
81. *faire*, qu.; *fair*, fol. Tons. Kn.; *far*, Sew. Col. Web.; *fire*, D. Sk.
109. *corect*, qu.; *correct*, fol. Tons.; *crown*, Sew., &c. Cf. v. 3. 17.
125. *auburn;* spelt *aborne*, qu.
126. Two lines omitted here.

ACT IV. SC. 3.

20. *as th'ers*, qu.; *as there's*, fol. Tons. Sew. Col. Kn.; *are, there's*, Web. D. Sk. Correction made by Mason.
A few passages are omitted in this Scene, at ll. 29, 32, and 38.
67. *crave her*, qu.; *carve her*, fol. and most edd.; *carve for her*, Sew. Kn.
74. *what's*, old edd. Web. D.; *what are*, Sew. Col. Kn.

ACT V. SC. 1.

37. *farther off*, qu. fol. Sew.; *farther of*, Tons.; *further off*, Col. Kn.; *father of*, Web. D. Sk. The correction *father of* is due to Theobald, and was approved by Heath.
44. *stickes*, qu.; *sticks*, fol. Tons. D.; *will stick*, Sew. Col. Web. Kn. The reading *will stick* is a mere suggestion of Seward's, but seems a slight improvement.
50. The words *whose approach* were added by Seward. The old copies have a lacuna here.
54. *armenypotent*, qu.; *armenipotent*, fol. Tons.; corrected to *armipotent* by Seward, &c.
79. *And weepe*, qu.; *And weep*, fol. Tons.; *To weep*, Sew., &c.
80. *Mars's;* spelt *Marsis*, qu. So also in I. 1. 62.
85. *pould*, old edd.; *polled*, Sew., &c.
107. Eleven lines omitted. The word *In* supplied.
126. In the stage direction Seward printed *Maid* for *Maids* (quarto, *Maides*); so also Colman and Weber.

ACT V. SC. 2.

5. *I'd;* printed *I would*, qu.; twice.
10. One line omitted here.

16. Six lines omitted here.
19. Four lines omitted here.
21. Eight lines omitted here.
35. *turne*, qu.; *turn*, fol. Tons.; *tune*, Sew., &c.
67. Two lines omitted here.
88. Five lines omitted here.

ACT V. SC. 3.

13. No comma after *well* in old edd.; it was supplied by Weber and Dyce, and suggested by Mason and Heath. Col. Kn. have *well-pencilled*.
54. *on them*, old edd.; *on him*, Sew., &c.
75. Sew. Col. omit *else*.
87. This line was omitted by accident in the folio, coming at the beginning of a page; Tons. Sew. also omit it. The quarto has it thus—*Their noblenes peculier to them, gives*.

ACT V. SC. 4.

6. *herein*. Inserted to complete the line. Not in former editions.
10. *unwapper'd*, old edd. Web. D. Sk.; *unwappen'd*, Kn.; *unwarp'd*, Sew. Col.
35. *quight*, qu. fol.; *quite*, Web. Kn. D.; *quit*, Tons. Sew. Col.
44, 45. In old edd. and Kn., the word *when* is at the beginning of l. 45.
47. *early*, old edd.; *dearly*, Sew., &c. See *dearly sorry*, l. 129 below.
101. *Your*, Dyce's suggestion; all other edd. have *Our*.
104. *arowze*, old edd. Sew.; *arrose*, Col., &c.

NOTES.

N.B. For remarks upon the various readings, see particularly the Critical Notes. The places where the scenes are laid are insufficiently indicated in all the editions except Mr Dyce's. I follow him in assigning to each scene its proper locality.

PROLOGUE. 14. Quarto, *take;* but it certainly means *tack*, as printed in later editions. So also in Act III. Sc. 4, l. 10, and Act IV. Sc. 1, l. 141.

17. *travail.* The quarto has *travel*, a spelling which is retained in some copies of the Bible (A.V. Oxford, 1870). See Numb. xx. 14; Lament. iii. 5.

ACT I. SC. 1.

Stage direction. The same as in the old copies, except that, by an obvious mistake, the old editions read 'the bride, led by *Theseus*'. The correction to 'led by *Pirithous*' was made by Theobald.

Song. Evidently intended to be sung by the Boy, who also strews flowers, as indicated in the stage direction, and at l. 15.

2. *royal.* Two syllables, as in Shakespeare.

4. *maiden pinks*, i. e. fresh pinks; also used for strewing upon the grave of a maiden or a faithful wife. Compare the words of Queen Katharine, in *Hen. VIII.* IV. 2. 168 (a passage probably written by Fletcher)—

> strew me over
> With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
> I was a chaste wife to my grave.

This common custom is still better commemorated in *Cymbeline*, IV. 2. 218, which may be compared with the present Song.

> With fairest flowers
> Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack,
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
> The azured harebell, like thy veins, &c.

There is a flower expressly named the maiden-pink (*Dianthus virgineus*); but I suspect its name is comparatively modern.

5. *quaint*, trim, neat. See the note to Wright's edition of the *Tempest*, I. 2. 318.

6. *thyme;* spelt *time* in the quarto. The spellings of words have been gradually modernized in the editions; and, as it is usual to print Shakespeare with modernized spelling, the same course has been adopted here, and I shall not, in general, remark upon the spelling of

the old editions. It is as well, however, to bear in mind that considerable change in this respect has taken place since 1634.

7. *Ver*, the spring; Lat. *uer*. See *Love's La. Lo.* v. 2. 901. There is an allusion here to the etymology of *primrose*, which is contracted from *prime rose* (Lat. *prima rosa*), alluding to its early appearance in springtime.

8. *harbinger*, a corruption of the Middle Eng. *herbergeour*, one who went before a royal host to provide lodgings; as in Chaucer, *Cant. Ta.* 5417—

> By *herbergeours* that wenten him beforn.

The insertion of *n* before *g* is not uncommon in French words; thus Fr. *langouste* is from Lat. *locusta*, and Eng. *messenger* was formerly spelt *messager*, just as *scavenger* was once *scavager*. Besides which, the second *r* in *herbergeour* was neglected when the *n* was inserted. The *herbergeour* was one whose duty it was to find a *harbour* or lodging. *Harbour* is from the Ang.-Sax. *here-beorga*, an army-shelter; from *here* (Ger. *heer*) an army, and *beorgan* (Ger. *bergen*) to protect. The same word in French, spelt *auberge*, signifies an inn. The secondary meaning of *harbinger* is simply a precursor, as it is used here.

9. *hairbells;* in all former editions *her bels* or *her bells*. Though very averse to proposing emendations, I have no hesitation in this case, and it is astonishing to me that no one has thought of it before. The rhythm of the line positively requires the accent on the second syllable of it, whilst I may also urge (1) that *her bells* makes no sense at all; (2) that Shakespeare couples the "azured harebell" with the "pale primrose" (see quotation in note to l. 4 above); and (3) that there is no objection to the epithet *dim* as applied to such a flower. See Shak. *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4. 118—

> daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets *dim*,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, &c.

The true *hairbell* (so called in modern works, with reference to the slenderness of its stalk) is the *Campanula rotundifolia*, but the name was frequently applied to the *Agraphis nutans*, the wild hyacinth or blue-bell; and the latter is probably here intended, both because it is an earlier flower and because the epithet *dim* suits it better. The common spelling is *harebell*, but the real origin of the name remains uncertain. See *N. and Q.* 4 S. IV. 42.

11. Compare—

> The purple violets and *marigolds*
> Shall, as a carpet, hang *upon thy grave.*—*Pericles*, IV. 1. 16.

12. *larks-heel* is not the same as *larkspur*, as one might suppose, but a kind of nasturtium, viz. the *Tropæolum minus*, otherwise called the small Indian cress, or nasturtium. It is a native of Peru, but brought to Europe at rather an early period, and cultivated by Gerarde, who died in 1607. See *Larksheel* and *Indian cress* in Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, and *Tropæolum* in the *Engl. Cyclopædia*. Of course it

is possible that *larks-heel* may be loosely used here as equivalent to larkspur. Cotgrave, s. v. *Alouette*, gives—"*Pied d'alouette*, the herb Larks-spur, Larks-claw, Larks-heele, Larkes-toes, Monkshood".

13. 'Let all the sweet children of dear Nature', &c. Compare—

> 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> *Nature's* own *sweet* and cunning hand laid on.
>
> *Tw. Nt.* I. 5. 257.

14. *lie*, i.e. let them lie; used in the imperative mood. This verb is the first that has yet occurred, and agrees with all the preceding nominatives.

15. *Blessing their sense*, pleasing their sense of smell.

16. *angel*, lit. a messenger (Gk. ἄγγελος), but here prettily used to signify a bird. The same use of the word occurs in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, Act II. Sc. 2, where the Roman eagle is spoken of as "the Roman *angel*". The idea is as old as Homer, who uses the expression οἰωνὸν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον (*Iliad*, XXIV. 292). Observe, too, that *angel* implies a bird of good omen, to the exclusion of such ill-omened birds as the crow, the cuckoo, and the raven.

18. *Be;* the old editions have *Is*. The change is demanded by the grammar, and was made in 1750.

19. *slanderous;* because the cuckoo was supposed to tell tales concerning the ill-behaviour of wives. See the Song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and compare Chaucer's *Manciples Tale*.

20. *chough hoar;* old edd. *clough he*. The correction was made by Seward, who remarks that "*clough he* is neither sense nor rhime... *Chough* is Shakespeare [?] and Fletcher's name of a jack-daw, of which Ray says—*Postica pars capitis cinerascit*...There can be no reason to doubt of our having got the right substantive; [and] for *he* we must have an adjective that suits the *chough*, and also rhimes to *nor; hoar* will do both".

We find in Richardson's *Dict.*, that the *chough* (A. S. *cco*) is "the name by which the jackdaw (*Corvus monedula*) is sometimes called in England". Mandeville mentions "the ravenes and the crowes and the choughes" together; ed. Halliwell, p. 59.

We find the expression "russet-pated choughs" in Shakespeare; *Mid. Nt. Dr.* III. 2. 21. See also *K. Lear*, IV. 6. 13; *Macb.* III. 4. 125. &c.

The following remarks were kindly sent me by Professor Newton, to whom I applied for information as to the meaning of *chough*:—"The word has been, and is, applied to two very distinct birds. Properly it belongs to the 'Cornish' chough; but since that bird has been expelled from many of its old haunts by its intrusive cousin the daw (*vulgariter* Jack-daw), the latter seems to have usurped its name as well as its abode. The chough of Shakespeare I take to be the Cornish chough, from the epithet he gives it; which epithet, I believe, is not *russet-pated* (as ordinarily printed), but *russet-patted;* cf. Fr. 'à pattes rousses'. This I noticed some years since in '*Nature*' when reviewing Harting's *Birds of Shakespeare*. I doubt not that in Shakespeare's time this was *the* chough which haunted the Dover cliffs, where indeed it

was found until 35 or 40 years ago (cf. Knox's *Ornith. Rambles in Sussex*), but is now driven out by the other and conquering chough—to wit, the daw. The daw may be well designated *hoar*, for that epithet precisely suits the colour of its hind head. To me, the fact that Fletcher called his chough 'hoar' is very suggestive. It shews that the aggression of the daw had in his days made that the prevalent species. I look upon the chough proper (i. e. the red-footed Cornish bird) as doomed to extinction. I do not think it now breeds to the eastward of St Alban's Head in Dorset, and is there scarce. The vulgar jackdaw has carried all before him. Further to the westward the true chough still exists, but only for a time. The word *chough*, if pronounced *chuff*, is a good imitation of the note of either species".

21. *pie;* the magpie; Lat. *pica*.

22. *May* is very awkwardly placed, and the first negative is omitted. The sense is, of course, 'May neither the crow perch', &c.

bride-house, a nuptial hall. A rare word, but fully explained in the edition of Nares by Wright and Halliwell. "A *bride-house*, as when a hall or other large place is provided to keepe the bridall in, when the dwelling-house is not of sufficient roome to serve the turne"; *Nomenclator*, 1585. It is said to have been meant for a translation of *nymphæum;* the sense of which was affected by a confusion between *νυμφεῖον*, a bridal chamber, and *νυμφαῖον*, a temple of the nymphs.

25. This scene was suggested by Chaucer's account of the company of ladies, clad in black, and kneeling two and two together, who accosted Theseus on his return to Athens; see the *Knightes Tale*, ll. 35—116. The first queen addresses Theseus; the second Hippolyta; the third Emilia.

gentility does not mean politeness, but quality of birth, the rank of one of gentle birth. See *As You Like It*, I. 1. 22.

33. *Shall raze you*, shall erase, on your behalf, or, for your advantage. See Abbott's *Shakesp. Gram.* 3rd edit. sect. 220. In the next line *All you* means 'all the trespasses for which you'.

36. *What*, whatsoever. *stead*, assist; compare—"May you *stead* me?" *Merch. of Ven.* I. 3. 7. It means—'Whatsoever woman there may be, who is in distress, and whom I may assist, she binds me to herself (by the sympathy I feel for her)'.

39. The first queen, according to Chaucer, was 'the eldest lady of them all'. Chaucer gives her speech at length; *Kn. Ta.* ll. 57—89.

40. *Creon*, king of Thebes; see Chaucer. See also Æsch. *Seven against Thebes;* Soph. *Œdipus, Antigone;* &c. *endure;* Mason's correction, the old editions having *endur'd*. The use of the present tense is necessary to the sense; and the reading *endur'd* was no doubt occasioned by the use of the past tense *fell* in the previous line.

41. *talents* (quarto *Tallents*), the old spelling of talons. So in Fletcher's *Night-walker*, Act II. Sc. 2, we have—"I feel his *talents* through me"; and hence the pun in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. 2. 64.—"A rare *talent!* If a *talent* be a claw, look how he claws him with a *talent!*"

42. *fields*. Mr Dyce remarks that "Seward silently printed *field*—rightly perhaps". It escaped his notice that Seward merely reprinted the reading of the edition of 1711, which has *field;* and that the varia-

tion was a mere printer's error, since the quarto has *fields*. Cf. Soph. *Antigone*, 26—30.

44. *urn*, to put into an urn. Cf. 'inurned', *Hamlet*, I. 4. 49.

45. *eye of Phœbus*, full glare of the sun; a phrase occurring in *Henry V.* IV. 1. 290. Shak. also has *holy Phœbus;* see *Ant. and Cleop.* IV. 8. 29.

48. *purger*, purifier. Brutus tells the conspirators against Cæsar that they 'shall be called *purgers*, not murderers'; *Jul. Cæs.* II. 1. 180.

49. The quarto constantly has '*th*, not *th*', as an abbreviation for *the*. I print *th*', as being more intelligible.

50. *chapel*, here used as a verb; that we may place them in a chapel, i.e. entomb them. "Any noun, adjective, or neuter verb, can be used as an active verb [in Elizabethan English]. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck"; Abbott's *Shak. Gram.* Introd. p. 5 (3rd edit.). There are many such examples in this play. See *corslet*, l. 177, and *fall*, l. 178, below; *deaf'd*, I. 2. 80; *threats*, I. 2. 90; *cabin'd*, I. 3. 35; *skiff'd*, I. 3. 37; *niggard*, I. 4. 32; &c.

51. *of*, i.e. out of, as a result of; see Abbott, *Sh. Gram.* sect. 168.

53. *this*, i.e. this roof; in other words, the sky above us. Cf. *K. Lear*, II. 4. 211—213; V. 3. 259.

55. *transported*, carried away by my thoughts. Cf. "*transported* And rapt in secret studies"; *The Tempest*, I. 2. 76. Theseus means that he would have bidden her rise sooner, only that he was so carried away by her story as to make him unobservant of her attitude.

56. The nominative to 'gives' is the word 'hearing' or 'story' understood.

58. *vengeance and revenge;* this tautological phrase is used to give emphasis; it is employed by Shak. *Rich. II.* IV. 1. 67. The abbreviation *'em* stands for *hem*, the common Middle-English equivalent of *them* in the Midland dialect.

59. *Capanëus*, four syllables, accented on the first and third syllables. Chaucer also has it as four syllables, but accents it on the second and fourth syllables. Properly, it has but three syllables, being the Gk. Καπανεύς. Capaneus was one of the seven heroes who marched from Argos against Thebes. The story is that he was struck by lightning as he was scaling the walls, because he had dared to defy Zeus; and, whilst his body was burning, his wife Evadne leaped into the flames and destroyed herself. Cf. Euripides. *Phœnissæ*, 1172; Soph. *Antigone*, 126—136; Æsch. *Seven against Thebes*, 425; Statius. *Theb.* X. 826; Dante, *Inf.* XIV. 63. The story in Chaucer and in this play is somewhat different, as Evadne answers to the First Queen.

60. *should*, was to. This is just the usage of the word in our oldest English. In Cædmon (ed. Thorpe, p. 31), the curse is denounced upon Adam to the effect that he '*sceolde* on wíte á mid swáte and mid sorgum siððan libban'; i.e. that he *was to* live ever afterwards in pain, with sweat and with sorrows. Cf. *shall* = is to; I. 2. 104.

61. *groom*, bridegroom. In Shakespeare *groom* commonly means a servant, especially a very menial one; we find, however, "bride and *groom*" in *Oth.* II. 3. 180. Two parallel forms, *groom* and *goom*,

seem to have been confused. The former, *groom*, appears in the Old Dutch *grom*, a youth, and the Middle Eng. *grome*, a groom, a servitor; the latter is the Middle Eng. *gome*, a man, A.S. *guma*, Mœso-Goth. *guma*, cognate with the Latin *homo*. It was the latter form that was originally compounded with *bride*, as shewn by the A.S. *brydguma*, and the form *bridgume* in the *Ormulum*, l. 10422. Cf. the Dutch *bruidegom*, Ger. *bräutigam*. But, as the form *goom* fell into disuse as a separate word, whilst *groom* remained in common use, the change of *bridegoom* into *bridegroom* was easily made, and is now fixed in the language.

62. *Mars's*. The quarto has *Marsis;* so also in Sc. 2, l. 20.

63. *Juno's mantle;* described in Homer, *Il.* XIV. 178—

> Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd
> That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd. (Pope.)

64. *spread her* may mean (1) overspread her; or (2) extended itself, *her* being put for *it*, with reference to the mantle; cf. *her* for *it*, in Milton, *P. L.* I. 592. Either construction is intelligible. Seward proposed to suppress the word *her*, but this does not improve either the sense or the metre. The introduction of an extra syllable at a pause in the verse is no blemish, but a beauty; see Abbott, *Sh. Gram.* (3rd ed.), art. 454. *wheaten wreath*. Here Theseus may be supposed to point to one of the 'wheaten chaplets' mentioned in the introductory stage-direction. See note to Act V. Sc. 1, l. 149.

66. *kinsman*. We find in the life of Theseus, in North's *Plutarch*, the following account:—"they were neere kinsmen, being cosins remoued by the mothers side. For Æthra [Theseus' mother] was the daughter of Pitheus, and Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, was the daughter of Lysidices, the which was halfe sister to Pitheus, both [being] children of Pelops and of his wife Hippodamia"; p. 4, ed. 1612. And see *Mid. Nt. Dr.* V. 1. 47.

Hercules is, apparently, a disyllable here. It reminds us of the 'Ercles vein' in *Mid. Nt. Dr.* I. 2. 42.

68. *Nemean;* misprinted *Nenuan* in the old copies. It alludes to the Nemean lion (*Hamlet*, I. 4. 83) slain by Hercules, whose skin the hero used to wear.

73. *Whereto*, in addition to which mercy. *press*, urge; I do not think it means more in this passage. Cf. 'whom love doth *press* to go'; *Mid. Nt. Dr.* III. 2. 184. *forth*, forward.

74. *Our undertaker*, the man who will undertake an enterprise on our behalf. So in Fletcher's play of *The Lover's Progress*, Act I. Sc. 1, we have—

> "First, for the *undertaker*, I am he."

This word is a noticeable one in Elizabethan English, and even later. See the notice of the *undertakers* in Ireland, Introd. to Globe ed. of Spenser, p. xxxix. "Neville, and others who, like him, professed to understand the temper of the commons, and to facilitate the king's dealings with them, were called *undertakers*"; Hallam, *Const. Hist. of England*, chap. VI. "I find you are a general *undertaker*, and have, by your correspondents or self, an insight into most things"; *Spectator*, No. 432.

75. Macbeth is called "Bellona's bridegroom"; *Mach.* I. 2. 54. Bellona, the Roman goddess of war, was the companion of Mars, and is described as armed with a bloody scourge; Virgil, *Aen.* VIII. 703.

76. *your soldier;* used just like the expression "your hermits"; *Mach.* I. 6. 20.

79. *scythe-tusk'd,* armed with tusks curved like a scythe. The old copies have *sith-tusk'd,* which is a better spelling; the A. S. form of the word being *siðe.* In the seventeenth century there arose an affectation of writing *sc* for *s* in many words where it was not required; thus *sithe, site, situation, sent* were spelt *scythe, scite, scituation, scent;* and the first and last of these have been accepted as standard forms.

80. The sense is—"didst nearly make the male sex captive to thine own sex, had it not been that this lord of thine, Theseus—who was born to keep created things in the same relative position of honour in which nature first appointed them—caused thee to shrink back within the bound which thou wast overflowing". *creation* properly means all created things, but is here used with particular reference to human beings. Cf. Gen. iii. 16—'he shall rule over thee'. *wast near;* we should now say 'went near'.

83. *styl'd it,* fixed the style or title of, fixed the rank of; with reference to the precedence of the male over the female. We find *style* for title in 1 *Hen. VI.* IV. 7. 72—74.

85. The termination *-ess* for the feminine (Lat. *-issa,* Gk. *-ισσα,* Fr. *-esse*) was used much more freely in Elizabethan English than now. Spenser has *championesse, F. Q.* III. 12. 41; *warriouresse, F. Q.* V. 7. 27; *vassalesse, Daphnaida,* 181.

86. *poise,* weigh; formerly spelt *peise;* from Old Fr. *peiser,* Lat. *pensare,* to weigh out; which from *pendere,* to weigh. The Old French sb. *pois,* a weight, is derived from the Lat. *pensum;* but a *d* was ignorantly inserted into it, from a notion that it was derived from *pondus,* thus giving the modern French spelling *poids. Poise* (= weight) occurs in Act V. Sc. 4, l. 81.

87. *on,* upon, over; see Dan. iii. 27.

88. *ever* is pronounced *e'er* in almost every instance throughout the play; and similarly *never* is pronounced *ne'er.* In these words, I follow the spelling of the quarto edition.

ow'st, ownest, possessest. A common meaning of *owe;* see *Tempest,* I. 2. 407, 454; III. 1. 45; *Macbeth,* III. 4. 113; as well as Act V. Sc. 4, l. 50 of the present play.

89. *servant* is used not quite in the modern sense, but in the old sense of an obedient and devoted lover; see Act III. 6. 149. It is the proper antithesis of *mistress.* Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster,* Act III. Sc. 2, Philaster addresses Arethusa as "my dearest *mistress*", whereupon Arethusa replies with "my dearest *servant*". The best comment upon this is furnished by the words of Theseus in Chaucer's *Kn. Ta.* 956—

> For in my tyme a *seruaunt* was I oon.
> And therfor, sin I knowe of *loues peyne,* &c.

for means 'as regards', a sense common in Shakespeare; see Abbott,

Sh. Gram. art. 149. The sense is—'who is a devoted lover as regards the intention of thy speech'; i. e. who is ready to devote himself to fulfil every wish that you express. Seward altered *for* to *to;* unnecessarily.

90. *glass*, mirror; as in Scene 2, l. 55. For the idea, compare—

> he was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves; 2 *H. IV.* II. 3. 21.
>
> The glass of fashion, &c.; *Hamlet*, III. 1. 161.

93. *Require him he advance it*, desire of him that he will advance it or stretch it out.

94. *key*, tone. So we have—"a bondman's *key*"; *Merch. of Ven.* I. 3. 124. The expression is borrowed from the science of music.

96. *Lend us a knee*, vouchsafe to kneel with us.

99. *blood-siz'd*, rendered sticky with gore. We may compare this with *Hamlet*, II. 2. 484—

> And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore.

Size is a kind of weak glue. The quarto has *cizd.*

100. *grinning*, shewing his bare teeth. "See, how the pangs of death do make him *grin*"; 2 *Hen. VI.* III. 3. 24. Falstaff says, with reference to the death of Sir Walter Blunt—"I like not such *grinning* honour as Sir Walter hath"; 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 62.

102. *I had as lief*, I would as gladly; cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 49. Similarly we say, *I had better, I had rather.* Mätzner remarks in his *English Grammar* (Grece's translation, III. 8) that the expressions *lieb haben, lieber haben* are familiar to Middle High German, and the phrase *avoir cher* to Old French. Hippolyta means—I would as soon follow with you on the track of the good deed you desire as go to my marriage-ceremony; though I never yet went on my way so willingly. *trace*, follow up; not quite the same use of the word as in Act III. 5. 21. See note to that line.

107. *uncandied*, dissolved, thawed. To *ice* a cake means to sugar it over; conversely, a '*candied* brook' is one that is covered with ice; *Timon of Athens*, IV. 3. 225. Shakespeare uses *discandy* for dissolve, *Ant. and Cleop.* IV. 12. 22. See Wright's note to the *Tempest*, II. 1. 272.

108. It means—so sorrow, lacking shape (i. e. power of expression), is oppressed with still greater occasion for it.

110. Compare—

> Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
> Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
>
> 2 *Hen. IV.* I. 1. 60.

111. For the second *there*, Seward proposed to read *here*, supposing that the 3rd Queen might lay her hand on her heart, thus making *here* to mean—in my heart. The change is unnecessary, and will not help us in explaining the simile. Mason says, with reference to Seward's note—"But though she speaks of her heart afterwards (l. 117), she alludes in this place to her eyes, which she compares to pebbles viewed through a glassy stream; a description which would not apply to her heart." The sense clearly is—there (i. e. in my cheeks and eyes) you can behold my griefs *only* in an uncertain manner, as when you look at

pebbles which appear wrinkled through the transparent stream above them. Mr Dyce well remarks that "the plural *'em* applied to the preceding singular *grief* may be defended by various passages in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays". See *their*=his; III. 5. 128.

113. *qlack;* said to be a corruption of *alas.* It occurs in Shak. *Sonnets*, 33, 65, 103; *Pass. Pilgrim*, x. 3; xvii. 1, 13; &c.

114. The sense is—he who desires to discover all the world's wealth must dig deeply towards its centre; he who would win the least goodwill from me must let his search descend to my heart, like one who, fishing for minnows, so loads his line with lead as to make it sink deeply. The simile is intentionally strained and farfetched, to denote the queen's distress; as explained in the next sentence.

115. *centre*, the remotest part from the surface. See Milton, *Hymn on Nativity*, 162; *Comus*, 382; also *Hamlet*, II. 2. 159; *Troil. and Cress.* III. 2. 186.

120. Emilia means that the queen's grief is so evident that not to perceive it would shew as great an insensibility to outward things as when a man is out in the rain, and is unaware of it. This was nearly the case of Lear; see *K. Lear*, III. 4. 1—14.

122. *ground-piece*, (perhaps) a study for a picture; a sketch. The force of *ground* is not clear, but a *piece* often means a picture; *Timon of Athens*, I. 1. 28, 155. Cf. *ground-work;* also *ground-plot* (Sidney's *Arcadia*). See Sc. 3, l. 10. This simile may be compared with Act II. Sc. 2, of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*. The passage is too long for quotation.

123. *instruct*, tutor. prepare. *'gainst*, against the coming of. *capital*, supreme, exceedingly great.

125. *natural*, by nature; not made so by art, but truly so; real, not feigned.

134. *Knolls*, tolls continually, like a bell that rings for church; keeps up a continuous sound. The word is not always used with reference to tolling for the dead; since we find in *As You Like It*, II. 7. 114—"If ever been where bells have *knoll'd* to church".

135. Possibly suggested by a passage in North's *Plutarch*, immediately preceding that quoted in the note to l. 66 above. "For then he did manifestly open himselfe, and he felt the like passion in his heart which Themistocles long time afterwards endured when he said, that the victorie and triumph of Miltiades would not let him sleepe. For euen so, the wonderful admiration which Theseus had of Hercules courage made him in the night that he neuer dreamed but of his noble acts and doings, and in the daytime, pricked forward with emulation and enuie of his glory, he determined with himselfe one day to do the like, and the rather because they were neere kinsmen", &c.; see note referred to. Again, in the same *Life of Theseus*, ed. 1612, p. 15, we read—"Others say...that he was at the iourney of Cholchide [Colchis] with Iason, and that he did helpe Meleager to kil the wild bore of Calydonia: from whence, as they say, this prouerbe came: *Not without Theseus;* meaning that such a thing was not done without great helpe of another. Howbeit it is certaine that Theseus selfe did many famous acts without aide of any man, and that for his valiantnesse this

prouerbe came in vse, which is spoken: *This is another Theseus.* Also he did helpe Adrastus, king of the Argives, to recouer the bodies of those that were slaine in the battell before the city of Thebes."

138. Aufidius compares Coriolanus to an osprey—

> I think he'll be to Rome
> As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
> *By sovereignty of nature.* *Cor.* IV. 7. 33.

Osprey is a corruption of the old name *ossifrage*, from the Lat. *ossifragus*, bone-breaking, a name given to the bird for its strength. It is the *Pandion haliætus*, also called the fish-hawk, or fishing-eagle; and subsists on fish. The first edition has the spelling *asprayes*.

142. There are two readings and explanations of this line. The old editions have—

> Those that with cords, knives, drams precipitance—

there being no comma after *drams*. Mr Knight, whom I follow, adopts this reading, taking *cords*, *knives*, *drams* to be genitive cases plural, which used not to be marked, as now, with an apostrophe. In this view, *precipitance* means headlong haste, desperate rashness. It is a very rare word, but occurs in Milton with the sense of great haste, *P. L.* VII. 291. And the line means—Those who, by the headlong haste afforded them by cords, knives, or poisons, &c. The other explanation is that of Seward, who places a comma after *drams*, and makes *precipitance* mean the act of self-precipitation or leaping down precipices. Authority for this use of the word is wanting; otherwise the explanation would serve. It does not greatly matter, as it is clear that the poet merely meant to enumerate various modes of suicide. The whole speech expresses that human favour allows a decent burial even to suicides. Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 213—"O, give me *cord*, or *knife*, or *poison*"; and *Othello*, III. 3. 388. So, in the Sanskrit tale of *Nala*, IV. 4, the heroine says to Nala—"visham, agnim, jalam, rajjum âsthâsye tava kâranât", i.e. poison, fire, water, the noose I will endure for thy sake.

143. "Proxima deinde tenent mœsti loca, qui sibi letum
Insontes peperere manu, *lucemque perosi*
Proiecere animas"; Virg. *Aen.* VI. 434.

146. *visitating*, surveying. "*Visiter*, to visit, or go to see; to view, survey, overlook, oversee"; Cotgrave. Cf. "*visitation* of the winds"; 2 *Hen. IV.* III. 1. 21.

148, 149. The words within brackets were added by Seward; and something is so evidently required to fill up the gap that they may be accepted, as explaining the connection in the sense.

152. The sense intended is—if done *at once*, it can be accomplished; but *tomorrow*, the opportunity will be past; you must strike while the iron is hot and can be shaped, not wait till the heat is gone.

153. 'Tomorrow, vain labour can earn no recompense but its own sweat.' An allusion to the proverb, 'To have nothing but one's labour for one's pains'. *bootless* is profitless, from the A. S. *bôt*, profit, advantage, from the same root as *better*. Shakespeare puns upon the word in 1 *H. IV.* III. 1. 67, 68.

154. "Upon my *secure* hour thy uncle stole";
Hamlet, I. 5. 61.

156. *Rinsing;* in the old editions *Wrinching*, which is the old spelling of the word. "So in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, Act I. Sc. 1, all the folios have—'and like a glasse Did breake ith' *wrenching*',—i. e. rinsing"; note by Dyce.

158. "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, *fulness of bread*, and abundance of *idleness* was in her and in her daughters"; Ezek. xvi. 49.

159. *Artesius* must be supposed to be an Athenian captain, present on the stage, though no speech is assigned to him, and his entrance and exit are alike unnoticed in the old copies. Theseus addresses him again in l. 211; and the proper time for his exit is at l. 218.

165. *take hands*, let us join hands, and depart together; intended as an expression of despair.

166. *widows to our woes*, i. e. mourners over our woes; or, mourners left to our woes. Perhaps this obscure expression intimates that they would not have even the opportunity of mourning at their husbands' tombs. Having no memorials of their husbands to point to, they had but their woes to shew that they were widows.

172. *war;* a happy emendation, suggested by Theobald. The old text has *was*. See the expression—'Your suppliants' *war*' in l. 133 above.

173. *Foregone*, gone through formerly, undergone hitherto. We have in English two distinct verbs, *to forgo* (always misspelt *forego*) meaning to relinquish, and *to forego*, to go before. See the prefixes *for-* and *fore-* distinguished in Morris, *Hist. Outlines of Eng. Accidence*, pp. 225, 226. The word here used is spelt correctly; as also in the well-known phrase "a *foregone* conclusion"; *Othello*, III. 3. 428.

174. The sense is—then it tells us yet more plainly that our suit will be neglected.

176. *lock*, detain by embraces. *synod;* the "shining synod" or assembly of the gods, presided over by Jupiter, is mentioned in *Cymb.* v. 4. 89.

178. Compare—

"Let me suffer death
If in my apprehension two *twinn'd cherries*
Be more akin, than her lips to Maria's."
The Night-Walker, III. 6.

And again, with reference to Megra's lips, Pharamond says—"Oh! they are two *twinn'd cherries*"; *Philaster*, Act II. Sc. 2.

fall, i. e. let fall; used transitively. So in *As You Like It*, III. 5. 5, an executioner is said to "*fall*" an axe.

179. *tasteful*, full of (the enjoyment of) tasting; able to taste her sweetness. Richardson quotes—

"Say, all ye wise and well-pierc'd hearts,
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your *tasteful* spirits do prove,
In that rare life of her, and love?"
Crashaw, *The Flaming Heart.*

180. *blubber'd*, disfigured by weeping. "The reader ought to recollect that formerly this word did not convey the somewhat ludicrous idea which it does at present"; (Dyce). Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* III. 3. 87.

186. *bids*, invites; see Matt. xxii. 3, 4, 8, 9. *much unlike*, very improbable; the sense being—though I think it very improbable that you should be so transported as she describes, and equally sorry that I should urge such a petition as I now proceed to make.

190. *surfeit*, sickness; caused, in this case, by excess of grief. So Macbeth speaks of having "*supped full* with horrors"; *Macb.* v. 5. 13.

195. 'Or for ever condemning their power to silence'. Compare —'to strike *blind*'.

198. *fee*, property, due. The A. S. *feoh* originally meant *cattle*, which was also the signification of the cognate Latin word *pecus*, and is still the sense of the cognate German word *vieh*. In like manner we have *chattels* in the sense of property, though *chattel* is but another spelling of *cattle*. Cf. Lat. *pecunia*, money, from the same root as *fee*.

207. *have me*, i. e. have me do.

208. *Get you*, short for 'get you hence', begone. Cf. "to *take* oneself off", and the Lowland Scotch "to *win* out", to escape; "to *win* aff", to get away.

210. *pretended*, intended. This is the common meaning of the word in old authors.

> Now presently I'll give her father notice
> Of their disguising and *pretended* flight.
> *Two G. of Verona*, II. 5. 6.

> Believe you are abused; this custom feign'd too,
> And what you now *pretend* most fair and vertuous.
> Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cust. of Count.* I. 1.

Theseus means that all the preparations made for the festivity are to be carried out, just as if nothing had happened.

211. Badly punctuated in the old editions. Mr Dyce (whom I follow) says—"I have given, with Weber, the punctuation proposed by Mason, who observes that the words *Follow your soldier* are addressed to the Queens; the remainder of the line to Artesius, whom he had before desired to draw out troops for the enterprise". See note to l. 159. By *your soldier* Theseus means *himself*, as is evident from l. 76—And pray for *me*, *your soldier*.

212. *Aulis*, the correction of Theobald, the old editions having *Anly*, though there is no place of that name. The old dramatists were not very particular as to geography, and Aulis is not very near to Athens, being a seaport in Eubœa. Still, since it was celebrated as having been the place where the Greek fleet assembled before sailing against Troy, we may accept the suggestion with confidence. Heath imagined that the use of the word *banks* necessarily implies a river, not a harbour, and therefore proposed to read *Ilisse*, meaning the river Ilissus. His premiss is wrong, since Shakespeare uses *banks* for shores of the sea; 1 *Hen. IV.* III. 1. 45.

214. *moiety*, part; strictly, half; Fr. *moitié*, Old Fr. *moitiet*, from Lat. acc. *medietatem*, which from *medius*.

215. *More bigger lokal*, which was expected to have been a greater one. We are to suppose that Theseus had planned some great expedition, to be undertaken after his marriage-feast was over, and had collected part of an army for that purpose. He now intends to march against Thebes, the taking of which he looked upon as easy, without completing that army to its full number. For the use of the double comparative, see Abbott's *Shak. Gram.* art. 11. Shakespeare has *more larger*, *Ant. and Cleop.* III. 6. 76, &c.

216. *currant*, red as a currant. Cf. "A *cherry* lip"; *Rich. III.* 1. 1. 94.

220. *bate*, abate, omit, deduct. This use of *bate* with the sense of *abate* is common in old authors. See l. 225.

222. *want*, lack, be deficient, remain incomplete. Seward proposed to read *wait*, but the suggestion is a poor one; he must have forgotten the common use of *want* in our old dramatists.

> What mockery will it be
> To *want* the bridegroom? &c. *Tam. of Shrew*, III. 2. 4.

229. *bend*, give way. In the next line *they themselves* must refer to the gods, who "groan under the mastery of the affections"; i.e. find it difficult always to suppress them. This seems to be the sense, but it is somewhat obscure.

230. *some say*. Thus Sophocles—καὶ σ' οὔτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδείς, κ.τ.λ.; *Antigone*. 786. Classic mythology abounds with love-stories concerning the gods.

232. *being subdued*, when we are conquered by our passions.

233. *human*. Several editions retain the old spelling *humane;* but, though the words *human* and *humane* are really one and the same, we have chosen to differentiate them, i. e. to establish a difference between the senses in which they are used. Mr Dyce is obviously right in printing *human*. A "human title" is a title to be ranked as a man.

ACT I. SC. 2.

1. Contrast this with the expression in Hamlet—"A little more than kin, and less than kind"; I. 2. 65.

2. *prime*, chief, best-beloved; hence, very dear.

6. *keep*, dwell, continue, reside; see l. 38.

8. *In the aid of the current*, with the stream. "What Arcite means to urge as a reason for their quitting Thebes is, that, if they struggled against the current of the fashion [which is denoted by *not* swimming *in the aid* of it], their striving would answer no purpose; and that, if they followed the common stream, it would lead them to an eddy where they would either be drowned or reap no advantage from their labouring through it but life and weakness."—Mason.

11. *if labour through*, if we should labour through it.

13. *cried up with example*, approved by instances.

ruins; not material ruins of houses, but wrecks of men, i. e. men who are but wrecks of their former selves; see l. 27. Palamon is

following up the idea started by Arcite, that the men in Thebes were mostly coming to ruin. Hence the word *walking* in l. 15 may just as well agree with *ruins* as refer to Palamon himself; and he goes on to say that he sees upon them little else but scars and bare garments (such being the common meaning of *weeds* in our old authors); and these scars are all that the martialists (or men fond of war) really gain, though hoping to win honour and money. Observe the phrase "when such I meet" in l. 21; and so in l. 27.

15. After *Thebes* (a monosyllable, see ll. 28, 36), there is a pause. Also the word *bare* is equivalent to a disyllable, as if it were *ba-er*. So also *weird* is *we-ird* in *Macb.* I. 3. 32; see other instances in Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* 3rd ed. art. 485. The sense of *bare* is thread-bare, thin with excessive wear.

16. Nares says—"*Martialist*, a martial person, a soldier. This word was once very common, and is amply exemplified by Mr Todd.

> He was a swain whom all the graces kist,
> A brave, heroick, worthy *martialist*.
> Browne, *Brit. Past.* I. 5.
>
> And straine the magicke muses to rehearse
> The high exploits of Jove-borne *martialists*.
> Fitz-geffrey: *On Sir Fr. Drake*."

17. *ingots*, masses of unwrought metal; masses of metal roughly shaped by having been cast in a mould after they have been purified by fire. The etymology of the word has not been satisfactorily accounted for. The French form is *lingot*, which has been derived from a Low-Latin *lingotus*, which Ducange assigns to A.D. 1440. But in many cases the Low-Latin word was adopted from the French, and such may have been the case here. Again, the French words *lendemain*, *loriot*, *luette*, *lierre*, *lors* exhibit a prefixed article (*le*), being respectively derived from Fr. *en demain*, Lat. *aureolus*, Lat. *uva* (dimin. *uvetta*), Lat. *hedera*, and Lat. acc. pl. *horas*; see Brachet's *Etym. French Dictionary*. Probably, then the French *lingot* may be no other than the usual contraction of *le ingot*. The word occurs as early as in Chaucer, who uses the form *ingot* in his *Cant. Tales*, 13156. Mr Wedgwood says—"*Ingot*, originally the mould in which the vessel was cast, and not the bar itself. The alchemist in the Canon Yeoman's Tale gets a piece of chalk, and cuts it in the shape of an *ingot* which will hold an ounce of metal.

> He put this ounce of copre in the crosslet,
> And on the fyr as swith he hath it set,
> And afterward in the *ingot* he it cast.

G. *einguss*, the pouring in, that which is infused, a melting vessel, ingot-mould, crucible.—Küttner. From *eingiessen*, Dutch *ingieten*, to pour in, cast in." Of course Mr Wedgwood means that it is the Germ. form *einguss*, not the Eng. *ingot*, which is derived from the Germ. *eingiessen*. Perhaps no mistake is more common, or more absurd, than the derivation of English forms from High-German; a mistake unworthy of the merest tyro in comparative philology. It is obvious, on reflection, that the form *ingot* is *Low*-German, and was either Dutch or

English in origin. The Dutch for to pour out is *gieten*, but it exists also in the Old Saxon *geotan* (see the *Heliand*, 4643), and in the A.S. *geotan*, pp. *goten*. The A.S. verb has left its mark in the Prov. Eng. *gote*, or *gowt*, a drain, and *gut*, a channel: see *gote* in *Prompt. Parvulorum*. Indeed the word *gutter* (formerly *goter*) may have been formed from it too, by assimilation with the French *gouttière*. The most curious trace of it is in the name '*Billiters*' Lane' in London, where *Billiter* was originally *belle-yeter*, i.e. bell-pourer, bell-founder; Bardsley's *Eng. Surnames*, p. 358; *Prompt. Parv.* p. 30. The same root appears again in *gush*, and in the Icelandic *geysir* (a gusher). This opinion, that the Eng. *ingot* is, after all, the original of Fr. *lingot* and of the Low-Latin *lingotus*, seems to be preferred by Diez.

At any rate, if any of my readers learn from this note (possibly for the first time) that English words belong to the *Low*-German, not the *High*-German stock, and that, in general, to "derive" English words from the 'German' is merely ridiculous, I shall not have written it in vain.

18. *had not*, i.e. did not get for himself, for it went to the captain. Cf. l. 34.

flurted, scorned. It is rather common in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, as appears from these examples. See Richardson's *Dictionary*.

> Is this the fellow
> That had the patience to become a fool,
> A *flurted* fool? *Rule a Wife*, III. 2.

I am ashamed, I am scorned, I am *flurted;* yes, I am so. *Wild Goose Chase*, II. 1.

> I'll not be fooled, nor *flurted*. *Pilgrim*, I. 1.
> I'll follow her, but who shall vex her father, then?
> One *flurt* at him, and then I am for the voyage.
> *Pilgrim*, III. 1.

21. One of the causes of the Trojan war was the jealous anger of Juno; see the opening lines of Virgil's *Æneid*, and Ovid's *Fasti*, VI. 43.

24. *For*, i.e. as a cure for, in order to cure. *retain* seems hardly the right word. Heath (MS. notes) proposes to read *reclaim* (Dyce). I would rather read *regain;* at any rate, that is the sense intended.

26. *out*, astray, in the wrong; perhaps a short form for 'out of tune'; cf. 'you put me *out*'. See *As You Like It*, III. 2. 262, 265.

28. *cranks and turns*, winding streets and turnings. Shakespeare uses *cranks* for the veins, or winding passages of the body. *Cor.* I. 1. 141. See Mr Hales's note to *L'Allegro*, 27, in *Longer English Poems*.

39. *colour*, outward appearance; especially a specious appearance of good. Thus in Bacon, who wrote a short treatise, called 'Table of the Colours, or Appearances of Good and Evil, and their Degrees'. We still say a '*colourable* pretext'. The A.S. *hiw* (now spelt *hue*) means both a colour and an appearance; and the verb *hiwian* (lit. to *hue*) means both to fashion, and to pretend; whence the sb. *hiwung* (lit. a *hue-ing*), a pretence. Thus—"*Hiwigende* lang gebed", pretending long prayers; Luke xx. 47.

40. *even jump*, just exactly. See *Hamlet*, I. 1. 65 ; V. 2. 385.

41. "Mason says we should place the comma after *here*, but surely the text means exactly the same as the alteration. Arcite says—If we were not exactly as they are, we should be here (in Thebes) strangers, and such things as would be considered mere, i. e. absolute monsters, or things out of the common track of human customs." Weber.

43. *tutor's*, instruct us : *'s* being for *us*.

46. *faith*, apparently here used in the sense of self-reliance.

48. *conceiv'd*, understood. So *I conceive*=I understand ; *Tempest*, IV. 1. 50.

49. *Speaking it truly*, if I say truly all that I have to say.

51. *Follows*, i. e. who follows. This omission of the relative pronoun is extremely common ; Abbott's *Shak. Gram.* art. 244.

52. *make pursuit*, i. e. pursue him in a law-court, by prosecuting him for debt. In Scotland, a *pursuer* means a plaintiff.

55. *canon*, rule ; commonly, a religious rule ; see *Hamlet*, I. 2. 132.

59. Palamon presents us with an odd alternative ; he wishes to be first, or not last! He means, perhaps, that, if he cannot be the first in the team, he will not help to draw the cart at all. "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus."

60. *sequent*, following. It occurs in *Hamlet*, V. 2. 54.

61. *plantain*. The plantain-leaf was used for healing sores and fresh wounds. Bartholomæus (as translated by Batman, lib. XVII. cap. 129) speaks of it as "healing sore wounds, and biting of woode hounds [mad dogs], and abateth the swelling thereof". And Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, speaks of a "plaintain for a sore". See note to *Romeo and Juliet*, I. 2. 56, in Furness's edition. It was supposed also to be efficacious in stanching blood.

63—65. See the Critical Notes. Mr Dyce remarks that "a most unbounded tyrant, who" is to be understood as the nominative to the verb *puts*. Observe the use of *who* in l. 67. Such idiomatic sentences are common in our old authors. Indeed, I thiuk it probable that the old reading *Makes* in l. 64 is right enough, even after the plural substantive *successes ;* for the writer was thinking of a string of singular verbs to come, viz. *puts*, *deifies*, &c.

67. *Voluble ;* not used in the usual sense of fluent, but in the original sense of the Latin *uolubilis*, *i.e.* inconstant, fickle (a fit epithet of fortune), from the verb *uoluere*, to roll. Richardson quotes the following from Holland's translation of Pliny, Book II. :—"The heaven bendeth and inclineth toward the centre, but the earth goeth from the centre, whiles the world, with continuall *volubilitie* and turning about it, driveth the huge and excessive globe thereof into the forme of a round ball." For *volubilitie* in this passage, we should now use *revolution*.

72. *sib*, akin, related. The A. S. *sib* is commonly a substantive, meaning relationship, kinship. But we also find it in use as an adjective, as in *Piers the Plowman*, B-text, V. 634 ; *Havelok the Dane*, l. 2277, &c. See *gossip* discussed in Trench, *Eng. Past and Present*.

Ray quotes a Cheshire proverb : "No more *sib'd* than sieve and

riddle, that grew both in a wood together"; where *no more sib'd*=no nearer akin, and *riddle*=a kind of sieve.

73. *break*, i. e. burst with repletion.

74. "Fame is the spur which the *clear spirit* doth raise", &c. Milton, *Lycidas*, 70. And see V. 4. 13.

76. *our* is here a disyllable.

85. The allusion is probably to the story of Phaëthon in Ovid; the day after Phaëthon's death, Phœbus could hardly be persuaded to drive the chariot of the sun once more, and wreaked some of his anger upon the horses, which he lashed severely.

> Colligit amentes et adhuc terrore pauentes
> Phoebus equos: *stimuloque* dolens et uerbere *saeuit:*
> Saeuit enim, natumque obiectat et imputat illis.
> *Metamorphoseon* lib. II. 398.

86. *whipstock*, the handle of a whip. It occurs in Shakespeare, and is used as almost synonymous with *whip*. "Malvolio's nose is no *whipstock*"; *Twelfth N.* II. 3. 28; and see *Pericles*, II. 2. 51.

87. *to*, as compared with, in comparison with; see Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* art. 187.

96. "The meaning is, what man can exert a third part of his powers when his mind is clogged with a consciousness that he fights in a bad cause?"—Mason's note. The word *dregged*, though at first looking as if it should be *dragged* or *drugged*, is no doubt right. Compare the phrase "*dregs* of conscience"; see *Rich. III.* I. 4. 124. The man's power is hindered by these dregs of misgiving. Still, the metaphor is rather confused. The sense is much plainer in *K. Lear*, V. 1. 23—"Where I could not be honest, I never yet was valiant". Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* III. 2. 232.

100. The editions put a comma after *yet*, and another after *him*, but they are not required. *Yet* may be considered to mean—yet I might urge that.

103. *Who* refers to *fate*. The writer was no doubt thinking of the personified Fates, especially of Atropos, the Fate who cuts the thread of life.

104. *or it shall be*, or that it is to be. See note to I. 1. 60.

106. *intelligence*, i.e. messenger, as in *K. John*, IV. 2. 116—"Oh, where hath our *intelligence* been drunk?" So the Lat. *nuntius* means (1) a messenger, (2) news. The meaning is that Creon's own official spy and the bearer of Theseus' message both reached Thebes at the same moment.

110. *our health;* an allusion to the almost universal belief of the period, that occasional blood-letting was conducive to health.

112. This seems to mean—if our hands are prompter and more forward in the business than our hearts are. Men fight but weakly unless their hearts are pre-engaged in the cause. *what*, to what extent, how much. The word will bear this sense.

> "*What* is ten hundred touches unto thee?
> Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?"
> *Ven. and Adon.* 519.

116. *becking*, beckoning, invitation. Cf. "When gold and silver *becks* me to come on"; *K. John*, III. 3. 13.

Act I. Sc. 3.

1. Pirithous is going to follow Theseus to the war, and, taking leave of Hippolyta and Emilia at the gates of Athens, bids them to accompany him no further.

5. In place of *dare*, the old editions, as also Weber and Knight, print *dure;* Seward and Colman print *cure*. Mr Dyce prints *dare*, and gives it as the conjecture of Sympson and Heath. The best explanation is the following by Heath, quoted by Dyce from some MS. notes. "The words *excess and overflow of power* relate not to the success of Theseus just before mentioned, but to the reinforcement Pirithous was on the point of leading to join his army. And the sense is—Though I dare not question the success of my lord even with the troops he has, yet I wish him rather excess and overflow of power, more force than is necessary, that, if possible, he may defy Fortune to disappoint him."

6. *Store*, quantity of wealth or men. Cf. "*store* of ladies"; *L'Allegro*, 121. "Store is no sore"; Heywood's *Proverbs*. *governors*, commanders, rulers.

7. Weber draws attention to a somewhat similar passage in Shakespeare:—

> I was of late as petty to his ends
> As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
> To his grand sea. *Ant. and Cleop.* III. 12. 8.

10. *pieces*, works of art, creatures; see note to I. 1. 122.

18. *We*, referring to herself, an Amazon and a warrior. So in l. 23, she says Pirithous will never see "such spinsters of us", *i. e.* such a feminine character in her. For this use of *of*, cf. "We shall find *of* him A shrewd contriver", *Jul. Cæs.* II. 1. 157; and see Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* sect. 172.

20. *broached*, spitted. To *broach* a cask is to pierce it; a *broach* is an ornament furnished with a pin. Cf. Fr. *broche*, a spit. Compare the following passage from *Hen. V.* III. 3. 38.

> Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
> Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
> Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
> At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

This refers, of course, to the murder of the Innocents. Perhaps the words of the text have reference to another story of a wife of Jewry, viz. the dreadful account given by Josephus (*Wars of the Jews*, VI. 3. 4) of the woman who, maddened by famine, ate a part of her own son.

24. "This passage is oddly expressed; but the meaning is, Peace be to you as long as I pursue this war; when that is ended, we shall not need to pray for it."—Mason.

26. The famous friendship between Pirithous and Theseus is al-

luded to by Chaucer; *Kn. Tale*, 333—343. Some account of it is also given in North's Plutarch (ed. 1612, p. 15) in the *Life of Theseus*.

27. *depart*, departure. It occurs again in *Two Gent. of Ver.* v. 4. 96; 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 2; 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 110; iv. 1. 92.

sports, amusements, diversions. This has a particular reference to the festivities which Pirithous was charged to take the direction of.

31. *one*, a happy emendation; the old text has *ore*, by a misprint of *r* for *n*. The business which Pirithous was executing with his hand was the conducting of the festivities; that which he directed in his head was the preparation for war.

32. *nurse equal*, being an equal nurse, nursing together.

36. *as dangerous*, as dangerous as any that can be found. But a better reading may be obtained by striking out the comma. We then have *as dangerous as poor* = equally dangerous and poor. And that this is right seems proved by the next line in which *peril* is said to contend with (or vie with) *want*.

37. "They have passed in a slight bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, were dreadful."—Weber.

53. *count*, number of years. They were both 11 years old.

60. 'She for whom I sigh and of whom I spoke'. Perhaps the true reading is *sigh'd*.

61. *for we did*, because we did love.

63. *operance*, operation, action. The word is extremely rare. Cf. "My *operant* powers"; *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 184.

66. *No more arraignment*, i. e. "her not liking it was sufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial". Dr Dodd (in edit. of 1778).

71. *toy*, head-dress. So used in Autolycus' song—"Any *toys* for your head?" *Wint. Tale*, iv. 4. 326. The word is borrowed from the Dutch *tooi*, meaning attire, or adornment; which (by the usual letter-changes) is cognate with the German *zeug*, used in many senses, such as stuff, materials, armament, &c. In modern English, the word has lost its original sense. See also the note to v. 4. 66.

72. *her affections*, "i. e. what she affected or liked".—Knight.

73. *happily*, haply: cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 134; ii. 2. 402. See Critical Notes for various readings.

75. *one;* old edd. *on*, which was an old spelling of *one*.

78. *rehearsal*, enumeration of our likenesses of habit. The old text is not very satisfactory and rather obscure here; but the general notion intended is what I have given, viz. this enumeration has this import and this conclusion.

81. *sex dividual;* old edd., *sex individual*, an obvious error. The sense is—this recital is intended to prove that love between two young people of the same sex may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes. This beautiful passage is unfortunate in one respect; for it suggests a comparison with the well-known lines in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 203, where Helena uses very similar language—

Both warbling of one song, both in one key, &c.

There is a remarkable parallel passage in Fletcher's play of the *Lover's Progress*, Act II. Sc. 1, descriptive of the love of two male friends—

> Both brought up from our infancy together,
> One company, one friendship, and one exercise
> Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
> One grief and one joy parted still between us,
> More than companions, twins in all our actions,
> We grew up till we were men, held one heart still.
> Time call'd us on to arms; we were one soldier,
> Alike we sought our dangers and our honours,
> Gloried alike one in another's nobleness.

The word *dividual* here merely means *different*, and seems to have been used to round off the description. In Milton it means separable, and occurs in the *Areopagitica*, ed. Hales, p. 39, l. 25, as well as in the *Par. Lost*, VII. 382, XII. 85. Richardson's *Dictionary* has also the following quotation containing the word—

> While through the pores nutritive portions tend,
> Their equal aliment *dividual* share,
> And similar to kindred parts adhere.
> Brooke, *Universal Beauty*, b. IV.

Act I. Sc. 4.

Stage direction. Mr Dyce adds—"Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them Palamon and Arcite". This was certainly intended, as is clear from l. 13. *struck*, fought. "When Cressy battle fatally was *struck*"; *Hen. V.* II. 4. 54.

8. *ceremony* is but a trisyllable in Shakespeare; here also, *cere* constitutes but one syllable, and the two remaining syllables are rapidly pronounced. The metrical pause gives time for them. See III. 1. 4.

11. *even*, make even; used as a verb. Cf. "to *even* your content"; *All's Well*, I. 3. 3.

13. *What are those?* Here Theseus perceives the bodies of Palamon and Arcite; see note at the beginning of the scene.

14. *Herald.* Suggested by Chaucer's lines—

> Nat fully quike, ne fully deede they were,
> But by her cote-armures, and by her gere,
> The *heraudes* knewe hem best in special,
> As they that weren of the blood real
> Of Thebes, and of sistren two i-born. *Kn. T.* 157.

19. *To make a lane, i.e.* to cut out a way for oneself, is a phrase of the period.

Three times did Richard *make a lane* to me. 3 *Hen. VI.* I. 4. 9.

"With a wonderfull courage and valiantnesse *he made a lane* through the midst of them, and ouerthrew also those he layed at." *Life of Coriolanus*, in North's translation of Plutarch, ed. 1612, p. 224.

agast; so in the quarto; altered to *aghast* by modern editors. It

is difficult to see why the *h* was introduced into *agast* and *gost;* and, though we are too familiar with the spelling *ghost* to admit of the use of the old spelling *gost*, we may fairly retain the old spelling in the present passage. The root of the word is seen in the old Mœso-Gothic verb *geisan*, only used in its derivatives, viz. *usgaisjan*, to terrify, and *usgaisnan*, to be afraid; cf. Icel. *geiski*, or *gyzki*, panic, terror; Dan. *gyse*, to shudder. *Gastnesse*, meaning terror, occurs in Chaucer's tr. of *Boethius*, ed. Morris, p. 75; and in Langley's (or Langland's) *Vision of Piers the Plowman* (A. VII. 129) we have the expression "*gaste* crowen from his corn", meaning to frighten crows from his corn. In Shakespeare (?) the word is wrongly spelt *agazed*, from a mistaken idea as to its etymology; 1 *Hen. VI.* I. 1. 126. The prefix *a-*, in this instance, answers to the A. S. *a-*, mod. Ger. *er-*, Mœso-Gothic *us-* (or *ur-*); it has the same origin in *arise*, Mœso-Goth. *urreisan*. It may be added that the prefix *a-* has nearly a dozen other meanings. The Goth. *us* means *out*, *up*. *note*, observation; "the *note* of the king"; *Cymb.* IV. 3. 44.

21. All the editions have—*What prisoner was't that told me*, &c. which is mere nonsense. Mr Dyce, by simply transposing the order of the words, has no doubt restored the reading. At any rate this reading makes good sense.

22. *With leave;* old edd. *We leave*, probably a printer's error for *Wi' leave*, which is Mr Dyce's reading.

26. To read *it* for *'t* might improve the line; but it is unnecessary.

31. *Convent*, assemble. Cf. "*convented* Upon a pleasing treaty". *Coriol.* II. 2. 58. So also *we convent*, i. e. we assemble or gather together, in Sc. 5, l. 10, below.

40. This passage is the great 'crux' of the play. See the reading of the old editions in the Critical Notes. I do not see that the transposition suggested by Seward is necessary, or that it helps us in any way. With a slighter mending, we can do better. It is clear that *friends* should be a genitive case, coupled as it is with *Love's provocations;* and the suggestion *fight's fury* is a great improvement upon the *frights, fury* of the old editions. The introduction of *in* after *zeal*, as proposed by Mr Dyce, is also a happy thought. But there we may as well stop. I understand the word *that* before *Hath*, nothing being commoner in our dramatists than the omission of the relative; and I retain *Hath*, without altering it, as some have done, to *Have*. I interpret it thus. 'For I have known the fury of fight, the requisitions of friends, the provocations of love, the zeal employed in executing a mistress's task, or the desire of liberty—to be (or, to amount to) a fever or a madness, which has proposed an aim (for endeavours) which the man's natural strength could not attain to, without at least some forcing, or some fainting of the will, or some severe struggle in the mind.' This is at least as good as any previous explanations, and further discussion of so difficult a passage would be useless. *Imposition* means demand or requirement, in an excessive degree.

46. 'Let all our best (physicians) tender their best skill.'

Act I. Sc. 5.

3. *dole*, sorrow, dolour. Cf. Lat. *cordolium*, sorrow at heart; Fr. *deuil*, mourning.

4. *cheers*, outward looks; *heavy cheers*, sad looks. Cf. *chere* as used by Chaucer.

9. *We convent*, we bring together; see note above; Sc. 4, l. 31.

11. *household's grave*. 'So the quarto; the ordinary reading is *household graves*. Each king had *one* grave.'—Knight.

Act II. Sc. 1.

I follow Weber and Mr Dyce in the division of this Act into scenes. In the quarto, and most editions, a new scene (the second) is made to begin at l. 54. Weber says—"It is evident that the Jailer and his Daughter were placed in the same situation as Emilia is afterwards, a garden overlooked by the prison in which Palamon and Arcite were confined. But there is considerable difficulty how the subsequent conversation with the Jailer is to be carried on. In the ancient theatres this was easily accomplished by the platform of the stage representing the garden, and the permanent gallery at the back the inside of the tower in which they were immured." Mr Dyce adds—"The two prisoners were no doubt *supposed* to appear at the window (see l. 260), and, in all probability, they entered on what was called the upper-stage. It is also most probable that the Jailer re-entered on the upper stage." This is clearly what was meant. All the action is carried on above, at the upper or back part of the stage, except in the case of Emilia and her Servant, who enter in front or below.

1. *I may depart with little*, I can part with but little. Cf. "John... Hath willingly *departed with* a part". *K. John*, II. 1. 563. In the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, we find the phrase—"the author having now *departed with* his right".

5. *given out*, reported; *Hamlet*, I. 5. 35. *better lined*, furnished with more wealth; "did *line* the rebel With hidden help and vantage"; *Mach.* I. 3. 112.

7. *delivered to be*, said to be, asserted to be. *Marry*, for *Mary;* an oath invoking the name of the Virgin.

12. *of*, from. 'A promise of her' would *now* mean—a promise that you shall obtain her; which is a very different matter. The Wooer had yet to receive the Gaoler's consent, though he had gained that of the Daughter.

15. *with rushes;* these two words were added by Weber. Mr Dyce prints—*with strewings*. The sense is the same; the Daughter tells us she has brought strewings with her, i. e. rushes for strewing the floor of their apartment, according to the custom of our forefathers.

24. *all the world;* meaning, I suppose, that the prisoners were as happy in their one chamber as if they possessed all the world. We may take *have*=possess.

25. *absolute*, perfect. So in *Hamlet*, V. 2. 111—"an *absolute* gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great

shewing"; and in *Merry Wives*, III. 3. 66—"Thou wouldst make an *absolute* courtier".

26. *stammers 'em;* speaks stammeringly concerning them, does them but small justice.

27. *greise;* so the quarto, Seward, and Dyce. The folio has *grief*, which is a misprint, and gives no sense. A *greise* or *griese* means a step, and is fully explained by Nares. *Degree* is also used in the sense of step, and hence we find in *Twelfth Nt.* III. 1. 135, that Viola replies to Olivia's remark—"that's a *degree* to love"—in the words—"no, not a *grize*". So in *Oth.* I. 3. 200, we have "a *grise* or *step*". The plural was *grices*, *grises*, or *greeses*. Nares quotes from William Thomas's *Hist. of Italy*, 1561, II 2—"certain skaffolds of borde, with *grices* or steppes one above another". See also Way's note at p. 209 of the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, which has—"Greece, or tredyl, or steyre. *Gradus.*" We find in Wyclif, Exod. xx. 26—"thou schalt not stye [ascend] by *grees* to myn auter", and the singular form *gree* is also found, meaning a step. The latter form, *gree*, is clearly derived from the Old French *gre*, which is the Latin *gradus;* and it has been supposed that the word *grice* or *griese* is a mere corruption of *grees*, the plural of *gree;* in which case we have *grees* in the three successive senses of *steps*, a flight of steps or *stair*, and thence, a *single step*. Otherwise, it may have been an independent formation from the same root; we find, for example, that the Welsh word for *steps* is *grisiau*, and the Norfolk word for a flight of steps is *grissens*. If so, we may regard the form *gree* (pl. *grees*) as separate from (but very near akin to) the word *grise* (pl. *grises*).

41. *presently*, immediately; see Wright's *Bible Word-book.*

52. *Lord, the difference of men.* Very close to Shakespeare's—

"O! the difference of man and man!" *K. Lear*, IV. 2. 26.

75. *Ravish'd our sides*, torn from our sides. The old edd. have *Bravish'd*, due, as Seward pointed out, to a repetition of the initial *B* of the preceding line.

81. *too-timely*, too early, too forward. *Timely* = early, used as an adverb; *Macb.* II. 3. 51. The expression 'too-timely' is by no means a happy one.

104. *Stuck;* so Mr Dyce; old edd. *Strucke* or *Struck;* cf. "about her *stuck* Thousand fresh waterflowers", &c.; Act IV. Sc. 1, l. 84; and see IV. 3. 62. The emendation, suggested by Heath, is excellent, because the swine is likened to a quiver; and it is easy to see that it would be likely to be misprinted *Struck*. The Parthians were reputed for discharging arrows as they fled before the enemy; cf. *Cymbel.* I. 6. 20—

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight.

The simile here is strained, since *Parthian* means little more than *swift;* mention is made of the 'quiver', merely to eke out the resemblance.

uses, exercises: but in l. 122 below it is equivalent to the modern *use.*

107. *lastly.* Some have supposed a mistake here, as the verse seems to lack a syllable. But we have a similar line further on (l. 191), ending with *gently;* cf. v. 1. 97. So in Shakesp., *Rich. III.* IV. 4. 428, we have—"I go. Write to me very shortly". See Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* sect. 477. "Lastly", says Mason, "means, which is worst of all."

111. *mere*, i. e. unmixed, absolute; the old sense of the word. Lat. *merus*. Cf. "his *mere* enemy"; *Merch. of Ven.* III. 2. 265. A similar passage occurs in the *Woman-hater*, Act III. Sc. 2—

Yet do I see
Thro' this confusedness, some little comfort.

112. I follow former editors; but perhaps we may read—

If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience.

116. *main goodness*, special piece of good luck. *Main*, as an adjective, is only somewhat remotely related to *main* as a substantive. The former is the O. Fr. *maine* or *magne*, Lat. *magnus*, great; and is not used at any very early period as an English word. The latter is the Middle English *maine* or *mein*, A. S. *mægen*, might, in use at the earliest period of English; from the verb *magan*, to be able. The Latin and A. S. roots are identical, viz. *mag-*, being cognate with each other. The old Indo-European root was *magh*, to be great, to be powerful; whence come a number of important derivatives, as, e.g. Sansk. *maha*, great, *mahant*, strong, Gk. *μέγας*, Lat. *magnus* (whence O. F. *maine*, Eng. *main*), Mœso-Goth. *magus*, a boy, A.S. *mæg*, a relation, either male or female (whence Mid. Eng. *may*, a girl), A. S. *mægð*, a *maid*, A. S. *mægden*, a *maiden*; also Mœso-Goth. *magan*, A. S. *magan*, E. *may*, G. *mögen*, &c.; Gk. *μηχανή*, a *machine*, A.S. *macian*, to *make*; Sansk. *mah*, to honour; Lat. *mactus*, honoured, *mactare*, to honour; Gk. *μεγάλος*, Mœso-Goth. *mikils*, A. S. *micel*, Eng. *mickle*; Gk. *μῆκος*, length; A. S. *mægn*, strength, Eng. *main*. Hence also Mœso-Goth. *mahts*, A. S. *mæht*, *miht*, Eng. *might*; also *much*, *more*, *most*; Gk. *μακρὸς*, long, &c. And such derivatives as *major*, *mayor*, *maxim*, *master*, *magistrate*, *magnate*, *magnify*, *majesty*, *mechanics*, &c. Also, since Lat. *mactare* means (1) to honour, (2) to sacrifice, (3) to kill, we have hence Span. *matar*, to kill, and *matador*, the killer.

127. *conversation*, association with others; referring to conduct rather than to talk. See the *Bible Word-book*.

144. *Grave*, entomb; Mr Dyce's suggestion. See the Critical Notes.

153. *more content*, a greater content, a greater cause for contentment. See Abbott's *Shakesp. Gram.* sect 17 (3rd edition).

164. *Ye shall*. So in the quarto, which I follow closely. Most editions have *you*. So in ll. 179, 224.

165. *record* was commonly accented on the last syllable at this period, whether used as a noun or verb. See *Hamlet*, I. 5. 99, &c.

Stage direction. For *Servant*, the quarto has *Woman*.

170. The irony of the writer is very evident here; he makes the expressions of friendship very strong, as a contrast to the enmity that is imminent. Compare Duncan's speech in *Macbeth*, I. 4. 11—14, in contrast with the treatment he is about to receive from Macbeth.

171. *This garden*. See Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, 193, &c. for the rest of this scene.

174. *To love himself*. Alluding to the well-known tale about Narcissus, that he fell in love with his own image, as reflected in the water. Chaucer mentions him in the *Knightes Tale*, l. 1083.

175. *Pray, forward. Forward* means proceed, go on. Palamon had said above, "you shall hear me"; and now Arcite is eagerly waiting to hear the remainder of his speech. Palamon, engrossed in watching Emilia, pays little attention, and merely says "yes", without adding more. Hence Arcite's repeated remonstrance below (l. 179)—"Will you go forward, cousin?" And again he says—"Cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon"—supposing, for the moment, that Palamon is seized with a fit of illness. Cf. "Well, sir, *go forward*"; Act III. Sc. 5. l. 98.

177. *That's a good wench*, i. e. you are a good girl. Cf. "Why, *that's* my spirit"; *Tempest*, I. 2. 215. It is still a common idiom. The use of *wench* does not necessarily imply any hint of inferiority in rank. Emilia applies it to *herself;* IV. 2. 153. Prospero uses it in addressing Miranda, *Tempest*, I. 2. 412. It was used as we use *girl*.

195. Compare the fine expression of Keats, *Eve of St Agnes*, l. 243—

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

243. *let mine honour down*, allow my honour to be abased.

244. *if he be but one*, i. e. if the enemy be but a single person. The 'enemy', in this instance, is Emilia. Arcite's reply is—suppose the enemy would prefer to fight with *me;* i. e. suppose Emilia were to prefer me. Palamon rejoins that, in *that* case, Arcite would be free to love; *otherwise*, he looks upon him as a villain.

266. Stage direction. For *Gaoler*, the quarto has *Keeper* throughout the rest of the scene.

284. *apricock;* the old spelling of *apricot;* see *Rich. II.* III. 4. 29.

292. *Pirithous.* Chaucer expressly tells us that Arcite was released from prison at Pirithous' request; *Kn. Ta.* 344.

296. *He shall see Thebes.* See Chaucer, *Kn. Ta.* 425.

298. *a fortune*, a chance; answering to Chaucer's "som aventure"; *Kn. Ta.* 430.

314. *pelting*, paltry, contemptible, miserable. So used five times in Shakespeare, as, e. g., *Meas. for Meas.* II. 2. 112—'every *pelting* petty officer'. Cf. "this *pelting* prating peace is good for nothing"; *A King and No King*, Act IV. Sc. 2. The word seems to be connected with *paltry*, and with the Swedish *paltor*, rags.

321. *morris*, a morris-dance. See note to Act III. Sc. 5, l. 108.

325. *bury me*, i. e. place me where I can never see her, which is, to me, a burial.

Act II. Sc. 2.

1. *Banish'd.* See *Kn. Tale*, 361—416. Compare Romeo's speech in *Rom. and Jul.* III. 3. 29; and Valentine's, in *Two Gent. of Verona*, III. 1. 170.

12. *nor ne'er.* This reduplication of the negative is common. See Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* sect. 406. Cf. 'Nor none' in Act III. 3. 4.

21. *another shape.* He means that he will disguise himself; see l. 74.

make me, i. e. render me successful.

26. *have with ye* is equivalent to 'I will go with you.' Richardson says—"Have *after* him, *at* him, *with* him, are elliptical expressions, equivalent to 'I will *have*, or Let us *have* (or keep) *after* him'; i.e. follow, pursue. 'I will *have*, or Let us *have* a blow, a hit, an aim, a trial *at* him, or it'. 'I will *have*, or Let us *have*, or keep (in company) *with* him'; attend him". Cf. "*have with* you"; *Rich. III.* III. 2. 92. It may be added that '*have at* you' was mostly used as a term in gaming; and '*have towards* you' was a term among men who drank together. See Nares, ed. Wright and Halliwell.

27. *play*, remain idle.

31. *hold*, keep to our engagement; see. l. 54, and see note to l. 37.

Maying. See a good account of the May-day observances and games in Chambers, *Book of Days*, I. 571. They included the gathering of hawthorn-bloom, hence called *may;* the crowning of the Queen of the May; the setting up of the May-pole; the milkmaids' dance; the singing of carols, &c. We have in this play mention of the rustic sports, consisting of running, leaping, wrestling, &c.; as well as the introduction of a morris-dance in the fifth scene of Act III. Chaucer speaks of Arcite going into the woods "to doon his obseruaunce to May" (*Kn. Ta.* 642), and making himself a garland of the "hawthorn leues" (*Kn. Ta.* 650); after which he sings a song or carol.

32. *What should ail us*, what should be the matter with us, to prevent us? Milton has — "And ask a Talmudest *what ails* the modesty of his marginall Keri", &c.; *Areopagitica*, ed. Hales, p. 19, l. 16.

36. *domine;* an Italian word, signifying a curate, priest, or schoolmaster; from the Latin *dominus*, whence also *don*. Here it means a schoolmaster; in which sense it is found in Lowland Scottish, but generally spelt *dominie*. Sir Walter Scott introduces us to Dominie Sampson. The Italian form would appear to be the *vocative* case, and may very well have arisen from the constant use of it by schoolboys.

37. *Keep touch*, abide by his promise, be true to his appointment. Coles's *Dictionary* has—"to *keep touch*, facere quod dixeris", i.e. to do what you have promised. See Nares.

38. *horn-book*. "It consisted of a single leaf, containing on one side the alphabet, large and small (in black letter or in Roman), with perhaps a small regiment of monosyllables, and a copy of the Lord's Prayer; and this leaf was commonly set in a frame of wood, with a slice of diaphanous horn in front—hence the name *horn*-book"; Chambers, *Book of Days*, I. 47; where may be seen an engraving of one, and a further account of it.

43. *for our town*, for the honour of our town (Athens).

44. *heigh for the weavers*, hurrah for the singers! *Weaver* is probably equivalent to *singer* here. Nares says—"*Weavers* were supposed to be generally good singers. Their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work". Hence the allusions in 1 *Hen. IV.* II. 4. 146; *M. N. D.* I. 2. 19; *Tw. Nt.* II. 3. 61.

46. *By any means*, by all means. So also in III. 5. 133, and in *Wint. Tale*, V. 2. 183.

48. *parlously*, amazingly. "*Parlous* is a popular corruption of *perilous*, jocularly used for alarming, amazing"; Nares.

49. *cry*, noise, i. e. display. Cf. "*cry* of dogs"; Sc. 4, l. 12. The line of argument is not at all clear.

50. *tackle*, equipments, things prepared for the occasion. Chaucer uses *tackle* of the arrows and equipments of an archer; *Prol.* 106.

63. *along*, along with us. See Abbott, *Sh. Gram.* sect. 30.

65. *trick o' th' hip.* See *Merch. of Venice*, I. 3. 42; on which Mr Wright's note is—to "*catch upon the hip* was a wrestler's phrase. See *Oth.* II. 1. 314; and so in this play, IV. 1. 330". This does not tell us precisely what it was. The reference is not to the hip of the vanquished wrestler, as some think, but to that of the victor. If a wrestler can succeed in hitching his hip in a certain way under his adversary's body, he may often succeed in throwing with almost irresistible violence. This is the 'trick of the hip' referred to here and by Shakespeare.

68. *He roast eggs*, a contemptuous expression, intimating the speaker's doubt as to Arcite's capacity even for cooking an egg. The phrase "like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side" is in *As You Like It*, III. 2. 38. It looks as if eggs were sometimes roasted, like apples, before the fire, and required turning at intervals. Ray gives the phrase, "I have eggs on the spit" as a common proverb, adding that it means—"I am very busy. Eggs, if they be well roasted, require much turning." Two more proverbs are—"Set a fool to roast eggs, and a wise man to eat them"; and—"There goes some reason to the roasting of eggs". Even the great Ælfred failed in a similar task, if we may believe the story.

73. See Critical Notes. I strongly suspect that the old reading *never* (or *ne'er*) *flew* was true to what the author wrote. It is not much stranger than the 'nor ne'er' of l. 12.

76. *happiness*, i. e. luck, good fortune, good hap. Cf. *happily*, I. 3. 73; and Shakespeare's 'in *happy* time'; *Oth.* III. 1. 32.

ACT II. SC. 3.

1. *Tis odds*, 'tis most likely. *Odds* are the excess of probabilities tending to determine an event. Some confusion has arisen from not observing that the adjective *odd*, in the sense of notable, is probably a different word, being the Welsh *od*, notable. Otherwise, when we speak of *odd or even*, the word is related to the A. S. *ord*, Icel. *oddr*, a point; whence Icel. *oddi*, an odd number, and the phrase *standask í odda*, to stand at odds, to quarrel. See *oddi* in Cleasby's *Icel. Dictionary*; and cf. Swedish *udda*, odd, with *udd*, a point.

2. *affect*, love; from Lat. *affectare*, to aim at, earnestly desire. It occurs in Gal. iv. 17; Ecclus. xiii. 11. See Wright's *Bible Word-book*; also *Love's La. Lo.* I. 2. 172, &c.

7. When once we come to the age of fifteen.

14. I have inserted the word *and*, to complete the line.

18. *what a coil he keeps.* what a constant turmoil he excites. "What a *coil* is there!" *Com. of Err.* III. 1. 48; "What a *coil*'s here!" *Timon*, I. 2. 236.

19. See the speech of Helena in *All's Well*, I. 1. 90, especially the lines—

'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour, &c.

20. *Fairer spoken*, more fair-spoken. The word *fair-spoken* appears to be equivalent to *fair-speaking*. A converse instance of confusion is seen in the phrase "I am much *beholden* to you", which, in Tudor-English, is constantly written "I am much *beholding* to you". See note to *Merch. of Ven.* I. 3. 93 (Clar. Press edition).

Act II. Sc. 4.

4. *allow*, approve of, praise highly; F. *allouer*, Lat. *allaudare*. See *Allow* in the *Bible Word-book*.

9. *proves you*, proves you to be a gentleman.

14. *piece*, i.e. performance, feat, accomplishment.

22. *illustrate*, shew; accented on the second syllable. See *Hen. VIII.* III. 2. 181.

24. *baser garments;* referring to Arcite's disguise. See Chaucer, *Kn. Ta.* 551—

And cladde him as a poure laborer.

26. *purchase*, acquire, win; see the *Bible Word-book*. *name*, i.e. fame. "David gat him a *name*"; 2 Sam. viii. 13.

44. *use*, treat. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. 2. 552, 556.

51. Chaucer has (*Kn. Ta.* 642)—

And for to doon his obseruance to May.

So Shakespeare (*M. N. D.* I. 1. 167)—

To do observance to a morn of May.

For the May-day customs, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Ellis, I. 179. And see note above, II. 2. 31.

65. *wise*, discreet. "Holy. fair, and *wise* is she" was said of Sylvia; *Two G. of Ver.* IV. 2. 41.

Act II. Sc. 5.

6. *fast by*, close by; as in Milton, *Par. L.* I. 12. So also "fast by-side"; *Will. of Palerne*, ed. Skeat, l. 3.

35. *whoobub*, the old spelling of *hubbub*. 'Had not the old man come in with a *whoo-bub*', &c.; *Wint. Ta.* IV. 4. 629. Cf. *whoop*.

Act III. Sc. 1.

2. *laund* is Mr Dyce's suggestion; all the editions have *land*. Mr Dyce says—"I suspect we ought to read *laund*, an old form of *lawn;*

Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this *laund* anon the deer will come;
3 *Hen. VI.* III. 1."

it is strange that Mr Dyce overlooked a much stronger argument, viz. that *laund* is Chaucer's word—

And to the *launde* he rydeth him ful ryghte;
K. T. 833.

And whan this duk was come unto the *launde*;
K. T. 838.

Even Dryden remembered to employ the word in *his* version of Palamon and Arcite—

The way that Theseus took was to the wood,
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood,
The *lawn* on which they fought, th' appointed place, &c.

So again, in Green's play of *Friar Bacon*, the third line in the first scene is—

Alate we ran the deer, and through the *lawnds*.

The original sense of *lawn* or *launde* was a cleared space in a wood, and it is probably the same word with *lane*. We have already had the phrase "to make a *lane*" above; I. 4. 19. Cf. Dutch *laan*, a lane, alley.

several means separate, different. So in *Much Ado*, v. 3. 29; and in Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, 234—"Each fetter'd ghost slips to his *severall* grave".

4. *ceremony;* a trisyllable; see note above, I. 4. 8.

6. *buttons*, buds. The Fr. *bouton* means a bud as well as a button. The Old Fr. *boter* meant to push out, whence *bouton*, that which pushes out, or makes knobs on plants; thence, by analogy, pieces of wood or metal shaped like buds (Brachet). Cf. Dutch *bot*, a bud.

7. *knacks*, ornaments, especially of a trifling kind. Cf. "To load my she with *knacks*", i.e. trifling presents, *Wint. Tale*, IV. 4. 360.

9. Compare Spenser's *Prothalamion*, 73—82.

12. *eftsoons*, soon after; A. S. *æftsóna*.

13. *chop*, exchange, make an exchange; A. S. *cēápan*, to barter; Du. *koopen*, G. *kaufen;* whence *chapman*, *cheap*, &c. Arcite means—Oh! that I might, whilst thou art meditating, come between, soon after some cold or sober thought, and make an exchange, by changing those cold thoughts to thoughts of love!

30. (Stage direction). *bends*, i.e. doubles; see note on *bent*, v. 3. 42.

40. *appointment*, i.e. accoutrement for the fight, weapons (Dyce). So *appointed* means equipped, Judges xviii. 11. See the *Bible Word-book*. The very word *appointment* occurs in *Troil. and Cress.* IV. 5. 1.

43. *house-clogs*, a contemptuous term for his fetters. So, in *K. Lear*, II. 4. 7, Kent, who is in the stocks, is described as wearing "cruel *garters*" and "wooden *nether-stocks*".

44. *cozener*, cheat. A similar play on words occurs in 1 *Hen. IV.* I. 3. 254, where Hotspur, after mentioning the words *kind cousin*, breaks out with—"O, the devil take such cozeners!" And when Palamon asks Arcite to give him such language as he has shewn him feat (or action), he means that Arcite, having acted like an enemy, ought to speak like an enemy also.

47. *your blazon*, your description. The original sense of *blason* in Old French was simply a shield; then it came to mean a coat-of-arms, which is still the sense it has in French; then, in English only, it passed on to the sense of description of arms, and even to description in a general sense, as in *Hamlet*, I. 5. 21, *Much Ado*, II. 1. 307. Its sense

has clearly been influenced by confusion with the verb to *blaze abroad* (Mark i. 45), which is connected with *blare* and *blast*, and is, in fact, the A. S. *blǽsan*, to blow; cf. Lat. *flare*.

52. *skip them*, pass them over, ignore them.

65. Clearly suggested by Chaucer's line, *Kn. Ta.* 681—

Selde is the Fryday al the wyke i-lyke.

68. Compare *Macbeth*, v. 7. 1, 2.

72. *gyves*, fetters. A word of Celtic origin; cf. Welsh *gefyn*, a fetter; Gaelic *geimheal*, a fetter, chain; Irish *geibheal*, fetters.

75, 76. This is like the language of Macduff (*Macb.* iv. 3. 234)—

Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

83. *counsel*, i. e. assistance. But it is rather a bold phrase.

86. *the smell o' the prison.* This says but little for the state in which prisons were kept. See the expression "you are now too foul", iii. 3. 49; and the second mention of *perfumes*, iii. 3. 46.

88. *in plight*, in good plight, ready.

97. *musit*, the opening in a hedge through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass; Nares. It occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, in the description of a hunted hare—

The many *musits* through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth, to amaze his foes; l. 683.

Gervase Markham says—'We terme the place where she [the hare] sitteth, her forme; [and] the places through the which she goes to releefe, her *muset*'; *Gent. Academie*, 1595, p. 32. The word is the diminutive of *muse*, which is used, still more frequently, in the same sense. Cotgrave gives the French forms as *mussette* (not *muset*, as Nares spells it), and *musse;* also the verb *musser*, which he interprets 'to hide, conceale, keep close, lay out of the way; also, to lurke, skowke, or squat in a corner'. The verb in Old French takes the form *mucer* or *muchier*, with the sense of to hide; and this is plainly the original of the provincial English word *mouch* or *mich*, to play truant. See *mich* in Halliwell's Dictionary. The word, in the old editions of this play, was oddly misprinted *musicke* (see Critical Notes), and the correction has been attributed to Theobald; but it ought rather to be put to the credit of Sir William Davenant, who in his play of the *Rivals* (a mere recast of the present play) gives us the reading—"You hear the horns: Enter your *muise*". The sense is then—enter your hiding-place.

101. *bent brow*, i.e. an angry brow. See 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 34; 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 19—22.

103. *oil*, smoothness, apparent courtesy. Cf. Ps. lv. 21; Prov. v. 3.

104. *stomach* (probably) inclination, used much as we now use 'palate'; the 'oil' did not suit his palate, and he could scarcely persuade himself to like it. The construction is—'*were* not my stomach', &c. Cf. "it goes much against my stomach", *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 21; "If you have a stomach to it", *All's Well*, iii. 6. 67. This use of the word is very common in Shakespeare, and many examples might be cited.

114. *bleeding;* see note to i. 2. 110.

ACT III. SC. 2.

1. *brake;* clearly the right reading in place of the old word *beake*. Just above, Sc. 2, l. 30, we have—"Enter Palamon out of a *bush*". And again below, Sc. 6. l. 111, we have—"into your *bush* again!" We may compare also Arcite's expression—"your hawthorn-house" (Sc. 2, l. 82) with Shakespeare's expression—"This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-*brake* our tiring-house"; *M. N. D.* III. 1. 3; and again, "enter into that *brake*" in the same scene, l. 77. Also "Into these *brakes*" in *Thierry and Theodoret*, Act V. Sc. 1.

7. *jaw me*, use their jaws on me, devour me.

15. *fell*, cruel. Cf. "*fell* sword"; *Hamlet*, II. 2. 495.

17. *set it down*, consider it as certain. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I. 2. 340.

20. *Be bold to ring the bell*, you may, without hesitation, begin to toll the bell for him; i. e. he is certainly dead. See *Roister Doister*, III. 3 (*Specimens of English*, A. D. 1394—1579, ed. Skeat), where Roister Doister says—"I will go home and die", to which Merygreek rejoins—"Then shall I bidde toll the bell?" See the whole passage, especially ll. 69—85.

how stand I then? i. e. what is my position? The very phrase is in *Hamlet*, IV. 4. 56.

21. *All's chared*, i. e. all is despatched; the same as "all offices are done" in l. 36. A *chare* or *char* is a turn of work, and is derived from the A. S. *cyrran*, to turn, the Middle-English form of which is *cherren*, which see in Stratmann's *Old English Dictionary*. Hence we find, in Ray's *Glossary*, the verb *char* used in both senses, viz. (1) to turn; and (2) to despatch business. The substantive is used in America, but is pronounced *chore;* thus in the novel of *Queechy*, by Miss Wetherell, ch. XXV., we find "none of the men never comes near the house to do a *chore*"; whilst in English we have the phrase 'to go a *charing*', and the sb. *charwoman*. The present passage is particularly well illustrated by the old proverb, given in Hazlitt's collection—"That *char* is *char'd* [i. e. that business is done], as the good wife said when she had hanged her husband". In the *Marriage of Wit and Science* (Hazlitt's *Old Plays*, II. 375), we have—

> This char is char'd well now, Ignorance, my son,
> Thou seest all this, how featly it is done.

Chare occurs twice in *Antony and Cleopatra*, viz. in IV. 15. 74 and V. 2. 231. We also find, in Beaumont and Fletcher, the spelling *chewre;* as in *Love's Cure*, Act III. Sc. 2—"Here's two *chewres chewr'd;* when wisdom is employed 'Tis ever thus".

23. *Myself to beg*, I myself (should have) to beg.

25. *by dozens*, in dozens of ways, in various forms. Perhaps for *death* we should read *deaths*.

mop'd, rendered stupid; see Clark and Wright's note to *Hamlet*, III. 4. 81. Compare also Polonius' account of Hamlet in the same play, II. 2. 146—151.

26. The words within brackets were supplied by Mr Dyce.

29. Here compare *K. Lear*, I. 5. 50; and the use of *unsettle* in the same play, III. 4. 167.

31. *state of nature*, natural reasoning power; cf. "wrenched my frame of nature From the fixed place"; *K. Lear*, I. 4. 290.

32. *warp'd*, bent asides, like a prop too weak to support the weight above it; as when we say, of a piece of wood, that it is warped.

33. *next*, nearest, nighest. *Next* and *nighest* are 'doublets', i. e. they are etymologically identical; being 'variants', i. e. differing forms, from the A. S. *nehsta*, the superlative of *neah*, nigh.

35. So in *Macb.* II. 2. 16—"I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry".

36. *all offices are done*, (apparently) all the duties of the day and night are done, and a new day is beginning; I alone have failed to give Palamon the file I brought for him, which might have saved him.

Act III. Sc. 3.

6. *beastly*, beast-like, like a beast of the field. The word often had this sense, as when Arviragus says—"We are *beastly*, subtle as the fox"; *Cymb.* III. 3. 40. And in Wyclif's *Bible* we have some curious examples of it, as, e. g.—"It is sowun a *beestli* bodi, it schal rise a spiritual bodi. If ther is a *beestli* bodi, there is also a spiritual bodi"; 1 Cor. xv. 44. See the *Bible Word-book*. Note also l. 45 below.

24. *How tastes*. We should now say, *How taste;* but this usage of the singular verb was common in certain cases; especially when the verb immediately follows such words as *how*, *here*, *there*, and the like; see Abbott's *Shak. Gram.* sect. 335.

25. Alluding to the proverb 'Hunger is the best sauce'. Ray quotes the Italian "Appetito no vuol salse", appetite wishes not for sauces; the Old French "Il n'y a saulce que d'appetit", there is no sauce like appetite; and adds—"This proverb is reckoned among the aphorisms of Socrates, Optimum cibi condimentum fames, sitis potûs; Cicero, *De Finibus*, lib. 2". In l. 26, *tart* means sharp, acrid.

39. *thereby hangs a tale;* so in *Merry Wives*, I. 4. 159; *As You Like It*, II. 7. 28; *Tam. of Shrew*, IV. 1. 60; &c.

43. *break*, i. e. break our agreement. *You're wide*, i. e. wide of the mark, an archer's phrase. Cf. *Lo. La. Lo.* IV. 1. 135.

49. *Fear me not*, do not doubt me.

51. *keep touch*, be true to his promise; see above, II. 2. 37.

Act III. Sc. 4.

2. *aglets*, properly tags to laces, or (as here) the bright tops or heads of such tags. I quote Mr Dyce's note. "'*Aglets* were worn (says Sir F. Madden) by both sexes; by the men chiefly as tags to their laces or points (*aiguillettes*), which were made either square or pointed, plain or in the form of acorns, or with small heads cut at the end, or topped with a diamond or ruby...They were worn also by ladies, as pendants or ornaments in their head-dress...Junius is therefore mistaken in explaining *aglet* by *spangle*, into which error Arch-

deacon Nares has also partly fallen'; note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 205. Coles gives both 'An Aglet (tag of a point), *æramentum ligulæ*, and also 'An Aglet (a little plate of metal), *Bractea*, *Bracteola*'. Spenser, *F. Q.* II. 3. 26, describing Belphœbe, tells us that she

> was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
> All in a silken camus lilly-white,
> Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
> Which all above besprinckled was throughout
> With golden *aygulets*, that glistred bright,
> Like twinckling starres."

9. *Run her.* For this conjectural emendation I am responsible. The old text has—'*Upon* her', where the first two letters are clearly due to the repetition of the *Up* of the next line; and the most likely word is one which shall be a short monosyllable, ending with *n*. Nearly all the modern editions read *Spoom her*, from a conjecture of Weber's, founded on the fact that *spoom* occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Double Marriage*, Act II. Sc. 1; but the word *spoom*, in that passage, is an intransitive verb, meaning to sail steadily, and is a mere variation, apparently, of *spume* (foam), as if the sense were to throw up foam. Nares remarks accordingly—"an attempt has been made to introduce *spoom* into the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, III. 4, but with small critical judgment."

14. *carrack*, a ship of heavy burden. Cotgrave has—"*Carrague*, the huge ship termed a Carricke". Cf. Span. *carraca*, Ital. *caracca*, a ship of heavy burden. The word is from the same root as *carry*, *cargo*, *charge*, and *car*.

15. *pigmies*, a fabulous people, said to be of the height of a *pygme* (πυγμή), i. e. 13½ inches, mentioned by Homer (*Iliad*, III. 5) as dwelling on the shores of Ocean, and at times subject to attacks by cranes. Dwarfs have often been credited with supernatural powers, especially in Northern mythology.

17. *trussed up*, lit. packed up, or pinioned like a trussed fowl. Here it is a euphemism for being hung.

19. This Song may have been part of an old ballad. It much resembles stanza 19 of the Nut-Brown Maid.

22. *He's*, probably short for *he shall*, or rather for *he sal* (=he will), the Northern form; still in use in the North of England.

cut; "a familiar appellation for a common or labouring horse"; Nares (whom see). A good instance is in 1 *Hen. IV.* II. 1. 6—"I prithee, Tom, beat *Cut's* saddle". See note to v. 2. 30.

25. The idea that the nightingale used to lean her breast against a thorn whilst singing, is frequently alluded to by our poets. See the beautiful passage in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sect. 21—

> Everything did banish moan,
> Save the nightingale alone;
> She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
> Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
> And there sung the dolefull'st ditty, &c.

Reed quotes a passage from *Christ's Victorie*, by Giles Fletcher, which contains the lines—

> But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
> *For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast*, &c.

See also Hood's poem entitled *Ode to Melancholy*.

Act III. Sc. 5.

The Bavian. This is the name of a character introduced in the morris-dance, whose part seems to have been confined to pantomimic tumbling and occasional barking; see ll. 33—37. "The tricks of the Bavian, his tumbling and barking like a dog...were peculiar to the morris-dance described in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which has some other characters that seem to have been introduced for stage effect, and not to have belonged to the genuine morris"; Douce, *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, II. 459. The word is simply the Dutch *baviaan*, which is the Dutch spelling of our word *baboon*. Cotgrave gives—"*Babion*, a babion, or baboone". The name of the animal was probably taken from its making grimaces with the lips. Thus Cotgrave has "*Faire la babou*, to bob or to make a mow [i. e. grimace] at"; also, "*Baboyer*, to blabber with the lips", &c. Cf. Eng. *babble*.

1. *Tediosity*, tediousness. This word, like *discusanity*, seems coined for the occasion, in order to describe the pedantry of the schoolmaster. If *ensanity* is the same as *insanity*, then *discusanity* really means the opposite of this, viz. *sanity*, so that the schoolmaster uses a word expressing the reverse of what he means. Some such joke is probably intended; or else the syllable *en* is a meaningless insertion.

5. *plum-broth*, broth with plums in it; cf. *The Honest Man's Fortune*, V. 1. 23. We have already had *plum-porridge;* II. 2. 67.

8. *jane;* old texts, *jave*. This happy emendation of Mr Dyce's is clearly right. *Frize* is a sort of coarse cloth, and *jane* is a twilled cotton cloth. The former took its name from Friesland, whence it came, and the latter, I suppose, from Genoa; since *jane* is often used also in the sense of a Genoese coin, in which case it was certainly a mere corruption of the name of that place. The misprints of *n* for *u*, and for *u* for *v*, are innumerable in old books.

The expression may have been imitated from that of Shakespeare—"In russet yeas and honest kersey noes"; *Lo. La. Lo.* V. 2. 413.

11. *medius fidius*, an old Latin oath, apparently short for *me dius Fidius adiuuet*, may the divine Fidius help me! If *fidius* stands for *filius*, then it means, may the divine son of Jupiter help me! The reference, in that case, is most likely to the god Hercules.

18. Meleager is said to have slain the monstrous boar infesting the woods of Calydon; Homer's *Iliad*, IX. 527.

21. *trace*, follow out your proper track. We find "And trace the streets in terror"; *Philaster*, V. 4.

23. *taborer*, player on the tabor, a kind of small drum; from the Old French *tabor*, *tabour;* cf. mod. Fr. *tambour*, whence *tambourine*.

L. 23 is imitated, like much else in this scene, from *Mids. Nt. Dream*.

See Act I. Sc. 2 of that play. The epithet *bouncing* (l. 26) is in the same play, II. 1. 70.

29. *deliverly*, with agility. Chaucer describes the Squire as "wonderly *deliuer*"; *Prol.* 84.

30. *a favour*, (perhaps) a love-knot made of the ribands mentioned in l. 28, which they were occasionally to throw to the company. Cf. *Lo. La. Lo.* v. 2. 130. Or does it mean a curtsy?

38. *Quousque tandem*, how long? an expression most likely caught from the first sentence in Cicero's *Orations against Catiline*—"Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, nostra patientia?"

41. *washed a tile*, laboured in vain, spent toil on a useless matter. It is a Latin proverb, *laterem lavare*, and occurs in Terence, *Phormio*, I. 4. 9. There is a similar proverb in Greck, πλίνθους πλύνειν, to wash bricks. *Fatuus* (in l. 42) means foolish.

43. *piece*, creature; here a term of contempt. *hilding*, base wretch; applied to women as well as men. Thus old Capulet says of Juliet—"Out on her, *hilding!*" *Rom. and Jul.* III. 5. 169.

48. *wine and bread* probably means here, by the eucharistic wine and bread. Sir Thopas swore by *ale and bread*. See Chaucer, *Prioresses Tale, &c.* (Clar. Press), note to B 2062. *break*, break her promise.

51. In Hazlitt's *Collection of Proverbs* we find—"There is as much hold of his words as of a wet eel by the tail." Who the "learned poet" is, I cannot say. Plautus has—"anguilla est, elabitur"; *Pseudolus*, II. 4. 56.

53. *wild-fire*, a composition of inflammable materials, very difficult to quench when ignited; also called *Greek fire*. The old editions have *fire ill*, which is unmeaning; *wildfire* is Mr Dyce's amendment, which he supports by the quotation—"a *wildfire* take you!" found in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Mad Lover*. Again, in *Philaster*, Act II. Sc. 4, by the same authors, we have—"Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she utters such balls of *wildfire*". The imprecation is found again, in a slightly altered form, in the following:—"That a wildfire bren [burn] thee, Celestina!" *Calisto and Melibœa*, in Hazlitt's *Old Plays*, I. 72. *Greek fire* is explained in Warton, *Hist. Engl. Poetry*, ed. 1840, I. 161.

58. *frampal*, peevish, froward, pettish, perverse. Slightly corrupted from the Welsh *ffromffol*, passionate, which is derived from the verb *ffromi*, to fume, to be in a pet, to be testy. It is spelt *frampold*, and means vexatious, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. 2. 94. The etymology of the word, simple as it is, has much exercised the commentators. It is not uncommon, and is given by Ray, in his list of South and East-country words. Similarly I would derive *frump* (hitherto unexplained) from the Welsh *ffrom*, testy, touchy.

60. *alow*, lit. low down; possibly referring to the appearance of a ship on the horizon. Nares gives a quotation from Foxe, containing the phrase "creep *alowe* by the ground".

74. *i' the nick*, i.e. in the nick of time, at exactly the right moment. *as mad, &c.* a common proverb; Borde, in his *Boke of Knowledge*, 1542, has "staring madde, like March hares"; but Heywood, in his

Epigrams, 2nd Hundred, 1562, 95, puts the question—"Are not Midsomer hares as mad as March hares?"

80. *Tell ten*, i. e. count ten; to be able to count up to ten was, as Weber observes, a trial of idiocy. *Buz* was an interjection of impatience, used when a person was about to make some remark with which the hearers were already acquainted; thus it is equivalent to "you need not speak". So used in *Hamlet*, II. 2. 412; see note to l. 381 in the Clarendon Press edition.

87. *Qui passa;* Italian for 'here passes'; an incomplete sentence. I do not understand the allusion. The *bells* meant are the morris-bells. The *bones* were used in rough music; *M. N. D.* IV. 1. 32.

88. *to a peace*, i. e. to be quiet; because she was inclined to be noisy. It is strange that three different alterations have been proposed of this simple expression.

89. I have no hesitation in substituting *En* for the *Et* of the old editions, which will neither scan nor make sense. Strictly, Ovid has "*Jamque* opus", and "*ignes*", not *ignis; Metamorph.* XV. 871.

95. *edify*, i. e. be edified; edify yourselves.

98. *go forward;* see note above, Act II. Sc. 1, l. 175.

104. Perhaps it means—Whom their somewhat uneducated expressions proclaim to be villagers. But Gerrold talks much nonsense, and is very stupid.

108. *morris*, a morris-dance; a dance of countrymen, particularly performed on May-Day; cf. "a morris for May-Day"; *All's Well*, II. 2. 25. For an account of it, see Chambers, *Book of Days*, I. 631, 819. It was sometimes called a *Morisco*, whence it has been concluded that it was originally a *Moorish* dance, or rather an imitation of one. Some have imagined a likeness between the Morris and the Salic dance. The Salic games are said to have been instituted by the Veian king *Morrius*, a name pointing to *Mars*, in whose honour they were held. See Kuhn, in Haupt's *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, V. 488—493. This, however, is mere conjecture. In the Introduction to Vol. V. of his edition of English Ballads, Professor Child has the following remarks. "At the beginning of the 16th century the May sports in vogue were, besides a contest of archery, four pageants; the Kingham (or election of a Lord and Lady of the May, otherwise called Summer King and Queen), the Morris-dance, the Hobby-horse, and the Robin Hood. Though these pageants were diverse in their origin, they had, at the epoch of which we write, begun to be confounded; and the Morris exhibited a tendency to absorb and blend them all, as, from its character, being a procession interspersed with dancing, it easily might do. We shall hardly find the Morris pure and simple in the English May-game; but from a comparison of the two earliest representations which we have of this sport, the Flemish print given by Douce in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, and Tollett's celebrated painted window, (described in Johnson and Steeven's *Shakespeare*), we may form an idea of what was essential and what adventitious in the English spectacle. The Lady is evidently the central personage in both. She is, we presume, the same as the Queen of May, who is the oldest of all the characters in the May-games, and the apparent

successor to the Goddess of Spring in the Roman Floralia. In the English Morris she is called simply the Lady, or more frequently Maid Marian". See note to v. 2. 33.

112. *ferula;* an instrument of punishment. It was made of wood, and shaped like a battledore, but with the bat much diminished, so as to be adapted for administering a severe pat on the palm of the victim's hand. See note to Milton's *Areopagitica*, p. 30, l. 19: ed. Hales. In a picture called "The Schoolmaster", by Gerard Douw, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, it will be seen that the master holds a *ferula* in his left hand, ready for use.

113. *machine* evidently refers to a temporary wooden stage on which the dancers, who are presently to enter, were to perform.

114. The alliteration is obviously imitated from that in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 147. "Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade, &c." The whole scene is copied from Shakespeare's scene.

118. *morr-* is the first part of the word *morris;* the remainder of it begins the next line.

123. *this tenor*, this meaning, to this effect.

124. *penner*, a pen-case, a case for holding pens. See Nares, and Jamieson.

125. We have here a list of the characters in the Morris-dance, viz. the Lord of May, the Lady of May (also called Queen of May, or Maid Marian), the Chamber-maid, the Serving-man, the Host, the Hostess, &c.; to which should be added the Bavian or Tumbler, and the Clown or Jester, who was seldom absent from such festivities. By putting together the account in this part of the scene and the preceding part, we may make out the list of the twelve principal characters, six of each sex, with the persons who took the parts.

Male. 1. Lord of May; 2. Serving-man; 3. Host; 4. Clown; 5. Bavian; 6. Taborer.

Female. 7. Lady of May; 8. Chambermaid; 9. Hostess; 10. 11. 12. Dancers.

The parts may be thus distributed among the actors.

Male. 1. 2. 3. 4. First, Second, Third, and Fourth Countrymen; 5. A fifth Countryman; 6. A man named Timothy.

Female. 7. Friz; 8. Gaoler's Daughter, taking the place of Cicely (for it is clearly the Second Countryman's partner who failed to appear); 9. Maudlin; 10. Luce; 11. Barbary; 12. Nell.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act IV. Sc. 5, we have—"Enter Ralph, dressed as a May-lord"; he describes himself as having a "gilded staff, and crossed scarf".

127. *hanging*, i.e. tapestry. The epithet *silent* seems to mean, that does not rustle.

128. *welcomes;* so the old editions, which also have *informs* in l. 130. It is best to keep to the old reading, as it is so common in our old dramatists to find a verb used in the singular after the relative pronoun *that*, even when a pair of singular nouns precedes the relative. See Abbott's *Shak. Gram.* sect. 247. Of course, too, *their* should be *his*, if Gerrold's grammar is to be set right.

Act III. Sc. 6.

3. *armours*, suits of defensive armour.

24. *quit*, i. e. requite. See *quyte* in glossary to Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale, &c.;* ed. Skeat.

25. *shew*, appear, shew yourself to be.

59. *grand-guard*, a piece of defensive armour worn, in general, only by knights when on horseback; as is evident from the context. Nares supposes it to have been a kind of gorget or neck-piece. At any rate it was separate from the helmet, since we find in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 820, the sentence—"The one bare his helmet, the second his *granguard*". Chaucer tells us that Palamon and Arcite assisted to arm each other.

72. *three kings*. An allusion to Act I. Sc. 1, l. 39.

82. *virtue*, native valour, manliness; Lat. *uirtus*.

87. *strait*, tight. *Strait* and *strict* are various forms of the same word; Lat. *strictus*. See l. 55.

90. *hold*, consider, esteem; but in l. 92, it means hold out, endure.

105. "Our scene lies rather in the land of *knight-errantry* than of Athens; our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty and held infamous"; Seward.

112. *safety*, an obvious improvement on *safely*, the old reading. *Presently* means immediately, at once; as usual.

131. *fears*, frightens; used actively, as in Shakesp. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 2.

132. 'The law will have a share in the honour of our deaths'.

134. Chaucer has (*Kn. Ta.* 852)—

> But telleth me what mester men ye been,
> That ben so hardy for to fyghten heere
> Withouten jugge or other officeere,
> As it were in a listes really?

See the whole passage.

147. *edict*, as in l. 170, is accented on the last syllable. It is most often accented on the same syllable in Shakespeare. Cf. "It stands as an *edict* in destiny"; *Mid. Nt. Dr.* I. 1. 151.

153. There are numerous other instances of the use of *beest* (in the second person) after *if*. "If thou *beest* he"; *Paradise Lost*, I. 84; "if thou *beest* Stephano"; *Tempest*, II. 2. 104; and see *Tempest*, III. 2. 137; *Oth.* v. 2. 287; 2 *Hen. VI.* III. 2. 295; *Wint. Ta.* IV. 4. 791; *Maid's Tragedy*, II. 1, and v. 4, ed. Dyce, vol. I. pp. 344, 416.

161. *soon*, ready, easy. *thee*, for thee; the dative case.

162. I. e. And *I* am no more moved than thou wouldst be in giving the order. *Where*, whereas; see Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* art. 134.

177. *cousin*, i. e. Hercules; as in Act I. Sc. 1, l. 66. The 'twelve strong labours' are well known.

181. *tell my soul*, assure myself, know assuredly.

192. *kill*, the old reading, ought certainly to be retained, as Mr Dyce remarks; some of the editors have altered it to *kills*. In my edition of Chatterton's *Poems*, vol. I. p. 367, I have observed—"There is a certain irregularity in English grammar, common in old authors, which has

hardly received sufficient attention. In many cases, a verb is made to agree with the *nearest* substantive, the ear deciding against the requirements of logic. There are many such instances in Chatterton...I select the following examples:

> The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold; vol. I. p. 10.
> Displays his bigot blade, and thunders draw (*i.e.* draws forth his thunders); vol. I. p. 49.
> The greatest of Creation's blessings cloy; vol. I. p. 67.
> But now my lingering feet revenge denies; vol. I. p. 88."

So here, the verb *kill* is due to the word *eyes* which immediately precedes it. Mr Wright has a note to the same effect in his edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning;* note to p. 126, l. 14.

211. *want*, lack, be without; see note to I. 1. 222. There is probably an allusion here to Chaucer's favourite line—"For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte"; *Kn. Ta.* 903; *March. Ta.* 9860 (ed. Tyrwhitt); *Sq. Ta.* 479; *Prol. to Leg. G. W.* 503.

217. *right*, very, true. Cf. "Like a *right* gipsy"; *Ant. and Cleop.* IV. 12. 28.

223. The quarto has *The'yld* (*sic*) for *They'ld*, i.e. they would.

228. *Bow not*, abase not, force not, set not aside.

242. *name's opinion*, i.e. the reputation of my name. This is a generally accepted amendment of the old reading, which was "my name; Opinion"—as if the word *Opinion* formed a sentence by itself! But, besides this, I have altered the punctuation. Mr Dyce's edition has—

> Think how you maim your honour
> (For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
> To all but your compassion); how their lives
> Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!

This can only mean—Think how you maim your honour; (for now that I begin to beg, I am deaf to all but your pity); think how their lives, &c. But this makes no sense, and can only be made into sense by altering *lives* into *deaths;* and even then it is not clear why their deaths should damage her good name, at any rate in her own estimation. I take the sentence to mean something very different, viz.—Think how you maim your honour! [After which there is a pause; and then a new thought arises.] For now that I have begun to beg, sir, I am deaf to all but your compassion; (I am deaf to the thought) how their lives may bring about the loss of my reputation. That this is clearly right, may be seen from a reperusal of ll. 219—225.

244. *proin* (or *proyne*) is the old spelling; some editors have *prune*, which is the modern spelling. See *proin* in Nares, and *prune* in Wedgwood's *Etymological Dictionary*.

251. *woe worth me*, woe be to me. The A. S. verb *weorðian*, to become, cognate with the German *werden*, once in very common use, now survives only in such phrases as 'woe *worth* thee', or 'woe *worth* the day'.

254. *Swear 'em*, cause them to swear, make them swear.

256. The sense is clearer than the construction. It means, of course, '*or* to tread upon thy dukedom (*i.e.* territory); and (make them swear) to be,' &c.

262. *along*, along with us, wherever we go. See Abbott, *Sh. Gram.* art. 30.

272. This is obscure. It seems to mean—I will turn death into a horrible monster; cf. *Tro. and Cress.* III. 2. 74.

284. *If I fall from that mouth*, if I die by her decision.

295. *pyramid*, a pillar; probably a pointed one; see "pillar" in l. 297. And probably *pyramids* means no more than *pillars* in *Macb.* IV. 1. 57. Chaucer mentions *two stakes*, one at each side of the lists; *Kn. Ta.* 1694, 1695.

whether, which of the two; as in—"*whether* of them twain did the will of his father?" Matt. xxi. 31; again in Matt. xxiii. 19. *Whether* is a compound of *who* and the comparative suffix *-ther*, Mœso-Gothic *-thar*. Cf. Lat. *uter*, Gk. κότερος, Sansk. *katara;* Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*, sect. 113. Chaucer has "whether of yow bothe"; *Kn. Ta.* 998.

302. *ye*, you. Properly *ye* (A.S. *ge*) was invariably used in the nominative, and *you* (A.S. *eów*) only in the dative and accusative cases. I entirely agree with Dr Morris in supposing that, in cases like the present, the *ye* represents the rapid and careless pronunciation of *you*, and should rather be written *y'*. Hence it is chiefly found at the end of a sentence, as here, or at the end of a line, as in l. 307. So also in *Henry VIII.* III. 2. 365—"Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye".

Some readers have expressed surprise at the apparently strange doom of Theseus, in decreeing death not only to the principal, but to "all his friends", if worsted in the combat. Chaucer does not, it is true, go so far as this; but it was quite in accordance with the spirit of the age even in Fletcher's time. Seward's note on the subject is much to the purpose; he says—"As to the probability of their procuring each three seconds upon such odd terms, it may shock us to suppose any such gallant idiots; but even so low as our authors' age it was reckoned cowardise to refuse any man, even a stranger, to be a second in almost any duel whatever, of which there is a most inimitable burlesque in [Beaumont and Fletcher's play of] *the Little French Lawyer*. Mankind were mad after knight-errantry; and the reader must catch a little of the spirit himself, or he'll lose a great part of the beauties of this play; he must kindle with the flames of military glory, think life a small stake to hazard in such a combat, and death desirable to the conquered as a refuge from shame." In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *the Lover's Progress*, Act II. Scene 3, the seconds fight as well as the principals. Perhaps the most striking instance is afforded by the ferocious duel fought in Kensington Gardens, on the 15th of November, 1712; in which not only the principals, Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, were both killed, but the seconds fought with fierce hatred, though interrupted before either of them was slain. See Chambers' *Book of Days*, II. 583.

ACT IV. SC. I.

11. *compassion*, four syllables. The ending *-ion* is almost always a disyllable in Tudor English, and is invariably so in Middle English.

14. *Half his own heart*, i. e. who is half the heart of Theseus. *set in*, put in his word.

16. *scape*, escape. It is quite unnecessary to prefix an apostrophe, as Mr Knight does; it is a common old spelling.

21. *the prisoner*, i. e. Palamon. See Act v. Sc. 4, l. 31.

37. *mind her*, remember her, call her appearance to mind.

41. *innocent*, an idiot. "There be three kinds of fools...An *innocent*, a knave-fool, a fool politick"; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, Act II. And again—

> For he is but an *innocent*, lo!
> In manner of a fool;

The Four Elements, in Hazlitt's *Old Plays*, I. 42.

52. Copied, no doubt, from the celebrated description of Ophelia in *Hamlet*, IV. 7. 167; which see.

55. *attending*, watching for, waiting for.

58. *smallness*, slenderness, shrillness. "Thy *small* pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound"; *Tw. Nt.* I. 4. 32; cf. *Merry Wives*, I. 1. 49.

60. *to his own skill*, to its own skill in catching fish. On *his*, see Abbott, *Sh. Gram.* art. 228. *Angle* means the rod and line, as in *Ant. and Cleop.* II. 5. 10—"Give me mine *angle;* we'll to the river". Etymologically, it means the *hook* only; A. S. *angel*, a fish-hook, Lat. *angulus*.

64. *glade*, according to Nares, sometimes meant an open track in a wood, particularly made for placing nets for woodcocks. Here it means an open track in the reeds, cut by fishermen for their convenience. The fundamental sense is an opening for light, a bright track, and it is closely connected with the adjective *glad*, now only used in the metaphorical sense of light-hearted. In Dutch, however, *glad* means (1) bright; (2) smooth, slippery; (3) flippant. Cf. G. and Swed. *glatt*. The Icel. *gladr* means (1) bright, spoken of the sky or weather; and (2) glad, gladsome. Mr Vigfusson reverses this order, but it must have been by an oversight; since the natural meaning must precede the metaphorical one. Compare *glitter*, *glance*, *glare*, *glass*, &c.

71. *Bevy*, a company. "Ital. *beva*, a drinking; a bevy, as of pheasants.—Florio. Fr. *bevée*, a brood, flock of quails, larks, roebucks, thence applied to a company of ladies generally."—Wedgwood.

73. *daffadillies*, daffodils. Singularly corrupted from Lat. *asphodelus*, Gk. ἀσφόδελος. "*Asphodile*, the daffadill, affodill, or asphodill flower"; Cotgrave.

75. *antic*, i.e. an *antique* dance, a quaint dance.

80. *willow*. Cf. "she had a song of *Willow*," &c. *Othello*, IV. 3. 28; part of the song being sung by Desdemona in that scene. The whole ballad is printed at length in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*,

and in Staunton's Shakespeare, from a black-letter copy in the Pepysian library at Cambridge.

88. *rings of rushes.* This is an allusion to a common practice, especially among the lower orders, of celebrating mock-marriages. The ring used in such ceremonies was a rush-ring, or one made of some equally common and fragile material. The practice led to grave abuses, and it was sometimes forbidden. See *Rush-ring* in Nares, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

90. *posies*, short mottoes. Rings, knives, and other articles were sometimes inscribed with short sentences; and, as these were frequently in rime, they were called *poesies*, or *posies*, from the Gk. *πολησις*, a poem. Fletcher gives two examples in the present passage. Numerous others will be found in Chambers, *Book of Days*, I. 221. Shakespeare quotes one in the *Merchant of Venice*, V. I. 150, viz.—"Love me, and leave me not". Rimed examples are—"In thee, my choice, I do rejoice"; "God above Increase our love"; "When this you see, Remember me".

91. *loose*. I strongly suspect this should be modernised by *lose*, an idea which no editor seems to have thought of. There are two or three instances in this play where the word *lose* occurs, and is spelt *loose* in the quarto. But this I leave to the reader.

100. *cross her*, cross her path, in order to stop her.

107. *The Broom*. "This very popular song is quoted by Moros in the old interlude [comedy, entitled] *The Longer Thou Livest, The More Fool Thou Art*, by W. Wager;—

'Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill, hill:
Brome, brome on Hive hill,' &c.

It is also mentioned by Laneham, [in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575] as one of the songs in the possession of Captain Cox, a mason at Coventry".—Weber.

108. *Bonny Robin*. "Bonny Sweet Robin. In Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and William Ballet's Lute Book. In the latter there are two copies, and the second copy is called 'Robin Hood is to the greenwood gone'; it is, therefore, evidently the tune to a ballad of Robin Hood, now lost. Ophelia sings a line of it in *Hamlet*—For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy." Chappell's *National English Airs*, II. 176.

109. That tailors made gowns for ladies is clear enough from Act IV. Sc. 3 of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

110. *rarely*, early, soon. Grose's Glossary (1790) gives—"*Raid*, or *Rear*, early; Kent": and again—"*Rear*, corruptly (?) pronounced *rare*, early, soon". Pegge, in his Alphabet of Kenticisms (*Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. IX.) gives the Kentish form *rade*, early, as a variation of the Middle English *rathe*, early, from A. S. *hræð*. The form *rathe* is still used in Dorsetshire. Gay uses *rear* in the sense of *soon* in his Shepherd's Week, Monday, where he says—"Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so *rear?*" Grose confuses *rear* in the sense of *early* with the commoner word *rear* or *rare* in the sense of underdone, as applied to meat (A. S. *hrére*); but it is more likely that the words are quite distinct.

112. Mr Dyce notes that among Certain Sonets at the end of Sidney's *Arcadia*, ed. 1598, p. 474, we find one beginning—"Oh faire, O sweet, when I do looke on thee", &c.

135. *weigh*, i. e. weigh anchor. *cheerly*, cheerily.

136. *Owgh;* obviously intended to represent the sounds uttered by sailors while weighing the anchor. The gaoler and his friends humour the daughter by pretending to do as she wishes them. When the anchor is supposed to be weighed, they say—*'tis up!*

137. *Top*, raise or tighten. The *bowling* or *bowline* is used to keep the weather-edge of a square sail tight forward, when the ship is closehauled.

139. *Up to the top*, go up aloft.

140. To *ken* is to descry or spy; a word particularly used at sea, at any rate in former times. Shakespeare has it both as a verb and substantive.

> As far as I could *ken* thy chalky cliffs;
> 2 *Hen. VI.* III. 2. 101;

and, only twelve lines further on,

> For losing *ken* of Albion's wished coast.

It is the A. S. *cennan*, to know.

ACT IV. SC. 2.

16. *Jove;* old copies *Love;* a mere misprint, due to *Love* in l. 14. That *Jove* is meant is obvious.

"The construction and meaning (as Mason saw) are—With such another *smile* [which is understood from the preceding *smiling*] wanton Ganymede set Jove a-fire."—Dyce. Ganymede was supposed to be placed among the constellations, and is to be identified with the constellation Aquarius.

21. "Tantalus, the favourite of the gods, once invited them to a repast, and on that occasion killed his own son Pelops, and having boiled him, set the flesh before them that they might eat it. But the immortal gods, knowing what it was, did not touch it; Demeter alone, being absorbed by grief for her lost daughter, consumed the *shoulder* of Pelops. Hereupon the gods ordered Hermes to put the limbs of Pelops into a cauldron, and thereby restore him life. When the process was over, Clotho took him out of the cauldron, and as the shoulder consumed by Demeter was wanting, the goddess supplied its place by one made of ivory; his descendants (the Pelopidæ) as a mark of their origin, were believed to have one shoulder *as white as ivory*"; Smith's *Classical Dictionary*, s. v. *Pelops*. See Ovid, *Metamorph.* VI. 406.

21—25. These lines are almost a repetition from *Philaster*, IV. 4:—

> Place me, some god, upon a pyramis
> Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
> Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
> I may discourse to all the underworld
> The worth that dwells in him!

27. *swarth*, swarthy, very dark; from A. S. *sweart*, black.

35. *lewdly*, i.e. wickedly, vilely: cf. Acts xvii. 5; see the *Bible Word-book*.

38. *These the eyes*, i.e. these are the eyes: she is supposed to be contemplating his portrait. Mason proposed to read *They're;* but it is scarcely necessary. I think the original reading—*the eyes*—is better than *thy eyes*, as in all the later editions.

45. *sotted*, besotted, foolish. Cf. *sottish*, in *Ant. and Cleop.* IV. 15. 79.

48. *Whether*, which of the two; see note above, III. 6. 295.

49. 'And now, if my sister had asked me, I should have said I was more inclined to Palamon.'

52. *fancy*, love, affection. Shakespeare tells us where it 'is bred'; *Merch. of Venice*, III. 2. 63.

53. *gawds*, toys, playthings. Merely borrowed from the Latin *gaudium*, though, strangely enough, the etymology has given much trouble. See *gauded* in Chaucer's *Prologue*, l. 159. Cotgrave has the Old French verb *gaudir*, to be merry. The modern French word formed from the Latin *gaudium* is *joie*. Hence *gaud* and *joy* are doublets, or varied forms of the same word.

63. *Made mothers joy*, caused mothers to rejoice. "The modern editors (with the exception of Seward), not perceiving that *joy* is a verb, print—'Made mothers' joy'".—Dyce.

75. The hint for the description of this hero was given by Chaucer's far finer description of Lycurgus, king of Thrace, which the reader should consult; see *Kn. Tale*, 1270—1296.

81. *fire;* such is Mr Dyce's reading, instead of the reading *faire* of the quarto, in which the letter *a* has probably been accidentally inserted. Mr Dyce says—"nothing can be plainer than that the right reading is *fire*—a correction which had occurred to me long before I found it in Heath's MS. notes". To which I would add, to make assurance doubly sure, that the passage is simply copied from Chaucer—

> The *cercles of his eyen* in his heed
> They *gloweden* bytwixe yelwe and reed;
> And lyk a griffoun lokede he aboute.

85. I.e. with long and round arms.

86. *baldrick*, a belt, see Chaucer's *Prologue*, l. 116. Spenser uses the word also in his *Prothalamion*, l. 174; see Mr Hales's note to the line, in his *Longer English Poems*. The epithet *curious* means ornamented with care, elaborately adorned; cf. "a most *curious* mantle"; *Cymb.* v. 5. 361. In the succeeding phrase the order of words is inverted; we should now say—"to seal (i.e. execute) his will with when he frowns."

87. This is more like a copy from Shakespeare, *Oth.* v. 2. 260—

> A better [sword] never did sustain itself
> Upon a soldier's thigh.

90. The author has described the heroes in the wrong place. He keeps to Chaucer's order, without observing that Chaucer describes

Palamon's friend *first*. Accordingly, having copied some traits from the description of Lycurgus of Thrace (really the friend of *Palamon*), he now copies some others from Chaucer's description of Emetrius, king of India, who was really the friend of *Arcite*. Chaucer and our author agree in giving *black* hair to the hero first described, and *yellow* hair to the second one.

97. *what he fights for*, i. e. love. *so after*, is therefore fitter.

101. *extremes*, viz. of foolhardiness or of blind rage.

103. His crispe heer lyk ringes was i-ronne,
And that was yelwe, and gliterede as the sonne;
Kn. Ta. 1307.

105. *not to undo with thunder*, not to be easily destroyed by thunder. It was supposed that some plants were thunder-proof. In the 'Poet-Prologue' to Beaumont's *Four Plays in One*, we have the expression—"thunder-fearless verdant bays".

110. His nose was heigh, his eyen bryght citryn,
His lippes rounde, his colour was sangwyn;
Kn. Ta. 1309.

112. His voys was as a trumpe thunderinge;
Kn. Ta. 1316.

114. *clean*, fine, excellent, well-made. Still in use, especially with reference to the skin and limbs. Cf. "Hector was not so *clean*-timbered"; *Love's La. Lo.* v. 2. 642. So in *Piers Plowman*, B. III. 22, the expression "*clene* golde" is used instead of *pure* gold.

116. Of fyue and twenty yeer his age I caste;
Kn. Ta. 1314.

119. Chaucer only describes two heroes; our author here copies a trait peculiar to Emetrius of India—"A fewe fraknes [*freckles*] in his face yspreynd" [*sprinkled*]; *Kn. Ta.* 1311.

121. *they*, i.e. the "freckles"; see l. 120.

122. *well-dispos'd*, well placed or situated. It is evident that the poet wishes to express, that the few freckles on the hero's face were rather becoming to him. This curious line is probably due to an attempt to improve upon Chaucer.

129. *a tiger*. See Chaucer, *Kn. Ta.* 799, 1768.

130. That is, he has gray eyes, which are a sign of mercy to the vanquished. Probably because gray eyes seem to have been considered as best suited for women, who are gentle by natural disposition. Chaucer's Prioresse had "eyen greye as glas"; and Julia says of Silvia —"Her eyes are gray as glass, and so are mine"; *Two G. of Ver.* IV. 4. 197.

135. Upon his heed he werede of laurer grene
A garlond fresch and lusty for to sene;
Kn. Ta. 1317.

But Chaucer's expression is here altered to "the winner's oak"; with reference to the Roman custom of crowning a victorious soldier with oak, especially if he had saved the life of a citizen. "For whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them, to

honour him with such a garland"; *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, ed. Skeat, p. 3. See the whole passage, and see *Coriolanus*, II. 1. 137.

138. *charging-staff*, (apparently) a lance or spear; to match the "axe" in l. 115. Perhaps it was meant rather for ornament than use. Or perhaps a "warder" may be meant; see *Rich. II.* I. 3. 118.

152. *bravery*, magnificence, splendour of decoration. Cf. the Scottish *braw*, i.e. brave, fine, goodly in appearance.

Act IV. Sc. 3.

The idea of this scene has some resemblance to that of *Macbeth*, v. 1; which see, as well as Scene 3 of the same.

6. *lards it*, i. e. is mixed up with it. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. 5. 37; V. 2. 20.

7. *farces*, stuffs; from Lat. *farcire*, to stuff. The sense is—With that she stuffs every business, that name she fits to every question. The word *force-meat* is a corruption of *farce-meat*.

9. *Look, where she comes*, &c. These are Shakespeare's very words, "Lo you, where she comes! This is her very guise"; *Macb.* V. 1. 22.

11. *down-a*. So in *Hamlet*, IV. 5. 170—"You must sing a-down a-down, An you call him a-down-a". *Derry-down* is still sometimes used in the burden of a song.

18. *piece of silver*. Charon was supposed to ferry the shades of the dead across the rivers of the lower world. For this service he was paid with a coin, an obolus or danace (ὀβολός or δανάκη), which was placed in the mouth of every corpse, for that purpose, just before burial. Hence the Daughter says that, without a coin, there is "no ferry". See *Rich. III.* I. 4. 46.

19. *blessed spirits*. See Vergil, *Aen.* VI. 639, &c.; in l. 669 we find "felices animae".

22. Compare the story of Proserpine; see *Wint. Tale*, IV. 4. 116.

25. Compare what Laertes says; *Hamlet*, IV. 5. 189.

27. *barley-break*. There are frequent allusions in our old dramatists to this common rural game. There were various methods of playing it; see Nares's *Glossary*. The game was generally played in the South of England by six persons, three of each sex. The general idea of it was that one couple should try to catch the rest, when within certain boundaries, without loosing their hold of each other's hands.

33. Cf. *Macb.* V. 3. 38—"She is troubled with thick-coming fancies".

41. *perturbed mind*. Compare *Macbeth*, V. 3. 40—"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?...Therein the patient Must minister to himself".

49. *state*, estate; and conversely, *estate* is used for *state*. The words are doublets; both being from the Latin *status*.

61. *green*, simple, silly; cf. "he hath all requisites in him that folly and *green* minds look after"; *Othello*, II. 1. 250. It is still thus used, but regarded as vulgar.

65. *become Palamon*, suit the character of Palamon.

67. *carve her*, i.e. carve for her. Mr Knight inserted *for* before *her;* but the following extract from Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Love's Pilgrimage* (Act 1. Sc. 1) will shew that the text is right as it stands.

> *Incubo.* I'll try your kid,
> If he be sweet: he looks well. [*Tastes it.*] Yes; he is good.
> I'll *carve you*, sir.
> *Philippo.* You use me too too princely;
> Taste and carve too!
> *Incubo.* I love to do these offices.

And again in Beaumont's Poems (in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, ed. Dyce, XI. 483), we find the line—

> Drink to him, *carve him*, give him compliment.

68. *among*, amongst the rest, thereunto; as in Spenser, *F. Q.* VI. 12. 11.

70. *play-pheers*, playmates. *Pheer* is not good spelling; it should be *feer* or *fere*, as it is from the Middle English *fere*, A. S. *gefera*, one who *fares* or travels with one, a comrade, companion; also, a playmate, and sometimes a wife. It is spelt *fere* in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. 791; see also *Pericles*, I. 1. 21, where the Globe Edition has *fere*. It is used by Burns in his well-known song of Auld Lang Syne—"And here's a hand, my trusty *fiere*."

75. *regiment*, rule, order, sway. The word commonly meant government or sovereign sway. Sometimes it meant diet, in which sense it has been preserved, though now spelt *regimen*. See Nares.

approved, put to the proof; cf. Philip. i. 10.

79. *success*, result. At least, such is certainly the meaning here, as the Doctor hopes it may "bring forth comfort". So we find in Shakespeare—"I know not what the *success* will be, my lord"; *All's Well*, III. 6. 86. So, in the first sentence of Milton's *Areopagitica*, we have —"with doubt of what will be the *successe*"; and cf. "bad success" in *Par. Regained*, IV. 1.

ACT V. SC. 1.

3. *fires* is here a disyllable. The poets make it disyllabic or monosyllabic at pleasure. It is monosyllabic in v. 3. 98, and in l. 69 of the present scene. See note to l. 87 below.

9. *germane*, nearly related, near akin; from Lat. *germanus*, brotherly. In *Wint. Tale*, IV. 4. 802, it is extended to kinship even in a remote degree; since Autolycus speaks of "those that are *germane* to him, though removed fifty times". It is accented on the *first* syllable.

10. This line is somewhat obscure. To *blow out* is to extinguish; and, if *nearness* means nearness in blood, the sense is—to extinguish that kinship that exists between you.

16. *prayers* is disyllabic here, as occasionally in Shakespeare:

> That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said.
> *Merry Wives*, V. 5. 54.

18. *glass*, i.e. hourglass. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I. 2. 306.

20. *shew*, appear as, seem; used intransitively.

25. *tender*, use, treat. Cf. "*tender* well my hounds"; *Taming of Shrew*, Induct. 16. A commoner sense is proffer, offer; as in v. 4. 32.

28. *To seat, &c.* The sense is—to place there another person, whom I should wish to destroy. In other words, I regard you no more as a cousin, but suppose that an enemy occupies the position in which I see you; or, briefly, I will imagine that the person before me is a hated foe. To *confound* is to *destroy*. Shylock is described as "keen and greedy to *confound* a man"; *Mer. of Venice*, III. 2. 278.

29. *port*, may mean either (1) transport, carry, or (2) bring into port. For the second meaning, though a likely one, I can adduce no clear example. In the first sense Richardson quotes from Fuller's *Worthies*—"What one may call river- or fresh-water-coale, digged out in this county [Salop] at such a distance from Severne, they are easily *ported* by boat into other shires".

30. *Limiter*, He who *limits* or prescribes the bounds of human action; the Arbiter of human affairs.

34. *lovers*, those who love me, friends; so used again below, Sc. 4, l. 123. Cf. Ps. xxxviii. 11; *Cor.* v. 2. 14; &c.

my sacrifices, ye who are ready to sacrifice yourselves for me; alluding to the fact that, if defeated, they were to be put to death.

37. *father of it.* This is a happy correction of Theobald's, for the unmeaning reading—*farther off it*—of the old editions. *Apprehension* means *perception;* and the sense is—whose spirit within you expels the seeds of fear, and that perception of danger which is ever the cause of fear. Fear cannot arise, even in the most timid, till there be first some sense, or at any rate, some imagination, of danger at hand. We find almost the same thought in *Cymbeline*, IV. 2. 109—

> Being scarce made up,
> I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
> Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
> Is oft the cause of fear.

39. *Require*, desire, ask; beseech; as in I. 1. 93.

44. *will stick;* the old editions read *sticks*, but there is little difference in the sense. The reference seems to be to Emilia, and *stick* is, apparently intransitive; cf. v. 3. 54. Force and daring deeds are to place the garland upon him; and in that garland she who is the queen of flowers will appear conspicuous. Arcite had heard Emilia say that 'of all flowers the rose is best'; Act II. Sc. 1; and he now says that Emilia herself will appear as the rose in his garland.

46. *cestron*, a cistern. The word is spelt "cesterne" in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare, *Othello*, IV. 2, and *Ant. and Cleop.* II. 5. 95.

49. Arcite's prayer to Mars is given by Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, 1515, but in different terms; and yet the boon prayed for is the same, viz. victory.

> Yif me the victorie, I aske thee no more.

50. This resembles Macbeth's expression—

> No, this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red; *Macb.* II. 2. 61.

The words *whose approach* were added by Seward, and fairly supply the place of words that are evidently wanted. He adds—"that comets prewarn or foretel wars is the vulgar as well as poetical creed"; and cites a very apposite passage from Milton, *P. L.* II. 708.

53. *foison*, abundance, plenty; an old French word formed from the Latin acc. *fusionem*, which again is from *fundere*, to pour out. Ceres is represented in the *Tempest*, IV. 1. 110, as distributing the blessings of "Earth's increase, *foison* plenty".

54. *armipotent*, mighty in arms; the epithet is borrowed from Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, 1124, 1583: and Chaucer borrowed it from Statius; *Thebaid*, VII. 78. Various misfortunes were attributed to the anger of Mars; he was supposed, as here, to be the destroyer of towns; cf. *Kn. Tale*, 1158.

57. Cf. "I am yong and unkonning"; *Kn. Tale*, 1535.

62. *enormous*, irregular, disorderly. The original sense of Lat. *enormis* was *out of rule*, the derivation being from *e*, out of, and *norma*, a rule. It occurs in *K. Lear*, II. 2. 176.

66. *plurisy*, superabundance, plethora. See *Hamlet*, IV. 7. 118, and Mr Wright's note upon the passage. Weber cites an additional instance from Ford's *Fancies Chaste and Noble:*—

> Thou art fallen suddenly
> Into a *plurisy* of faithless impudence.

Our dramatists were evidently thinking of the Latin *plus*, *pluris*, more. *Pleurisy* is really from the Greek πλευρά, a side, and means an inflammation of the *pleura*, or membrane lining the thorax. See Nares.

73. *do*, i. e. *doth*. The plural is used because he is addressing several.

77. Palamon's prayer to Venus is given by Chaucer; *Kn. Tale*, 1363. He prays for possession of Emilia, but in different terms.

79. *To weep unto*, i.e. to weep before, to weep in imploring a girl's grace.

83. *Before*, i.e. sooner than Apollo can, though he is the god of healing.

85. *polled*, i.e. shorn, close-cropped, bald-headed. Absalom *polled* (or shore) his hair annually, 2 Sam. xiv. 26; cf Ezekiel xliv. 20. An old man of seventy would not wear long flowing locks, as a young man might.

87. *skipt*, skipped over, or jumped through. The sense is—whose youth has passed unsinged through thy flame, like boys that jump through bonfires in play. The word *bonfires* is trisyllabic; see note to l. 3 above.

In strict grammar, the word *Have* in l. 87 should be *Has*, but the plural inflexion is due to the word *boys*, on account of that word being nearer to it than its true nominative *youth* is. See note above; III. 6. 192.

89. *Abuse*, misuse. The idea intended is much the same as that conveyed by the expression 'to *murder* a song', viz. by singing it badly.

92. *mortal son*. Alluding to the fable of Phaethon. *The huntress*, i. e. Diana; alluding to her love for Endymion.

100. *kenned*, known, perceived. The past part. *kenned* occurs in the romance of *William of Palerne*, l. 343, where it has the sense of *taught*. In Middle English we generally find a distinction made between *kennen*, to teach (pt. t. *kende*, pp. *kenned*), and *konnen* or *kunnen*, to know (pt. t. *kouthe* or *couthe*, pp. *couth*). The former is from the A. S. *cennan*, to produce, to vouch for the truth of; the latter from the A.S. *cunnan*, to know.

101. *cold;* because *hail* (l. 100) is cold. A pun; as in *Lo. La. Lo.* v. 2. 340.

102. *liberal*, licentious in their speech, loose in their talk; exactly as in *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 171.

106. *one*, i. e. a mother, who was a true woman.

112. *concealments*, things that should be concealed, secrets; cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 167. *nor names*, i.e. nor (do I love him who) names.

120. *chase*, i. e. hunting-ground. We find it used in the same sense in *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 3. 255—"Upon the north side of this pleasant *chase*". *Chevy Chase* (often misinterpreted) really means the Cheviot hunting-ground, as is obvious from l. 31 of the poem, which in the oldest copy stands thus—"Who gave youe leave to hunte in this *chyviat chays* in the spyt of myn & of me?" See *Specimens of English*, 1394—1579, ed. Skeat, p. 69. Also cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, l. 524.

Stage-direction; *records* are the same as *recorders;* see Clark and Wright's note to *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 262 (Globe ed., l. 360). A *record* or *recorder* was a kind of flageolet. See Milton, *P. L.* i. 551.

126. See Emilia's prayer to Diana; *Kn. Tale*, 1439.

129. *As wind-fann'd snow*. Compare the well-known passage in *Coriol.* v. 3. 65—

> chaste as the icicle
> That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
> And hangs on Dian's temple!

female knights, i. e. female servants. When the old meaning of *knight* (viz. servant, from A. S. *cniht*, a servant) is borne in mind, there is nothing incongruous in the application of the word to a woman. So in *Much Ado*, v. 3. 12, we have a similar address to Diana, introducing the same word with reference to the lady Hero.

> Pardon, goddess of the night,
> Those that slew thy *virgin knight;*
> For the which, with songs of woe,
> Round about *her* tomb they go.

133. "*Green eyes* were considered as peculiarly beautiful. So in *Romeo and Juliet* [iii. 5. 221]—

> an eagle, madam,
> Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an eye.

The Spanish writers are peculiarly enthusiastic in the praise of green eyes. So Cervantes, in his novel *Del Zeloso Estremenno:* 'Ay que ojos

tan grandes, y tan razgados! y por el siglo de mi madre que son *verdes*, que no parecen sino que son de *esmeraldas'*. [Ah! how large and how full are those eyes! and, by the life of my mother, how *green* are they, how they look as if they are nothing else but emeralds!]";—Weber. Mr Dyce adds—"Gifford (in a note on his translation of Juvenal, *Sat.* XIII. *v.* 223) after observing that the expression *green eyes* is common in our early poets, cites one of Drummond's Sonnets in which Nature is represented as consulting the gods about the colour of Auristella's eyes: Mars and Apollo advise her to make them *black;*

Chaste Phœbe spake for purest *azure* dyes:
But Jove and Venus *green* about the light
To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise.
Nature, all said, a paradise of *green*
There placed, to make all love which have them seen.

He observes too that he has seen many Norwegian seamen with eyes of this hue, which were invariably quick, keen, and glancing. Pyramus had, according to Shakespeare, eyes "as green as leeks"; *Mid. N. D.* v. 1. 342. And Dante uses the word *smeraldi* (emeralds) to denote the eyes of Beatrice; *Purg.* XXXI. 116.

136. *scurril*, scurrilous, vulgarly witty; Lat. *scurrilis*. Cf. "Breaks *scurril* jests"; *Tro. and Cress.* I. 3. 148; and "*scurrill* Plautus"; Milton, *Areop.* ed. Hales, p. 15. *port*, gate, entrance. So in *Coriol.* v. 6. 6, *city ports* mean the gates of the city. There is not the slightest reason for altering the word to *porch*, to make the expression agree to the letter with that in *Hamlet* (I. 5. 63)—'the *porches* of my ears'; an alteration suggested by Theobald. The Latin *porta* is as good a word as its derivative *porticus*.

140. *'pointed*, appointed; so in *Taming of the Shrew*, III. 1. 19; 2. 15. Observe that *have 'pointed* is not the perfect definite here. The sense is—I have a husband appointed for me.

147. *pretenders*, aspirants; not in a bad sense.

149. *wheaten garland*. This is evidently meant to be equivalent to a *nuptial garland*, which the bridegroom is supposed to remove from the bride's head as a part of the ceremony of marriage. See Act I. Sc. I. 64, and the stage direction at the very beginning of the play. In Shakspeare the expression occurs but once, viz., in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 41 —"As Peace should still her wheaten garland wear".

150. "Grant that I may continue to occupy, in thy band, the same rank and position which I hold at present." The word *file* is not properly used here; it is made to mean the place in a rank, whereas it really means the rank itself. Cf. *Macbeth*, III. 1. 102—

Now if you have a station in the *file*,
Not i' the worst *rank* of manhood, say it.

The word *station* should have been used in its stead; or (to preserve the scansion) some such word as *state* or *place*. It may be observed that we now use the word *rank* in the same ambiguous manner, to signify both *station* and *file*.

152. *our general of ebbs and flows*, our controller of the tides; a very singular way of referring to the moon or Diana.

Act V. Sc. 2.

15. "'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough"; *As You Like It*, IV. 2. 9.

30. *come cut and long-tail to him*, let horses of every kind come to him in rivalry, and beat him if they can. The phrase *cut and long-tail* means those that have their tails docked and those whose tails are allowed to grow; thus including every kind. It would appear that it was a proverbial phrase, used originally rather of dogs than of horses. Nares quotes from the *Art of Flattery*, by U. Fulwel, ed. 1576, sign. G 3, the following—"Yea, even their verie dogs, Rug, Rig, and Risbie, yea *cut and longtaile*, they shall be welcome." *Cut-tail* occurs as a dog's name in Drayton's *Sirena*, p. 640. Nares adds—"These quotations fully explain a passage in the *Mer. Wives of Winds.* III. 4. 44—'*Shall.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. *Slen.* Ay, that I will, *come cut and long-tail*, under the degree of a squire.' That is—Come who will to contend with me, under the degree of a squire."

31. The word *ye* is not governed by *turns*, but represents the old dative, where we should say *for you*. 'He turns like a top for you.' See Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* sect. 220.

33. *founder*, disable. It is especially used of disabling by causing an inflammation in the horse's foot.

The *hobby-horse* figured in the old morris-dance, and excited amusement by his capers. "The morris rings, while *hobby-horse* doth foot it featuously"; *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act IV. Sc. 5. A picture of one is given in Chambers' *Book of Days*, I. 631, where also will be found some account of the morris-dancers, and of the extraordinary feat (probably here referred to in l. 32) described in Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, which consisted of a sort of dancing journey, from London to Norwich, performed by William Kemp, a comic actor and morris-dancer. A *hobby-horse* is a man so dressed up as to represent both a horse and his rider; and appears occasionally upon the modern stage. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. 2. 142.

35. *Light-o'-love.* Mr Staunton says, in a note to *Two Gent. of Verona*, I. 2—"*Light-o'-Love* is so frequently mentioned by writers of the 16th century that it is much to be regretted that the words of the original song are still undiscovered. When played slowly and with expression, the air is beautiful". Shakespeare mentions it again in *Much Ado*, III. 4. 44.

36. *virtues*, accomplishments. There may be an allusion here to the wonderful performing horse exhibited in 1595 by a Scotchman named Banks. See Chambers, *Book of Days*, I. 225; Douce, *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, I. 214.

45. *bottles*, i.e. bottles of hay. A *bottle* of hay, according to Nares, is a truss of hay, i.e. a bundle of hay weighing about half a hundredweight. But I have little hesitation in saying that Nares is mistaken, and that a *bottle* was less than a *truss*. Thus, in Riley's *Memorials of London*, p. 166, is a record of a complaint that, instead of selling hay by the cartload or by trusses, men brought carts into the city laden

"with dozens of small *boteles*". Cf. *Mids. Nt. Dr.* IV. 1. 35, where Bottom wishes for "a peck of provender", or "a bottle of hay". The phrase is preserved in the common proverb—"to look for a needle in a bottle of hay". Chaucer has—"not worth a *botel* hay"; *Manc. Prol.* 14. Cf. Fr. *botte*, in the sense of a bundle of hay.

46. *strike*, i.e. strikes, bushels; still used in provincial English. Cf. "Marry, forsooth, how many *strike* of pease would feed a hog fat against Christmas?" *Antonio and Mellida*, by J. Marston, Act II. Sc. 1. According to Bailey, a *strike* is *four* bushels; like other measures, it has different values in different localities. The use of *strike* for *strikes* is quite in accordance with the usual idiom. We say a man weighs "ten *stone*", not "ten *stones*".

55. *stool-ball*. A game formerly very popular among young women. It was played with a ball and one or two stools, and seems to have had some resemblance to cricket. See Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 97, and see *Stoolball* in Halliwell's Dictionary.

60. *nice*, scrupulous, over-particular. Cf. "she is *nice* and coy"; *Two Gent. of Verona*, III. 1. 82.

85. *from her*, i.e. go away from her.

ACT V. Sc. 3.

13. The sense is—which sometimes look well, even when only painted. *Shew=look, appear*, has occurred before in this play; III. 6. 25, V. 1. 20. The old meaning of *pencil* was a *paint-brush;* cf. Lat. *penicillus, peniculus*, diminutives formed from *penis*, a tail. Hence *pencilled* means painted; as in *Timon*, I. 1. 159.

17. *Pardon me*, i.e. excuse me; so in l. 32.

21. *envy*, malice, unkindness. This sense is not uncommon; see *Merchant of Venice*, IV. 1. 10, and 126. The sense is—there is naught but unkindness in a light which shews one combatant to the other.

42. *engine*, an engine of destruction, such as a crossbow or catapult. *bent*, bent back, ready to be discharged. Scott has the expression "With hackbut *bent*", i.e. with cocked gun or arquebus; *Cadyow Castle*, l. 137. On which Mr Hales notes—"A word, properly applying to a bow, is here transferred to a gun. Many terms of the old artillery were transferred to the new."

45. *aspéct*. Such is the usual accentuation; Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* sect. 490.

46. *grav'd*, i.e. furrowed, deeply cut.

49. *his object*, i.e. its object; *his* referring to *eye*.

63. *ward*, guard; *offence*, blow. It means—omit to parry, or fail to inflict a blow. We speak of "*offensive* weapons".

66. After this line, the old editions have "Enter a Servant". This is unnecessary, as Emilia was not left unattended; see l. 35.

72. *servant*, i.e. lover, referring to Arcite. See Act I. Sc. 1, l. 89.

76. *sinister*, left; Lat. *sinister*.

82. *redemption*, rescue, viz. of Arcite.

85. The general sense is—Were both made into one, no woman were worthy of a man so composed. Even as they are, the share of nobleness which each singly possesses is such as to assign, to any lady alive, a prejudicial inequality, a deficiency of worth as compared with them.

95. *Half-sights*, hasty glances, like those of dim-sighted persons.

96. *God's-lid*, by God's eye-lid, generally corrupted into *'slid*, as in *Merry Wives*, III. 4. 24. The use of this oath by Emilia is, to modern ears, shocking; but even queen Elizabeth herself is said to have used strong expressions. See 2 *Hen. IV.* III. 1. 252—261.

97. Cf. *Macb.* III. 1. 128—"Your spirits shine through you".

99. *humble*, low-lying; Lat. *humilis*. *go to law with*, cope with, strive to restrain.

100. *drift-winds*, driving winds. Cf. "*drift* of bullets"; *K. John*, II. 1. 412.

119. *Alcides*, Hercules; so named because Amphitryon, his step-father, was the son of Alcæus.

120. *a sow of lead*, a lump of lead, i. e. a sluggish, heavy, dull warrior. Lead, when first cast, is run into large masses, called *sows* or *pigs*, according to the size of them. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* I. 1. 118.

124. *Philomels*, nightingales. Seward calls attention to the beauty of this simile. "What, at first sight", he says, "could be more unlike than the fury of a combat to the singing of nightingales? Yet how charmingly are they married together!"

127. *out-breasted*, i. e. out-voiced, out-sung. See the numerous examples in Nares in which *breast* means a musical voice, a voice for singing. Thus—"The fool hath an excellent *breast*"; *Tw. Night*, II. 3. 19.

129. *heavens*, the celestial powers; see l. 139.

130. *hardly*, with difficulty, after severe fighting between the rivals.

132. *our present justice*, the immediate doom we promised them. Here *justice* means death by the law, execution; exactly as *juwyse* is used in Chaucer's *Kn. Ta.* 881 (*Juwyse* is the Old Fr. *juise*, from Lat. *iudicium*). Cf. "Shalt feel our *justice*"; *Wint. Tale*, III. 2. 91.

133. *pinch 'em*, vex them. It was in the very spirit of chivalry that a warrior should not care to survive defeat. This doom of Palamon and his three knights would be revolting, if it were not that the spectators might be expected to know enough of Chaucer's story to make them suspect that the sentence would not really be executed. To which must be added the consideration, that the spectators of plays in the time of James I. could behold, almost unmoved, many things which we now shudder even to read.

135. *Arm your prize.* Mr Knight explains this "offer your arm to the lady you have won". Mason says, "take her by the arm". The former seems to me the better explanation. But perhaps it means—take in your arms, embrace, like the German *umarmen;* see *Cymb.* IV. 2. 400.

Act V. Sc. 4.

The scene is determined to be the same as that in Act III. Sc. 6 by the remarks of Theseus in l. 99. Mr Dyce was the first to point this out.

5. It means—We have their good wishes, that our lives might be prolonged.

8. *lag*, late-coming, latter. To *lag behind* is to loiter behind; so here, the *lag hours* of life are those that come on slowly at the end of life. The word also gives the idea of slow, tardy, lingering; but perhaps the best comment on it is afforded by quoting a parallel passage from Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 23.

> For mine own part, I could be well content
> To entertain the *lag-end* of my life
> With quiet hours.

The general sense is—We anticipate the loathsome misery of old age, and we beguile the gout and the rheum, that, in their latter hours, lay wait for grey old men that approach the gods more slowly. Compare this passage with Dr Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, ll. 255—310.

10. *unwapper'd*, "i.e. unworn, not debilitated. Grose [in his *Glossary*, ed. 1790] has—'*Wappered*, restless or fatigued; spoken of a sick person, Gloucestershire'"; Dyce. Mr Knight gives the reading *unwappen'd*, and says—"The originals have *unwapper'd*. Without knowing exactly the meaning of the word *wappen'd*, we would receive the epithet here as the opposite to that in *Timon of Athens*, [IV. 3. 38] —That makes the *wappen'd* widow wed again". Mr Knight forgot, however, that, if the words are to be assimilated, the result can be effected equally well by changing the word *wappen'd* into *wapper'd*. The words are so rare that it is best to leave both passages unaltered. See *Wapper*, *Wapper-eyed*, *Wapper-jaw* in Halliwell's *Provincial Dictionary*. It is clear that the sense here required by the context is *unexhausted*, *fresh*.

11. *that*, i.e. who; referring to *we* in l. 9. In the next line, *such* refers to the *grey approachers*.

15. *too too*, printed *too, too* in all previous editions; but the comma between the words is not wanted. Cf. "*too too* solid"; *Hamlet*, I. 2. 129; "*too too* much"; *Two Gent. of Verona*, II. 4. 205; "*too too* oft", *Rape of Lucrece*, l. 174. It was once a common mode of expression. In Thoresby's *Letter to Ray*, 1703, which contains a list of Yorkshire words and phrases, he gives examples of its use in Yorkshire, where it was pronounced *toota* or *tuta;* e.g. "*toota* well", i.e. very well; "thou'rt *tuta* earnest", i.e. excessively earnest.

21. 'Who, even when she is most certain, is but unsteady and wavering.'

23. *Taste to you*, taste for you, be the first to taste the banquet of death. Alluding to the old practice of tasting things for others, as a precaution against poison. See *K. John*, v. 6. 28.

29. *latest*, last. Cf. "To take my *latest* leave"; *Philaster*, Act III. Sc. 2. *Last* is but a contraction of *lat'st*, i.e. *latest;* like *best* for *betst* or *betest.*

31. *piece*, provide a part of. But see IV. 1. 21—24.

32. *Tender*, offer. See note to V. 1. 25.

47. *dearly;* misprinted *early*, in the old editions, but see the phrase '*dearly* sorry' in l. 129 below. *Dearly*=at a dear rate; hence, excessively, without reference to love or hate in particular. Hence we find—"my father *hated* his father *dearly*"; *As You Like It*, I. 3. 34. But as *dear* is also used in the sense of *beloved*, we most often find *dearly* joined with the verb *to love.* Forby, in his *East-Anglian Glossary*, is quite wrong in supposing *dear* to mean *dire.*

50. *owing*, i.e. owning, possessing, having. *Owe* for *own* is the usual form at this period, and very common; see *Tempest*, III. 1. 45, &c. Weber notes—"such a horse is called by the French *zain;* and Cotgrave's explanation of that term will prove a good comment on the text—'a horse that's all of one dark colour, without any star, spot, or mark about him, and thereby commonly vicious'."

55. *calkins;* not hoofs, as explained by some, but (as Mr Dyce says) the parts of a horseshoe which are turned up and pointed to prevent the horse from slipping. It is also spelt *calker* or *cawkon.* It is the diminutive of A. S. *calc*, a shoe, a word probably borrowed from the Lat. *calceus.* Florio explains the Italian *rampone* as "a *calkin* in a horse's shooe to keepe him from sliding".

56. *tell*, count. The calkins seemed rather to count the stones than to trample on them, so light was the horse's motion. See l. 58.

60. The origin of music is attributed to Jubal; Gen. iv. 21. But the musical scale or gamut was ascribed by some commentators on the Bible to Tubal-cain. Thus Peter Comester, in his *Historia Scholastica*, speaks of "Tubal, de quo dictum est sono metallorum delectatus ex ponderibus eorum proportiones et consonantias eorum quæ ex eis nascuntur excogitauit; quam inuentionem Greci Pythagoræ attribuunt fabulose". But no doubt the reference is here to the popular story of Pythagoras and the hammers, "that Pythagoras discovered the law of musical consonances passing through a blacksmith's shop, and weighing the hammers that were striking fourths, fifths, and octaves upon an anvil". See Chappell's *History of Music*, p. 7. Mr Chappell observes that "the tone of a bell cannot be altered in pitch by changing the weight of its clapper"; so that the story is, on the face of it, an absurd one.

62. Saturn was supposed to be a planet of a cold nature and evil influence, according to the old astrology. Chaucer has the expression "Saturnus the colde", *Kn. Tale*, 1585; and Saturn is made to claim for himself the power to cause various fatal accidents; *Kn. Tale*, 1597—1611. But there is still more immediate reference to the parallel passage in Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, 1826—

> Out of the grounde a fyr infernal sterte,
> From Pluto sent, at requeste of *Saturne*,
> For which his hors for feere began to turne,

And leep asyde, and foundrede as he leep;
And, or that Arcyta may taken keep,
He pyght him on the pomel of his heed,
That in the place he lay as he were deed,
His brest to-brosten with the sadel-bowe.

66. *toy*, a freak, a sudden whim. A clear example of a similar use of the word occurs in *Philaster*, Act v. Sc. 3—"What if a *toy* take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away?" And again, in the following:—"But it was no boot [i.e. of no use] to let [i.e. stop] Phaonius, when a mad mood or *toy* took him in the head"; Shakespeare's *Plutarch*, ed. Skeat, p. 134.

69. *of kind manage*, i.e. trained by kind management. He had never known rough treatment.

72. *jadery*, jade-like behaviour; a *jade* meaning a vicious horse, or, more commonly, an old mare of not very good temper. The quarto spells it *Iadrie*. The word *jade* occurs below, in l. 81.

dis-seat, unseat. This rare word occurs again, in Shakespeare; *Macbeth*, v. 3. 21. In l. 75 we have *dis-root*.

77. The original quarto has a blank space at the beginning of the line, and *On* is spelt with a small letter. Weber remarks that the first part of the line "was omitted by the compositor, being illegible in the manuscript. The sense is, however, perfect as it stands." In fact, the half-line is rather effective.

81. i.e. the whole of his weight becomes a burden upon the rider.

92. *told*, counted; cf. *tell* in l. 56. Seward remarks—"I believe the reader will not easily be convinced that Arcite had been false". In fact, the dramatists have forgotten to insert any instances of his falseness. The epithet "false Arcite" is in the *Knightes Tale*, l. 287; but even Chaucer has not made it very clear that Arcite really was so; unless, indeed, we refer to his poem entitled—*Of queen Annelida and false Arcite*.

98. *honour*, i.e. honour of Arcite, funeral respect.

104. *arrose*, besprinkle; from Fr. *arroser*, sometimes spelt *arrouser*. Cotgrave has—"*Arrouser*, to bedew, besprinkle". The old editions have *arowze*, but the word meant is clear enough. The explanation is Seward's, and has been generally received. Nares questions it, but failed to observe Cotgrave's spelling of the French verb.

108. *grace*, honour, glory. See l. 125.

109. *Bear this hence*, i.e. bear hence this dead body of Arcite. Mr Staunton, in his note to *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 4, has accumulated a number of instances in which bodies were borne off the stage, to suit the requirements of the old theatres. See the last stage-direction in *Hamlet*.

123. *lovers*, companions, comrades, viz. Palamon's three Knights. See above; v. 1. 34.

126. *in whose end*, at the end of which; *whose* refers to *funeral*. Cf. "the purpose of playing, *whose* end", &c.; *Hamlet*, III. 2. 23. The A. S. *hwæs* (genitive of *hwa*, who), is the same for all genders, like the Lat. *cuius;* but we now generally use *of which* in speaking of things neuter, though it is hardly necessary that we should do so.

131. *charmers*, "i.e. enchanters, ruling us at their will, whose operations are beyond our power to conceive, till we see the effects of them"; Seward. Shakespeare uses *charmer* for *enchantress; Othello*, III. 4. 57.

135. The sense is—and cease to dispute with you who are beyond the reach of our expostulations.

137. *like the time*, i.e. as others do, by hiding our griefs. See *Macbeth*, I. 5. 62 (Clarendon Press Series), and the note upon it.

Epilogue; line 2. Here *say* apparently means *speak;* and the simile seems to consist in a comparison with schoolboys who are afraid to say their lesson.

3. *cruel*, cruelly, excessively.

12. *we*, i.e. the actors. The Epilogue may not have been written by the authors of the play.

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