



AND THE PROPERTY OF  
HOME DEPT  
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

THE  
XX

40

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

(9)

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OF THE PROPERTY OF  
HOME DEPT  
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

ROMEO AND JULIET.  
H A M L E T.  
O T H E L L O.

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• ROMEO AND JULIET.

VOL. IX;

B

# P. R O L O G U E.

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

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

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

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

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

Two household frends, alike in dignitie,  
 In faire Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From civil-broyles broke into enmitie,  
 Whose civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.  
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes  
 A paire of starre-cross'd lovers tooke their life;  
 Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,  
 (Through the continuing of their fathers' strife,  
 And death-markt passage of their parents' rage,)  
 Is now the two howres traffique of our stage,  
 The which if you with patient cares attend,  
 What here we want, wee'll studie to amend. MALONE.

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Persons

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## Persons Represented.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with each*  
Capulet, } *other.*

*An old Man, uncle to Capulet.*

Romeo, *son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*

Friar John, *of the same order.*

Balthasar, *servant to Romeo.*

Sampson, } *servants to Capulet.*  
Gregory, }

Abram, *servant to Montague.*

*An Apothecary.*

*Three Musicians.*

Chorus. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.*

*Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.*

*Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.*

*Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.*

*Nurse to Juliet.*

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

**SCENE** *during the greater part of the play, in Verona;  
once, in the fifth Act at Mantua.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.*

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

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

*Sam.*

<sup>2</sup> The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the authour's name,) with the following title: *Historia nuouamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte; interuenuta gia nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala. Nuouamente stampata*. Of the authour some account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, in Vol. X.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and shortly afterwards Boisiteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisiteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find in the tenth volume, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller: *The tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true constancie; with the subtill counsels, and practises of an old Fryer, and their ill event*. It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisiteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisiteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisiteau he is named *Signor Escala*, and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montescbes*; in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play,

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

*Sam.*

friser *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boileau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

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

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

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

"The story on which this play is founded," says Mr. Steevens, "is related as a true one in Girolama de la Corte's *History of Verona*. Among the entries on the books of the Stationers' Company, I find," (adds the same gentleman,) "M. Tottell, Feb. 18, 1582: *Romeo and Julietta*." Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White, *A new ballad of Romeo and Juliett*." Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph or *Cummuue defunctorum*; and it appears, as Dr. Farmer has observed from a passage in Ames's typographical antiquities, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his travels tells us that he saw at Vienna the tomb of these unhappy lovers." This is only an extract from Mr. Steevens's note. MALONE.

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

"S. r

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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*Sam.* I strike quickly, being moved.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

*Gre.* To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run’st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague’s.

*Gre.* That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

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

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

“Sir *Romeus*’ annoy but trifle seems to mine.”

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

<sup>3</sup> —*we’ll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following:

Nath, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says: “We will bear no coals, I warrant you.” So, in Marston’s *Antonio and Melinda*, 2nd part, 1602: “He has had wrong, and if I were he, I would bear no coles.” Again, in B. Jonson’s *Every Man out of his Humour*: “Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo will hold my dog.” And, lastly, in the Poet’s own *Henry V*: “At Calais they stole a firehovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.” STEEV.

The phrase should seem to mean originally, *We’ll not submit to servile offices*; and thence secondarily, *we’ll not endure injuries*. It has been suggested, that it may mean, “*we’ll not bear resentment burning like a coal of fire in our bosoms*, without breaking out into some outrage;” with allusion to the proverbial sentence, that smothered anger is a coal of fire in the bosom: But the word *carry* seems adverse to such an interpretation. MALONE.

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, “Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul’s Church-yard, &c.” published after the death of King Charles I. N<sup>o</sup> 22, page 50, is inserted “*Fire, Fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lilburn* will not carry coals. By Dr. Gouge.” PERCY.

B 4

*Sam.*

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*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids<sup>4</sup>; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

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

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

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

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

*Enter ABRAM, and BALTHASAR.*

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

*Gre.* How? turn thy back, and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry: I fear thee!

<sup>4</sup> —cruel with the maids;] The first folio reads—civil with the maids. JOHNSON.

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

\* —Poor John.] is hake, dried, and salted. MALONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sam.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

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

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

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

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say—ay ?

*Gre.* No.

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

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir ?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter BENVOLIO<sup>7</sup>, at a distance.*

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

*Sam.*

<sup>6</sup> *I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*] This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What swearing is there, (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what shouldering, what jostling, what jeering, what *biting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*" *THE DEAD TERM*, 1608. MALONE.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miseries*, &c. 1596, has this passage. "Behold next I see contempt marching forth, giving mee the *sico* with his *thombe* in his mouth." In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, "I meet with these words: "If once they [the Italians,] *bite their fingers' ends in threatening manner*, God knows, if they set upon their enemy face to face, it is because they cannot assail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonson ridicules this scene of Romeo and Juliet, in his *New Inn*:

"Huff. How, spill it ?

"Spill it at me ?

"Tip. I reck not, but I spill it." STEEVENS.

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

<sup>8</sup> *—here comes one of my master's kinsmen.*] Some mistake has happened

Sam. Yes, better, fir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow<sup>o</sup>. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their swords.*]

*Enter TYBALT.*

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

1. Cit. Clubs<sup>1</sup>, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

pened in this place: Gregory is a servant of the Capulets; and Benvolio was of the Montague faction. FARMER.

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

<sup>o</sup>—thy swashing blow.] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his *Staple of News*: "I do confess a swashing blow."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"I'll have a martial and a swashing outside."

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Greene, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—in spending and spoiling, in sweating and swashing." Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, says, that "to swash is to make a noise with swordes against tergats." STEEV.

See Vol. V. p. 323, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Clubs, bills, &c.] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. See Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6, and Vol. VI. p. 22, n. 1. MALONE.

*Enter*

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

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

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a  
sword?

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

*Enter MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.*

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

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

*Enter Prince, with Attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons<sup>3</sup> to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;  
And made Verona's ancient citizens

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

See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

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

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

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

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time. So in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

“Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*.”

STEEVENS.

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

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —*mis-temper'd weapons*] are angry weapons. So in *K. John*:

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



Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,  
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,  
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :  
 If ever you disturb our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time, all the rest depart away :  
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;  
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
 To know our further pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place<sup>4</sup>.  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

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

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :  
 I drew to part them ; in the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;  
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

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

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east<sup>5</sup>,  
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;

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

<sup>5</sup> *Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,]* The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. C. 10.

“ Early before the morn with cremosin ray

“ The windows of bright heaven opened had,

“ Through which into the world the dawning day

“ Might looke,” &c. STEEVENS.

Where,

Where,—underneath the grove of sycamour,  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—  
So early walking did I see your son :  
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood :  
I, measuring his affections by my own,—  
That most are busied<sup>6</sup> when they are most alone,—  
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me<sup>7</sup>.

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

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd<sup>8</sup> him by any means ?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other friends:  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

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

— by my own,

Which then most sought, where most might not be found,

Being one too many by my weary self,

Pursu'd my humour, &c. *POPE.*

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

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

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the same?  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

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

*[Exeunt MONTAGUE, and Lady.]*

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

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

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. The same expression occurs in *Timon*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

*"A dedicated beggar to the air."* STEEVENS.

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

*"—She never told her love,*

*"But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,*

*"Feed on her damask cheek."*

Mr. Theobald reads—to the *sun*. In the old spelling *sunne* and *sanne* were easily confounded.—In the last act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Rosamond* of Daniel; and in the present passage might have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our authour or not, add such support to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I should have given it a place in the text, but that the other mode of phraseology was not uncommon in Shakspeare's time:

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

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

*"Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done."*

Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverse to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *sun*, without at the same time dedicating it to the *air*.

A similar phraseology, however, to that of the text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 52d Sonnets. MALONE.

*Rom.*

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

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

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

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

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

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

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will<sup>2</sup>!

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

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

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

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

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy

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

<sup>2</sup> *—to his will!*] The meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to pursue his desire. JOHNSON.

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

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

MALONE.

The quarto 1597, reads

Should, without *larvs*, give path-ways to our will!

This reading is the most intelligible. STEEVENS.

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

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

ANONYMUS.

Every

O heavy lightneis ! serious vanity !  
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !  
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is ! —  
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
 Dost thou not laugh ?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what ?

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

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression \*. —

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;  
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
 With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shown,  
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

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

" Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve.

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

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner :

" A fierce frost, a flame that frozen is with life !

" A heavie burden light to beare ! a vertue fraught with vice !"  
 &c.

Immediately from the *Romaunt of the Rose* :

" Love it is an hatefull pees,

" A free aquitaunce without reles,—

" An heavie burthen light to beare,

" A wicked wawe awaile to weare :

" And health full of maladie,

" And charitie full of envie ;—

" A laughter that is weping aie,

" Rest that trauaileth night and daie," &c.

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

" Pace non trovo, e non hõ da far guerra,

" E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio,

" E volo sopra'l cielo, e ghiaccio in terra,

" E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio," *Son.* 105.

Sir Tho. Wyatt gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of "*Description of the contrarious Passions in a Lover*," amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

\* *Why, such is love's transgression.*—] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd<sup>6</sup>, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewel, my coz.

[going;

Ben. Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.  
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.  
Ben. Tell me in sadness<sup>7</sup>, who she is you love.  
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?  
Ben. Groan? why, no;  
But sadly tell me, who.

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

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

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

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

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit.  
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd<sup>8</sup>,

From

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

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

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

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

See Vol. II. p. 223, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, &c.*] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd,  
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :  
 O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,  
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store \*.

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

not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEVENS.

—*in strong proof*—] In chastity of proof; as we say in armour of proof.

JOHNSON.

\* *She will not stay the siege of loving terms,*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Remove your *siege* from my unyielding heart ;

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

\* —*with beauty dies her store.*] Mr. Theobald reads, “ *With* her dies beauty's *store* ;” and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty.

JOHNSON.

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press ; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty ; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire ; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will “ lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy.” MALONE.

Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620 :

“ Nature now shall boast no more

“ Of the riches of her store ;

“ Since, in this her chiefest prize,

“ All the stock of beauty dies.”

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare :

“ Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.”

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr* :

“ ——— with her dies

“ The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman.”

STEVENS.

*Rom.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

19

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

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity<sup>3</sup>.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair<sup>4</sup>,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead<sup>5</sup>, that live to tell it now.

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

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

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more<sup>6</sup>:

These happy masks<sup>7</sup>, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

<sup>2</sup> *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;*] So, in our author's First Sonnet:

"And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *For beauty, starv'd with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity.*] So, in our author's Third Sonnet:

"Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

"Of his self-love, to stop posterity?"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

"Seeming to bury that posterity,

"Which by the rights of time thou needs must have—."

MALONE.

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

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

<sup>5</sup> *Do I live dead,*] So Richard the Third:

"—now they kill me with a living death."

See Vol. VI. p. 467, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —*in question more.*] More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. See Vol. III. p. 77, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority. STEEVENS.

*These happy masks*, I believe, means no more than *the happy masks*. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See Vol. II. p. 53, n. 5. MALONE.



Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;  
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:  
 Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,  
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?  
 Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget<sup>6</sup>.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

*Cap.* And Montague is bound<sup>9</sup> as well as I,  
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

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

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
 Let two more summers wither in their pride<sup>1</sup>,  
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

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

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made<sup>2</sup>.

The

<sup>6</sup> *Thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

<sup>9</sup> Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

<sup>1</sup> "It is sure the hardest science, to forget." Pope's *Eloisa*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And Montague is bound—*] This speech is not in the first quarto. That of 1599 has—*But Montague.*—In that of 1609 and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Let two more summers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

"———Three winters cold

<sup>2</sup> *Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,—"*

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The quarto 1597, reads:—*And too soon marr'd are those so early married.*

Puttenham,

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

21

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth<sup>3</sup> :  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part ;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accusom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

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

" The maid that soon married is, soon married is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney :

" Oh ! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made* !"

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

*Making and Marring* is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phil. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the present century. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *She is the hopeful lady of my earth* ;] This line is not in the first edition. POPE.

*She is the hopeful lady of my earth* ;] This is a Gallicism : *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an *heir*ess.

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

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

Again,

" So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

" A stark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. MASON.

Again, in this play :

" Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?

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

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet :

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

At my poor house, look to behold this night  
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light<sup>4</sup>;  
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel<sup>5</sup>  
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night

<sup>4</sup> *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light*:] Dr. Warburton calls this nonsense, and idly substitutes *even for heaven*.

MALONE.

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

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> —*do lusty young men feel*—] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment: I read:

Such comfort as do lusty yeomen feel,

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

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

“That it was May, thus dremid me,

“In time of love and jolite,

“That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.

“Then yong folke entendin aye,

“For to ben gaie and amorous,

“The time is then so favorable.”

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

Our author's 98th *Sonnet* may also serve to confirm the reading of the text:

“From you have I been absent in the spring,

“When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,

“Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.”

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1591:

“Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,

“Then in the April of her springing age.—” MALONE.

Inherit

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

24

Inherit at my house<sup>6</sup>; hear all, all see,  
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:  
Such, amongst view of many<sup>7</sup>, mine, being one,

May

<sup>6</sup> *Inherit at my house;*] *To inherit*, in the language of Shakspeare's age, is to *possess*. See Vol. V. p. 7, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Such, amongst view of many, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

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

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

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

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

—hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be."

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

"Of honourable *reckoning* are you both." STEEVENS.

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

"—our compell'd sins

"Stand more for *number*, than *accompt*." i. e. estimation.

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

"—to fall to *one*,

"—is to fall to *none*,

"For *one no number is*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

"One is no number."

Again, in Shakspeare's 136th Sonnet:

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

"Then in the number let me pass untold."

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

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

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

"Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,

"For he would *view* and judge them all with unallured eye,

"No knight or gentleman of high or low renown

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

May stand in number, though in reckoning none;  
Come, go with me;—Go, firrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there <sup>8</sup>, [*gives a paper.*] and to  
them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and PARIS.*]

*Serv.* Find them out, whose names are written here <sup>9</sup>?  
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his  
yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his  
pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to  
find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can  
never find what names the writing person hath here  
writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO, and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning;  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish <sup>1</sup>;  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die <sup>2</sup>.

*Rom.*

<sup>8</sup> "Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;

<sup>9</sup> "Not so much for the banquet's sake, as beauties to search  
out." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —find those persons out,  
[*Whose names are written there,*] Shakspeare has here closely fol-  
lowed the poem already mentioned:

"No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

"No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

"But Capulet himself hath bid unto his feast,

"Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest." MALONE.

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —with another's languish:] This substantive is again found in  
*Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring  
also (as I think) in one of Morley's songs, 1595:

"Alas, it skills not,

"For thus I will not,

"Now

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

25

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that<sup>1</sup>.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, fir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I  
pray, can you read any thing you see?

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

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

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

"Now contented,

"Now tormented,

"Live in love and languish." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*

*Take thou some new infection to thy eye,*

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

"Ere long the townish dames together will resort;

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

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

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

"And 'as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,

"So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth rive."

Again, in our authour's *Coriolanus*:

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail."

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

<sup>3</sup> *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.]* Tackius tells us, that a  
toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of  
this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself after-  
wards with it. GREY.

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

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

"Bring a fresh plantain leaf, I've broke my shin."

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

The plantain leaf is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to  
green wounds. STEEVENS.

Signior

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

A fair assembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house<sup>4</sup>.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

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

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine<sup>5</sup>. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

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

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—  
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

<sup>4</sup> *To supper; to our house.*] The words *to supper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —*crush a cup of wine.*] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631:

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

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cocker says:

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

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

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

27

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:  
But in those crystal scales<sup>6</sup>, let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid<sup>7</sup>  
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such fight to be shewn,  
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth  
to me.

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

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

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* How now, who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here; what is your will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave  
awhile,

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

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

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

<sup>6</sup> —in those crystal scales,—] The old copies have—that crystal, &c.  
The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it  
is necessary. The poet might have used *scales* for the entire machine.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —let there be weigh'd

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

And



And yet, to my teen<sup>8</sup> be it spoken, I have but four,—  
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: But, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years<sup>9</sup>;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day :—  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,  
My lord and you were then at Mantua :—  
Nay, I do bear a brain<sup>1</sup> :—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple  
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !  
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.  
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,

<sup>8</sup> —to my teen—] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.  
So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. 9.

"—for dread and doleful teen."

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

See Vol. VI. p. 559, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;] But how comes the  
nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such  
circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which  
Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it  
seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really  
been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of  
April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and *Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the  
preface to *Spenser's works*, ed. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to  
conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was  
written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since*  
*the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July,  
*a fortnight and odd days before Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> Nay, I do bear a brain:] So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :  
"Dash, we must bear some brain."  
Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1624:

"—nay, an I bear not a brain,—" STEEVENS.

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :

For then she could stand alone <sup>2</sup> ; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow :

And then my husband—God be with his soul !

<sup>3</sup> A was a merry man ;—took up the child :

*Yea*, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face ?*

*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;*

*Wilt thou not, Jule ?* and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay :*

To see now, how a jest shall come about !

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it ; *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth he :

And, pretty fool, it stinted <sup>3</sup>, and said—*Ay*.

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

*Nurse.* Yes, madam ; Yet I cannot choose but laugh <sup>4</sup>.

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

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

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

A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> —*could stand alone ;*] The quarto, 1597, reads : “ could stand big lone, i. e. quite alone, completely alone. So in another of our author's plays, *big-b-fantassical* means entirely fantastical. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*it stinted,*] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says : “ for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid.” So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ He can at pleasure *stint* their melody.”

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

“ *Stint* thy babbling tongue.”

Spenser uses this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Nurse. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot choose, &c.*] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :—  
 An I might live to see thee married once,  
 I have my wish.

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

*Jul.* It is an honour<sup>5</sup> that I dream not of.

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

*La Cap.* Well<sup>6</sup>, think of marriage now; younger than  
 you,

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

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man,  
 As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax<sup>7</sup>.

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

<sup>5</sup> *It is an honour—*] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion. STEEVENS.

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

<sup>6</sup> *Well, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *—a man of wax.*] So, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

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

STEEVENS.

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

“With passion swells my fervid breast,

“With passion hard to be suppress.”

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

*Nurse.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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*Nurse*<sup>8</sup>. Nay, he's a flower: in faith, a very flower.

*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face<sup>1</sup>,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament<sup>2</sup>,  
And see how one another lends content;  
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes<sup>3</sup>

This

<sup>8</sup> *Nurse*.] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only:

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

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

<sup>9</sup> *La. Cap. What say you? &c.*] This ridiculous speech is entirely aded since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>1</sup> *Read o'er the volume, &c.*] The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"Her face the book of praises, where is read

"Nothing but curious pleasures." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Examine every married lineament*;] This speech, as has been observed, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *several* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only because the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not understand it. MALONE.

Shakspeare meant by this phrase, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in *concord*.—In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of "the married calm of states;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion:

"If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

"By unions married, do offend thine ear." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,

"Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,

"Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,

"Writ in the glassy margent of such books." MALONE.

The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So

This precious book of love, this unbound lover<sup>4</sup>,  
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover:  
 The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,  
 For fair without the fair within to hide:  
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story<sup>5</sup>;  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
 By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

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

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move:  
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye<sup>6</sup>,  
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam<sup>7</sup>, the guests are come, supper served up,  
 you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curfed in  
 the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence  
 to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says: "—I knew, you must be edify'd by the  
 margin," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This precious book of love, this unbound lover,*] The *unbound lover*,  
 is a quibble between the binding of a book, and the binding of mar-  
 riage. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;*] The *golden story* is  
 perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the darker ages of popery much  
 read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus,  
 one of the popish doctors, proclaims the authour to have been *bona*  
*ferrei eris, plumbei cordis.* JOHNSON.

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

<sup>6</sup> —endart mine eye,] The quarto, 1597, reads:—engage mine  
 eye. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Madam, &c.*] To this speech there have been likewise additions  
 since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be  
 quoted. STEEVENS.

SCENE

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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## SCENE IV.

*A Street.*

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

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

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity<sup>o</sup>:  
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

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

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed:

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

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

" —This hand is moist, my lady;—

" This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;

" Hot, hot, and moist."

See also Vol. VII. p. 432, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>o</sup> *The date is out of such prolixity:*] A tedious speech by way of introduction to maskers, before their entry at a masquerade, is no longer in fashion. To Mr. Steevens we are indebted for the true interpretation of this passage. MALONE.

In *Henry VIII.* where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper<sup>1</sup>;  
 Nor no without-book prologue<sup>2</sup>, faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance<sup>3</sup>:  
 But, let them measure us by what they will,  
 We'll measure them a measure<sup>4</sup>, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch<sup>5</sup>,—I am not for this ambling;  
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

caſions was always prefaced by ſome ſpeech in praiſe of the beauty of the ladies, or the generoſity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of ſuch introductions, I believe, Romeo is made to allude.

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> —like a crow-keeper;] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *K. Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Nor no without-book prologue, &c.] The two following lines are inſerted from the firſt edition. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> —for our entrance:] *Entrance* is here uſed as a triſyllable; *enterance*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> We'll meaſure them a meaſure,] i. e. a dance. See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Give me a torch,] The character which Romeo declares his reſolution to aſſume, will be beſt explained by a paſſage in *Weſtward Ho*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: “He is juſt like a *torch-bearer* to maſkers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing.” A *torch-bearer* ſeems to have been a conſtant attendant on every troop of maſks. So, in the ſecond part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“—as on a maſque: but for our *torch bearers*,

“Hell cannot rake ſo mad a crew as I.”

Again, in the ſame play:

“—a gallant crew,

“Of courtly maſkers landed at the ſtairs;

“Before whom, untreated, I am come,

“And here prevented, I believe, their page,

“Who, with his *torch* is enter'd. STEEVENS.

*K. Henry VIII.* when he went maſked to Wolfey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had ſixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. VII. p. 36.

MALONE.

Mer.

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

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

*Mer.* You are a lover<sup>6</sup> ; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,  
I cannot bound<sup>7</sup> a pitch above dull woe :  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love<sup>8</sup> ;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

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

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in : [*Putting on a mask.*]  
A visor for a visor !—what care I,  
What curious eye doth quote deformities<sup>9</sup> ?  
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

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

*Rom.* A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart<sup>1</sup>,  
Tickle

<sup>6</sup> *Mer.* *You are a lover ; &c.*] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition. *Pope.*

<sup>7</sup> —*so bound,*

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

“ —in contempt

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

“ Of hill,” &c. *Par. Lost*, book iv. l. 180. *Steevens.*

<sup>8</sup> —*should you burden love ;*] i. e. by sinking in it, *you should, or would*, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See also the concluding lines of Mercutio's long speech in p. 43. *Malone.*

<sup>9</sup> —*doth quote deformities ?*] To quote is to observe. *Steevens.*

See Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6 ; and p. 432, n. 6. *Malone.*

<sup>1</sup> *Let wantons, light of heart, &c.*] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master-Constable*, 1602 :



Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels<sup>2</sup>;  
 For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase<sup>3</sup>,—  
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—  
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done<sup>4</sup>.

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word<sup>5</sup>:

If

“—bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

“Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels;

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

<sup>2</sup> *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;*] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. So, *Hentzner*, in his Itinerary speaking of *Q. Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: “The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *bay*,” meaning *rushes*. STEEV.

See Vol. VIII. p. 352, n. 7.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:

“She, fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,

“Striv'd with redoubled strength.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —a grandfire phrase,—] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an *idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this,—“A good candle-bolder proves a good gamester.” STEEVENS.

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

<sup>4</sup> *I'll be a candle-bolder, and look on,—*

*The game was ne'er so fair, &c.*] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest.

ANONYMUS.

<sup>5</sup> *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word, &c.*] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

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

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

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-bolder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tout les chats sont gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night

will

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire<sup>6</sup>  
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st<sup>7</sup>

Up

will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observations with,

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

<sup>6</sup> *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire*—] A proverbial saying used by Mr. Thomas Heywood, in his play intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, Act III.

"A rope for Bishop Bonner; Clunce, run,

"Call help, a rope, or we are all undone;

"Draw dun out of the ditch." GRAY.

*Draw dun out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

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

"At leaping o'er a Midsummer bone-fier,

"Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer*."

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

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

It is also found among Ray's proverbial similes. Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: "Why then, 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers."

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

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

<sup>7</sup> *Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st*—] I have followed the first quarto, 1597, except that it has *sur-reverence*, instead of *save-reverence*. It was only a different mode of spelling the same word; which was derived from the Latin, *salva reverentia*. See Blount's Glossograph. 8vo, 1681, in v. *sa-reverence*.

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho<sup>8</sup>.

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, fir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day<sup>9</sup>.

Take our good meaning; for our judgement fits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits<sup>1</sup>.

*Rom.*

So, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

"The beastliest man,—

"(*Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-master."

Again, in the *Puritan*, 1607:—"ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay, (*sir-reverence*,) untruss'd."

In *Cymbeline* we have the same thing more delicately expressed:  
"Why should his mistress not be fit too? The rather, *saving reverence* of the word, for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits."

In the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 168, the word is written as in the first copy of this play, and is used in the same sense: "—such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *sir-reverence*."—And in *Much ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me say (*save reverence*) a husband."

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

*Or, save you reverence, love—*

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

<sup>8</sup> —*we burn day-light, ho.*] *To burn day-light*, is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day-time. STEEV. See Vol. I. p. 221, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —*like lamps by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read—*lights lights by day*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —*for our judgment fits*

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

The same mistake has happened in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. II. p. 512, where we find in all the old copies—"of these *fine* the sense," instead of "—these *five*." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. 1. Vol. VI. p. 5: "Deck'd with *fine* flower-de-luces," instead of—"five," &c. In *Coriolanus*, (see Vol. VII. p. 293, n. 2.) the only authentick ancient copy has

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

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

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

Mer. O, then<sup>2</sup>, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife<sup>3</sup> ; and she comes

In

has—"the five strains of honour," for "the *fine* strains of honour." Indeed in the writing of Shakspeare's age, the *u* and *w* were formed exactly in the same manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant transcribers should have confounded them. In the modern editions these errors have all been properly amended.—See also on the same point, Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9; Vol. IV. p. 252, n. 9; and Vol. VIII. p. 34, n. 8.

Shakspeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much ado about Nothing*, (see Vol. II. p. 210, n. 4.) in *K. Lear*, and in one of his sonnets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy *wits*, than, I am, sure I have in my whole *five*," Mercutio is here also the speaker.

In the first quarto the line stands thus:

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

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

Notwithstanding all these concurring circumstances, Mr. Steevens, thinks *fine* may be the true reading, because "they would whip *us* with their *fine wits*," occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> O, then, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

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

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman<sup>4</sup>,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies<sup>5</sup>  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uses her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for she not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the incubus or nightmare: Shakspeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers; but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*.—The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency.

T. WARTON.

4 *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgomaster*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgomasters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The first Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakspeare's time to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639: "—and an alderman, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his thumb-ring." STEEVENS.

5 *—of atomies—*] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more atomies

"Than in the summer play before the sun."

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

"Fear nimble gnats the horses were,

"Their barnesses of gossamere,

"Fly cranion, her charioteer,

"Upon the coach-box getting;

"Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,

"Which for the colour did excell,

"The fair Queen Mab becoming well,

"So lively was the limning;

"The

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

41

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ies straight :  
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees :  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats \* tainted are.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit <sup>6</sup> :

And

" *The seat, the soft wool of the bee,*

" *The cover (gallantly to see)*

" *The wing of a py'd butterflee,*

" *I trow, 'twas simple trimming :*

" *The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,*

" *And daintily made for the nonce,*

" *For fear of rattling on the stones,*

" *With thistle-down they shod it.*" STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nimphidia* was written several years after this tragedy.  
 See Vol. II. p. 460, n. 7. MALONE.

\* —with sweet-meats—] i. e. kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of *the Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,*

\* *And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:]* Dr. Warburton has justly observed, that in Shakspeare's time " a court-solicitation was called simply a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. 'The king (says an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil,) called him (Sir William Cecil,) and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, wished his father to find [i. e. to smell out] a *suit* for him. Whereupon he became *suitor* for the reversion of the *custos brevium* office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the first *suit* he had in his life.'

A3

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice:  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades<sup>7</sup>,

Of

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

To avoid the repetition of the word *courtiers* in this speech, Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read—"O'er *counties* knees, i. e. the knees of *counts*; for in old language *county* signified a *nobleman*. So, as he observes, in Holinshed, p. 1150, "the *Countie* Egmond," and in the Burleigh papers, I. p. 7, "The *Countie* Palatine, Lowys." Paris, he adds, who, in one place is called *earl*, is most commonly stiled the *county* in this play. See also Vol. I. p. 270, n. 8; Vol. III. p. 13, n. 5; and p. 431, n. \*. He, however, candidly acknowledges that "the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play."

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

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

And in this sort she gallops up and down  
 Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:  
 O'er courtiers knees, who strait on curfies dream:  
 O'er ladies lips, who dream on kisses strait;  
 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,  
 And then dreames he of smelling out a suit:  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's taile,  
 Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,  
 And then dreames he of another benefice.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a souldier's nose,  
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,  
 Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

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

<sup>7</sup> —*Spanish blades*,] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius:

*Gladius*

Of healths five fathom deep<sup>a</sup>; and then anon  
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
And bakes the elf-locks<sup>b</sup> in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs<sup>c</sup>,  
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This is she—

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

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:  
Which are the children of an idle brain,

*Giulius Toletanus.*

“Unda Tagi non est uno celebranda metallo;

“Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suos.” JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*. STEEV.

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

<sup>a</sup> *Of healths five fathom deep*;] So, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: “—troth, sir, my master and sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fatbom deep*. The knight has *drunk* so much *bealth* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs.” MALONE.

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

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

“And when I shook these *locks*, now knotted all,

“As *bak'd* in blood,”— MALONE.

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

“And Mab, his merry queen, by night

“*Bestrides* young folks that lie upright,

“*(In elder times the mare that hight)*

“Which plagues them out of measure.”

So, in *Gerwase of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. c. 17. “Vidimus quosdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitus earum accedunt, *mirā mole eas opprimunt*, nec ab aliis videntur.” ANONYMUS.

—*of good carriage.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. ii.

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

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

Begot



Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air;  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence<sup>2</sup>,  
Turning his face<sup>3</sup> to the dew-dropping south.

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

*Rom.* I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,  
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels; and expire the term  
Of a despised life<sup>4</sup>, clos'd in my breast,  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail<sup>5</sup>!—On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum<sup>6</sup>.

[*Exit*ant.

## SCENE V.

*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take  
away? he shift a trencher<sup>7</sup>! he scrape a trencher!

2. *Serv.*

<sup>2</sup>—*from thence*.] The quarto, 1597, reads:—in haste, STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup>—*his face*.] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient copies have  
*fide*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup>—*and expire the term*

*Of a despised life*.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

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

See Vol. X. p. 87, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Direct my sail*!] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto,  
as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit*  
is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

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

<sup>6</sup> *Strike, drum*.] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and*  
*serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup>—*he shift a trencher*!] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of  
good fashion in our author's time. In the household-book of the earls of  
Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it ap-  
pears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. PERCY.

They

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

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard<sup>8</sup>, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of march-pane<sup>9</sup>; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. I. p. 54, n. 3. MALONE.

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

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, pay'd for x dozyn of trenchers. xxi d. STEEV.

<sup>8</sup> —*court-cupboard*,] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it is what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: So, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: "—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*." Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: "Place that in the *court-cupboard*." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

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

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

"The rich *buffet* well colour'd serpents grace,

"And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face."

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

MALONE.

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

<sup>9</sup> *Save me a piece of march-pane*;] *March-pane* was a confection made of pistacho-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two sugar-loaves. Peck's *Defiderata Curiosa*, Vol. II. p. 29.

GREY.

*March pane* was a kind of sweet bread or biscuit: called by some almond-cake. *Hermolaius Barbarus* terms it *marapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *massépan*. It. *marzapane*. H. *il macapan*. B. *marcepyn*.

porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.*

1. *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes \*

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

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More

*marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it begun to be generally though corruptly called *massepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *marsepeyn*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. HAWKINS.

*March-pane* was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Molossus*, a comedy, 1540: "—seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheefe, or wafers, hypocras, and *marcbpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in." See Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. p. 133.

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—  
Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
Nay, fit, nay, fit, good cousin Capulet<sup>3</sup>;  
For you and I are past our dancing days<sup>4</sup>:  
How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

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

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

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

though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

“Room! room! a ball! a ball!”

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

“Then cry, a ball! a ball!”

and numberless other passages. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —good cousin Capulet,] This *cousin* Capulet is *unkle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight and twenty. JOHNSON.

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

The king calls Hamlet frequently his cousin, though his nephew and step-son:

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

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

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

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

In this very play Lady Capulet says,

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

and in Fletcher's *Woman Pleas'd*, Sylvio styles Rhodope at one time his *aunt*, at others his *cousin*, to the great annoyance of Mr. Symphon, the editor. MASON.

See also Vol. VI. p. 504, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —our dancing days:] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, *our standing days*. STEEVENS.

2. *Cap.*

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, fir ;  
His son is thirty.

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

*Rom.* What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight ?

*Serv.* I know not, fir.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night<sup>7</sup>  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear<sup>8</sup> :  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !  
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, fight !  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night<sup>9</sup>.

5 *Will you tell me, &c.*] This speech stands thus in the first copy :

Will you tell me that ? it cannot be so :

His son was but a ward three years ago ;

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

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

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

*Of yonder knight ?*] Here is another proof that our authour had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the novel we are told, "A certain lord of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance." In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a knight :

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

7 *—upon the cheek of night—*] Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th sonnet :

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

"Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new,"

STEEVENS.

8 *Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :*] So, in *Lily's Euphuus* :

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." T. H. W.

9 *For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *K. Henry VIII.*

"—o beauty,

"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

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

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

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

*1. Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

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

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

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

*1. Cap.* He shall be endur'd;  
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

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

*1. Cap.* Go to, go to,  
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—  
This trick may chance to scathe you<sup>1</sup>;—I know what.  
You must contrary me<sup>2</sup>! marry, 'tis time—

Well

<sup>1</sup> To scathe you;] i. e. to do you an injury. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 485, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> You must contrary me!] The use of this verb is common to our old  
Vol. IX. E writers.

Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go<sup>3</sup>:—  
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—  
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

*Tyb.* Patience perforce<sup>4</sup> with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.]

*Rom.* If I profane with my unworthy hand [to Juliet.]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims<sup>5</sup>, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

writers. So, in *Tully's Love* by R. Greene, 1616: "—rather wishing to die than to contrary her resolution." Many instances more might be selected from *Sidney's Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. 10. Chap. 59.

"—his countermend should have contraried so."

The same verb is used in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *You are a princox; go:—*] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person. The word is used by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Your proud university *Princox*;" again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633: "That *Princox* proud;" and indeed by most of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune estoideau superbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Patience perforce*—] This expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *If I profane with my unworthy hand*

*This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—*

*My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.]* The old copies read *sin*.

MALONE.

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

*Jul.*

*Rom.* O then, dear faint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou<sup>6</sup>, lest faith turn to despair.

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

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

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.<sup>7</sup> [*kissing her*]

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

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespasses sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book<sup>8</sup>.

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

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wife, and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of ner,

Shall have the chinks<sup>9</sup>.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?

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

*Ben.* Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

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

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards<sup>1</sup>.—

Is

<sup>6</sup> O then, dear faint, let lips do what hands do;

*They pray, grant thou, &c.*] Juliet had said before, that *palm to palm* was holy palmers' *kiss*; she afterwards says that palmers have lips that they must use in prayer. Romeo replies, that "the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do;" that is, that they might kiss. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —*kissing her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time: and kissing a lady in a publick assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *K. Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiss Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *You kiss by the book.*] In *As you Like it*, we find it was usual to quarrel by the book, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> —*the chinks.*] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have substituted *chink*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*] Towards is ready at hand. So, in *Hamlet*:



Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen<sup>9</sup>; good night:—  
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, firrah, [to 2. Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late;  
I'll to my rest. [Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.]

Jul. Come hither, nurse<sup>1</sup>: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

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

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

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

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

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

'Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.]

"What might be towards, that this sweetly haste

"Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?"

Again, in the *Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607:—"here's a voyage towards, will make us all." STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this scene that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant in old times nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"Their dinner is our banquet after dinner."

Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: "After dinner, he was served with a banquet." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —honest gentlemen;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:

"I promise you, but for your company,

"I would have been in bed an hour ago:

"Light to my chamber, ho!" STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman? This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeo and Juliet*, Vol. X. p. 479. MALONE.

Enter

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

53

*Enter CHORUS<sup>2</sup>.*

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
 That fair<sup>3</sup>, for which love groan'd for \*, and would die,  
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
 Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,  
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
 Being held a foe, he may not have access  
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
 And she as much in love, her means much less  
 To meet her new-beloved any where:  
 But passion leads them power, time means to meet,  
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

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

*Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.*

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

<sup>2</sup> This chorus added since the first edition. POPE.

The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will shew; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *That fair—*] *Fair* it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. See Vol. III. p. 170, n. 6. MALONE.

\* —for which love groan'd for,] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd fore. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?" See Vol. VII. p. 184, n. 1. Again, in *As you Like it*, Act II. sc. vii: "—the scene wherein we play in." MALONE.

*Mer.* He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

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

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove<sup>4</sup>;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid<sup>5</sup>.—

He

<sup>4</sup> —pronounce but love and dove;] Thus the first quarto, 1597. *Pronounce* in the quartos of 1599 and 1609 was made *provaunt*.

In the first folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of these copies, the same reading is adopted. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, means *provision*; but I have never met with the verb *To provaunt*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt therefore that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the first quarto.

In this very line, love and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two subsequent quartos and the folio, to —love and *day*; and *heir* in the next line corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Young Adam Cupid, *be that shot so trim*,

*When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.*] Cupid is called *Adam* with allusion to the celebrated archer Adam Bell, (see Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 7.) whom Shakspeare has again alluded to in *Much ado about nothing*: "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*."—The old copies read *Abraham*, the initial letter only being probably set down in the manuscript. The foregoing passage fully supports the emendation, which was suggested by Mr. Upton. Of this kind of ignorance the old copies of the play before us furnish a remarkable instance in the next scene. In the original copy of 1597 we have this line:

And follow thee, my *lord*, throughout the world.

In the two next quartos the word *lord* being abbreviated, according to a common fashion of that time,—

And follow thee, my L. throughout the world.

the printer of the quarto published in 1637, exhibited the line thus:

And follow thee, my *love*, throughout the world.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

55

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead<sup>6</sup>, and I must conjure him.—  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead<sup>7</sup>, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

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

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,  
To be comforted with the humorous night<sup>8</sup>:

Blind

and Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, and Dr. Warburton, adopted this arbitrary change.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Copbetus and the Beggar-maid*, or, as it is called in some old copies, *The song of a beggar and a king*. The following stanza, which Shakspeare had particularly in view,

“ The blinded boy that shoots so trim,

“ From heaven down did he,

“ He drew a dart and shot at him,

“ In place where he did lie;”

supports (as Dr. Percy has observed,) the reading *trim*, which is found in the first quarto 1597, and which in the subsequent copies was changed to *true*. The change was certainly not accidental; and this is one of a great many instances in which I have observed changes to have been made by the printer or editor, in the later quartos, and even in the first folio, for the sake of some imaginary improvement, and without authority. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The ape is dead*,—] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our authour's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. Nashe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lily's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *By her high forehead*,—] It has already been observed that a high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. I. p. 85, n. 7; and Vol. VII. p. 505, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*the humorous night*:] I suppose *Shakspeare* means humid, the moist dewy night. *Chapman* uses the word in that sense in the translation of *Homer*, book II. edit. 1598:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—  
Ah, Romeo<sup>9</sup>, that she were, ah, that she were  
An open—*et cætera*, thou a poperin pear!

Romeo,

“The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous* night.” STEEVENS.

In *Measure for Measure* we have “the *vaporous* night approaches;” which shews that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Ab, Romeo, &c.*] These two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole scenes* of our authour; but what is more strange, his example has in this instance been followed by the succeeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the stage, an editor in my apprehension has no right to omit any passage that is found in all the authentick copies of his authour's works. I know not on what authority it has been said, that these lines are a proof that “either the poet or his friends knew sometimes how to blot.” They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but also in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two subsequent quartos and the folio read, with a slight variation,

An open—or thou a poperin pear.

Shakspeare followed the fashion of his own time, which was, when something indecent was meant to be suppressed, to print *et cætera*, instead of the word. See Minshew's Dictionary, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not consider, that however such a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is absurd where words are intended to be recited. When these lines were spoken, as undoubtedly they were to our ancestors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor must have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt sentence.

The unseemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

*Poperingue* is a town in French Flanders, two leagues distant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to ascertain. The word was chosen, I believe, merely for the sake of a quibble, which it is not necessary to explain. Probably for the same reason the *Popering* tree was preferred to any other by the authour of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, small 8vo. 1653:

“She thought it strange to see a man

“In privy walk, and then anon

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

57

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

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

## SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars<sup>1</sup>, that never felt a wound.—

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid<sup>2</sup>, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

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

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

O, that she knew she were<sup>3</sup>!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

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

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

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

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night;

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

<sup>1</sup> "She stepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,

<sup>2</sup> "And listen'd for some novelty." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *It is my lady; &c.*] This line and half I have replaced.

JOHNSON.

O, that

O, that I were a glove upon that hand<sup>4</sup>,  
That I might touch that cheek<sup>5</sup>!

*Jul.* Ah me!

*Rom.* She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night<sup>6</sup>, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds<sup>7</sup>,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

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

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague<sup>8</sup>.

What's

<sup>4</sup> *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

“ Oh that I were a flea upon that lip,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —*touch that cheek!*] The quarto 1597, reads—*kiss that cheek.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*

*As glorious to this night, &c.*] The sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

*As glorious to this night,* means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*the lazy-pacing clouds,*] Thus corrected from the first edition: in the others *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.*] For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyself*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehension afford.

Thou art, however, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense.

“ *Although*

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

"*Although* thou art *not* a Montague, not actuated by any of those unjustifiable prejudices that actuate your family, you are most amiable and virtuous." The lady might with as much propriety have observed, that *though* it was summer, it was hot; or, *though* it was night, the sun did not shine.

According to Mr. Steevens, the meaning is—"Thou art thyself, i. e. a being of distinguished excellence, though thou art *not* (what thou appearest to others,) akin to thy family in malice." If he was *not* a Montague, or, as it is rightly explained, *not akin to his family in malice*, whence is the wonder that he is a being of distinguished excellence? or what the need of an *adversative* particle in such a proposition? If indeed the lady had said, that Romeo was a being of uncommon excellence, *though he was* a Montague, she would have talked with precision.

*Though* is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. last, in the same sense:

"My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Would Catharine had never seen him *though*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"I would not be so sick *though*, for his place."

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dewey*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632:

"Would you have him your husband that you love,

"And can it not be?—He is your servant, *though*,

"And may perform the office of a husband."

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher:

"—O dissembling woman,

"Whom I must reverence *though*."

Again, in the last speech of *the Maid's Tragedy* by B. and Fletcher, 1619:

"Look to him *though*, and bear those bodies in."

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is wholly inadmissible. "You would be just what you are, [i. e. not more excellent,] although you were not of the house of Montague."—Juliet is not here speculating whether, if Romeo were not, or ceased to be, of the hostile faction, his excellence was or was not capable of *increase*; nor does she say, "thou *wouldst* be thyself," (as Dr. Warburton makes her say,) but "thou *art* thyself." This, I say, is not the subject of her speculation. She is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he is a Montague. And, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house. MALONE.

What's



What's in a name <sup>9</sup>? that which we call a rose,  
 By any other name <sup>1</sup> would smell as sweet;  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;  
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself <sup>2</sup>.

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

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in  
 night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

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

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

<sup>9</sup> —*nor any other part*  
*Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!*  
*What's in a name? &c.*] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it should seem, on a revision. The passage in the first copy stands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, *nor any other part*:  
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose, &c.  
 In the copy of 1599 and all the subsequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the oversight of the transcriber or printer, and the lines thus absurdly exhibited:

— Nor arm nor face, *O be some other name!*  
*Belonging to a man.*  
 What's in a name, &c.

*Belonging, &c.* evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the subsequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The transposition now made needs no note to support it. the context in this and many other places supercedes all arguments.

MALONE.  
<sup>1</sup> *By any other name—*] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read—*By any other word.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.*

STEEVENS.

Of that tongue's utterance<sup>3</sup>, yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike<sup>4</sup>.

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

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these  
walls<sup>5</sup>;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me<sup>6</sup>.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords<sup>7</sup>; look thou but sweet,

3 *My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words*

Of that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—of *thy* tongue's uttering. We meet with almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

“ I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,

“ *His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*” MALONE.

4 *Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.*] Thus the original copy. The subsequent ancient copies read—fair maid, “ If either thee dislike” was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it pleases me well. MALONE.

5 *With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;*] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the authour of *The History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,

“ So light he wox, he leap'd the wall, and there he spy'd his wife,

“ Who in the window watch'd the coming of her lord,—.”

MALONE.

6 —no let to me.] i. e. no stop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.”

Thus the original edition. The subsequent copies read—no stop to me. MALONE.

7 —there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords;] B. and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid of the Mill*:

“ —The lady may command, sir;

“ She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.”

STEVENS.

And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight<sup>8</sup>;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here<sup>9</sup>:

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued<sup>1</sup>, wanting of thy love.

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

*Rom.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny

What I have spoke; But farewell compliment<sup>2</sup>!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,

<sup>8</sup> —*from their sight*;] So the first quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their eyes. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And, but thou love me, let them find me here*:] And so thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. Mason thinks that "*but thou love me*," means, *unless thou love me*; grounding himself, I suppose, on the two subsequent lines. But those contain, in my apprehension, a distinct proposition. He first says, that he is content to be discovered, if he be but secure of her affection; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinsmen would be preferable to life without her love. *But*, however, it must be acknowledged, has often in old English the meaning which Mr. Mason would here affix to it. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Than death prorogued*,] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more distant period. So in Act IV. sc. i.

"I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,

"On Thursday next be married to this county." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —*farewell compliment*!] That is, farewell attention to forms. MALONE.

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.<sup>3</sup>  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

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

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

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

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

<sup>3</sup> *Than those that have more cunning to be strange.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*. MALONE.

*To be strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Is it the fashion in Padua to be *so strange* with your friends?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 38, n. 4. MALONE.

Ere one can say—It lightens<sup>4</sup>. Sweet, good night!  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

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

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,  
 love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within:

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!  
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
 Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.

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

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, in-  
 deed.

<sup>4</sup> Ere one can say—It lightens.] So, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“—lightning ceaselessly to burn,

“Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

“And being gone, doth suddenly return

“Ere you could say precisely what it was.”

The same thought occurs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. STEEV.  
 Drayton's *Miracles of Moses* was first printed in quarto, in 1604.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Sweet, good night!] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy. STEEV.

If that thy bent of love be honourable<sup>6</sup>,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nur. [*Within.*] Madam.

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

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—  
To cease thy suit<sup>7</sup>, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worie, to want thy light.—  
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*retiring slowly.*]

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift!—O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again<sup>8</sup>!

Bondage

<sup>6</sup> *If that thy bent of love be honourable, &c.*] In *The Tragical History* already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

“—if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,

“If wedlock be the end and mark which your desire hath found,

“Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,

“The quarrel eke that long ago between our households grew,

“Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,

“And following you where-so you go, my father's house forsake:

“But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit

“You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,

“You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you beseeks,

“To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her likes.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *To cease thy suit,—*] So the quarto, 1597. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have—*thy strife*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To lure this tassel-gentle back again!*] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goatsbeak*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turbervile, gent.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;  
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

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

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. Madam ?

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

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.  
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

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

printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger :

" —then for an evening flight,

" *A tiercel-gentle*,"

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

" Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd off and gone."

This species of hawk had the epithet of *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STARK.

It appears from the old books on this subject that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince ; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true measures of blowing*, is the following passage :

" The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong :  
 For a PRINCE

There is a *falcon gentle*, and a *tercel gentle* ; and these are for a prince."

MALONE.

2 —*Madam*.] Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to say. The editor of the second folio substituted—*My sweet*. I have already shown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random ; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place. MALONE.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

67

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would, I were thy bird.

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

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, 'peace in thy  
breast!—  
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.<sup>1</sup> [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a basket.*

*Fri.* The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night<sup>2</sup>,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecked darkness<sup>3</sup> like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels<sup>4</sup>:

Now

<sup>1</sup> Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;

*His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good* instead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Hence will I to my ghostly frier's close cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The grey ey'd morn, &c.*] So the first edition. The first four lines of this speech, as has been observed by Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson, are inadvertently printed twice over in the subsequent ancient copies, and form the conclusion of Romeo's preceding speech as well as the commencement of the friar's in the present scene. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And flecked darkness.*—] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streak'd, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says:



Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb<sup>5</sup>;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace<sup>6</sup>, that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones<sup>7</sup>, and their true qualities:

"All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,

"They swear, they curse, and drink till they be fleck'd,"

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 4th *Æneid*:

"Her quivering cheekes flecked with deadly staine."

The same image occurs in *Much ado about Nothing*: Act V. sc. iii.

"Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey." STEEVENS.

The word is still used in Scotland, where "a flecked cow" is a common expression. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit*. MALONE.

4 *From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels:*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio have—*burning wheels*.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the second folio:

From forth day's path-way made by Titan's wheels. MALONE.

5 *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;*]

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

Lucretius.

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." Milton.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"—Time's the king of men,

"For he's their parent, and he is their grave." MALONE.

6 —*powerful grace,*] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

7 *O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies*

*In herbs, plants, stones, &c.*] This affords a natural introduction to the friar's furnishing Juliet with the sleepy potion in Act IV. In the passage before us Shakespeare had the poem in his thoughts:

"But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been;—

"What force the *stones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to work,

"And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk,

"With care I have fought out, with pain I did them prove."

MALONE.

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live<sup>8</sup>,  
 But to the earth<sup>9</sup> some special good doth give;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapply'd;  
 And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower<sup>1</sup>  
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:  
 For this, being smelt, with that part<sup>2</sup> cheers each part;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still  
 In man<sup>3</sup> as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;  
 And, where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant<sup>4</sup>.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father!

*Fri.* Benedicite!

<sup>8</sup> *For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,*] The quarto, 1597, reads:

For nought so vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *—to the earth—*] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *—of this small flower—*] So the quarto 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *—with that part—*] i. e. with the part which smells; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still*

*In man—*] So, in our authour's *Lower's Complaint*:

“—terror, and dear modesty,

“*Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*”

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies read—such oppos'd *kings*.—Our authour has more than once alluded to these *oppos'd foes*, contending for the dominion of man.—So, in *Othello*:

“Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side.”

Again, in his 144th Sonnet:

“To win me soon to hell, my female evil

“Tempteth my *better angel* from my side:

“Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,

“Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.*] So, in our authour's 99th Sonnet:

“A vengeful *canker* eat him up to death.” MALONE.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain<sup>5</sup>  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:  
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature;  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

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

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.  
*Fri.* That's my good son: But where hast thou been  
 then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physick lies<sup>6</sup>:  
 I bear no hatred; blessed man; for, lo,  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
 Riddling confession finds but riddling thrift.

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

<sup>5</sup> —with unstuff'd brain, &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:

—with unstuff'd brains

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep remains.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physick lies:] See Vol. VIII, p. 357, n. 4;  
 and Vol. X, p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

*Fri.*

*Fri.* Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy fighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

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

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,  
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O, she knew well,  
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.<sup>7</sup>  
But come, young waverer, come go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.<sup>8</sup>

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri.* Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> —and could not spell.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote *that* could not spell.

I mention these minute variations only to shew, what I have so often urged, the very high value of first editions. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play. STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

*A Street.**Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

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

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

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

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft<sup>9</sup>; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats<sup>1</sup>, I can tell you<sup>2</sup>. O,

<sup>9</sup> —the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;] The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"They have shot two arrows without heads,

"They cannot stick i' the butt yet; hold out, knight,

"And I'll cleave the black *pin* i' the midst of the white."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at;

"Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to cleave." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *More than prince of cats.*—] *Tybert*, the name given to the cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—not *Tibalt* prince of cats," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —I can tell you.] So the first quarto. These words are omitted in all the subsequent ancient copies. MALONE.

he is the courageous captain of compliments<sup>3</sup>. He fights as you sing prick-long, keeps time, distance, and proportion<sup>4</sup>; rests me his *minim* rest<sup>5</sup>, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button<sup>6</sup>, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause<sup>7</sup>: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay<sup>8</sup>!—

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes<sup>9</sup>; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*

3 —*courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

“A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

“Have chose as umpire;”

says our authour of *Don Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

JOHNSON.

4 —*keeps time, distance, and proportion;*] So *Jonson's Babadil*:

“Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.”

STEEVENS.

5 —*his minim rests.*—] A *minim* is a note of slow time in musick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

6 —*the very butcher of a silk button,*] So, in the *Return from Parnassus*:

“Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth.” STEEVENS.

7 *A gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:*] “A gentleman of the first house;—of the first and second cause,” is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Cicero*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

8 —*the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *bay* is the word *bai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ba!* JOHNSON.

9 —*affecting fantasticoes;*] Thus the old copies, and rightly. The modern editors read, *phantosies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—“Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's,” &c. Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—“I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticoes*, convers'd with humorists.” &c. STEEVENS.

*Fantasticoes* is the reading of the first quarto, 1597; all the subsequent ancient copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies* MALONE.

—Why,

—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire<sup>1</sup>, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-mes<sup>2</sup>, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*<sup>3</sup>!

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

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

<sup>1</sup> *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,*] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *—these pardon-mes,*] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have—these *pardon-meets*, not, these *pardon nez-mois*. Theobald first substituted the French word, without any necessity.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *O, their bons, their bons!*] Mercutio is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*; and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

*O, their bon's! their bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described them before:

“—a very good blade!” &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—*O, their bones, their bones!* Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salutation of those who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our authour's time: “No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has.”

MALONE.

*They stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.*] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc ii: “—sitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following.” STEEVENS.

eye

eye or so<sup>4</sup>, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop<sup>5</sup>. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip<sup>6</sup>; Can you not conceive?

Rom.

\* *Thisbé a grey eye or so,*] He means to allow that Thisbé had a very fine eye; for from various passages it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology; but a grey eye undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a blue eye. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Her two blue windows faintly sue upheaveth,"—

i. e. the windows or lids of her blue eyes. In the very same poem the eyes of Venus are termed grey:

"Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in turning."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd

"Under these windows: white and azure lac'd;

"With blue of heaven's own tinct."

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia says, "I will give out divers schedules of my beauty;—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them," &c. So Julia, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says,

"Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine."

And Chaucer has the same comparison:

"—hire eyes gray as glas."

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted; for clear and transparent glass is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —*your French slop.*] Slops are large loose breeches or trousers, worn at present only by sailors. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. n. 376, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —*What counterfeit, &c.*

Mer. *The slip, sir, the slip;*] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a slip. This will appear in the following instances: "And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips." *Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods;* by Robert Greene.

Again:

"——I had like t<sup>e</sup> have been

"Abus'd



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

*Mer.* That's as much as to say—such a case as yours contrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning—to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

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

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flower'd?

*Mer.* Well said<sup>7</sup>: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest<sup>9</sup>, solely singular for the singleness!

“Abus'd i' the business, had the slip slurr'd on me;

“A counterfeit.” *Magnetick Lady*, A. III. S. vi. REED.

The slip is again used equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: “Clown. Because you shall be sure on't you have given me a nine-pence here, and I'll give you the slip for it.” [Exit. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —then is my pump well flower'd.] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore pinked pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So, in the *Masque* by the gent. of Gray's-Inn, 1614: “Every masker's pump was fasten'd with a flower suitable to his cap.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Well said:] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I suppose, was—*Sheer wit*! follow, &c. and this corruption may serve to justify an emendation that I have proposed in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *sure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. VII. p. 483, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> O single-soled jest,] This epithet is here used equivocally. It formerly signified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the senses in which it is used here. So, in Holinshed's Description of Ireland, p. 23:—“which was not unlikely, considering that a meane tower might serve such single-sole kings as were at those daies in Ireland.”

MALONE.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

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

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

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

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear<sup>1</sup> for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not<sup>2</sup>.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting<sup>3</sup>; it is a most sharp fauce.

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

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheverel<sup>4</sup>, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

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

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by

<sup>1</sup> *I will bite thee by the ear—*] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Jonson's *Alchymist*:

"Slave, I could bite thine ear." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *—good goose, bite not.*] is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

*—a very bitter sweeting;*] A bitter sweeting, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"—as well crabs as sweetings for his summer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"—what, in displeasure gone!

"And left me such a bitter sweet to gnaw upon?" STEEV.

<sup>4</sup> *—a wit of cheverel.*] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves. JONES. So, in the *Two Maids of More-clack*, 1609:

"Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,

"Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation."

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

"A *cheveril* conscience, and a searching wit." STEEVENS.

*Cheveril* is from Chevreuil, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole<sup>5</sup>.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair<sup>6</sup>.

*Ben.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer<sup>7</sup>.

*Rom.* Here's goodly geer!

*Enter Nurse, and PETER.*

*Mer.* A fail, a fail, a fail<sup>8</sup>!

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

*Nurse.* Peter!

*Peter.* Anon?

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter<sup>9</sup>.

*Mer.* Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

<sup>5</sup> —to hide his bauble in a hole.] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albion*, 1629: "For such rich widows there love court fools, and use to play with their baubles."

See the plate at the end of *K. Henry IV. P. I.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —against the hair.] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use,—“against the grain.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —to occupy the argument no longer.] Here we have another wanton allusion. See Vol. V. p. 331, n. 5., MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Mer.* A fail, a fail, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My fan, Peter.*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet, called “*The Sewing-man's Comfort*,” 1598, we are informed, “The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*.” FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“To see him walk before a lady, and to bear a fan.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: “If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan,” &c. STEVENS.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den<sup>1</sup>, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial<sup>2</sup> is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, fir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, fir<sup>3</sup>; unless a hare, fir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

<sup>1</sup> *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comic writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

"God you good even fir." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —the hand of the dial—] In the *Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "—the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *No hare, fir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks what he has found. And Mercutio answers, *No hare*, &c. The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

*So ho!* is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her seat, and not when she is started. A. C.

*An old bare hoar<sup>4</sup>,  
 And an old bare hoar,  
 Is very good meat in lent :  
 But a bare that is hoar,  
 Is too much for a score,  
 When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

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

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady<sup>5</sup>.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.*

*Nurse.* Marry, farewel<sup>6</sup>!—I pray you, fir, what saucy merchant was this<sup>7</sup>, that was so full of his ropery<sup>8</sup>?

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

<sup>4</sup> *An old bare hoar.*] *Hoar* or *boary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pannylest's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as boary as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Spight on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and boarie with over-long lying." STEEVENS.

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto 1597, we have here this stage direction: "*He walks between them, [i. e. the nurse and Peter,] and sings.*" MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Marry, farewell!*—] These words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —*what saucy merchant was this, &c.*] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 38, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*of his ropery?*] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *rogue* is now. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleasant and full of thy ropery."

*Rope-tricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 271, n. 6. MALONE.

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks<sup>9</sup>; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates<sup>1</sup>:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you; I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say<sup>2</sup>, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing,

<sup>9</sup>—such Jacks;] See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5: MALONE.

<sup>1</sup>—none of his skains-mates:] None of his skains-mates means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. MALONE.

A *skain* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

“And in my skin beare tokens of their *skains*.”

Green, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, describes “an ill-favour'd knave, who wore by his side a *skaine* like a brewer's bung-knife.”

*Skain* is the Irish word for a knife. STEEVENS.

Swift has the word in his description of an Irish feast:

“A cubit at least

“The length of their *skains*.” NICHOLS.

<sup>2</sup>—if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,] So, in *A Handfull of pleasant delights, containing sundrie new sonnets, &c.* 1584:

“When they see they may her win,

“They leave then where they did begin:

“They prate, and make the matter nice,

“And leave her in *fooles paradise*.” MALONE.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.  
I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest<sup>3</sup>; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift  
This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell  
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains<sup>4</sup>.

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

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

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

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair<sup>5</sup>;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy<sup>6</sup>

Must be my coavoy in the secret night.

Farewel!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewel!—Commend me to thy mistress.

<sup>3</sup> —*protest*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comic to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*Here is for thy pains*.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romcus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,

“And gave them her;—a slight reward, quoth he;—and so adieu.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —*like a tackled stair*;] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship.

JOHNSON.

*A stair*, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —*top-gallant of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

The expression is common to many writers; among the rest, to Markham in his *English Arcadia*, 1607: “—beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour—.” STEEVENS.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven blefs thee!—Hark you, fir.

*Rom.* What fay'ft thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man fecret? Did you ne'er hear fay—  
Two may keep counfel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee<sup>7</sup>: my man's as true as fteel.

*Nurse.* Well, fir; my miftrefs is the sweeteft lady—  
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing<sup>8</sup>,—O,—  
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain  
lay knife aboard; but fhe, good foul, had as lieve fee  
a toad, a very toad, as fee him. I anger her fometimes,  
and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll war-  
rant you, when I fay fo, fhe looks as pale as any clout in  
the varfal world. Doth not rofemary and Romeo begin  
both with a letter<sup>9</sup>?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

<sup>7</sup> *I warrant thee*] *I*, which is not in the quartos or firft folio, was  
fupplied by the editor of the fecond folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Well, fir; my miftrefs is the sweeteft lady*:—Lord, lord!—*when*  
*'twas a little prating thing*,—] So, in the poem:

“ And how fhe gave her fuck in youth, fhe leaveth not to tell.

“ A pretty babe, quoth fhe, it was, when it was young;

“ Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue,”  
&c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Rhorneo and Julietta*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Doth not rofemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this  
queftion the nurse means to infinuate that Romeo's image was ever  
in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Roſemary  
being conceived to have the power of ſtrengthening the memory, was  
an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for  
this reaſon probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of*  
*pleaſant Delites*, &c. 1584:

“ Roſemary is for remembrance,

“ Betweene us daie and night,

“ Wiſhing that I might alwaies have

“ You preſent in my fight.”

Again, in our authour's *Hamlet*:

“ There's roſemary, that's for remembrance.”

That roſemary was much uſed at weddings, appears from many  
paſſages in the old plays. So, in the *Noble Spaniſh Soldier*, 1634:  
“ I meet few but are ſtuck with roſemary; every one ask'd me, who  
was to be married?” Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604: “ What  
is here to do? Wine and cakes, and roſemary, and noſegaies? What, a  
wedding?” MALONE.



## ROMEO AND JULIET.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter<sup>1</sup>: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurse.* Peter, Take my fan, and go before<sup>2</sup>. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:*] This passage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the no, I know it begins, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

Dr. Warburton observes that Ben Jonson in his *English Grammar*, says, that R is the dog's name, and birreth in the sound.

“*Irritata canis quod R R quam plurima dicat.*” *Lucil.*

I am not sure that Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is necessary. An abrupt sentence may have been intended. R. is for the—No; I know it begins, &c. The same remark, I have lately observed, has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Peter, take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the first quarto. The subsequent ancient copies instead of these words have—Before, and apace.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *—should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

—should be thoughts,  
And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,  
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.  
Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle nurse,  
What says my love?—

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.

STEEVENS.

Which

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse, and Peter.*

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st  
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face<sup>4</sup>.

*Nurse.* I am aweary, give me leave a while;—  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had<sup>5</sup>!

*Jul.* I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

<sup>4</sup> *If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ —needs so tart a flavour,  
“ To trumpet such good tidings!”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ —if it be summer-news,  
“ Smile to it before.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *What a jaunt have I had!*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:

—what a jaunce have I had!

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See *King Richard II.*

“ Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.” MALONE.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile? Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

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

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, —though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you dined at home?

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

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

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

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

*Jul.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?

<sup>c</sup> *No, no: But all this did I know before;*

*What says he of our marriage? what of that?* So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1562:

“Tell me else what, quod she, this evermore I thought;

“But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you brought?” MALONE.

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother?*

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

*Jul.* Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

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

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence's cell,  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Friar Lawrence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and ROMEO.*

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.*

<sup>7</sup> This scene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written:

*Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant  
Consists the good of me and Juliet.

*Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may  
To make you happy, if in me it lie.

*Rom.* This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,  
And consummate those never-parting bands,  
Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands;  
And come she will.

*Friar.* I guess she will indeed:  
Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends<sup>6</sup>,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives<sup>9</sup> as tardy as too slow.

*Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo,*

See where she comes! —

So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;  
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes  
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,  
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;  
And thou art come.

*Jul.* I am (if I be day)

Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair,

*Rom.* All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

*Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

*Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;  
Deser embracements to some fitter time:

Part for a time, "you shall not be alone,

" 'Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

*Rom.* Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

*Jul.* Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

*Friar.* O, soft and fair makes sweetest work, they say;

Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way.

[*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *These violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"These violent vanities can never last." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Too swift arrives*—] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady<sup>1</sup>:—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamours<sup>2</sup>  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words<sup>3</sup>,  
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth<sup>4</sup>; 4  
But my true love is grown to such excess,

<sup>1</sup> *Here comes the lady: &c.*] However the poet might think the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A lover may bestride the gossamours—*] The *Gossamer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes:

"Fine as Arachne's web, or gossamer,

"Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressing, shew

"Like that spun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616: "*Gossamor*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Conceit, more rich, &c.*] Conceit here means imagination. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—which the conceited painter drew so proud," &c.

See Vol. VI. p. 536, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *They are but beggars that can count their worth;*] So, in *Much ado about Nothings*: "I were but little happy, if I could say how much." MALONE.

I cannot

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth<sup>5</sup>.

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

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

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
The day is hot<sup>6</sup>, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

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

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

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

*Ben.* And what to?

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

<sup>5</sup> *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:  
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

The undated quarto and the folio:

I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The day is hot,*] It is observed, that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling?<sup>7</sup>!

*Ben.* An I were so apt<sup>8</sup> to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple? O simple!

*Enter TYBALT, and Others.*

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them<sup>9</sup>.—  
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but dis-

<sup>7</sup> —*thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me, by prudential advice, from quarreling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.* The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—*Thou wilt tutor me for quarreling.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *An I were so apt, &c.*] These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Follow me close, for I will speak to them.*] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruccio*, and others;" and the above line is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans suffer him to be killed without taking any part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes a *Capulet*." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets*.



cords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, comfort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the publick haunt of men:  
Either withdraw into some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee<sup>1</sup>, can afford  
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

*A la stoccata*<sup>2</sup> carries it away.—

[*draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What would'st thou have with me?

<sup>1</sup> — the hate I bear thee,] So the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the love, &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *A la stoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or a stab with a rapier. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“He makes a quick thrust; I with a swift passajo

“Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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*Mer.* Good king of cats<sup>3</sup>, nothing, but one of your nine-lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears<sup>4</sup>? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you.

[*drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, fir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame

Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying

In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his Partizans.*

*Mer.* I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me

<sup>3</sup> *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 72, n. 1.

MATONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in *Decker's Satiromastix*: "Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon on the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimics."

It appears from this passage, that *Ben Jonson* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the *Spanish Tragedy*, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. STEVENS.

to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man<sup>5</sup>. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world :—A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worm's meat of me :  
I have it, and soundly too :—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.*]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman :—O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel<sup>\*</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> —a grave man.] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

—A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets; and then some peafantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause, Where's the surgeon?

*Boy.* He's come, sir.

*Mer.* Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—

Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses! STEEVENS.

—you shall find me a grave man.] This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My master Chaucer now is grave." FARMER.

I meet with the same quibble in the *Revenge's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's scull, and observes:

"—she has a somewhat grave look with her." STEEVENS.

Again, in sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHA-  
RACTERS, 1616: "At every church-style commonly there's an ale-  
house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a  
grave drunkard." MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> —soften'd valour's steel.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—When steel grows soft

"As the parasite's silk—" MALONE.

*Re-enter*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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*Re-enter* BENVOLIO.

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds<sup>6</sup>,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth depend<sup>7</sup>;  
This but begins the woe, others must end.

*Re-enter* TYBALT.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph<sup>8</sup>! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective lenity<sup>9</sup>,  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now<sup>10</sup>!—  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,

<sup>6</sup> —*bath aspir'd the clouds,*] So, in Greene's *Cord of Fancy*, 1603:

"Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aspire*."

We never use this verb at present without some particle, *as, so and after*. STEEVENS.

So also Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Untill our bodies turn to elements,

"And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This day's black fate on more days does depend;*] This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Alive! in triumph! &c.—*] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which the quarto 1599 has:

*He ran in triumph—*

This in the subsequent ancient copies was made—*He gone, &c.*

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —*respective lenity—*] Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly signified consideration; prudential caution. So, in the *Rape of Lucretia*, Vol. X. p. 102:

"*Respect* and reason well beseem the sage." MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> *And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in a former scene of this play, quarto, 1597:

"Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

"Must be my *conduct* in the secret night."

Thus the first quarto. In that of 1599 *and* being corruptly printed instead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the usual process of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire *and* fury be my conduct now. MALONE.

Staying for thine to keep him company ;

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

[*T'hey fight ; Tybalt falls.*]

*Ben.* Romeo, away, be gone !

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—

Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

*Rom.* O ! I am fortune's fool <sup>2</sup> !

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay ? [Exit ROMEO.]

*Enter Citizens, &c.*

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio ?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

1. *Cit.* Up, fir, go with me ;

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

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

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin !—O my brother's child !

Unhappy fight ! ah, the blood is spill'd <sup>3</sup>

Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true <sup>4</sup>,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—

<sup>2</sup> O ! I am fortune's fool !] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool, in Measure for Measure.* See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.

In the first copy, O ! I am fortune's slave. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Unhappy fight ! ah, the blood is spill'd—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quarto 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, read :

O prince ! O cousin ! husband ! O, the blood is spill'd, &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

Unhappy fight ! ah *me*, the blood is spill'd, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —as thou art true,] As thou art just and upright. JOHNSON.

O cousin

O cousin, cousin !

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay ;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel<sup>5</sup> was, and urg'd withal<sup>6</sup>  
Your high displeasure :—all this—uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
*Hold, friends ! friends, part !* and, swifter than his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :  
But by and by comes back to Romeo ;  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly :  
'This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague,  
Affection makes him false<sup>7</sup>, he speaks not true :

Some

<sup>5</sup> *How nice the quarrel—*] *How slight, how unimportant, how petty.*  
So, in the last Act :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,

“ Of dear import.” JOHNSON.

See also Vol. VII. p. 539, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *—and urg'd withal—*] The rest of this speech was new written  
by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falshood on Benvolio,  
though produced at hazard, is very just. The authour, who seems to  
intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to shew, how

Vol. IX.

H

the

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
And all those twenty could but kill one life:  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;  
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And, for that offence,  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding<sup>8</sup>,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses<sup>9</sup>,  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill<sup>1</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

the best minds in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*in your hates' proceeding*;} This, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almost every speech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to those of the succeeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts* proceeding; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses*;} This was probably designed as a stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill*.] So, in *Hale's Memorials*: "When I find myself iwayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his speech with these words:

Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still;

Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's house.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fire-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' mansion<sup>2</sup>; such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately<sup>3</sup>.—  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That run-away's eyes may wink<sup>4</sup>; and Romeo

Leap

<sup>2</sup> Gallop apace, you fire-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' mansion; &c.] Our authour probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

"Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the stie,

"And dusky night in rusty iron car;

"Between you both, shorten the time, I pray;

"That I may see that most desired day." MALONE.

The second quarto and folio read, Phœbus' lodging. STEEVENS.  
<sup>3</sup> —immediately.] Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

That run-away's eyes may wink;] Dr. Warburton reads—That the runaway's eye may wink, i. e. the sun's. Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a runaway. In the *Merchant of Venice*, as Dr. Warburton has observed, that term is applied to night:

"For the close night doth play the runaway." MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

*May that run-away's eyes wink!*

Or, *That run-away's eyes may (they) wink!*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that* for *oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of the *Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. vi.

*That ever I should call thee east-away!*

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world:

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The eyes



Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—  
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties<sup>5</sup>: or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night<sup>6</sup>,  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
 Hood my unmann'd blood<sup>7</sup> bating in my cheeks,

*of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice*; and in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character:

“The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*,

“—night hath many eyes,

“Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies.” STEEVENS.

*That* seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures;

“That runaway eyes *may* wink, and Romeo

“Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.”

BLACKSTONE.

*5 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*

*By their own beauties:*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“—dark night is Cupid's day.”

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio read—*And* by their own beauties. In the text the undated quarto has been followed. MALONE.

*6 Come, civil night,*] *Civil* is *grave*, *decently* *solemn*. JOHNSON.

So, in our poet's *Lower's Complaint*:

“—my white stole of chastity I daff'd,

“Shook off my sober guards and *civil* fears.” MALONE.

*7 —unmann'd blood—*] *Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks*. These are terms of falconry. An *unmann'd* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*:

“A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*.”

Again, in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date: “It is called *bating*, for the *bater* with herselfe most often causelesse.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 317, n. \*. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

With

With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold \*,  
Think true love acted, simple modesty.  
Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night !  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back †.—  
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die ‡,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars §,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun ¶.—

\* —grown bold,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

† *Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.*] Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads—*on a raven's back* ; and so, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

‡ —when he shall die,] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—when I shall die. MALONE.

§ *Take him and cut him out in little stars, &c.*] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596 :

“ The glorious parts of fair Lucilia,

“ Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres ;

“ And fixe them there as an eternal light,

“ For lovers to adore and wonder at.” STEVENS.

¶ —the garish sun.] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso* :

“ —Civil night,

“ Thou sober-suited matron.”—*Shakspeare*.

“ Till civil-suited morn appear.”—*Milton*.

“ Pay no worship to the garish sun.”—*Shakspeare*.

“ Hide me from day's garish eye.”—*Milton*. JOHNSON.

*Garish* is gaudy, showy. So, in *K. Richard III* :

“ A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag.

Again, in Marlow's *Edward II*. 1598 :

“ —march'd like players

“ With garish robes.”

It sometimes signifies wild, flighty. So, in the following instance, “ —starting up and gairishly staring about, especially on the face of *Eliofse*.” Hinde's *Eliofse Libidinoso*, 1660. STEVENS.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love \*,  
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,  
 That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords. [*throws them down.*]

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

*Nurse.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot;—O Romeo! Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I<sup>3</sup>,

And that bare vowel I shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice<sup>4</sup>:

I am

\* —*I have bought the mansion of a love,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—the strong base and building of my love

“Is as the very center to the earth,

“Drawing all things to it.” MALONE.

3.—*say thou but I,*] In Shakspeare's time (as Theobald has observed,) the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

4.—*death-darting eye of cockatrice*] See Vol. VI. p. 181, n. \*; and p. 192, n. 7. MALONE.

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. PORR.

The strange lines are these:

I am not I, if there be such an I,

Or those eyes shot, that make thee answer, I.

If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These

I am not I, if there be such an I;  
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.  
If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—  
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,  
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd;

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the two first of them being evidently transposed; we should read:

—that bare vowel I shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,  
Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, I.  
I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shut* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

*Shot*, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3358:

"And dressed him up by a *shot* window." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,

*My dearest* cousin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravelling lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint\*, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old<sup>6</sup>,

Shame come to Romeo!

<sup>6</sup> *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*

*Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?*] So, in *King John*:

“Rush, inconsiderate, fury voluntaries,

“*With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleen.*

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

“You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.”

The line, *Did ever dragon*, &c. and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Dove-feather'd raven!*] The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

*Ravenous* dove-feather'd raven, wolfish-ravelling lamb.

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravelling*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

\* *A damned saint.*] The quarto 1599, for *damned* has—*dimme*; the first folio *dimme*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.*] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaints*:

“Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.” MALONE.

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;<sup>9</sup>  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?<sup>1</sup>—  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears<sup>2</sup>, back to your native spring;

<sup>9</sup> Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit,] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 223: "Is it possible that under such beaute and rare comeliness, disloyaltie and treason may have their sidge and lodging?" STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Ah cruel murd'ring tongue, murderer of others' fame,  
"How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his  
name?"  
"Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,  
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays."  
"Why blam'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?  
"Since he is guiltless quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.  
"Whither shall he, alas! poor banish'd man, now fly?  
"What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry sky?  
"Since she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,  
"That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire strong."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Back, foolish tears, &c.] So, in the *Tempest*:

"—I am a fool  
"To weep at what I am glad of."

I think, in this speech of Juliet, the words *woe* and *joy* should change places; otherwise, her reasoning is inconclusive. STEEVENS.

There is surely no need of change. Juliet's reasoning, as the text now stands, is perfectly correct. "Back," says she, "to your native source, you foolish tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep?" MALONE.

Your

Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
 All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?  
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
 But, O! it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd*;  
 That—*banish'd*, that one word—*banish'd*,  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts<sup>3</sup>. Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
 Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship<sup>4</sup>,  
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
 Which modern lamentation<sup>5</sup> might have mov'd?  
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
*Romeo is banish'd*,—to speak that word,  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banish'd*,—  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—  
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?  
*Nurse*. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

<sup>3</sup> *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation [hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being,] cannot be right; for the passage itself shews that Tybalt was not out of her mind. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> —*four woe delights in fellowship,*] So, in the *Rape of Lucretia*:

“And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

“As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“—the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

“When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Which modern lamentation, &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakespeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight*; I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 396, n. 6. MALONE.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be  
 ipent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo

To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

*Jul.* O find him! give this ring to my true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE, and ROMEO.*

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
 man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar

Is my dear son with such four company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:

For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.



Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
 And world's exile is death:—then banishment<sup>6</sup>  
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,  
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
 This is dear mercy<sup>7</sup>, and thou seest it not:

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
 But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
 More honourable state, more courtship lives  
 In carrion flies, than Romeo<sup>8</sup>: they may seize  
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
 But Romeo may not; he is banished<sup>9</sup>:

*Flies*

<sup>6</sup> —*then banishment*.—] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—*then banished*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The words are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This is dear mercy*.—] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earliest copy reads—*This is mere mercy*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*More validity*,

*More honourable state, more courtship lives*

*In carrion flies, than Romeo*:] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*: and *courtship* the state of a courtier permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

By *courtship*, the authour seems rather to have meant, the state of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines:

“ —they may seize

“ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

“ And steal immortal blessing from her lips;—

“ *Flies* may do this.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *But Romeo may not; he is banished*:] This line in the original copy immediately follows—And steal immortal blessing from her lips. The two lines, *Who, even, &c.* were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely

Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;  
 They are free men, but I am banished.  
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?<sup>1</sup>  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,  
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,  
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word<sup>2</sup>.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished<sup>3</sup>.

*Rom.* Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

merely parenthetical: the line therefore, *But Romeo may not, &c.* undoubtedly ought to follow those two lines. By mistake, in the copy of 1599, it was inserted lower down, after—*is not death.* MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *They are free men, but I am banished.*

*And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?*] These two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.*] So the quarto 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:

*Then fond mad man, hear me a little speak.*

The folio:

*Then fond mad man, hear me speak.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,*

*To comfort thee, though thou art banished.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the friar says,

"Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,

"But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy.

See also Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: "Thou sayest banishment is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are sowre in the mouth and sharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with sweet sawces, they yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end; that though thy exile seeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyselfe with the rules of philosophy, it shall be more tolerable."

MALONE.

*Fri.*

*Fri.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love<sup>4</sup>,  
An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,  
Doating like me, and like me banished,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair<sup>5</sup>,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Fri.* Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.  
[*Knocking within.*]

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—  
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;  
[*Knocking.*]  
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this<sup>6</sup>?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*]  
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Nurse.* [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know  
my errand;  
I come from lady Juliet.

*Fri.* Welcome then.

<sup>4</sup> *Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,*] Thus the original copy;  
for which in the folio we have—

*Wert thou as young as Juliet my love.*

I only mention this to shew the very high value of the early quarto  
editions. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —*then might'st thou tear thy hair,*] So, in the poem:

“These heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,

“And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that he  
ware,—

“He riseth oft, and strikes his head against the walls;

“He falleth down again, and loud for hasty death he calls.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *What wilfulness—*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and  
the folio, have—*What simplicity.* MALONE.

*Enter*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

111

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

*Nurse.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*Fri.* O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament?<sup>7</sup>

*Nurse.* Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*Rom.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Ah fir! ah fir!—Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?<sup>8</sup>

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, fir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's curst hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

<sup>7</sup> —O woeful sympathy!

*Piteous predicament!*] These words, which in the old copies make part of the nurse's speech, have been assigned to the friar on the suggestion of Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —cancell'd love?] The folio reads—*conceal'd love*. JOHNSON.

The quarto, *cancell'd love*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. So that the sense is, my lady whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

The hateful mansion,

[drawing his sword.

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast<sup>1</sup>:

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man<sup>2</sup>!

Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady too that lives in thee<sup>3</sup>,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth<sup>3</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*

*Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote*

*The unreasonable fury of a beast:*] Shakspeare has here closely followed his original:

"*Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;*

"*Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*

"*For manly reason is quite from off thy mind out-chased,*

"*And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed;*

"*So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,*

"*If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.*"

*Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> *Unseemly woman, &c.] Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man. JOHNSON.*

<sup>3</sup> *And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,]* Thus the first copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

*And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives. MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the friar as described in the poem, he is made to do so:

"*First Nature did he blame, the author of his life,*

"*In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so rife;*

"*The time and place of birth he fiercely did reprove;*

"*He cryed out with open mouth against the stars above,—*

"*On fortune eke he rail'd.*"

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deservng his original.

The lines, *Why rail'st thou, &c. to—thy own defence*, are not in the first copy. They are formed on a passage in the poem:

"*Why cry'st thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?*

"*Why dost thou so cry after death? thy life why dost thou hate?"*

*&c. MALONE.*

Since

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
 In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.  
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And usest none in that true use indeed  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man:  
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask<sup>4</sup>,  
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence<sup>5</sup>.  
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too<sup>6</sup>:  
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love<sup>7</sup>:

Take

<sup>4</sup> *Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask, &c.*] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match-locks*, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humor's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

"When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,

"And till this hour the burning is not out." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—there art thou happy too:*] Thus the first quarto. In the subsequent quarto and the folio too is omitted. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:*] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;  
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—

Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :  
Romeo is coming <sup>s</sup>.

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

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

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

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

*Fri.* Go hence : Good night <sup>9</sup> ; and here stands all  
your state <sup>1</sup> ;—

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

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading :

Thou *puttest* up thy fortune and thy love.

The undated quarto has *power*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line stands :

Thou *frown'st* upon thy fate, that smiles on thee. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Go hence : Good night ; &c.*] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

They were first omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —*here stands all your state ;*] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :  
Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.<sup>2</sup>

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.*

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter :  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I ; — Well, we were born to die. —  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to woo :  
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;  
To-night she's mew'd up<sup>3</sup> to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love<sup>4</sup> : I think, she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not. —  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;  
And bid her, mark you me, on wednesday next —  
But, soft ; What day is this ?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, wednesday is too soon,  
O' thursday let it be ; — o' thursday, tell her,

<sup>2</sup> Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldest copy, and omitted some unnecessary verses which are not found there, but inserted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expressed himself so loosely, as to have been misunderstood by Mr. Steevens. In the text these unnecessary verses, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preserved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —mew'd up—] This is a phrase from falconry. A mew was a place of confinement for hawks. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love : —] Desperate means only bold, adventurous, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600 :

"Witness this desperate tender of mine honour." STEEVENS.



She shall be married to this noble earl :—  
 Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?  
 We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—  
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much :  
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
 And there an end. But what say you to thursday ?

*Par.* My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone :—O' thursday be it then :—  
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—  
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !  
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we  
 May call it early by and by :—Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Juliet's Chamber*<sup>5</sup>.

*Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day<sup>6</sup> :  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That

<sup>5</sup> SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—"Enter Romeo and Juliet, at the window." In the second quarto, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See the *Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. I. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day, &c.*] This scene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

"The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,  
 "The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest ;  
 "When restless Romeus and restless Juliet,  
 "In wonted fort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.

"Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night  
 "In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.  
 "But now, somewhat too soon, in farthest east arose  
 "Fair Lucifer, the golden star that lady Venus chose ;  
 "Whose course appointed is with speedy race to run,  
 "A messenger of dawning day and of the rising sun.—  
 "When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,  
 "When Phœbus from our hemisphere in western wave doth sink,  
 "What

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree<sup>7</sup> :  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex<sup>8</sup> of Cynthia's brow ;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
I have more care to stay<sup>9</sup>, than will to go ;—  
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—  
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

- " What colour then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
- " The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest eastern skies :
- " As yet he saw no day, he could he call it night,
- " With equal force decreasing dark fought with increasing light.
- " Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
- " With friendly kiss, and ruthfully she 'gan her knight behold."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Nightly *[she sings on yon pomegranate tree:]* This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —the pale reflex—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> I have more care to stay,] Care was frequently used in Shakespeare's age for inclination. MALONE.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division<sup>1</sup>;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too<sup>2</sup>!  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray<sup>3</sup>,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day<sup>4</sup>.

O, now

<sup>1</sup> —sweet *division*;] *Division* seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. 1:

"Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 "With ravishing *division* to her lute." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;*

*O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!*] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark; it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks; not morning, when the lark sings; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. HEATH.

The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes. WARB.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme:

—To heav'n I'd fly,

But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Since arm from arm, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may shew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would to I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this: *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*] The *buntup* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Yet will I play a *bunts-up* to my Muse."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 13th:

"But *bunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing."

STEEVENS.

A *buntup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the

O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light ?—more dark and dark our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam !

*Jul.* Nurse ?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :  
The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewel, farewel ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*

*Jul.* Art thou gone so ? my love ! my lord ! my friend \* !  
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days :  
O ! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo <sup>5</sup>.

*Rom.* Farewel ! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

*Rom.* I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God ! I have an ill-divining soul <sup>6</sup> :

*Methinks,*

the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in *v. Resveil*. MALONE.

Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, " what good estimation did he grow unto with the same King Henry [the Eighth,] and afterward with the duke of Somerset, Protector, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*" ANONYMUS.

\* *Art thou gone so ? my love, my lord, my friend !*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read :

Art thou gone so ? love, lord, *ay husband*, friend ! MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *O ! by this count I shall be much in years,*

*Ere I again behold my Romeo.]*

" *Ille ego, quæ tueram te decedente puella,*

" *Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.*" *Ovid. Epist. I.*

STEEVENS

<sup>6</sup> *O God ! I have an ill-divining soul : &c.]* This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet :

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead<sup>7</sup> in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood<sup>8</sup>. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit Romeo.*]

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*La. Cap.* [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her thither?

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What,

"—my mind misgives,

"Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,

"Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

"From this night's revels." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead—] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;

"And fear doth teach it divination;

"I prophecy thy death."

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art so low. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Dry sorrow drinks our blood.] This is an allusion to the proverb, "sorrow's dry." STEEVENS.

He is accounting for their *paleness*. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence in one of the three parts of *King Henry VI.* we have—"blood-sucking sighs."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Is she not down so late, or up so early?] Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —procures her thither?] *Procures* for brings. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.] So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1562:

"—time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;

"Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,

"He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:

"You

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;  
Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;  
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his  
death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.  
God pardon him \*! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands<sup>1</sup>.  
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—  
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught<sup>2</sup>,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

\* You cannot call him back with tears and shriekings shrill;

\* It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will."

MALONE.

\* God pardon him!] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Ay, madam, from, &c.] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram. STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has—That should, &c. The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

—unaccustom'd dram,] In vulgar language, shall give him a *dram* which he is not used to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful*, *powerful*, *efficacious*. JOHNSON.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext :—  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper it ;  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors  
 To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt \*  
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man †.  
 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful time :  
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;  
 One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time ‡, what day is that ?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
 The county Paris †, at saint Peter's church,  
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

\* —my cousin Tybalt—] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

† Find thou, &c.] This line, in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet.

STEEVENS.

‡ —in happy time,—] *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNS.

† The county Paris,—] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly filed the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count* : perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot."—He certainly did so : Paris is there first filed a *young Earle*, and afterward *Counte*, *Countie*, and *County* ; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers ; particularly in Fairfax :

"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, Book 7. Stanza 90. FARMER.

See p. 42, n. 6. MALONE.

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris;—These are news indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET, and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;<sup>8</sup>  
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,  
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?<sup>9</sup>  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, fir; but she will none, she gives you  
thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

<sup>8</sup> *When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;*] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,—the earth doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they arise; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?*] Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already observed, were common in Shakespeare's time. See Vol. IV. p. 246, n. 9.

We have again the same image in the *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,

“Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling.” MALONE.

*Cap.*



*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now! chop logick? What is this?  
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—  
And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you!  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst thuriday next,  
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow face!<sup>1</sup>

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' thurday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,  
That God had sent us<sup>2</sup> but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,

<sup>1</sup> *And yet not proud, &c.*] This line is wanting in the folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —out, you baggage!

*You tallow-face!*] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakespeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas,—*bedgebrat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1557, *Mary Magdalen* says to one of her attendants:

"*Horeson, I beshrowe your heart, are you here?*" STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*bad sent us*—] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—*had sent us*. MALONE.

And that we have a curse in having her:  
Out on her, hilding!

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

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

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O, God ye good den!

*Nurse.* May not one speak?

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

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread <sup>4</sup>! it makes me mad: Day, night,  
early, late,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now provided  
A gentleman of princely parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love <sup>5</sup>,

*I am*

<sup>4</sup> *God's bread! &c.*] The first three lines of this speech are formed from the first quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The first copy reads:

God's blessed mother, wife, it makes me mad.  
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,  
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,  
Still my care hath been to see her match'd.

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read:

God's bread, it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd, &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,—

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1562:

<sup>6</sup> Such

*I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—*  
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;  
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
 For, by my foul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

- “ Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,  
 “ That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have for thee  
 “ One of the greatest lords that wons about this town,  
 “ And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown ;—  
 “ —and yet thou playest in this case  
 “ The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl ; for want of skill,  
 “ Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey my will.  
 “ Even by his strength I swear that first did give me life,  
 “ And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wife,  
 “ Unless by Wednesday next thou bend as I am bent,  
 “ And, at our castle call'd Freetown, thou freely do assent  
 “ To county Paris suit,—  
 “ *Not only will I give all that I have away,*  
 “ *From thee to those that shall me love, me honour and obey ;*  
 “ But also to so close and to so hard a gale  
 “ I shall thee wed for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fail  
 “ A thousand times a day to wish for sudden death :—  
 “ Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,  
 “ *And think not that I speak in sport, or mind to break my word* ”

There is a passage in an old play called *Wily beguil'd*, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. *Wily beguil'd* was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a suitor, which she plucks back ; on which her nurse says,

- “ —She'll none, she thanks you, sir.  
 “ Gripe. Will she none ? why, how now, I say ?  
 “ What, you *poroting*, peevish thing, you untoward baggage,  
 “ Will you not be ruled by your father ?  
 “ *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this ?*  
 “ And will you doe as you list ?  
 “ Away, I say ; *hang, starve, beg*, be gone ;  
 “ Out of my sight ! pack, I say :  
 “ Thou ne'er get'st a pennyworth of my goods for this.  
 “ Think on't ; *I do not use to jest* :  
 “ Be gone, I say, I will not hear thee speake.” MALONE.

Nor

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief<sup>6</sup>?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies<sup>7</sup>.

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

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

*Nurse.* 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county<sup>8</sup>.

O, he's

<sup>6</sup> *Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?* So, in *King John*, in two  
parts, 1591:

"Ah boy, thy yeeres, I see, are far too greene,

"To look into the bottom of these cares." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *In that dim monument, &c.*] The modern editors read *dim* monu-  
ment. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto 1597, and the folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo*

*Is banished; and all the world to nothing,*

*That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—*

*Then since the case so stands as now it doth,*

*I think it best you married with the county.*] The character of the  
nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles  
for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in  
her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to  
avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,  
 Hath not so green<sup>1</sup>, so quick, so fair an eye,  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here<sup>2</sup> and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speak'st thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* Ay, and from my soul;

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture:

"The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,  
 "And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will;  
 "She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,  
 "And eke she praiseth much to her the second marriage;  
 "And county Paris now she praiseth ten times more  
 "By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before;  
 "Paris shall dwell there still; Romeus shall not return;  
 "What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and  
 mourn?" MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his nurse from Shakspeare. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>1</sup> —so green an eye—] So the first editions. *Hammer* reads—so keen.  
 JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in the *Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:

His nose was high, his eyin bright citryn:  
 i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, Act V. sc. i.

"—oh vouchsafe,  
 "With that thy rare green eye," &c. STEEVENS.

What Shakspeare meant by this epithet here, may be easily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thisbe in the last Act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"These lily lips,  
 "This cherry nose,  
 "These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
 "Are gone, are gone!—

"His eyes were green as leeks." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> As living here—] Sir T. *Hammer* reads, as living hence, that is, at a distance, in banishment; but here may signify, in this world.

JOHNSON.

Or

Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much,  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Ancient damnation<sup>3</sup>! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Friar Lawrence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS.*

*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste<sup>4</sup>.

*Fri.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in the *Malcontent*, 1604:

“—out, you ancient damnation!” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And I am nothing slow, &c.*] *His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.* It might be read:

And I am nothing slow to back his haste:  
that is, I am diligent to abet and enforce his haste. JOHNSON.

*Slack* was certainly the authour's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

“And I am nothing slack to slow his haste.”

*Back* could not have stood there.

If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage;

*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind;  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;  
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society:  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd<sup>s</sup>.—

[*Aside.*]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, were to confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you, that I love him.

*Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;

riage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverse of this, and seem rather to mean, *I am not backward in restraining his haste*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnson saw the impropriety of this expression, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at first present; and hence his proposed alteration; but our authour must answer for his own peculiarities. See Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> —be slow'd.] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second book of Lucan:

“ ——— will you overflow

“ The fields, thereby my march to slow?” STEEVENS.

FOR

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

131

For it was bad enough, before their spight.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

*Jul.* That is no wrong, sir; that is a truth \* ;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, penfive daughter, now :—  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion !—  
Juliet, on thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PARIS.*]

*Jul.* O, shut the door ! and when thou hast dont so,  
Come weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !

*Fri.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits :

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On thursday next be married to this county.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed <sup>6</sup>,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

\* *That is no wrong, sir, &c.*] So the quarto, 1597. A word was probably omitted at the press. The quarto, 1599, and the subsequent copies, read :

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.

The context shews that the alteration was not made by Shakspeare.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The seals of deeds in our authors time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *K. Richard II.* the duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal :

<sup>6</sup> What seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom ? <sup>7</sup>

See the *fac-simile* of Shakspeare's hand writing in Vol. I. MALONE.



Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire<sup>7</sup>; arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art<sup>8</sup>  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;  
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower<sup>9</sup>;  
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me<sup>1</sup> with roaring bears;

Or

<sup>7</sup> *Shall play the umpire;—*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *—commission of thy years and art—*] *Commission* is for authority or power. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, From off the battlements of yonder tower;*] So in *King Lear*, written before 1594:

"Yea, for to do thee good, I would ascend

"The highest turret in all Brittany,

"And from the top leap headlong to the ground." MALONE.

*—of yonder tower;*] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies *—of any tower.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Chain me, &c.]*

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,

Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,  
 Where *savage* bears and *rearing* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud<sup>2</sup>;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an untain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this phial<sup>3</sup>, being then in bed,

And

I have inserted the lines which Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,  
Where roaring bears and savage lions are;  
Or shut me— STEEVENS.

The lines last quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—*Or bide me nightly, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And bide me with a dead man in his shroud;*] In the quarto 1599, and 1609, this line stands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the disgusting repetition of that word.

The original copy leads me to believe that Shakspeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line stands thus:

Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *shroud*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Take thou this phial, &c.*] So, in *the Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*:

“Receive this phial small, and keep it in thine eye,

“And on the marriage day, before the sun doth clear the sky,

“Fill it with water full up to the very brim,

“Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel throughout each *vein* and  
\* *limb*

“A pleasant *slumber* slide, and quite disspread at length

“On all thy parts; from every part reye all thy kindly strength:

“Withouten moving then thy idle parts shall rest,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour<sup>4</sup>, which shall seize  
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To paly ashes<sup>5</sup>; thy eyes' windows fall<sup>\*</sup>,

"No pulse shall go, no heart once heave within thy hollow breast;  
 "But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance;  
 "Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the sudden chance;  
 "Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,  
 "Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepar'd is:  
 "—where thou shalt rest, my daughter,  
 "Till I to Mantua send for Romeo, thy knight,  
 "Out of the tomb both he and I will take thee forth that night."

MALONE.

Thus *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 237. "Beholde heere I give thee a viose, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kind of pleasant sleepe, which inroaching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, wil constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine: and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be caried to the church-yard hard by our church, when you shall be intombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —through all thy veins shall run

*A cold and drowsy humour, &c.*] The first edition in 1597 has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of *a cold and drowsy humour*, we there find—"a dull and heavy slumber," and a little lower, "no sign of breath," &c. The speech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the first copy it consists of only thirteen lines; in the subsequent edition, of thirty three. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *To paly ashes;*] These words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—*To many ashes*, for which the editor of the second folio substituted—*meely ashes*. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *K. Henry V.*

"—and through their *paly* flames,

"Each battle sees the other's umber'd face."

We have had too already in a former scene—"Pale, pale as *ashes*."

MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> —thy eyes' windows fall,] See Vol. VII. p. 598, n. 3. MALONE.

Like

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:  
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
 Then (as the manner of our country is)  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier<sup>6</sup>,  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
 And hither shall he come; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking<sup>7</sup>, and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;

<sup>6</sup> *Then (as the manner of our country is)*

*In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,*] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our authour found particularly described in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“ Another use there is, that whosoever dies,

“ Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies,*

“ In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet—.”

MALONE.

*In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,*] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revival, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

“ At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aëre sepit;

“ Et multo nebulae circum *dea* fudit amictu.”

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —and he and I

*Will watch thy waking,*—] These words are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

If no unconſtant toy<sup>8</sup>, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it<sup>9</sup>.

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

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

*Jul.* Love, give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help  
afford.

Farewel, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's Houſe.*

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurſe, and Servant.*

*Cap.* So many gueſts invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

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

*Cap.* How canſt thou try them ſo?

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

*Cap.* Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant,*

We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

*Nurſe.* Ay, forſooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her;  
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Nur.* See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift<sup>1</sup> with merry look.

<sup>8</sup> If no unconſtant toy, &c.] If no ſickle freak, no light caprice, no change  
of fancy, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> If no unconſtant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.] Theſe expreſſions are borrowed  
from the poem:

“ Caſt off from thee at once the weed of womanish dread,

“ With manly courage arm thyſelf from heel unto the head:—

“ God grant he ſo confirm in thee thy preſent will,

“ That no inconſtant toy thee let thy promiſe to fulfill!”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —from ſhrift—] i. e. from confeſſion. STEEVENS.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* How now, my head-strong? where have you been  
gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county; go tell him of this;  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:  
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him<sup>2</sup>.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

*La. Cap.* No, not till thur/day; there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET, and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short<sup>3</sup> in our provision;  
'Tis now near night<sup>4</sup>.

*Cap.*

<sup>2</sup> —this reverend holy friar,

[*All our whole city is much bound to him.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1562.

"—this is not, wife, the friar's first desert;

"In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,

"But is, for some good turn, unto this holy father bound."

MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *We shall be short*—] That is, we shall be defective. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on Tuesday morning. Immediately afterwards he went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week:—"Wednesday is to-morrow." She could not well

*Cap.* Tush! I will stir about,  
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
 I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;  
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—  
 They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself  
 To county Paris, to prepare him up  
 Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,  
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter JULIET, and Nurse<sup>5</sup>.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,  
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
 For I have need of many orisons<sup>6</sup>

well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is just now returned from shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, “ ’tis near night,” and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of many instances of our authour’s inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Juliet, and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto 3597, supplies the following short dialogue:

*Nurse.* Come, come; what need you anie thing else?

*Juliet.* Nothing, good nurse, but leave me to myselfe.

*Nurse.* Well, there’s a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For I have need of many orisons*—] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

This pretence of Juliet’s, in order to get rid of the nurse, was suggested by *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech were borrowed from thence:

“ Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day

“ Of new contract; wherefore, *this night*, my purpose is to pray

“ Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the skies,

“ And order all the course of things as they can best devise,

“ That they so *smile* upon the doings of to-morrow,

“ That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from sorrow;

“ Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night*,

“ But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,

“ For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire—.” MALONE.

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night!  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

*[Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.]*

*Jul.* Farewel!—God knows, when we shall meet  
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
Come, phial.—  
What if this mixture do not work at all?

Must

? *Farewel!*] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:]* So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,  
"The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,  
"That she surmis'd she saw out of the hollow vault,  
"A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt;  
"Right in the self same sort that she few days before  
"Had seen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded sore,  
"Her dainty tender parts 'gan shiver all for dread,  
"Her golden hair did stand upright upon her chills'd head:  
"Then press'd with the fear that she there lived in,  
"A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender skin."

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *What if this mixture do not work at all?*] Here also Shakspeare appears to have followed the poem:

"—to



Must I of force be married to the county?<sup>1</sup>—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there,—

[*laying down a dagger*.<sup>2</sup>

What

“—to the end I may my name and conscience save,

“I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:

“Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not know:—

“And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:

“What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall

“Sooner or later than it should, or else *not work at all*?

“And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,

“And other beasts and worms, that are of nature venomous,

“That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,

“And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombs are found,

“Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead?

“Or how shall I, that always have in so fresh air been bred,

“Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store

“Of carcases not yet consum’d, and bones that long before

“Intombed were, where I my sleeping-place shall have,

“Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred’s common grave?

“Shall not the friar and my Romeo, when they come,

“Find me, if I awake before, *y-sifted in the tomb*? MALONE.

So, in *Painter’s Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 239. “—but what know I, (sayd she) whether the operation of this powder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a jesting-stocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinking that I am dead? But how shall I indure the stinche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fanisie of her cousin Ihibault, in the very same fort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued with blood;” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Must I of force be married to the county? Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,

Shall I of force be married to the count?

The subsequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has observed,

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —lie thou there. [*laying down a dagger*.] This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: “—*Knife*, lie thou there.” It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *beboweful* for Juliet’s *state* had just been left with her. So, in Decker’s *Match me in London*, 1634:

“See, at my girdle hang my wedding *knives*!”

Again,

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

148

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;  
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo ?  
I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man :  
I will not entertain so bad a thought <sup>3</sup>.—  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes !  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle <sup>4</sup>,

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1596 :

“ Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives* :

“ Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

“ And with the other, I'll dispatch my love.” STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been ; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris :

“ If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count,) she says :

“ Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

“ Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*

“ Shall play the umpire.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel house at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

Where,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth<sup>5</sup>,  
 Lies fest'ring<sup>6</sup>; in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I<sup>7</sup>,  
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;  
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad<sup>8</sup>;—  
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught<sup>9</sup>,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears?  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

<sup>5</sup> —green in earth,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — of our dear brother's death,

“ The memory be green.”

Again, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley:

“ ——— I am but

“ Green in my honours.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Lies fest'ring—] To *feſter* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“ Lillies that *feſter* ſmell far worſe than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been ascribed to him. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —is it not like, that I,] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —run mad—] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ I have this night dig'd up a *mandrake*,

“ And am grown mad with't.”

So, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611:

“ The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear

“ With more sad horror, than that voice does mine.”

“ The *mandrake*,” (says Thomas Newton, in his *Herball* to the Bible, 8vo. 1587,) “ has been supposed to be a creature having life and engendered under the earth, of the seed of some dead person that hath been convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder; and that they had the same in such dampish and funeral places where the said convicted persons were buried,” &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 368, n. 5; and Vol. VI. p. 191, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —be distraught.] *Distraught* is distracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

“ Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Seeking

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

143

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—  
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee<sup>1</sup>.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

## SCENE IV.

Capulet's Hall.

*Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.*

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

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath  
crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung<sup>3</sup>, 'tis three o'clock :—  
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :  
Spare not for cost.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee,*] So the first quarto, 1597.  
The subsequent ancient copies read :

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.*] i. e. in the room  
where paste was made. So *laundry, spicery, &c.* MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the  
following entries :

" Item paid for liii pound of dates liii s.

" Item paid for xxliii pounce of prunys iii s. viii d. STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> *The curfew bell—*] I know not that the morning-bell is called the  
curfew in any other place. JOHNSON.

The curfew bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a  
passage in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626 :

" —well 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew." STEEV.

*La. Cap.*

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt<sup>4</sup> in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*]

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow, What's there?

*Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1. *Serv.* Things for the cock, sir; but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. [*Exit Serv.*—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

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

*Cap.* 'Mafs, and well said; A merry whorefon! ha, Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day: The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

*Enter Nurse.*

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.*

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—

<sup>4</sup> —a mouse-hunt—] It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that mouse was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:

“Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse.” *STEEV.*

What,

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;  
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
The county Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little<sup>5</sup>.—God forgive me,  
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is the asleep!  
I needs must wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed<sup>6</sup>;  
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?  
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!  
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!  
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—  
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

<sup>5</sup> —set up his rest,

*That you shall rest but little.*] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuses. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “—set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“—*My rest is up,*

“Nor will I go less—”.

Again, in *the Roaring Girl*: “—like a musket on a *rest*.”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Française*, tom. v. plate 48. STEEVENS.

The origin of this phrase has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurse was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained; it is however oftner employed with a reference to the game at *Primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. In the second instance above quoted it is certainly so. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where several are brought together. REED.

<sup>6</sup> —*wby lady!—fie, you slug-abad!*—

*Ay, let the county take you in your bed;*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“First softly did she call, then louder did she cry,

“*Lady, you sleep too long, the earl will raise you by and by.*”

MALONE.

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here ?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day !

*La. Cap.* What's the matter ?

*Nurse.* Look, look ! O heavy day !

*La. Cap.* O me, O me !—my child, my only life  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !—  
Help, help !—call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead ; alack the day !

*La. Cap.* Alack the day ! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

*Cap.* Ha ! let me see her :—Out, alas ! she's cold ;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;  
Life and these lips have long been separated :  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
Accursed time ! unfortunate old man \* !

*Nurse.* O lamentable day !

*La. Cap.* O woeful time !

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me  
wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak <sup>7</sup>.

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

\* *Accursed time ! &c.* ] This line is taken from the first quarto, 1597.  
MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*

*Ties up her tongue, and will not let me speak.* ] Our authour has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word :

" But more than all the rest the father's heart was so

" Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,

" That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,

" Ne yet to speak, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep."

MALONE.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return:  
O son, the night before thy wedding day<sup>8</sup>  
Hath death lain with thy bride<sup>9</sup>:—See, there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him<sup>1</sup>.  
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir<sup>2</sup>;  
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,  
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's<sup>3</sup>.

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face<sup>4</sup>,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

<sup>8</sup> *O son, the night before thy wedding day*  
*Hath death lain with thy bride:—*] Euripides has sported with  
this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

“Τὸν αὖ τάλαιαν παρθένον (τὴν παρθένον);

“*Αἰς τὴν, ὡς ἴσως, ὑπεφύσκει τὰ ἔχρα.*” Sir W. RAWLINSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Hath death lain with thy bride:*] Perhaps this line is coarsely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.” STEEV.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

“—I'll to my wedding bed,

“And *Death*, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.”

The word *see* in the line before us, is drawn from the first quarto.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Flower as she was, deflowered by him.*] This jingle was common to other writers; and among the rest, to Greene, in his *Greene Concept*, 1598: “—in a garden-house having round about it many flowers, and within it much *deflowering*.” COLLINS.

<sup>2</sup> *Death is my son-in-law, &c.*] The remaining part of this speech, “death is my heir,” &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and some of the subsequent editors, following his example, took the same unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly restored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —*life leaving, all is death's.*] The old copies read—*life living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —*morning's face,*] The quarto, 1597, continues the speech of Paris thus:

And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;

Born to the world to be a slave in it:

Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me

To live so vile, so wretched as I shall? STEEVENS.



But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Nurse.* O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!<sup>1</sup>  
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woeful day, O woeful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—  
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—  
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now  
To murder murder our solemnity?—  
O child! O child!—my foul, and not my child!—  
Dead art thou<sup>6</sup>!—alack! my child is dead;  
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

*Fri.* Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure<sup>7</sup> lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was—her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

<sup>1</sup> *O woe! O woeful, &c.*] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited, [that of 1597.] Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. *POPE.*

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed. *MALONE.*

<sup>6</sup> *Dead art thou! &c.*] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakspeare wrote—

Dead, dead, art thou, &c.

When the same word is repeated, the compositor often is guilty of omission. *MALONE.*

<sup>7</sup> —*confusion's cure*—] Old Copies—*cure*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Their violent and confused exclamations, says the friar, will by no means alleviate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Why, Collatine, is woe the cure of woe?” *MALONE.*

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :  
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long ;  
But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church :  
For though fond nature<sup>8</sup> bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival<sup>9</sup>,  
Turn from their office to black funeral :  
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;  
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—  
And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave :

<sup>8</sup> *For though fond nature*—] This line is not in the first quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio read,—though *some* nature. The editor of the second folio substituted *fond for some*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propose. I have already shewn that all the alterations made by the editor of the second folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

*In all her best and sumptuous ornaments, &c.*

The quarto 1599, and folio, read :

*And in her best array bear her to church.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *All things, that we ordained festival, &c.*] So, in the poem already quoted :

“ Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,  
“ And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one ;  
“ And now the wedding weeds for mourning weeds they change,  
“ And Hymen to a dirge :—alas ! it seemeth strange.  
“ Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,  
“ And, whom they should see married, they follow to the grave ;  
“ The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,  
“ Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy.”

MALONE.

Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet :

*Cap.* Let it be so, come, woeful sorrow-mates,  
Let us together taste this bitter fate. STEEVENS

The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;  
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and  
FRIAR.

1. *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*

1. *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter* PETER<sup>1</sup>.

*Pet.* Musicians, O, musicians, *Hearts ease, heart's ease*;  
O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1. *Mus.* Why *heart's ease*?

*Pet.* O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe*<sup>2</sup>: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2. *Mus.* Not a dump we<sup>3</sup>; 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then?

*Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

1. *Mus.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith; but the gleek<sup>4</sup>: I will give you the minstrel<sup>5</sup>.

1. *Mus.*

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Peter.*] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of Peter was originally performed by William Kempe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *My heart is full of woe:*] This is the burthen of the first stanza of *A pleasant new ballad of Two Lovers*:

"Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Not a dump we;*] A *dump* anciently signified some kind of dance, as well as sorrow. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"He loves nothing but an Italian dump,

"Or a French brawl."

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris:

"—How cheers my lovely boy after this dump of woe?"

"Paris. Such dumps, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly dumps to prove." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —the gleek:] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion."

To gleek is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called gleek. STEEVENS.

1. *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

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

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

*When griping grief the heart doth wound<sup>6</sup>,*

*And doleful dumps the mind oppress<sup>7</sup>,*

*Then musick, with her silver sound;*

*Why silver sound? why, musick with her silver sound?*

What

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the present century, by Dr. King of the Commons, in his Art of Love:

"But whether we diversion seek

"In these, in comet, or in *Glee*,

"Or Ombre," &c. NICHOLS.

5 —[*the minstrel.*] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a parson was cheaper than that of a minstrel or a cook:

"Item paid to the preacher vi. liid.

"Item paid to the minstrell xii. s.

"Item paid to the cooke xv. s." STEEVENS.

6 *When griping grief, &c.*] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say:

"New gripes of dread then pierce our trembling breasts."

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by our painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

In Commendation of Musicke.

Where griping grief ye hart would wound, and doleful dumps ye mind oppress,

There musick with her silver sound, is wont with speede to geue redresse;

Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick hath a salve in store:  
In joy it makes our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heavy sprights,  
The carefull head releef hath found, by musicks pleasant swete delights:

Our senses, what should I saie more, are subject unto musicks lore.

What say you, Simon Catling<sup>3</sup>?

1. *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck<sup>4</sup>?

2. *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

3. *Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will say for you, It is—*musick with her silver sound*<sup>5</sup>, because

The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soule therein doth ioye,  
For as the Romaine poets saie, in fess whom pirates would destroye,  
A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playng on his harp.  
Oh heavenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the sterne doth rule  
the ship)

Of musick, whom y<sup>e</sup> Gods assignde, to comfort man, whom cares  
would nip,

Sith thou both man, and beast doest moue, what wisemā the will thee  
repreue?

*Richard Edwards.*

From *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, Fol. 31. b.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hannis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Atkenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And doleful dumps the mind oppresse,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy, [1597.] It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Simon Catling?*] A *catling* was a small lutestring made of catgut.  
STEEVENS.

In *An historical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every gross of *catlings* and lutestrings," &c. A. C.

<sup>9</sup> *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebequin*. See Menage, in v. *Rebec*. In *Ergand's Helicon*, 1614, is *The Shepherd Arsilus Lis song to his REBECK*, by Bar. Yong. STEEV.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round.

"And the jocund *rebecks* sound,—". MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *—silver sound,*] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Faith, fellow fiders, here's no *silver sound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"—what harmony is this,

"With *silver sound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

cause such fellows as you<sup>2</sup> have seldom gold for sound-  
ing:—

*Then musick with her silver sound,*

*With speedy help doth lend redress.* [Exit, singing.

1. *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

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

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep<sup>4</sup>,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My

Spenser perhaps is the first who used this phrase:

"A silver sound that heavenly music seem'd to make." STEEV.

Edwards's Song preceded Spenser's poem. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —because such fellows as you—] Thus the quarto 1597. The  
others read—because musicians. I should suspect that a silder made the  
alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ACT V. The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any  
better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in  
the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that  
in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same  
state, there is no division of the acts, and therefore some future edi-  
tor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reduc-  
ing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at proper in-  
tervals. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] i. e. If I may confide in  
those delightful visions which I have seen while asleep. The precise  
meaning of the word *flattering* here, is ascertained by a former passage  
in ACT II.

"—all this is but a dream,

"Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

By *the eye of sleep* Shakspeare, I think, rather meant the visual  
power, which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to  
exercise, than the eye of the god of sleep.

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opi-  
nion is preferable in this and various other places, to the subsequent  
copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

*If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,*  
which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in  
the pleasing visions of sleep, and, believe them to be true.—Dr. John-  
son's

My bosom's lord<sup>s</sup> sits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts

son's interpretation is, "*If I may trust the honesty of sleep, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise flattery.*"

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. Johnson has thus interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning:

If I may trust the flattery of sleep,

My dreams preface some joyful news at hand:

and Mr. Pope has followed him. MALONE.

5 My bosom's lord—] So, in *K. Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601:

"That neither Uter nor his counsell knew,

"How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutche's thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosome's lord* he means—*Cupid*. STEEVENS.

So also, in the preface to *Galiba Poetarum, or the Bumble-bee*, 1599:  
"—whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating himself in their breasts*," &c.

Thus too Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*:

It gives a very echo to the seat

Where love is thron'd.

Again, in *Othello*:

Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne.

Though the passage quoted above from *Othello* proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but the *heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Mason, can only import "that Romeo loved less intensely than usual." Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—*sits cheerful in his throne*, ascertains the authour's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet described the god of love as sitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, a *light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*. So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep."

Again, in the play before us:

"Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:

"For 't's a throne where honour may be crown'd,

"Sole monarch of the universal earth."

"Again,

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd<sup>o</sup>, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet\*? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.  
*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument<sup>7</sup>,

And

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry V.*

"As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

"Crowned with faith and constant loyalty." MALONE.

*My bosom's lord*—] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,

"Have they been merry? which their keepers call

"A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"—a lightning delight against his sudden destruction." STEEV.

<sup>o</sup> *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead*;

*And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,*

*That I reviv'd*,—] Shakspeare seems here to have remember'd Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem which he has quoted in *As you Like it*:

"By this sad Hero—

"Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;

"He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips," &c. MALONE.

\* *How fares my Juliet?*] So the first quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

*How doth my lady Juliet?* MALONE.

7 —in *Capels' monument*,] Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels' monument* the modern editors have substituted—*Capulet's monument*. MALONE.

The old copies read in *Capels' monument*; and thus Gascoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

"Thy



And her immortal part with angels lives;  
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
 And presently took post to tell it you:  
 O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy my stars!<sup>8</sup>—  
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus<sup>9</sup>:  
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
 Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd;  
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:  
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: Get thee gone,  
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthazar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.  
 Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift  
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
 I do remember an apothecary<sup>1</sup>,—

And

<sup>8</sup> Thys token whych the *Mountagues* did beare alwaies, so that

<sup>9</sup> They covrt to be knowne from *Capels*, where they passe,

<sup>1</sup> For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses  
 was." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> I defy my stars! ] Thus the original copy in 1597. The quarto  
 of 1599, and the folio, read—I deny you, stars. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus: ] This line is taken from  
 the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:

"I do beseech you, sir, have patience." STEEVENS.

So also the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> I do remember an apothecary, &c.] It is clear, I think, that  
 Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for  
 he has borrowed more than one expression from thence:

"And seeking long, alas, too soon! the thing he sought, he found.

"An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,

"Whom by his heavy countenance he guessed to be poor;

"And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,

"And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew:

"Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,

"What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought;

"For needy lack is like the poor man to compel

"To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell,—

"Take

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd<sup>2</sup>, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes<sup>3</sup>,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have  
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;

"Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)——

"Fair sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding gear*,

"And more there is than you shall need; for half of that is there

"Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

"To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's power."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *An alligator stuff'd*—] It appears from Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop. "He made (says Nashe,) an anatomic of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an apothecary's crocodile, or dried alligator." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A beggarly account of empty boxes*,] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *braggartly* is probably right; if the boxes were empty, the account was more *braggartly*, as it was more pompous.

JOHNSON.

And

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death, to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes<sup>4</sup>,  
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery<sup>5</sup>,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

<sup>4</sup> *Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*] The first quarto reads:  
"And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

"Need and oppression *starveth* in thy eyes."

Our modern editors, without authority,

"Need and oppression *stare* within thy eyes." STEEVENS.

This modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded  
on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

"Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes."

The word *starved* in the first copy shews that *starveth* in the text is  
right. In the quarto of 1597, this speech stands thus:

And dost thou fear to violate the law?  
The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,  
And therefore make no conscience of the law.  
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,  
And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been sub-  
stituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text without  
omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemistick.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, a  
tragedy, 1594:

"Upon thy back where misery doth sit,

"O Rome, &c. MALONE.

This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference  
to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions:

"Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

In the *First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling  
this of Shakspere:

"Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,

"Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

*Jeronimo* was performed before 1590. MALONE.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Friar Lawrence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar JOHN.*

*John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE.*

*Law.* This same should be the voice of friar John,—  
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me<sup>6</sup>,

Here

<sup>6</sup> *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior, whenever he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretta, they are a check upon each other. STEEV.

*Going to find a bare-foot brother out,*

*One of our order, to associate me,*

*Here in this city visiting the sick,*

*And finding him, the searchers of the town*

*Suspecting, &c.] So, in The Tragical History of Romeus and*

*Juliet, 1562:*

“Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;

“And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise

“That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,

“But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one

“Of his profession, straight a house he findeth out,

“In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about.”

Our authour having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and suppoed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the