ROMEO AND JULIET,
FROM
HUDSON'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.  KING LEAR.
JULIUS CAESAR.  AS YOU LIKE IT.
HAMLET.  HENRY IV. PART I.
THE TEMPEST.  ROMEO AND JULIET.
MACBETH.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
HENRY VIII.  OTHELLO.

Published separately for 20 cents each.

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GINN BROTHERS,
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1873.
Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities

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INTRODUCTION TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

This tragedy was first printed in 1597, but with a text very different from what we now have. That edition was unquestionably piratical; and Mr. Collier thinks that "the manuscript used by the printer was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly obtained, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation." The play was printed again in 1599, with the words, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," in the title-page. This issue bears clear marks of authenticity, and has the best text of all the old copies. It was reprinted in 1609, and again at a later period, which however cannot be ascertained, the edition being undated. The folio, though omitting several passages found in the quarto of 1609, is shown, by the repetition of certain misprints, to have been printed from that copy. How much the play was augmented appears in that the text of 1597 is less than three-fourths as long as that of 1699. And the difference of the two copies in respect of quality is still greater. For instance, the speech of Juliet on taking the sleeping-draught, and also that of Romeo just before he swallows the poison, are mere trifles in the first copy as compared with what they are in the second. The improvement in these cases and in many others is such as may well cause us to regret that the Poet did not carry his riper hand into some parts of the play which he left unchanged.

The diversities of style in this play are so great as to argue a considerable lapse of time between the writing of the first and second copies. In particular, the first three Acts are in many places sadly disfigured with forced and affected expressions, such as nothing but immaturity and the influence of bad models could well account for or excuse. These, however, disappear almost entirely in the other two Acts. The date more commonly assigned for the original form of the tragedy is 1596, which allows only a space of about two years between the writing and rewriting; and I fully agree with those editors who hold that the second issue shows such a measure of progress in judgment, cast of thought, and dramatic power as would naturally infer a much longer interval. And there is one item of internal evidence which would seem to throw the original composition as far back as 1591. This is what the Nurse says when prattling of Juliet's age: "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd;" which has been often quoted as a probable allusion to the earthquake that happened in England in the Spring of 1580, and "caused such amazedness among the people as was wonderful for the time." To be sure, arguments of this sort are apt to pass for more than they are worth; nevertheless the general style of the workmanship inclines me to think that it hits about right as to the time of the composition.

The story which furnished the basis of the tragedy was exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's time. The original author of the tale as then received was Luigi da Porto, whose novel La Giulietta was first published in 1535. From him the matter was borrowed and improved by Bandello, who published it in 1554. The story is next met with in the French version of Belleforest, and makes the third in his collection of Tragical Histories. These were avowedly taken from Bandello. Some of them, however, vary considerably from the Italian; as in this piece Bandello brings Juliet out of her trance in time...
to hear Romeo speak and see him die; and then, instead of using his dagger against herself, she dies of a broken heart; whereas the French orders this matter the same as we have it in the play. The earliest English version of the tale known to us is a poem by Arthur Brooke, published in 1562. This purports to be from the Italian of Bandello, but agrees with the French in making Juliet's trance continue till after the death of Romeo. In some respects, however, the poem has the character of an original work; the author not tying himself strictly to any known authority, but drawing somewhat on his own invention. I say known authority, because in his introduction to the poem the author informs us that the tale had already been put to work on the English stage. As the play to which he refers has not survived, we have no means of knowing how the matter was there handled. There was also a prose version of the tale, published by William Paynter in his Palace of Pleasure in 1567. Whether Shakespeare availed himself of any earlier drama on the subject is not known. Nor, in fact, can we trace a connection between the tragedy and any other work except Brooke's poem. That he made considerable use of this, is certain from divers verbal resemblances as well as from a general likeness in the matter and ordering of the incidents.

As regards the incidents of the play, the Poet's invention is confined to the duel of Mercutio and Tybalt, and the meeting of Romeo and Paris at the tomb. I must add, that in the older versions of the tale Paris shows a cold and selfish policy in his love suit, which dishonours both himself and the object of it. Shakespeare elevates him with the breath of nobler sentiment; and the character of the heroine is proportionably raised through the pathos she shed round her second lover from the circumstances of his death. Moreover, the incidents, throughout, are managed with the utmost skill for dramatic effect; so that what was before a lazy and lymphatic narrative is made redundant of animation and interest. In respect of character, also, the play has little of formal originality beyond Mercutio and the Nurse; who are as different as can well be conceived from any thing that was done to the Poet's hand. And all the other characters, though the forms of them are partly borrowed, are set forth with an idiomatic sharpness and vitality of delineation to which the older versions of the tale make no approach. But what is most worthy of remark on this point is, that Shakespeare just inverts the relation of things; before, the persons served but as a sort of framework to support the story; here the story is used but as canvas for the portraiture of character and life.

A great deal has been written, and written well, in praise of this tragedy; yet I can by no means rank it so high as some of the Poet's critics have done. Coleridge has a passage which it would hardly be right to leave unquoted. "The stage," says he, "in Shakespeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain; but he made it a field for monarchs. That law of unity which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read Romeo and Juliet: all is youth and Spring,—youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies,—Spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of Spring; with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth; whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long
deep sigh, like the last breeze of an Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare."

Schlegel, also, discourses the theme in a strain of very noble eloquence; but, to my mind, the fairest and most judicious statement of its merits as a whole, is Hallam's, as follows: "Madame de Staël has truly remarked that in Romeo and Juliet we have, more than in any other tragedy, the mere passion of love; love in all its vernal promise, full of hope and innocence, ardent beyond all restraint of reason, but tender as it is warm. The contrast between this impetuosity of delirious joy, in which the youthful lovers are first displayed, and the horrors of the last scene, throws a charm of deep melancholy over the whole. Once alone, each of them, in these earlier moments, is touched by a presaging fear: it passes quickly away from them, but is not lost on the reader. To him there is a sound of despair in the wild effusions of their hope, and the madness of grief is mingled with the intoxication of their joy. And hence it is that, notwithstanding its many blemishes, we all read and witness this tragedy with delight. It is a symbolic mirror of the fearful realities of life, where 'the course of true love' has so often 'not run smooth,' and moments of as fond illusion as beguiled the lovers of Verona have been exchanged, perhaps as rapidly, not indeed for the dagger and the bowl, but for the many-headed sorrows and sufferings of humanity."

"The character of Romeo is one of excessive tenderness. His first passion for Rosaline, which no vulgar poet would have brought forward, serves to display a constitutional susceptibility. There is indeed so much of this in his deportment and language, that we might be in some danger of mistaking it for effeminacy, if the loss of his friend had not roused his courage. It seems to have been necessary to keep down a little the other characters, that they might not overpower the principal one; and though we can by no means agree with Dryden that, if Shakespeare had not killed Mercutio, Mercutio would have killed him, there might have been some danger of his killing Romeo. His brilliant vivacity shows the softness of the other a little to a disadvantage. Juliet is a child whose intoxication in loving and being loved whirls away the little reason she may have possessed. It is however impossible, in my opinion, to place her among the great female characters of Shakespeare's creation."

"Of the language of this tragedy what shall we say? It contains passages that every one remembers, that are among the noblest efforts of Shakespeare's poetry, and many short and beautiful touches of his proverbial sweetness. Yet, on the other hand, the faults are in prodigious number. The conceits, the phrases that jar on the mind's ear, if I may use such an expression, and interfere with the very emotion the Poet would excite, occur at least in the first three Acts without intermission. It seems to have formed part of his conception of this youthful and ardent pair, that they should talk irrationally. The extravagance of their fancy, however, not only forgets reason, but wastes itself in frigid metaphors and incongruous conceptions: the tone of Romeo is that of the most bombastic commonplace of gallantry, and the young lady differs only in being one degree more mad. The voice of virgin love has been counterfeited by the authors of many fictions: I know none who have thought the style of Juliet would represent it. Nor is this confined to the happier moments of their intercourse. False thoughts and misplaced phrases deform the whole of the third Act. It may be added that, if not dramatic propriety, at least the interest of the character is affected by some of Juliet's allusions. She seems indeed to have profited by the lessons and language of her venerable guardian; and those who adopt the edifying principle of deducing a moral from all they read may say
pose that Shakespeare intended covertly to warn parents against the contaminating influence of such domestics. These censures apply chiefly to the first three Acts: as the shadows deepen over the scene, the language assumes a tone more proportionate to the interest: many speeches are exquisitely beautiful; yet the tendency to quibbles is never wholly eradicated.

I cannot indeed quite subscribe to all that Hallam says about the heroine in the foregoing quotation. I have to confess, however, that Juliet appears something better as a heroine than as a woman, the reverse of which commonly holds in the Poet's delineations. But then she is a real heroine, in the best sense of the term; her womanhood being developed through her heroism, not eclipsed nor obscured by it. Wherein she differs from the general run of tragic heroines, who act as if they knew not how to be heroic without becoming something mannish or viragoous; the trouble with them being, that they set out with a special purpose to be heroines, and to approve themselves such: whereas Juliet is surprised into heroism, and acts the heroine without knowing it, simply because it is in her to do so, and, when the occasion comes, she cannot do otherwise.

Much fault has been found with the winding-up of this play, that it does not stop with the death of Juliet. Looking merely to the uses of the stage, it might indeed be better so; but Shakespeare wrote for humanity as well as, yes, rather than, for the stage. And as the evil fate of the lovers springs from the bitter feud of their Houses, and from a general stifling of nature under a hard crust of artificial manners, he wisely represents their fate as reacting upon and removing the cause. We are thus given to see and feel that they have not suffered in vain; and the heart has something to mitigate and humanize its over-pressure of grief. The absorbing, devouring selfishness of society generates the fiercest rancour between the leading families, and that rancour issues in the death of the very members through whom they had thought most to advance their rival pretensions; earth's best and noblest creatures are snatched away, because, by reason of their virtue, they can best afford to die, and because, for the same reason, their death will be most bitterly deplored. The good old Friar indeed thought that by the marriage of the lovers the rancour of their Houses would be healed. But a Wiser than he knew that the deepest touch of sorrow was required, to awe and melt their proud, selfish hearts; that nothing short of the most affecting bereavement, together with the feeling that themselves had both caused it and deserved it, could teach them rightly to "prize the breath they share with human kind," and remand them to the impassioned attachments of nature. Accordingly the hatred that seemed immortal is buried in the tomb of the faithful lovers; families are reconciled, society renovated, by the storm that has passed upon them; the tyranny of selfish custom is rebuked and broken up by the insurrection of nature which itself has provoked; tears flow, hearts are softened, hands joined, truth, tenderness, and piety inspired, by the noble example of devotion and self-sacrifice which stands before them. Such is the sad but wholesome lesson to be gathered from the story of "Juliet and her Romeo."
ROME AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCAULUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, his Kinsman.
MONTAGUE, Heads of two hostile Houses.
CAPULET, An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Kinman to Escalus.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Romeo.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.

BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, Servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, Servants to Montague.
PETER, Servant to the Nurse.
ABRAM, Servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.
JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

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

PROLOGUE.¹

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

¹ This Prologue is in all the quartos, though with considerable variations in that of 1597. It was omitted in the folio, for reasons unknown. The old copies represent it as spoken by Chorus.
² Fatal for fated; the active form with the passive sense. Many such instances of the interchangeable or undifferentiated use of those forms are noted in the foregoing plays.
³ This is the exceptive but, as it is called; formed from be out, somewhat as if was from give.
Enter several Partisans of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

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

Enter Capulet in his Gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? — Give me my long sword, ho! 10
Lady C. 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 go.
Lady M. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter the Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear! — What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper’d weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet,— and Montague,—
Have thrice disturb’d the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona’s ancient citizens
Cast-by their grave beseeoming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker’d with peace, to part your canker’d hate. 11
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,

9 The old custom of crying out, Clubs, clubs! in case of any tumult occurring in the streets of London, has been made familiar to most readers by Scott in The Fortunes of Nigel. See page 231, note 12. — Bills and partizans were weapons used by watchmen and foresters. See vol. 1, page 30, note 10.
10 The long sword was used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament.
11 The first canker’d is rusted; as in St. James, v. 3: “Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you.” The second has the analogous sense of an eating, obstinate sore, like a cancer; which word is from the same original.
SC. I.  

ROMEO AND JULIET.  

To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.  

[Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE,  
and BENVOLIO.  

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

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them; in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar’d;  
Which, as he breath’d defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, his’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.  

Lady M. 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 worship’d Sun  
Peer’d forth the golden window of the East,  
A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad;  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city’s side,  
So early walking did I see your son.  
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood:  
I, measuring his affections by my own,  
That most are busied when they’re most alone,  
Pursu’d my humour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn’d who gladly fled from me.  

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

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

12 In Brooke’s poem Free-town is the name of a castle belonging to Capulet.
Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means? 13

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, 14
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

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

[Exit MONTAGUE and Lady.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

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

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

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

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! 15
Where shall we dine?—O me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!

13 Shakespeare always, I believe, without exception, has the accent on the second syllable of importune.

14 The more common meaning of envy and envious was malice and malicious.—In the Poet's time, when the passive voice was used, and the agent expressed by a prepositional phrase, with was often used instead of by. So in Julius Caesar, iii. 2: "Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors."

15 Should think he sees a way to his will merely because he wishes to have it so, and when in truth there is none.
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen 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 press'd
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.—
Farewell, my coz.
  Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
  Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
  Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
  Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
  Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
  Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,—
A 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.

18 This string of antithetical conceits seems absurd enough to us; but such was the most approved way of describing love in Shakespeare's time, and for some ages before. Petrarch and Chaucer used it, and divers old English poets and ballad-makers abound in it. Perhaps the best defence of the use here made of it is, that such an affected way of speaking not unaptly shows the state of Romeo's mind, that his love is rather self-generated than inspired by any object. At all events, as compared with his style of speech after meeting with Juliet, it serves to mark the difference between being love-sick and being in love.
17 Shakespeare often uses the infinitive where we should use a participle and a preposition; as here, "by having it press'd with more of thine." See page 22, note 23.
19 "Purg'd" is here used in the same sense as in St. Matthew, iii. 12: "And he will thoroughly purge his floor." It were hardly needful to say this, but that some would change purg'd to urg'd, others to puff'd. The figure plainly is of a fire purified of the smoke.—In the preceding line, the quarto of 1697 has rais'd instead of made.
19 In sadness is old language for in seriousness. So, a little after, sadly for seriously.
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she’s fair I love.

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

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she’ll not be hit
With Cupid’s arrow,—she hath Dian’s wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm’d,
From Love’s weak childish bow she lives encharm’d.\(^{20}\)
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th’ 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 her dies beauty’s store.\(^{21}\)

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

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv’d with her severity;
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

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

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

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

Rom. ’Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.\(^{22}\)
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies’ brows,\(^{23}\)
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass’d that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.\(^{24}\)

Ben. I’ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.  [Exeunt.

\(^{20}\) The first quarto has uncharm’d; the other old copies, encharm’d, which gives a sense just the opposite of that required. Encharm’d is from Collier’s second folio, and gives the sense of being shielded from Cupid by a charm. So in Cymbeline, v. 3: “I, in mine own woe charm’d, could not find Death where I did hear him groan, nor feel him where he struck.” And in Macbeth, v. 7: “Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life.”

\(^{21}\) Poor only in that, when she dies, her great estate of beauty must die with her, as she will have none to inherit it.

\(^{22}\) To call her exquisite beauty more into my mind, and make it more the subject of conversation. Question was often used in this sense.

\(^{23}\) This is probably an allusion to the masks worn by the female spectators of a play; unless these be merely equivalent to the. So in Measure for Measure, ii. 4: “As these black masks proclaim an enshiled beauty ten times louder than beauty could display’d.”

\(^{24}\) It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so: but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo’s forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the
SC. II.  ROME AND JULIET.  249

SCENE II.  The Same.  A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and a Servant.

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

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

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

Par.  Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap.  And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:¹
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair-according voice.
This night I hold an old-accustom'd feast,
Wherefore I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads,² even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house:³ hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be;
Whilst on more view of many, mine being one,

yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet.
Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy; and we should remark the boast-
ful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making, which is never shown
where love is really near the heart. — COLEBRIDGE.
¹ Fille de terre is the old French phrase for an heiress.  Earth is put for
lands, or landed estate, in other old plays.
² The Poet's 93th Sonnet yields a good comment on 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.
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him."

³ To inherit, in the language of Shakespeare, is to possess.

11
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.\(^4\)
Come, go with me.—[To the Servant.] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, [Gives a Paper] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exit Capulet and Paris.

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

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another’s burning,\(^5\)
One pain is less’en’d by another’s anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp\(^6\) by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another’s languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.\(^7\)
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp’d and tormented,\(^8\) and — God-den, good fellow.
Serv. God gi’ good-den.\(^9\) I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn’d it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

\(^4\) The allusion is to the old proverbial expression, “One is no number.” Thus in Shakespeare’s 136th Sonnet:

“Among a number one is reckon’d none;
Then, in the number let me pass untold.”

\(^5\) Alluding, probably, to the old remedy for a burn, by holding the burnt place up to the fire. So in Julius Cæsar, iii. 1: “As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.”

\(^6\) Holp or holpen is the old preterit of help. That form of the word occurs repeatedly in the English Psalter, which is an older version than the Psalms in the Bible.

\(^7\) The plantain-leaf is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds.

\(^8\) Such, it seems, were the most approved modes of curing mad people in the Poet’s time. See vol. i. page 221, note 10.

\(^9\) An old colloquialism for “God give you good even.”
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Takes the Paper.

[Reads.] Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselmo 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.

[Returns the Paper.] A fair assembly: whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the House of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all th' admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,\(^{11}\)
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,\(^{12}\) could never die,—
 Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
 One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
 Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
 But in that crystal scales\(^{13}\) let there be weigh'd
 Your lady-love\(^{14}\) against some other maid
 That I will show you shining at this feast,
 And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

---

\(^{10}\) This expression often occurs in old plays. We have one still in use of similar import: "To crack a bottle."

\(^{11}\) Unattainted is uncorrupted or undisabled; an eye that sees things as they are.

\(^{12}\) And these eyes of mine, which, though often drown'd with tears, could never, &c.

\(^{13}\) So in all the old copies. Scales is here used in the singular number.

\(^{14}\) Your lady's love is the old reading; corrected by Theobald.
ROME AND JULIET.  

Act I.

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

[Execute.

Scene III. The Same. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and the Nurse.

Lady C. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhood 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'm here: What is your will?

Lady C. This is the matter, — Nurse, give leave awhile;  
We must talk in secret: — Nurse, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou'se hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

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

Lady C. She's not fourteen.

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

Lady C. 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 't well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

1 In words denoting time and space, the singular form was often used with the plural sense. In The Tempest, i. 2, Prospero says, "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the Duke of Milan."

2 The use of thou'se for thou shalt was common. It is generally changed to thou shalt here; which is an unwarrantable modernizing of the Poet's language.

3 Teen is an old word for sorrow, and is here used as a sort of play upon four and fourteen.

4 Lammas-day or -tide falls on the first of August; and of course Lammas-eve is the day before. It is an ancient festival of the Catholic Church. The most probable derivation of the name is from a Saxon word meaning loaf-mass, because on that day the Saxons used to offer loaves made of new wheat, as an oblation of first-fruits. Some, however, hold the festival to have been instituted in commemoration of St. Peter in the feters, and derive the name from our Lord's injunction to that Apostle, "Feed my lambs."
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,
Sit in th' Sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua: —
Nay, I do bear a brain: — but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out wi' th' dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: — 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.—
God mark thee to His grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Lady C. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of: — tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

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

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

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

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

Lady C. Verona's Summer hath not such a flower.

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

Lady C. 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,

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6 The Nurse means to boast of her retentive faculty. To bear a brain was to possess much mental capacity.

6 This probably means that the dove-house was shaken by the earthquake. The matter is commonly explained as referring to an earthquake that happened in England on the 6th of April, 1580. It is said that the great clock at Westminster, and other clocks and bells struck of themselves with the shaking of the earth; and that the roof of Christ church near Newgate was so shaken that a stone dropped out of it, and killed two persons, it being service-time.

7 As well made as if he had been modelled in wax. So in Wily Beguiled: "Why, he is a man as one should picture him in wax." So Horace uses "Ceres brachia," waxes arms, for arms well-shaped.
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,8
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.9
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.10
The fish lives in the sea;11 and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you
call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the Nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you follow straight.

Lady C. We follow thee.—Juliet, the County stays.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Same. A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.

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

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.1

8 Thus the quarto of 1609. The quarto of 1609 and the folio read, "every several lineament." We have "The unity and married calm of states," in Troilus and Cressida.
9 The comments on ancient books were generally printed in the margin. Horatio says, in Hamlet, "I knew you must be edified by the margent."
10 This speech is full of quibbles. The unbound lover is a quibble on the binding of a book, and the binding in marriage; and the word cover is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, femme couverte.
11 It is not quite clear what is meant by this. Dr. Farmer explains it, "The fish is not yet caught;" and thinks there is a reference to the ancient use of fish-skins for book-covers. Mason thinks we should read "the fish lives in the shell;" since the sea cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish though a shell may.

1 In King Henry VIII., where the King introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a mask, and sends a messenger before with an apology for his intrusion. This
SC. IV.  ROMEO AND JULIET.  255

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

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

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

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

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

Rom. I am too sore empierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: 6
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

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

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

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:  [Putting on a Mask.
A visor for a visor!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities? 7
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the proximity of such introductions it is probable Romeo is made to allude.

2 The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle.—A crow-keeper was simply a scare-crow.

3 Entrance is here used as a word of three syllables, and perhaps should be spelt enterance. — The passage evidently refers to certain stage practices of the time. In Timon of Athens, i. 2, we have Cupid making a speech as prologue to "a Masque of Ladies as Amazons."

4 Measure is used in two senses here, the last meaning a sort of dance. See page 81, note 3.

5 A torch-bearer was a constant appendage to every troop of maskers. To hold a torch was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College.

6 Milton thought it not beneath the dignity of his task to use a similar quibble in Paradise Lost, Book iv.: "At one slight bound he overleap'd all bound."

7 Quote was often used for observe or notice.
**Ben.** Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

**Rom.** A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless ruses with their heels; 8
For I am proverb’d with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on; 9
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

**Mer.** Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word: 10
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of, save your reverence, Love, 11 wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. — Come, we burn day-light, ho! 12

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

**Mer.** I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits. 13

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

**Mer.** Why, may one ask?

**Rom.** I dreamt a dream to-night.

**Mer.** And so did I.

**Rom.** Well, what was yours?

**Mer.** That dreamers often lie.

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

**Mer.** O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; 14 and she comes

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6 The stage was commonly strewn with rushes, which were also considered good enough carpeting even for great men's houses in the Poet's time. See vol. i. page 298, note 20.

9 To hold the candle is a common proverbial expression for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences we have, "A good candleholder prov'd a good gamester." This is the "grandsire phrase" with which Romeo is proverb'd. There is another old maxim alluded to, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest.

10 Dun is the mouse is a proverbial saying of vague significance, alluding to the colour of the mouse; but frequently employed with no other intent than that of quibbling on the word done. Why it is attributed to a constable we know not. So in The Two Merry Milkmaids, 1620: "Why, then, 'tis done, and dun's the mouse, and undone all the courtiers." To draw dun out of the mire was a rural pastime, in which dun meant a dun horse, supposed to be stuck in the mire, and sometimes represented by one of the persons who played, at others by a log of wood.

11 So the folio; of the quartos, one has this su'reverence, the others, "save your reverence." Most of the recent editions print sir-reverence, which is an old corruption of save reverence. Save your reverence was a common phrase of apology for introducing a profane or indelicate expression.

12 That is, use a candle when the Sun shines; an old proverbial phrase for superfluous actions in general.

13 The five wits was a common phrase denoting the five senses. It was sometimes used also of the intellectual faculties, which were supposed to correspond to the five senses. See page 71, note 8.

14 The fairies' midwife is the fairy midwife, and perhaps should be so printed, as the old spelling fairies might easily get misprinted fairies.
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman, 16
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men’s noses as they lie asleep:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, 16
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o’ mind the fairies’ coachmakers;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners’ legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider’s-web;
The collars, of the moonshine’s watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket’s bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick’d from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers’ brains, and then they dream of love;
O’er courtiers’ knees, that dream on curtSEIs 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;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig’s tail
Tickling a parson’s nose that lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o’er a soldier’s neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambushadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; 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;’ 17

She was that member of the fairy nation, whose office it was to deliver sleeping men’s fancies of their dreams, those “children of an idle brain.”

16 Rings cut out of agate, and having very small images of men or children carved on them, were much worn by civic dignitaries and wealthy citizens.

16 The old copies print this and the two following lines after “Prick’d from the lazy finger of a maid.” I make the transfer in accordance with the excellent judgment of Mr. Lettsom, who holds it “preposterous to speak of the parts of the chariot (such as the wagon-spokes and cover) before mentioning the chariot itself.”

17 It was believed that certain malignant spirits assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses’ manes, thereby plaiting them into inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of goss masters.
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 18
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This, this is she—

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

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South. 19

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, 20 clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen!

Ben. Strike, drum.  [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The Same. 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! 1 he scrape a trencher!

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

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, 2 look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece

18 Alluding to a superstition which, as Warburton observed, may have originated from the plica Polonica, which was supposed to be the operation of the wicked elves; whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks or elf-knots.

19 Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common copula of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!—COLE RIDGE.

20 This way of using expire was not uncommon in the Poet's time.

1 To shift a trencher was technical. Trenchers were used in Shakespeare's time and long after by persons of good fashion and quality.

2 The court-cupboard was the ancient sideboard; a cumbersome piece of furniture, with shelves gradually receding to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals.
of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell. — Antony 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 awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[They retire behind.

Enter Capulet, &c., with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagü'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're welcome, gentlemen! I've 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're welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians, play. — A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls. — [Music plays, and they dance.

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

2 Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years.

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

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

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

8 Marchpane was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. It was a sweet cake, composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour.
4 A bout was the same as a turn; or, as we now say, "dance a figure."
5 An exclamation to make room in a crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say a ring! a ring!
6 The ancient tables were flat leaves or boards joined by hinges and placed on trestles; when they were to be removed they were therefore turned up.
7 Cousin was a common expression for kinsman.
Rom. [To a Servant.] What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; 8
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:— what, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To feer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
Cap. Young Romeo is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What, good man 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! 9 you'll be the man!

8 All the old copies till the folio of 1632 have "It seems she hangs," &c.
The present reading is so much better as to justify its retention.
9 Neither the origin nor the meaning of cock-a-hoop has been explained in
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Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame—
Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you: 10 I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princax; 11 go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!
I'll make you quiet: what!—Cheerly, my hearts!

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

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

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

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? 12

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use—in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. 13
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

[Exit.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

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

a manner at all satisfactory. Perhaps it should be cock-a-whooop; in which case the word itself would suggest the sense of kindling or breeding a quarrel; like cocks whooping or crying each other into a fight.

10 To scathe is to hurt, damage, or do an injury.

11 Minshew calls a princax “a ripe-headed young boy,” and derives the word from the Latin precox. The more probable derivation is from prime cock; that is, a cock of prime courage or spirit; hence applied to a pert, conceited, forward person. So in the Return from Parnassus: “Your proud university princax thinkes he is a man of such merit, the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment.”

12 There is a charming dash of humour in the respectful delicacy with which Romeo here moves towards his purpose. Still more so, perhaps, in the demure archness of Juliet’s reply, “Ay, lips that they must use—in prayer.” It should be remarked that the Poet gives only the closing part of their private dialogue. They have come to a pretty good understanding with each other, before we hear from them; the issue of their talk being reported, and the preparation left to be inferred.

13 Prayers is here a disyllable; in the next line, a monosyllable. There are a good many words which the Poet thus uses as of one or two syllables, indifferently, to suit the occasion of his verse.

14 In Shakespeare’s time, the kissing of a lady at a social gathering seems not to have been thought indecorous. So, in King Henry VIII., we have Lord Sands kissing Anne Boleyn, at the supper given by Wolsey.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.


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

Rom. What is her mother?

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

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.15

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

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

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.16 —
Is it e'en so? why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night. —
More torches here! — Come on, then, let's to bed. —

[To 2 Cap.] Ah, sirrah, by my fay,17 it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

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

15 The meaning seems to be, that he has put his life in pledge to or at the mercy of his foe; or that what has just passed is likely to cost him his life. At the close of the preceding scene, Romeo's mind is haunted with a foreboding or presentiment of evil consequences from what he is going about. That preface is strengthened by what has just happened; and he naturally apprehends this new passion as in some way connected with the fulfilment of it. The whole thing is very finely conceived.

16 Towards is ready, at hand. — A banquet, or refe-supper, as it was sometimes called, was similar to our dessert.

17 Fay is a diminutive of faith; rather a small oath for such a fiery old man as the Capulet to swear.
 Jul. A rhyme I learn’d even now Of one I danc’d withal. [One calls within, JULIET! Nurse. Anon, Anon! — Come, let’s away; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

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

ACT II. SCENE I. Verona. Capulet’s Garden, adjoining the House.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.1 [He approaches the House.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

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

18 This doubling of a preposition was common with the old writers, and occurs divers times in these plays. See vol. i. page 51, note 13. — Fair, in this line, is used as a substantive, and in the sense of beauty. The usage was common.

1 By dull earth Romeo means himself; by thy centre, Juliet. He has been a little uncertain, it seems, whether to go forward, that is, leave the place, or to do the opposite; and he now resolves upon the latter. So that Mr. White gives a wrong sense by printing earth with a capital, “Earth,” His arrangement of the scene is clearly right, and I believe he is the first to have got it right.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall: 2
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*;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, 8 he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, 4 and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

Mer. This cannot anger him; 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle 5
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down; 6
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest; and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night: 7
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

2 Orchard, from *hort-yard*, was formerly used for a garden.
8 The old copies have "*Abraham Cupid,*" which Upton changed to
"*Adam Cupid,*" explaining it as referring to Adam Bell, the famous archer
of the old ballad. Dyce proposed, and, in his first edition, printed, *auburn.*
In his last edition, however, he prints *Adam,* as Mr. H. H. Furness also does,
in his admirable *Variorum.* Nevertheless I am now satisfied that *Abraham*
or *Afram* is the right word; that it is used as an epithet of colour, and
means *flaxen-haired,* or what we sometimes call a *tow-head.* Until very
lately the scales seemed to me about evenly balanced between *Abraham,*
*Adam,* and *auburn;* but I think they have at length been made to turn
decidedly in favour of the first, by Mr. George Lunt, of Boston, in *The Catho-
lic World* for May, 1873. Of course the argument cannot be fully presented
here; the main points, I think, are as follows: That *Abraham* was in com-
mon use as an epithet of colour; that Cupid was wont to be "represented as
a roguish boy, plump-cheeked and naked, with light hair floating on his
shoulders;" and that the "flaxen locks" so celebrated in English poetry
are in fact the same as the light-coloured hair ascribed to Cupid.

4 *Ape* was used as an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool.*
5 In conjuring to "raise a spirit," the custom was to draw a circle,
within which the spirit was to appear at the muttering of the charms or
invocations.
6 In Shakespeare's time, *conjure* was pronounced indifferently with the
first or the second syllable long; the two ways of pronouncing it not being
then appropriated to the different senses of the word. Here the second sylla-
ble is long; while, just below, as also in Mercutio's preceding speech, the
first is so.
7 The *humid,* the moist *dewy* night.
Merc. 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.——
Romeo, good night: — I'll to my trundle-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.

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

[Juliet appears above at her Window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun!——
Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but pale and green;——
And none but Fools do wear it; cast it off.——

[She comes out on a Balcony.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!——
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.——
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.——
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

8 "The right virtue of the medlar" appears to have consisted in its being rotten before it was ripe. See vol. i. page 58, note 13.
9 The truckle-bed or trundle-bed was a bed for the servant or page, and was so made as to run under the "standing-bed," which was for the master.
We are not to suppose that Mercutio slept in the servant's bed: he merely speaks of his truckle-bed in contrast with the field-bed, that is, the ground.
10 That is, be not a votary to the Moon, to Diana.
11 All the old copies except the first quarto have sick instead of pale. It seems that white and green were somewhat noted as the livery costume of professional Fools, those colours having been worn officially by Will Summers the celebrated Court-Fool of Henry the Eighth. Shakespeare has the same combination of colours in Macbeth, I. 7: "Wakes it now to look so green and pale at what it did so freely?"
Jul.

Ah me! She speaks:—

Rom.

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of Heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, 12
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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

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

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. 13
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes, 14
Without that title. — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

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

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

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

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

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

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

12 So the quarto of 1597; the other old copies, "lazy-pacing clou
Pacing coheres much better with the sense of bestrides.

13 The sense is, "Thou art thyself the same in fact as if thou wert r
Montague in name." This sense has commonly been defeated by put
the () after though instead of after thyself.

14 Owe was the common form of owe in the Poet's time.
The orchard-walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

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

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

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

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

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

Rom. By love, that 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 unpaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at 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 mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,

15 But again in the exceptive sense of be out. See Prologue, note 3.
16 Prorogued is put off, or postponed.
17 Farewell all disguises of complimentary or conventional form. Miranda, in The Tempest, iii. 1, has a similar thought: "Hence, bashful cunning, and prompt me, plain and holy innocence!"
18 This famous proverb is thus given in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's

Art of Love:

"For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries."
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

Jul. O, swear not by the Moon, th' 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 contrakt to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens.  
Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou dist 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.

19 The Poet repeatedly has orb for orbit, the two words being then used indifferently.

20 So all the old copies but the first quarto, which has "thy glorious self." The latter reading may well be preferred, as being nearer to Juliet's mood of mind. I dare not decide the point, and must leave it to the Jullets of our time, if there be any such foolish girls, to say which is the fitter epithet of the two. Perhaps "thy glorious gold" would best express the approved love-rapture of the day.

21 I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery in playing a distinctly memorable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love-confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other. — Coleridge.
SC. I.  ROMEo AND JuLiET.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

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

[Exit.

Re-enter JUliET above.

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

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

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

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

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

Rom. So thrive my soul—

JuL. A thousand times good night!

[Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
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. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tercel-gentle back again! 23
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

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

JuL. Romeo!

Rom. My dear!

23 The tercel is the male of the goshawk, and had the epithet gentle, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Tardif, in his book of Falconry, says that the tercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the aerie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the third a male; hence called tiercel, or the third. According to the old books of sport the falcon gentle and tiercel gentle are birds for a prince.
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone,—
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [Exit.
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! —
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly Father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE II. The Same. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,¹
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels²
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.³
The Earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;⁴

¹ The reverend character of the Friar, like all Shakespeare's representations of the great professions, is very delightful and tranquillizing, yet it is no digression, but immediately necessary to the carrying on of the plot.—COLERIDGE.
² Flecked is dappled, streaked, or variegated. Lord Surrey uses the word in his translation of the fourth Æneid: "Her quivering cheekes flecked with deadly stain."
³ Lucretius has the same thought: "Omniparents, eadem rerum commune sepulcrum." Likewise, Milton, in Paradise Lost, Book ii.: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities!
For nought so vile that on the Earth doth live,
But to the Earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part* cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—Grace and rude Will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, Father!

Fri. \textit{Benedicite!}

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art uprou'sd by some distemperature;
Or, if not so, then here I hit it right,—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

Fri. 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

* That is, with its odour.
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

_Fri._ Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift.\(^5\)

_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 to-day.

_Fri._ Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

_Jesu Maria_, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then,—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

_Rom._ Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

_Fri._ For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

_Rom._ And bad'st me bury love.

_Fri._ Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

_Rom._ I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

_Fri._ O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;\(^6\)
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

---

\(^5\) _Shift_ is the old word for _confession or absolution_. Of course the order of the Confessional is referred to.

\(^6\) _In one respect_ means on one consideration, or for one _reason_. _Respect was very often used in that sense._
Rom. O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast. \[Exeunt.\]

SCENE III. The Same. A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Why, 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. Why, 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;\(^1\) the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;\(^2\) and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,\(^3\) I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button; a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause.\(^4\) Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!\(^5\)

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasti-

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\(^1\) Through and thorough, which are but different forms of the same word, were used indifferently in the Poet's time.

\(^2\) The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows were aimed, was fastened by a black pin, placed in the centre of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman.

\(^3\) Tybert, the name given to a cat in the old story book of Reynard the Fox. So in Dekker's Satromastix: "Tho' you were Tybert, prince of longtail'd cats." — Prick-song music was music pricked or written down, and so sung by note, not from memory, or as learnt by the ear. — Complements, in the next line, is, in old language, the same as accomplishments.

\(^4\) That is, a gentleman of the first rank among these duelists; 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 Fool, in As You Like It, talks of the seventh cause in the same sense.

\(^5\) All the terms of the fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The word hai, you have it, was used when a thrust reaches the antagonist.
coes; these new tuners of accents! — By Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these _pardonnez-mois_, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? — O, their _bons_, their _bons_!

_Ben._ Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

_Mer._ Without his roe, like a dried herring: — O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! — Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench, — marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. —

_Enter Romeo._

_Signior Romeo, bon jour!_ there's a French salutation to your French slop. — You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

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

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

_Mer._ That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

_Rom._ Meaning, to curtsy.

_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: 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.

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6 Humorously apostrophizing his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.

7 During the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great "boulstered breeches," it is said to have been necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, without which those who stood on the new form could not sit at ease on the old bench.

8 The _slop_ was a kind of wide-kneed breeches, or rather trousers. See page 101, note 6.

9 The quibble is well explained by Robert Greene in his _Thieves Falling Out, True Men Come by their Goods_: "And therefore he went out and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered with silver, which the common people call slips."

10 _Meaning_ thou hast retorted or answered in kind.

11 Romeo wore _pinked_ pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. It was the custom to wear ribands in the shoes formed in the shape of roses.
SC. III.  ROME AND JULIET.  275

Rom. O single-soul'd jest, solely singular for the singleness! 13

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.
Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, 18 I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?
Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.
Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.
Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.
Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; 14 it is a most sharp sauce.
Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?
Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, 15 that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.
Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad; which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.
Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural. 16

Ben. Stop there, stop there.
Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair. 17
Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.
Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.
Rom. Here's goodly gear! 18 —
Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!
Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

13 Shakespeare repeatedly has single in the sense of weak or feeble. So that the meaning is, "O feeble-soul'd jest, only singular for the feebleness." Of course there is a quibble between sole and soul, as there also is between the different senses of single.

18 One kind of horse-race which resembled the flight of wild geese was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantry kept up here. "My wits fail," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase," &c.

14 Soft stretching leather, kid-skin. See vol. i. page 210, note 4.

16 Natural was often used, as it still is, for a fool. See vol. i. page 29, note 4.

17 This is a French idiom, and is equivalent to our "against the grain."

18 Gear, in old language, is any matter or business in hand. See vol. l page 108, note 20.
Enter the Nurse and Peter.

Nurse. Peter, pr'ythee, give me my fan.  
Mer. 'Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.  
Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.  
Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.  
Nurse. Is it good den?  
Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.  
Nurse. What a man are you?  
Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for 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, sir, I desire some confidence with you.  
Ben. She will indite him to some supper.  
Mer. So-ho!  
Rom. What hast thou found?  
Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale ere it be spent. Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.  
Rom. I will follow you.  
Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [Sings.] lady, lady, lady.  
[Exeunt Mer. and Ben.  
Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?  
Rom. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,

19 In The Serving Man's Comfort, 1598, we are informed, "The mistresse must have one to carry her cloke and hood, another her fanne." So in Love's Labour's Lost: "To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."  
20 Prick was often used thus for paint or mark. So in Julius Caesar, iv. 1: "These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd."  
21 For luck, or in default, of a worse.  
22 Instead of indite, the quarto of 1597 has incite, which may be the right word. Indite, however, relishes better, as being a humorous offset to the Nurse's confidence, a characteristic blunder for conference.  
23 The burden of an old song.  
24 Ropery appears to be sometimes used in the sense of roguery; perhaps meaning tricks deserving the rope, that is, the gallows; as rope-tricks, in The Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. So in The Three Ladies of London, 1584: "Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy ropery."—Merchant was often used as a term of reproach; probably somewhat in the sense of buckster or shopkeeper.
and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

_Nurse._ An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; 25 I am none of his skains-mates. 26 —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, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

_Rom._ Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

_Nurse._ Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

_Rom._ What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? thou dost not mark me.

_Nurse._ I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

_Rom._ Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

_Nurse._ No, truly, sir; not a penny.

_Rom._ Go to; I say you shall.

_Nurse._ This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

_Rom._ And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair, 27

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25 _Gill_, also spelt _jill_, is an old word for _girl_ or _wench_; the feminine correspondent to _Jack_; as in the proverb, "For every Jack there is a gill."

26 The only tolerable explanation of _skains-mates_ was lately furnished by Mr. Staunton, who says a Kentish man told him that the term was formerly used in Kent in the sense of _scape-grace_. Walker is quite sure it should be _scurvy mates_, on the ground that _skruile_, as it was sometimes written, might easily get misprinted _skaine_. The Nurse is evidently speaking of Mercutio's supposed _female_ companions, and telling what sorts of _girls_ she is not to be classed with.

27 _Like the stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship_. The image of a _ship_...
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.
   Nurse. Now God in Heaven bless thee! — Hark you, sir.
   Rom. What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?
   Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?
   Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.
   Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, Lord! — when 'twas a little prating thing, — O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?
   Rom. Ay, Nurse; what of that? both with an R.
   Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? 28 No; I know it begins with some other letter: — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.
   Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.
   Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — Peter!
   Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The Same. CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

   Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse;
   In half an hour she promis'd to return.
   Perchance she cannot meet him: — that's not so. —
   O, she is lame: Love's heralds should be thoughts,
   Which ten times faster glide than the Sun's beams,
   Driving back shadows over louring hills:
   Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
   And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
   Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
   Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
   Is three long hours, — yet she is not come.


28 Ben Jonson, in his English Grammar, says, "R is the dog's letter, and hireth in the sound." And Nashe, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600, speaking of dogs: "They arre and barke at night against the moon."
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 move, I' faith, as they were dead:¹
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and dull as lead.—
O God, she comes!——

*Enter the Nurse and Peter.*

O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.        [Exit Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet Nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

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

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:——
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good Nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
Th' 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 din'd at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

¹ I here adopt a reading proposed by Dyce, as it seems to me much the best that has been offered. Instead of move, I' faith, the old copies have many fail, with which all are dissatisfied. Mr. White prints "old folks, marry, fare as," &c., understanding fare in its old sense of go.—In the next line, the old copies have pale instead of dull, which is from Collier's second folio. Pale evidently has no fitness there.
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'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?
    Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?
    Jul. Where is my mother!—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
    Where is your mother?
    Nurse. O God's Lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow:
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
    Jul. Here's such a coil!—Come, what says Romeo?
    Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shift to-day?
    Jul. I have.
    Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
    Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest Nurse, farewell.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. The Same. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the Heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
    Rom. Amen, amen! but, come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
    Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,

"Coil was often used for tumult, bustle, or ado. Here it bears the same sense as our word fuss."
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne’er wear out the everlasting flint!
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton Summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter Juliet.

*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 music’s tongue
Unfold th’ imagin’d happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

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

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1 This scene was entirely rewritten after the first quarto, and in this place not improved. The passage originally stood thus:

"So light a foot ne’er hurts the trodden flower:
Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power!"

The hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint*, appears 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.

2 It is hardly needful to say that *ghostly* is here used in the sense of *spiritual*. So in the Confirmation Office of the Episcopal Church: "The spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength."

3 Conceit was always used in a good sense; that of conception or imagination.
ACT III. SCENE I. Verona. A public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

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

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

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

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

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.¹

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt and Others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. — Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

¹ Fee-simple is an old law term for the strongest tenure of a thing; as of land held in absolute and unconditional right.
Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddletick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!²

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! Here comes my man.

Enter Romeo.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your Worship, in that sense, may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, — thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata⁸ carries it away.—
[Draws.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats,⁴ 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 pilcher⁵ by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

² Consort was the old term for a set or company of musicians.
⁸ The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.
⁴ Alluding to his name. See page 273, note 3.
⁵ Warburton says that we should read pilche, which signifies a coat or covering of skin or leather; meaning the scabbard. The first quarto has scabbard.
Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.
Rom. Draw, Benvolio; Beat down their weapons. — Gentlemen, for shame,
Forbear this outrage! — Tybalt, — Mercutio, —
The Prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets. — Hold, Tybalt! — good Mercutio, —
[Exeunt Tybalt and his Partisans.
Mer. I am hurt; —
A plague o' both your Houses! — I am sped: —
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What, art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. —
Where is my page? — Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[Exit Page.
Rom. Courage, man! the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to- morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peper'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 arithmetic! — Why the Devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.
Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your Houses!
They have made worms'-meat of me:
I have't, and soundly too: — your Houses!
[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.
Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: — O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspi'red the clouds. 6
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

6 The Poet uses both aspire and arrive as transitive verbs, or without the preposition. So in Paradise Lost, ii. 410: "Ere he arrive the happy isle." See vol. i. page 437, note 15.
SC. I.

ROME AND JULIET.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;¹
This but begins the woe others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to Heaven, respective lenity,²
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:— the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:— hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am Fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[Exit ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, &c.

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

Enter the 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
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
Lady C. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O Prince!— O husband!— O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman!— Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

¹ This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come.
² Respective is considerative.— Conduct for conductor.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: — all this — uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd —
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast; 10
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.

Lady C. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio:
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,—

9 Nice here means silly, trifling.
10 This small portion of untruth in Benvolio's narrative is finely conceived.— Coleridge.
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.\(^{11}\) [Exeunt.

**SCENE II. The Same. CAPULET'S Orchard.**

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus' lodging:\(^1\) such a wagoner
As Phæthon would whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway’s eyes may wink;\(^2\) and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk’d-of and unseen! —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night;\(^3\)
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.

\(^{11}\) Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him. Yet he thinks him no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to the Poet.

\(^1\) All the old copies but the first have lodging; that has mansion. Lodging accords much better with the sense of what was added to the speech in the second quarto, and continued in all subsequent editions; which was no doubt the reason of the change.

\(^2\) This famous passage has probably been more worried with critical discussion than any other in Shakespeare. A most thorough and scholarly digest of the controversy may be found in my friend Mr. H. H. Furness’ Variorum edition of the play. I now revert to the old reading, and am fully satisfied that runaway’s is the Poet’s genuine word. And I am quite clear that it is meant as a descriptive epithet of Phæbus, the Sun, or day. Juliet has just been urging the “fiery-footed steeds” of day to hasten towards their master’s lodging, and give “cloudy night” possession of the world. She now proceeds to repeat the same thought in language and imagery still more intense. And she addresses night as the mistress and keeper of the bed where nimble-footed day is to sleep, that in the silence and darkness of day’s sleep Romeo may come to her “untalk’d-of and unseen.” The verb to wink was often used thus for to sleep. Juliet wishes day to speed his course with fiery haste, and therefore proleptically calls him runaway. In other words, she longs to have him play the runaway; and for this cause she would have night prepare his couch at once, that so his prying eyes and babbling tongue may be quickly bound up in sleep. We have a like use of runaway in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 5, where the nocturnal theft and elopement of Jessica takes place; Lorenzo urging her to make haste, because “the close night doth play the runaway.” The difference of the two cases is, that Lorenzo fears the night will run away too fast for his purpose, while Juliet is impatient to have the day pass off with all possible dispatch; but this does not touch either the sense or the aptness of the image. Shakespeare has many similar instances of proleptical usage. See vol. ii. page 504, note 4, and page 533, note 9, and page 561, note 3. I must add that Dyce prints rude day’s; which I cannot think a happy reading.

\(^3\) Civil is grave, solemn.
And learn me how to lose a winning match: 4

Woo my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks. 5

With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.

Come, night; — come, Romeo, — come, thou day in night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. 6 —

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. 7 —

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,

But not possess'd it! So tedious is this day,

As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes

And may not wear them. — O, here comes my Nurse,

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. —

Enter the Nurse, with Cords.

Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. [Throwing them down.] Ay, ay, the cords.

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'll'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious? 8

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 roard in dismal Hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay,

And that bare vowel I shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice: 9

4 She is to lose her maiden freedom, and win a husband; and so to "lose
a winning match."
5 These are terms of falconry. An unmann'd hawk is one that is not
brought to endure company; and such a hawk was hooded, or blinded, to
keep it from being scared. — Bating is fluctuating or beating the wings as
stiving to fly away.
6 The old copies till the second folio have upon instead of on. Upon over-
fills the measure; and the undated quarto remedies this by omitting new.
7 Garish is gaudy, glittering.
8 Envious, again, in the old sense of malicious
9 Touching the marvellous power of this old fabulous beast, see vol. ii.
page 276, note 12.
I am not I, if there be such an I; 10
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer ay.
If he be slain, say ay; 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! 11 — here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood! — I 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, 12 and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! — did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravenging lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O Nature, what hast thou to do in Hell,
When thou didst bow 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! 13

10 In Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle ay was commonly written I; hence this string of verbal or literal conceits, which is both poor enough in itself and strangely out of place in such a stress of passion. The vapid quibble makes it necessary to retain the I twice where it has the sense of ay. There is further quibbling also between I and eye. A good deal of a thing, "whereof a little more than a little is by much too much."

11 An interjectional phrase, of unascertained origin and import, which was much used in the Poet's time.

12 So the first quarto; the later copies have dearest instead of dearer-lov'd.

13 Another string of elaborate conceits all out of place, and showing alike the fertility and the immaturity of the Poet's mind when this play was wr-
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-vite:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister’d be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For ’tis a throne where honour may be crown’d
Sole monarch of the universal Earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill’d your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?—
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,15
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill’d my husband:—
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt’s dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse 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.16 Tybalt’s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank’d with other griefs,—
Why follow’d not, when she said Tybalt’s dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov’d? 17
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt’s death,

ten. Even Shakespeare could not at once rise above the intellectual fast or rather epidemic of his time. But then, if he had been less docile, he probably would not have learned so much.

14 Note the Nurse’s mistake of the mind’s audible struggles with itself its decision in toto. — Coleridge.

15 To smooth is to speak fair; it is here metaphorically used for to gate or assuage the asperity of censure with which Romeo’s name would now mentioned.

16 Is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.

17 Modern is trite, common. So in As You Like It: “Full of wise and modern instances.”
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears; mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.
Come, cords; come, Nurse: I'll to my wedding-bed.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The Same. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

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

Enter Romeo.

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

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;¹
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,

¹ An elegant use of vanisht, and such as I do not remember to have met with any other instance of.
And world's exile is death: — then banishment
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in Heaven,² and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,³
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not, — he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly: —
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But banished to kill me? — banished?
O Friar, the damned use that word in Hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word banished?

Fri. Thou fond mad man,⁴ hear me a little speak.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? — Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

² Heaven, as also even, given, and various other words ending in en, is used indifferently by the Poet as one or two syllables. Here it is two; in the first line of this speech it is one.
³ Validity is often employed to signify worth, value. By courtship, courtesy, courtly behaviour is meant.
⁴ Fond here means foolish: often so used.
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Throws himself on the Floor.

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 awhile. — Stand up; [Knocking.
Run to my study. — By-and-by: — God's will,
What wilfulness is this! — I come, I come! [Knocking.
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter the 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 woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. —
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. [Rising.] Nurse! —
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! — Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady 6 to our cancell'd love?

6 The epithet concealed is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. There is a poor jingle on conceal'd and cancell'd.
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. — O, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his Dagger.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rais'st thou on thy birth, the Heaven, and Earth?
Since birth and Heaven and Earth all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And useth 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,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
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:

6 To understand this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match-locks, were obliged to carry a lighted match hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden flask in which they carried their powder.

7 And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.
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 misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:—
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, Nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

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

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

Nurse. Here is a ring, sir, that she bade me give you:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your
state:

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

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Same. A Room in CAPULET’S House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

8 The whole of your fortune depends on this.
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.

Lady C. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd-up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love:¹ I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble Earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend, or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—
Afore me! 'tis so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by. — Good night. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The Same. Juliet's Chamber; A Window open upon the Balcony. Romeo and Juliet discovered.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:¹
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

¹ Desperate means only bold, adventurous, as if he had said, I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.

¹ A writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare gives the following on this passage: "Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and therefore, in the South of Europe, and in the East, it has become the chief ornament of the garden. Chaucer puts his nightin-
SC. V.  ROME AND JULIET.  297

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. Yond light is not day-light; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
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 gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk,—it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; he hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discord, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

Rom. More light and light,—more dark and dark our woes!

gale in 'a fresh green laurel-tree;' but the preference of the nightingale for
the pomegranate is unquestionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pome-
granate groves in the day-time,' says Russel, in his account of Aleppo. A
friend, whose observations as a traveller are as acute as his descriptions are
graphic and forcible, informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he
never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate-trees
that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudija.'

2 So in Sidney's Arcadia: 'The moon, then full, not thinking scorn to be
a torch-bearer to such beauty, guided her steps.' And Sir John Davies's
Orchestra, speaking of the Sun:

"When the great torch-bearer of heaven was gone
Downe in a maske unto the ocean's court."

8 Division, in music, appears to have meant what is now called an accom-
paniment. See vol. i. page 298, note 19.

4 The toad, having very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones, was the
occasion of a common saying that the toad and the lark had changed eyes.
The croak of the toad would have been no indication of the appearance of
day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure.

6 The hunt's-up was originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call
Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother’s coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[Exit.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I’ll descend.

[ROMEO descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend! I must hear from thee every day in th’ hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think’st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look’st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [Exit below.

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.

Lady C. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is’t that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

them together. It was a common burden of hunting-ballads. According to Cotgrave the Reveille, or morning song to a new married woman, was called the hunt’s-up. So Drayton, in his Poly-Oblion: “But hunt’s-up to the morn the feather’d syllans sing.” And in his third Eclogue: “Time plays the hunt’s-up to thy sleepy head.”

6 Thus the quarto of 1597: instead of my lord, my love, my friend, the other old copies have “love, lord, ay, husband, friend;” a very inferior reading. This closing of the series with friend sounds like an anti-climax to our ears, but it was not so in the Poet’s time, and ought not to be so now.

7 Romeo, as we have seen, was haunted with a like foreboding of evil going to the Capulet’s feast. The circumstance is eminently judicious and beautiful in both cases; gently preparing us for the catastrophe, and at the same time chastening our sympathy with the mutual enchantment of the lovers.
Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet!  
Jul. Madam, I am not well.

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
An if thou could’st, thou could’st not make him live;  
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.  
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.  
Lady C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady C. Well, girl, thou weepest not so much for his death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughter’d him.  
Jul. What villain, madam?  
Lady C. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [Aside.] 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.

Lady C. That is because the traitor murderer lives.  
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death!

Lady C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banish’d runagate doth live,—  
Shall give him such an unaccustom’d dram,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex’d:  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam’d,— and cannot come to him,  
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
d Upon his body that hath slaughter’d him!

Lady C. 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?

8 This is not a breach of grammar even according to our usage. *Like* is used conjunctively, not as a preposition, and is equivalent to *as.*
9 *Tybalt* was first supplied in the folio of 1632. It improves the metre, *though nowise* necessary to the sense.
Lady C. 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?

Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. — These are news indeed!

Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and the Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But, for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —
How now! a conduit girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, — raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

Lady C. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,

10 *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker.
11 *County,* or *countie,* was the usual term for an earl in Shakespeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a *young earle.*
12 So the undated quarto; the other old copies have *earth* instead of *air.*
13 The same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in Brooke's poem: "His sighs are stopp'd, and stopped in the conduit of his tears."
14 *That is, let me understand you;* like the Greek phrase, "Let me go along with you."
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
    Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
    Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud, and yet not proud, and I thank you not;
And yet I thank you: — mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
    Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
    Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
    Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, — get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
    Nurse. God in Heaven bless her! —
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
    Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
    Nurse. I speak no treason.
    Cap. O, God ye good-den!
    Nurse. May not one speak?
    Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

15 Capulet uses this as a nickname. "Chologyk is he that when his
     mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will give him xx
     wordes for one, or elles he will bydde the devylies paternoster in
     scylence." — The azzii Orders of Kneves.
16 So all the old copies except the first quarto, which has settle
     instead of fettle. I find it not easy to choose between the two; but the
     weight of
     authority is in favour of the latter. Fettle is an old provincial word,
     meaning put in order, arrange, or make ready.
17 In the age of Shakespeare, authors not only employed these terms of
     abuse in their original performances, but even in their versions of the most
     chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator
     of Virgi, in 1592, makes Dido call Eneas hedge-brat, cullion, and tar-breech,
     in the course of one speech.
18 Hilding was a common term of reproach; a diminutive of kind, and
     applied indifferently to men or women.
Lady C. You are too hot.
Cap. God’s bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late,
early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match’d: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly-train’d,
Stuff’d, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion’d as one’s thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet,19 in her fortune’s tender,
To answer, I’ll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me.—
But, an you will not wed, I’ll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to’t, think on’t, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I’ll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets;
For, by my soul, I’ll ne’er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to’t, bethink you; I’ll not be forsworn.

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

[Exit.]

Lady C. 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:20
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.21

19 Mammet has been explained in vol. i. page 278, note 10. The explanation there given has been disputed, but is confirmed by the use of the word in this place.
20 Meaning, apparently, that her marriage-vows, her troth-plight, are registered in Heaven.
21 A wager: I’ll bet all the world against nothing. Or, perhaps, the chances are as all the world to nothing, that, &c.
SC. I.  ROME AND JULIET.

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the County.  
O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you're 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 hence, and you no use of him.  
    Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?  
    Nurse. And from my soul too; or else beshrew them both.  
    Jul. Amen!  
    Nurse. What?  
    Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.  
    Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.  
    Jul. Ancient damnation! O, most cursed fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to despaise 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.  Verona.  Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

    Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.  
    Par. My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.  
    Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

22 What is now called a hazel eye was described as green in the Poet's time, and was esteemed the most beautiful. So Fletcher, in The Two Noble Kinsmen: "O, vouchsafe with that thy rare green eye." And Lord Bacon says that "eyes somewhat large, and the circles of them inclined to greenness, are signs of long life.

1 The meaning of Paris is clear; there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken his haste; but the words given him seem rather to mean I am not backward in restraining his haste.
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, hastens our marriage, 2
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. [Aside.] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. 3

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass? 4

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.  [Exit.

2 Marriage was often used in poetry as a word of three syllables. It is so here; nevertheless I do not advise that it be pronounced so in the reading, especially at the end of a line, unless where the rhyme demands it.
3 To slow and to foreslow were anciently in common use.
4 Juliet means Vespers; there is no such thing as evening Mass.
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must 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,6
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speakest 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;8
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;—
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;—

6 The seals of deeds formerly were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed.
8 So the first quarto; the other old copies have any instead of yonder.
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Pri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but suursease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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.—

Farewell, dear Father! [Exeunt.

7 The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face uncovered, Shakespeare found particularly described in Brooke's poem:

"An other use there is, that whosoever dies,
Borne to their church, with open face upon the beere he lyes,
In wonded weed attyrde, not wropt in winding sheete."

8 Toy was often used in the sense of fancy or whim.
SC. II.    ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE II. The Same. A Hall in CAPULET’S HOUSE.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, the Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. 1

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: 2 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.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter Juliet.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn’d me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin’d

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul’d by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of this.

I’ll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence’ cell;

---

1 Cooking was an art of great esteem in Shakespeare’s time, as indeed it is likely to be, so long as men keep up the habit of eating. Ben Jonson’s description of “a master cook,” too long to be quoted here, is a specimen of the humorous sublime not apt to be forgotten by any one that has feasted upon it. The Poet has been suspected of an oversight or something worse, in making Capulet give order here for so many “cunning cooks.” The passage is in keeping with Shakespeare’s habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is a man of ostentation; but his ostentation is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says to his guests, “We have a trifling foolish banquet toward.” In the third Act, when he settles the day of Paris’ marriage, he just hints, “We’ll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two.” But Shakespeare knew that these indications of “the pride which apes humility” were not inconsistent with the “twenty cooks.”

2 This adage is in Puttenham’s Arte of English Poesie, 1589:

“As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chiche:
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.”
And gave him what became love I might;\(^8\)
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

\textit{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.

\textit{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?

\textit{Lady C.} No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

\textit{Cap.} Go, Nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

\[\text{Exeunt Juliet and the Nurse.}\]

\textit{Lady C.} We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

\textit{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's wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

\[\text{Exeunt.}\]

\textbf{Scene III. The Same. Juliet's Chamber.}

\textit{Enter Juliet and the Nurse.}

\textit{Jul.} Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

\textit{Enter Lady Capulet.}

\textit{Lady C.} What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

\textit{Jul.} No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

\(^8\) \textit{Become}d for \textit{becoming}. The old writers furnish many such instances of
the active and passive forms used interchangeably. So we have very often
\textit{beholding} instead of \textit{beholden}. The usage has been repeatedly noted in the
preceding plays.
Lady C. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and the Nurse.

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the County?
No, no; this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a Dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks I should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;²
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrinks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;³

¹ "Daggers," says Gifford, "or, as they are commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell."
² This idea may have been suggested to the Poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than any to be found in any other repository of the kind in England.
³ "The mandrake," says Thomas Newton in his Herbal, "has been idly
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? —
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo, — I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the Bed.]

SCENE IV. The Same. CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and the Nurse.

Lady C. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, Nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.¹

[Exit.]

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: —
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Lady C. Go, go, you cot-queen, go;
Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.²

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
Lady C. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;³
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exit Lady Capulet.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!⁴ —

represented as a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried.” So in Webster’s Duchess of Malfi, 1633: “I have this night digg’d up a man-drake, and am grown mad with it.” ¹

² The old copies assign this speech to the Nurse. It is transferred to Lady Capulet on the ground that a nurse would hardly take so great a liberty with her master, as to call him a cot-queen, and order him to bed. Besides, the Nurse has just been sent forth by her mistress to “fetch more spices.” — Cot-queen was a term for a man who busied himself overmuch in women's affairs: so used down to the time of Addison, as appears from the Spectator, No. 482. ²

³ The animal called the mouse-hunt is the martin, which, being of the weasel tribe, prowls about in the night for its prey. “Cat after kinde, good mouse-hunt,” is one of Heywood's proverbs. ³

⁴ Jealous-hood is but another word for jealousy. ⁴
Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

Now, fellow,

What's there?
1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.] — Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.
Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry [fellow,] ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 'tis day:
The County will be here with music straight, [Music within.
For so he said he would. — I hear him near. —
Nurse! — Wife! — what, ho! — what, Nurse, I say!

Re-enter the 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. The Same. JULIET’s Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter the 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! sweetheart! — why, bride!—
What, not a word? — you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week. — God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. — Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: — Lady, lady, lady!
Alas, alas! — Help, help! my lady's dead!—
Q, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vite, ho! — My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady C. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
Lady C. 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!

Lady C. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. — Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady C. 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.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return. —
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady C. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woful, woeful day!

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, spited, slain!

Most dêtestable 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 can'st thou now
SC. V.

To murder, murder our solemnity? —
O child! O child! — my soul, and not my child! —
Dead art thou, dead? — alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried!

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion’s cure lies not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps His part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your Heaven she should be advanc’d:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc’d
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She’s not well married that lives married long,
But she’s best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature’s tears are reason’s merriment.

CAP. All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRI. Sir, go you in, — and, madam, go with him; —
And go, sir Paris; — every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The Heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[Exeunt CAP., LADY CAP., 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.

1 MUS. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.¹

PET. Musicians, O, musicians! Heart’s Ease, Heart’s Ease:
O, an you will have me live, play Heart’s Ease.

¹ As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce
1 Mus. Why *Heart's Ease*?  
*Pet.* O, musicians, because my heart itself plays *My heart is full of woe.*² O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.  
2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.  
*Pet.* You will not, then?  
2 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,—I will give you the minstrel.³  
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 grieving grief the heart doth wound,*  
*And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*  
*Then music with her silver sound*⁴—

**Why silver sound? why music with her silver sound?** — *What say you, Simon Catling?*⁵  
1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

at one time many separate characters agitated by one and the same circumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce;—the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion. — Colleridge.

² This is the burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers*: "Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe." — A *dump* was formerly the term for a grave or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental. It also signified a kind of postical elegy. A *merry dump* is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of Master Peter.

³ A pun is here intended. A gleekman, or glee-gman, is a minstrel. To give the gleek meant also to pass a jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous; a gleek being a jest or scoff.

⁴ This is part of a song by Richard Edwards, to be found in the *Paradise of Daintly Devices*. Another copy of the song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. — The second line of Peter's quotation is wanting in all the old copies except the first quarto; and in all the old copies the words, "Then have at you with my wit," are made a part of the preceding speech.

⁵ This worthy takes his name from a small lutestring made of catgut; his companion the fiddler, from an instrument of the same name mentioned by many of our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument of mirth:

"*When the merry bells ring round,*  
*And the joyful rebeck sounds."*
Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
2 Mus. I say silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.
Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?
3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.
Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding:

_Then music, with her silver sound,_
_With speedy help doth lend redress._

[Exit.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!
2 Mus. Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

_Rom_. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,¹
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dream'd my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? ² that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

¹ So the first quarto: the other old copies have _truth_ instead of _eye_; which reading is not so good either in truth or in poetry. Mr. White changes _truth_ into _sooth_, taking _sooth_ in the same sense it bears in _soothsayer_. But why make such a change without necessity, and without authority? _Sooth_ is not so good in poetry as _eye_; and I cannot conceive it to be any better in sense. The meaning clearly is, "If I may trust the visions with which my eye flattered me in sleep."

² So the first quarto; the later copies, "How doth my lady Juliet?" thus repeating a part of the foregoing line.
Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you,\(^8\) stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.—

[Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: — O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells, — which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples;\(^4\) meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd,\(^5\) and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
\textit{An if a man did need a poison now,}
\textit{Whose sale is present death in Mantua,}
\textit{Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.}
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:

\(^8\) Defy is from the earliest copy; the others having deny.
\(^4\) Simples is the old name for herbs.
\(^5\) We learn from Nash's \textit{Have with You to Saffron Walden}, 1596, that a \textit{stuffed alligator} then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop: 'He made an anatomic of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an apothecary's crocodile or dried alligator.'
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter the Apothecary.

Apoth. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apoth. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes; 6
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apoth. 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.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.

Scene II. Verona. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—

6 Thus the old copies. Pope changed "starveth in thy eyes" to "stare within thy eyes." As it stands, the expression conveys a strong sense, though it will hardly bear analyzing. The two nouns with a verb in the singular was not ungrammatical according to old usage. Dyce prints stareth.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,¹
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, — here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,² but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;—
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

Scene III. The Same. A Churchyard; in it a Monument¹ belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing Flowers and a Torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

¹ Each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the Visitatio Notabilis de Seleborne, a curious record printed in White's Natural History of Selborne, Wykeham enjoins the canones not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oritur." There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge.

² Was not on a trivial or idle matter. See page 286, note 9.

¹ The story of Romeo and Juliet is held at Verona to be true. A tradition lives there, that the lovers were buried in the crypt of the Franciscan convent of Feune Maggiore; and a stone sarcophagus, which was removed from the ruins of that building after its destruction by fire, is still shown at Verona as Juliet's tomb.
SC. III.  ROMEo AND JUliET.  319

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread —
Being loose, unfirm, with digging-up of graves —
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

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

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

[The Boy whistles.

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

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching-iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring,—a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, begone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [Aside.] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.  [Retires.

All the old copies except the first quarto have "young trees" instead of "yew-trees."
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg’d with the dearest morsel of the Earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Door of the Monument.

And, in despite, I’ll cram thee with more food!

Pur. This is that banish’d haughty Montague!
That murder’d my love’s cousin, — with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died, —
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. —  [Advancing.
Stop thy unhallow’d toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursu’d further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. — I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: — O, be gone!
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm’d against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman’s mercy bade thee run away.

Pur. I do defy thy conjurations,³
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[They fight.

Exit Page.

Pur. O, I am slain! [Falls.] — If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith, I will. — Let me peruse this face: —
Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris! —
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet;
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book!
I’ll bury thee in a triumphant grave; —

A grave! O, no, a lantern,⁴ slaughter’d youth;

³ So the quarto of 1597: that of 1599 has commiration; the later copies, commiseration. Conjurations are earnest requests or entreaties: the verb conjure is still much used in the same sense.
⁴ A lantern does not here signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a lowre, or what in ancient records is styled lunternium; that is, a spacious
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting-presence full of light.
Dead, lie thou there, by a dead man interr’d.

[2. Scene III. Laying Paris in the Monument.]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? — O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck’d the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer’d; Beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And Death’s pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! — Ah, dear Juliet!
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous;?
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and
sometimes halls are illuminated; such as the beautiful lantern at Ely Minster.
The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard’s Siege of Edin-

September Castle: “This lofty seat and lantern of that land like lodestarre stode, and lokte o’er ev’ry streete.”” And in Holland’s translation of Pliny:

“Hence came the louvers and lanternes reared over the roofes of temples.”
A presence is a public room, which is at times the presence-chamber of a

Accordingly, Mercutio, in this play, goes to his death, with his spirit bubbling over in jests. Shakespeare was familiar no doubt with the instance of Sir Thomas More, who at once deepened and sweetened the tragedy of the scaffold with his playful speech: as Wordsworth gives it,—

“More’s gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.”

This idea frequently occurs in old dramas. So in The Downfall of
Robert Earl of Huntington, 1691: “I thought it was a lightning before death,
too sudden to be certain.”

A connection is traceable between parts of this speech and some lines in Daniel’s Complaint of Rosamond, published in 1592. In the first five lines the ghost of Rosamond is speaking of her death, and in the others is reporting what her royal lover spoke when he came and found her dead:

“But now, the poison, spread through all my veins,
Gan dispossess my living senses quite;
And nought—respecting death, the last of pains,
Plac’d his pale colours, th’ ensign of his might,
Upon his new-got spoil before his right.

“Ah, now, methinks, I see, death, dailying, seeks
To entertain itself in love’s sweet place:
Decayed roses of discolour’d cheeks
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace,
And ugly death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remants resting of vermilion red,
That death itself doubts whether she be dead.”
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh! — Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! —
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] — O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die.  

[Dies.]

Enter at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! — Who's there?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay, then; I'll go alone. — Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.  

8 Conduct for conductor. So in a former scene: "And fire-eyed fury be
9 This accident was reckoned ominous. So in King Richard III., Hastingso, going to execution, says, "Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
10 This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand.
Fri. [Advancing.] Romeo!—
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—

[Entering the Monument.

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [Juliet wakes.

Jul. O, comfortable Friar! where's my lord?—
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—where is my Romeo?

Fri. I hear some noise. —Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too:—come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet, [Noise again.]—I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[Exit Friar.

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's Dagger.

This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself:] there rest, and let me die. [Falls on Romeo and dies.

of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environed him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. —Steevens.

11 Comfortable as giving comfort, not as feeling it. The passive form with an active sense.

12 All the old copies except the first quarto have rest instead of rest. Mr. Dyce surely is right in saying that, "at such a moment, the thoughts of
Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1 Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
—
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. —

[Exeunt some of the Watch.

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain; —
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the Prince,— run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search: —

[Exeunt other Watchmen.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.
1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with Friar Laurence.

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

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
Lady C. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?
1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

Juliet were not likely to wander away to the future rusting of the dagger; she only wishes it, by resting in her bosom as in its sheath, to give her instant death.
SC. III. ROMEO AND JULIET. 325

1 Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
   Cap. O Heaven! — O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.13
   Lady C. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
   Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?
   Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
   Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,14
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mishance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

13 The words “for, lo, his house is empty on the back of Montague,” are parenthetical. It appears that the dagger was anciently worn behind the back. So in Humor’s Ordinaries: “See you yon huge bum dagger at his back?” And in The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art, 1570:

   “Thou must wear thy sword by thy side,
   And thy dagger handsomely at thy back.”

14 “Seal up the mouth of outrage” sounds harsh, almost un-English indeed, and some would change it to outcry. But outcry is hardly strong enough for the occasion; and the radical meaning of outrage, as expressed in the verb, is to rage excessively, whether by speech or otherwise. And the Poet’s use of outrage in other places shows it to be the right word here, probably. Thus in 1 King Henry VI., iv. 1, when Vernon and Basset are urging their quarrel before the King, and rasping each other with abusive terms, Gloster exclaims: “Are you not ashamed, with this immodest clamorous outrage, to trouble and disturb the King and us?” So too in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 7: “I never heard a passion so constant, so strange, outrageous, and so variable.”
Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo’s faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol’n marriage-day
Was Tybalt’s dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish’d the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin’d.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth’d, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris:— then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor’d by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow’d grave,
Being the time the potion’s force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay’d by accident; and yesternight
Return’d my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,¹⁵
Came I to take her from her kindred’s vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came,—some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,—here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific’d, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where’s Romeo’s man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet’s death;

And then in post he came from Mantua

To this same place, to this same monument.

¹⁵ Hour is... —[able here.}
This letter he early bid me give his father;  
And threat'ned me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.  

Prince. Give me the letter,—I will look on it.—  
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?—  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?  

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

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

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.  

Mon. But I can give thee more:  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.  

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!  

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

[Exeunt.  

16 What did your master, or what was he doing? See vol. i. page 94,  
note 4.  
17 Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kins-  
man in Act iii. sc. 4; and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman, may be  
inferrred from what Romeo says: "Let me peruse this face; Mercutio's kins-  
man, noble county Paris."  
18 This line has reference to the poem from which the fable is taken; in  
which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant  
set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders;  
the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to a  
hermitage near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquility.
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