

SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET

EDITED, WITH NOTES

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

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PREFACE

THIS edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, first published in 1874, is now thoroughly revised on the same general plan as its predecessors in the new series.

While I have omitted most of the notes on textual variations, I have retained a sufficient number to illustrate the curious and significant differences between the first and second quartos. Among the many new notes are some calling attention to portions of the early draft of the play—some of them very bad which Shakespeare left unchanged when he revised it.

The references to Dowden in the notes are to his recent and valuable edition of the play, which I did not see until this of mine was on the point of going to the printer. The quotation on page 228 of the Appendix is from his *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*, which, by the way, was reprinted in this country at my suggestion.

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FUNERAL OF JULIET



VERONA

INTRODUCTION TO ROMEO AND JULIET

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The earliest edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, so far as we know, was a quarto printed in 1597, the title-page of which asserts that "it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publickly." A second quarto appeared in 1599, declared to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended."

Two other quartos appeared before the folio of 1613, one in 1609 and the other undated; and it is doubtful which was the earlier. The undated quarto is the first

that bears the name of the author ("Written by W. Shakespeare"); but this does not occur in some copies of the edition. A fifth quarto was published in 1637.

The first quarto is much shorter than the second, the former having only 2252 lines, including the prologue, while the latter has 3007 lines (Daniel). Some editors believe that the first quarto gives the author's first draft of the play, and the second the form it took after he had revised and enlarged it; but the majority of the best critics agree substantially in the opinion that the first quarto was a pirated edition, and represents in an abbreviated and imperfect form the play subsequently printed in full in the second. The former was "made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance;" the latter was from an authentic copy, and a careful comparison of the text with the earlier one shows that in the meantime the play "underwent revision, received some slight augmentation, and in some few places must have been entirely rewritten." A marked instance of this re-writing—the only one of considerable length—is in ii. 6. 6-37, where the first quarto reads thus (spelling and pointing being modernized):

For Romeo.

Romeo. My Juliet, welcome. As the waking eyes
Closed in Night's mists attend the frolick Day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet,
And thou art come.

Jul. I am, if I be Day,
 Come to my bar : shine forth and make me fair.
Rome. All beauty's fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.
Jul. Poverty, from thine all brightness doth arise.
Rome. Come, warriors, come, the stealing hours do pass,
 Defer embracements till some finer time.
 Fast for a while, you shall not be alone
 Till holy Church have joined ye both in one.
Rome. Lead, holy Father, all delay seems long
Jul. Most haste, make haste, this li'gging hath us wrong.

For convenient comparison I quote the later text here ; —

Juliet. Could ever to my ghastly confession,
Rome. Laurence, Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
 both.
Juliet. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Rome. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
 To blessen it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
 Unfold the long and happiness that both
 Receive in either by this new compact.
Juliet. O, what rich matter hath in words.
 Traps 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 soul of wealth.
St. Laurence. 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.

The "omission, mutilation, or botching" by which some German editors would explain all differences between the earlier and later texts will not suffice to account for such divergence as this. "The two dialogues do not differ merely in expressiveness and effect; they embody different conceptions of the characters;" and yet we cannot doubt that both were written by Shakespeare.

But while the second quarto is "unquestionably our best authority" for the text of the play, it is certain that it "was not printed from the author's manuscript, but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text." The first quarto, with all its faults and imperfections, is often useful in the detection and correction of these errors and corruptions, and all the modern editors have made more or less use of its readings.

The third quarto (1609) was a reprint of the second, from which it "differs by a few corrections, and more frequently by additional errors." It is from this edition that the text of the first folio is taken, with some changes, accidental or intentional, "all generally for the worse," except in the punctuation, which is more correct, and the stage directions, which are more complete, than in the quarto.

The date of the first draft of the play has been much discussed, but cannot be said to have been settled. The majority of the editors believe that it was begun

as early as 1561, but I think that most of them lay too much stress on the Nurse's reference (i. 3. 22, 35) to the "earthquake," which occurred "eleven years" earlier, and which these critics suppose to have been the one felt in England in 1582.

Aside from this and other attempts to fix the date by external evidence of a doubtful character, the internal evidence confirms the opinion that the tragedy was an early work of the poet, and that it was subsequently "corrected, augmented, and amended." There is a good deal of rhyme, and much of it in the form of alternate rhyme. The alliteration, the frequent playing upon words, and the lyrical character of many passages also lead to the same conclusion.

The latest editors agree substantially with this view. Herford says: "The evidence points to 1591-1595 as the time at which the play was substantially composed, though it is tolerably certain that some parts of our present text were written as late as 1596-1598, and possibly that others are as early as 1591." Dowden sums up the matter thus: "On the whole, we might place *Romeo and Juliet*, on grounds of internal evidence, near *The Rape of Lucrece*: portions may be earlier in date; certain passages of the revised version are certainly later; but I think that 1595 may serve as an approximation to a central date, and cannot be far astray."

For myself, while agreeing substantially with these authorities, I think that a careful comparison of what

are evidently the earliest portions of the text with similar work in *Love's Labour's Lost* (a play revised like this, but retaining traces of the original form), *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and other plays which the critics generally assign to 1591 or 1592, proves conclusively that parts of *Romeo and Juliet* must be of quite as early a date.

The earliest reference to the play in the literature of the time is in a sonnet to Shakespeare by John Weever, written probably in 1595 or 1596, though not published until 1599. After referring to *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, Weever adds :

"*Romeo, Richard*, and whose names I know not,
 Their signed tongues as if placed in heaven
 Say they are saints;" etc.

No other allusion of earlier date than the publication of the first quarto has been discovered.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

Girolamo della Corte, in his *Storia di Verona*, 1594, relates the story of the play as a true event occurring in 1303; but the earlier annalists of the city are silent on the subject. A tale very similar, the scene of which is laid in Siena, appears in a collection of novels by Masuccio di Salerno, printed at Naples in 1276; but Luigi da Porto, in his *La Giulietta*,¹ published about

¹ A translation of *La Giulietta*, with an historical and critical introduction by me, was published in Boston, 1823.

1530, is the first to call the lovers Romeo and Juliet, and to make them the children of the rival Veronese houses. The story was retold in French by Adrian Sevin, about 1512; and a poetical version of it was published at Venice in 1553. It is also found in Bandello's *Novelle*, 1554; and five years later Pierre Boisteau translated it, with some variations, into French in his *Histoire de Deux Amans*. The earliest English version of the romance appeared in 1562 in a poem by Arthur Brooke founded upon Boisteau's novel, and entitled *Romance and Juliet*. A prose translation of Boisteau's novel was given in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, in 1567. It was undoubtedly from these English sources, and chiefly from the poem by Brooke, that Shakespeare drew his material. It is to be noted, however, that Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage"; and it is possible that this lost play may also have been known to Shakespeare, though we have no reason to suppose that he made any use of it. That he followed Brooke's poem rather than Paynter's prose version is evident from a careful comparison of the two with the play.

Grant White remarks: "The tragedy follows the poem with a faithfulness which might be called slavish, were it not that any variation from the course of the old story was entirely unnecessary for the sake of dramatic interest, and were there not shown in the progress of the action, in the modification of one character and in the disposal of another, all peculiar

to the play, self-reliant dramatic intuition of the highest order. For the rest, there is not a personage or a situation, hardly a speech, essential to Brooke's poem, which has not its counterpart—its exalted and glorified counterpart—in the tragedy. . . . In brief, *Romeo and Juliet* owes to Shakespeare only its dramatic form and its poetic decoration. But what an exception is the latter. It is to say that the earth owes to the sun only its verdure and its flowers, the air only its perfume and its balm, the heavens only their azure and their glow. Yet this must not lead us to forget that the original tale is one of the most truthful and touching among the few that have entranced the ear and stirred the heart of the world for ages, or that in Shakespeare's transfiguration of it his fancy and his youthful fire had a much larger share than his philosophy or his imagination.

"The only variations from the story in the play are the three which have just been alluded to: the compression of the action, which in the story occupies four or five months, to within as many days, thus adding impetuosity to a passion which had only depth, and enhancing dramatic effect by quickening truth to vividness: the conversion of Mercutio from a mere courtier, 'bolde among the businfull nuyces,' 'courtious of his speech and pleasant of devise,' into that splendid union of the knight and the fine gentleman, in portraying which Shakespeare, with prophetic eye piercing a century, shows us the fire of faded chivalry expiring

in a flash of wit; and the bringing-in of Paris (forgotten in the story after his bridal disappointment) to die at Juliet's bier by the hand of Romeo, thus gathering together all the threads of this love entanglement to be cut at once by Fate."

GENERAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

Coleridge, in his *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*, says: "The stage 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 fictitious 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 the Italian evening."

The play, like *The Merchant of Venice*, is thoroughly Italian in atmosphere and colour. The season, though Coleridge refers to it figuratively as spring, is really midsummer. The time is definitely fixed by the Nurse's talk about the age of Juliet. She asks Lady Capulet how long it is to Lammas-tide—that is, to August 1—and the reply is, "A fortnight and odd days"—sixteen or seventeen days we may suppose, making the time of the conversation not far from the middle of July. This is confirmed by allusions to the weather and other natural phenomena in the play. At the beginning of act iii, for instance, Benvolio says to his friends :

"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."

When the Nurse goes on the errand to Romeo (ii. 4), Peter carries her bag, and she finds occasion to use it. "The nights are only softer days, not made for sleep, but for lingering in moonlit gardens, where the fruit-tree tops are tipped with silver and the nightingale sings on the pomegranate bough." It is only in the coolness of the dawn that Friar Laurence goes forth to gather herbs ; and it is

"An hour before the worldly sun
Yea! hath the golden orb done out the east,"

that we find Romeo wandering in the grove of sycam-



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"Viva a verai Montecchi e Cappellotti,
 Mondici e Filippeschi, non senza rima.
 Color già tristi, e vesot non sospetti!"

The palace of the Capulets is to this day pointed out in Verona. It is degraded to plebeian occupancy, and the only mark of its ancient dignity is the badge of the family, the *scut* carved in stone on the inner side of the entrance to the court, which is of ample size, surrounded by buildings that probably formed the main part of the mansion, but are now divided into many tenements. The garden has disappeared, having been covered with other buildings centuries ago.

The so-called "tomb of Juliet" is in a less disagreeable locality, but is unquestionably a fraud, though it has been exhibited for a century or two, and has received many tributes from credulous and sentimental tourists. It is in the garden of an ancient convent, and consists of an open, dilapidated stone sarcophagus (perhaps only an old horse-trough), without inscription or any authentic history. It is kept in a kind of shed, the walls of which are hung with faded wreaths and other mementoes from visitors. One pays twenty-five centesimi (five cents) for the privilege of inspecting it. Byron went to see it in 1816, and writes (November 6) to his sister Augusta: "I brought away four small pieces

"Come see the Capulets and Montagues,—
 Mondici, Filippeschi, reckless one!
 These were in love, already worth of these."

(Wright's translation.)

of it for you and the babes (at least the female part of them), and for Ada and her mother, if she will accept it from you. I thought the situation more appropriate to the history than if it had been less blighted. This struck me more than all the antiquities, more even than the amphitheatre." Maria Louisa, the French empress, got a piece of it, which she had made into hearts and other forms for bracelets and necklaces; and many other sentimental ladies followed the royal example before the mutilation of the relic was prohibited by its guardians.

To return to the play — one would suppose that the keynote was struck with sufficient clearness in the prologue to indicate Shakespeare's purpose and the moral lesson that he meant to impress; but many of the critics have nevertheless failed to understand it. They have assumed that the misfortunes of the hero and heroine were mainly due to their own rashness or imprudence in yielding to the impulses of passion instead of obeying the dictates of reason. They think that the dramatist speaks through Friar Lawrence when he warns them against haste in the marriage (iii. ii. 9 fol.) : —

"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume; the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the faste confumeth the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

But the venerable celibate speaks for himself and in keeping with the character, not for Shakespeare.

Neither does the poet, as some believe, intend to read a lesson against clandestine marriage and disregard for the authority or approval of parents in the match. The Friar, even at the first suggestion of the hurried and secret marriage, does not oppose or discourage it on any such grounds; nor, in the closing scene, does he blame either the lovers or himself on that account. Nowhere in the play is there the slightest suggestion of so-called "poetic justice" or retribution in the fate that overtakes the unhappy pair.

It is the parents, not the children, that have sinned, and the sin of the parents is visited upon their innocent offspring. This is the burden of the prologue; and it is most emphatically repeated at the close of the play.

The feud of the two households and the civil strife that it has caused are the first things to which the attention of those who are to witness the play is called. Next they are told that the children of these two foes become lovers — not foolish, rash, imprudent lovers, not victims of disobedience to their parents, not in any way responsible for what they afterwards suffer — but "star-cross'd lovers." The fault is not in themselves, but in their stars — in their *fate* as the offspring of these hostile parents. But their unfortunate and piteous overthrow is the means by which the fatal feud of the two families is brought to an end. The "death-mark'd love" of the children — love as pure as it was

passionate, love true from first to last to the divine law of love — while by an evil destiny it brings death to themselves, involves also the death of the *act* which was the primal cause of all the tragic consequences.

This is no less distinctly expressed in the last speeches of the play. After hearing the Friar's story, the Prince says :—

Capulet! Where be these enemies? *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 punished.

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

Montague. 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.

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

It is the parents who are punished. The scourge is laid upon their *hate*, and it was the *love* of their children by which Heaven found the means to wield that scourge. The Prince himself has a share in the penalty for tolerating the discords of the families, "We all," he says, "*all* are punished." But the good Friar's hope, expressed when he consented to perform the marriage,—

"His alliance may be happy prove
To turn your households' rancour to pure love." —

is now fulfilled. Both Capulet and Montague, as they join hands in amity over the dead bodies of their children, acknowledge the debt they owe to the "star-crossed" love of those "poor sacrifices of their enmity." They vie with each other in doing honour to the guiltless victims of their "pernicious rage." Montague will raise the golden statue to Juliet, and Capulet promises as rich a monument to Romeo.

Da Porto and Paynter and Brooke, in like manner, refer to the reconciliation of the rival families as the fortunate result of the tragic history. Da Porto says: "Their fathers, weeping over the bodies of their children and overcome by mutual pity, embraced each other; so that the long enmity between them and their houses, which neither the prayers of their friends, nor the menaces of the Prince, nor even time itself had been able to extinguish, was ended by the piteous death of the two lovers." As Paynter puts it, "The Montagues and Capellets poured forth such abundance of tears, as with the same they did evacuate their ancient grudge and choler, whereby they were then reconciled: and they which could not be brought to atonement by any wisdom or human counsel were in the end van-

¹ In the original sense of reconciliation: as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 36.

² He desires to make amends:
"Reconcile the Duke of Glouster and your brothers," etc.

quished and made friends by pity." So Brooke, in his lumbering verse : —

"The strangeness of the chance, when try'd was the truth,
The Montagues and Capulets both agreed on the truth,
That with their empty'd hearts, they cheer'd and their rage
Was emptied quite; and they whose wrath no wisdom could
assuage,
Nor drawing of the prize, or tryal of mothers doing
At length (as mighty Jove it would) by pity they are wonn'd."

And then the poem, like the play, ends with a reference to the monumental honour done to the lovers :

"And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaults where they did lye,
In stately tombe, or pillars great of marble, saye they lye;
On every side above were set, and the best call,
Great store of running Epitaphs, in honour of their death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet with Romulus her knight."



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DRAMATIC PERSONÆ

PRINCE OF VENICE.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } brother of two houses in alliance with each other.

CAPULET,

An old man of the Capulet family.

ROBBER, son of Montague.

MILITANT, kinsman of the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BERNARD, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TRUANT, nephew of Lady Capulet.

LAURENCE, } Friar Laurence.

FRIAR JOHN,

BALTHAZAR, servant to Romeo.

SAVIOUR, } servants of Capulet.

GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ARRAS, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to PARIS; another Page to CAPULET.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Officers of Venice; Chief of both houses; Maskers,
Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: Verona; Mantua.



"THE MEASURE"

PROLOGUE

'Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean,
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

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

ACT I

SCENE I. *Verona. A Public Place*

*Enter SAMPTON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet,
 with swords and bucklers*

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

Gregory. No, for then we should be colliers.

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

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

Sampton. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gregory. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

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

Sampton. A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gregory. That shows thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sampson. True ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gregory. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sampson. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant ; when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids and cut off their heads.

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

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

Gregory. How? turn thy back and run?

Sampson. Fear me not.

Gregory. No, marry ; I fear thee !

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

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

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

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR

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

Sampson. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

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

Gregory. No.

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

Gregory. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abraham. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

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

Abraham. No better.

Sampson. Well, sir,

Gregory. [*Aside to Sampson*] Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson. Yes, better, sir.

Abraham. You lie.

Sampson. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Enter BENVOLIO

Benvolio. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[Beat down their swords.]

Enter TYBALT

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

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Benvolio. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee ;

Have at thee, coward !

[*They fight.*]

Enter several of both houses who join the fray : then enter Citizens, with clubs

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

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

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

Lady Capulet. A crutch, a crutch ! why call you for a sword ?

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

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

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

Lady Montague. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with his train

Prince. 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 pair of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawks, 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 beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate,
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. —
 For this time, all the rest depart away. —
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me; —
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Freetown, our common judgment-place. —
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart,

[Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Romeo.]

Montague. Who set this ancient quarrel on a broach?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

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



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And makes himself an artificial night,
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 139

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

Montague. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Benvolio. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Montague. Both by myself and many other friends;
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself — I will not say how true —
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. 159
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

Benvolio. See, where he comes! So please you, step
 aside;

I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

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

[Exit Montague and Lady.]

Benvolio. Good morrow, cousin.

Romeo. To the day so young?

Benvolio. Thou new struck nine,

Romeo. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours? 102

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

Benvolio. In love?

Romeo. Out—

Benvolio. Of love?

Romeo. Out of her favour where I am in love.

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

Romeo. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all, 107
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

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

O any thing, of nothing first created!

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?

Benvolio. No, coz, I rather weep. 111

Romeo. Good heart, at what?

Benvolio. At thy good heart's oppression.

Romeo. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine ; this love that thou hast shown
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke rais'd 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 love.

150

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

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

Benvolio. Tell me in sadness who is that you love.

Romeo. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

Benvolio. Groan ! why, no,
 But sadly tell me who.

Romeo. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,
 Ah, woe ill ug'd to one that is so ill !
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

151

Benvolio. I should so near when I supposed you lov'd.

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

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

Romeo. 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 love she lives arm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

152

Nor open her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty! only poor

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

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

Romeo. 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.

Benvolio. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

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

Benvolio. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Romeo. 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

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

He that is 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.

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

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Street*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

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

Paris. Of honorable reckoning are you both,
And pity 't is you twill at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Capulet. 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 10
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Capulet. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made,

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;

An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 15

Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you, among the store.
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
 And like her most whose merit most shall be ;
 Which on more view of many, mine being one
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me. — [*To Servant, giving a paper*] Go,
 sirrah, trudge about

Through fair Verona ; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.]

Servant. Find them not whose names are written
 here ! It is written that the shoemaker should med-
 dle 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

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

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
 Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ,
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish,

Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 5-
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Beatrice. For what, I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Beatrice. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Romeo. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is ;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented and Good den, good fellow,

Servant. God gi' good-den. — I pray, sir, can you read?

Romeo. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 6-

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

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

Servant. Ye say honestly ; rest you merry :

Romeo. Stay, fellow ; I can read.

[Reads] ‘ *Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ; County Anselmo and his beautiful sisters ; the lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely niece ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio and the lively Helena.*’

A fair assembly ; whither should they come?

Servant. To.

Romeo. Whither?

Servant. To supper ; to our house.

Romeo. Whose house?



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SCENE III. *A Room in Capulet's House**Enter* LADY CAPULET, *and* Nurse

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

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, I bade her come. — What, laub! what, lady-bird! — God forbid! — Where 's this girl? — What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

Juliet. How now! who calls?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Juliet.

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Capulet. This is the matter; Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou 's hear our counsel.

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

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

Lady Capulet. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse.

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas tide?

Lady Capulet. 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, 20

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
That shall she marry ; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;
And she was wean'd ; I never shall forget it, —

Of all the days of the year, upon that day

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall ;

My lord and you were then at Mantua. —

Nay, I do bear a brain ; but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 30

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug !

Shake, quoth the dove-house ; 'twas no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge,

And since that time it is eleven years,

For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about. —

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, 40

I have my wish,

Lady Capulet. Marry, that 'marry' is the very
theme

I came to talk of. — Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married ?

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

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

Lady Capulet. Well, think of marriage now ; younger
than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count, 50
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 Capulet. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

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

Lady Capulet. What say you ? can you love the gen-
tleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast ;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, 55
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.

Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscures in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover ;
The fish lives in the sea, and 't is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory, 60
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?

Juliet. 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

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

Lady Capulet. We follow thee. — [*Exit Servant.*]

Juliet, the county stays.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Street*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others

Romeo. What, shall this speech be spoke for no excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Benvolio. The date is out of such prolixity.
 We'll have no Cupid handwink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prologue, for our entrance.

But let them measure us by what they will,

We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone, 17

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

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

Romeo. 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.

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

Romeo. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and, so bound, 27
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

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

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

Mercutio. 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 32

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

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

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

Mercutio. Tut, tut 's the mouse, the constable's own
 word; 40

If thou art *Tut*, we'll draw thee from the mire
 Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
 Up to the ears. — Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Romeo. Nay, that 's not so.

Mercutio. 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.

Romeo. And we mean well in going to this mask;
 But 't is no wit to go.

Mercutio. Why, may one ask?

Romeo. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mercutio. And so did I. 50

Romeo. Well, what was yours?

Mercutio. That dreamers often lie.

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

Mercutio. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with
 you,

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep: ~~the~~

~~Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,~~

The cover of the ~~wings~~ of grasshoppers,

The traces of the smallest spider's web,

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

~~Her waggoner a small grey-coated goat,~~

~~Not half so big as a round little worm~~

Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers;

And in this state ~~she~~ gallops night by night

Through ~~lovers' brains~~, and ~~list~~ they dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, ~~that~~ dream on court'sies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, ~~who~~ straight dream on fees;

O'er ladies' lips, ~~who~~ straight on kisses dream,

Which oft the angry ~~Maids~~ with blisters plagues

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted ~~are~~

~~Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,~~

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometime comes ~~she~~ with a tithe-pig's tail

Tickling a parson's nose as ~~he~~ lies asleep;

Then dreams he of another ~~benefice~~

Sometime ~~she~~ driveth o'er a soldier's neck;

And then dreams ~~he~~ of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon



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SCENE V. *A Hall in Capulet's House*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen with napkins

1 *Servingman*. Where 's Polban, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Servingman*. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

1 *Servingman*. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-upboard, look to the plate. — Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. — Antony! — and Pompey!

2 *Servingman*. Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Servingman*. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

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

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

Capulet. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now? —

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
 That I have worn a visor and could tell
 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear;
 Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, —
 You are welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians,
 play. —

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

Musicians play, and they dance.

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. —
 Ah, sirrah, this look'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 Capulet. By 't lady, thirty years.

Capulet. 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 Capulet. 'Tis more, 'tis more! His son is elder,
 sir; 20

His son is thirty.

Capulet. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Romeo. [*To a Stranger.*] What lady is that, which
 doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Servant. I know not, sir,

Romeo. O, she doth teach the torches to burn

~~she seems to hang~~

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear ;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear :

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight !

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tybalt. 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 meet and scorn at our solemnity ?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

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

Tybalt. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Capulet. Young Romeo is it ?

Tybalt. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

Capulet. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.

He bears him like a portly gentleman ;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

I would not for the wealth of all the town
 Here in my house do him disparagement;
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

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

Tybalt. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

Capulet. Go to, go to;
 You are a saucy boy. — Is't so, indeed? —
 This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what,
 You must contrary me! — Hark, 't is time —
 Well said, my hearts! — You are a princeling; go!
 Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — For shame!
 I'll make you quiet. What! — Cheerly, my hearts!

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

Romeo. *To Juliet* — O! 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.

Juliet. 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.

Romeo. Must not saints have hands and holy palmers too?

Juliet. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Romeo. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

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

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

Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*]

Juliet. Then have my lips the sin that they have purg'd.

Romeo. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Juliet. You kiss by the book.

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

Romeo. 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.

Romeo. Is she a Capulet?

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

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

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

Capulet. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards ;

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

I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night. —

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

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

I'll to my rest. *[Exit all but Juliet and Nurse.]*

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

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio. 11

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

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

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

Nurse. I know not.

Juliet. 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,

Juliet. 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 ?

Juliet. A rhyme I hear'd even now,
Of one I danc'd withal. *[One calls within to Juliet.]*

Nurse. Anon, anon ! —

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



CAPULET'S GARDEN

ACT II

Enter Claudio

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair for which love green'd for and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,
 Alike bewitch'd 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-belov'd any where.



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I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Benvolio. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 25

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

Rosaline. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,
To be consort'd with the humours night;
Blind is his love and best befits the dark, 35

Mercutio. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Romeo, good night. — I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

Benvolio. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Capulet's Orchard

Enter ROMEO

Romeo. He jests at scars that never felt a wound. —

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, what light through yonder window breaks?

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

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

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

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

O, that she knew she were! —

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

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 't is 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!

Juliet

Ay me!

Romeo.

She speaks. —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

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

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-raptured wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him. — *(Romeo enters)*
 When he bestrides the lark-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet. 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.

Romeo. *Aside.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak
 at this?

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

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

Juliet. What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in
 night

So stendest on my counsel?

Romeo. 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.

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

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

Juliet. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and where-
fore ?

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.

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

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

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

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

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

Romeo. 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.

Juliet. By whose direction should'st thou come this
place ?

Romeo. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. 81

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.

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night,
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say ay, 91
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, ✓
To truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light ;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 101
Than those that have more cunning to be strange,
For I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere I was wate,
My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.]

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. *[Exit.]*

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

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Juliet. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
 indeed.

Ti 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!

Juliet. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not
 well,

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. *[Within.]* Madam!

Juliet. By and by, I come.—

To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief;
 To-morrow will I send.

Romeo. So thrive my soul—



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

Juliet. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee
gone,

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it ~~hop~~ a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 155
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Romeo. I would I were thy bird.

Juliet. 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 ~~tomorrow~~.

[Exit above.]

Romeo. 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, 165
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket*

Friar Laurence. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the
frowning night.

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds and precious joined flowers,
 The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave that is her womb, 17
 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 grave that lies
 In her, as plants, seasons, and their true qualities,
 For naught 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, 19
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes 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, 27

Enter ROMEO

Romeo. Good morrow, father.

Friar Laurence.

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 up-tous'd with some distemperature ;

40

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

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

Friar Laurence. God pardon sin ! wast thou with
Rosaline ?

Romeo. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;

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

Friar Laurence. That 's my good son ; but where
hast thou been, then ?

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

I have been feasting with mine enemy,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

50

That 's by me wounded ; both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies.

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Friar Laurence. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift :

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Romeo. 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 vows,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Friar Laurence. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here !

Lo Rosaline, that 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,

Romeo. Thou didstst me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar Laurence. For doting; not for loving, pupil mine.

Romeo. And bad'st me bury love,

Friar Laurence. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Romeo. I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love
 give

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow,

The other did not so,

Friar Laurence. 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,

50

For this alliance may so happy prove

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Romeo. O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.

Friar Laurence. Wisely and slow; they stumble that
 run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Street*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Mercutio. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home to-night?

Benvolio. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mercutio. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
 that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will surc 100 mad.

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

Mercutio. A challenge, on *my* life.

Benvolio. Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio. Any man that can write may answer it
a letter,

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

Mercutio. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead;
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thor-
ough the ear with a love-song; the very *juv* of his
heart cleft with the blind *low-boy's* butt-shaft; and
is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Benvolio. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mercutio. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. *or*
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments! He
fights as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance,
and proportion; rests *me* his minion rest, one, two,
and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a
silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the
very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah,
the immortal *passado*! the *punto reverso*! the *hay*!

Benvolio. The what?

Mercutio. The pox of such antic, lispng, affecting
fantasticoes, these *new* tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, *as*
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 *parrot-tricks*, who stand so much

on the new form: that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *beats*, their *beats*!

Enter ROMEO

Benvolio, Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo,

Mercutio. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou *fished*! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in; Laura to his lady ⁴⁰ was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to *berhyme* her: Dido a dowdy: Cleopatra a gypsy: Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there 's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeited fairly last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeited did I give you?

Mercutio. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not ⁴⁵ conceive?

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

Mercutio. That 's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a *man* to *bow* in the hands,

Romeo. Meaning, to *courtsy*,

Mercutio. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most courteous exposition,

Mercutio. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. ⁵⁰

Romeo. Pink for flower.



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Mercutio. 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, —

Benvolio. Stop there, stop there.

Romeo. Here 's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER

Mercutio. A sail, a sail:

Benvolio. 'Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

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Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mercutio. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mercutio. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mercutio. 'T is no less, I tell you, for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

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Romeo. 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?

Romeo. 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.

Mercutio. Yea, is the worst well? very well took,
i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence
with you.

Rosario. She will indite him to some supper.

Mercutio. So ho!

Rosario. What hast thou found?

Mercutio. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a
lenten pie; that is something stale and hoar ere it be
spert. - Romeo, will you come to your father's? or
we'll to dinner thither.

Rosario. I will follow you.

Mercutio. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell. [*singing*]
'lady, lady, lady!'

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Rosario.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, sir, what
saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his
ropery?

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

145

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 ill-gills; I
am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand

by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out; I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in 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.

Romeo. 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!

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 175

Romeo. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell

Be shurr'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

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

Romeo. Go to; I say you shall.

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

Romeo. 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, 18

Which to the high top gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir,

Romeo. 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?

Romeo. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady 190
— Lord, Lord! when it was a little prating thing. —
O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as
lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger
her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer
man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks
as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not
rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Romeo. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah; mocker? that's the dog's name; R is 200

for the — No, I know it begins with some other letter — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it,

Romeo. Commend me to thy lady,

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

Peter. Anon,

Nurse. Before, and apace, [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Capulet's Orchard*

Enter JULIET

Juliet. The clock strack 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 lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble pinion'd doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead,

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead, —

Enter Nurse and PETER

Nurse.
O God, she comes! — O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

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

Juliet. Now, good sweet nurse, — O Lord, why look'st
thou sad?

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

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.
Uie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Juliet. 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?

Juliet. ~~How art thou out of breath,~~ when thou hast
breath

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

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not
he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his
leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and
a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they

are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy
ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at
home?

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

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

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 42

My back o' t'other side; — O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To seek my death with jaunting up and down!

Juliet. I thank you, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

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

Juliet. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest! 43

'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.

Juliet. Here's such a coil! Come, what says
Romeo?

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

Juliet. I have.



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Therefore love moderately. long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. —

Enter JULIE.

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.

Juliet. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar Laurence. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,
for us both.

Juliet. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Romeo. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

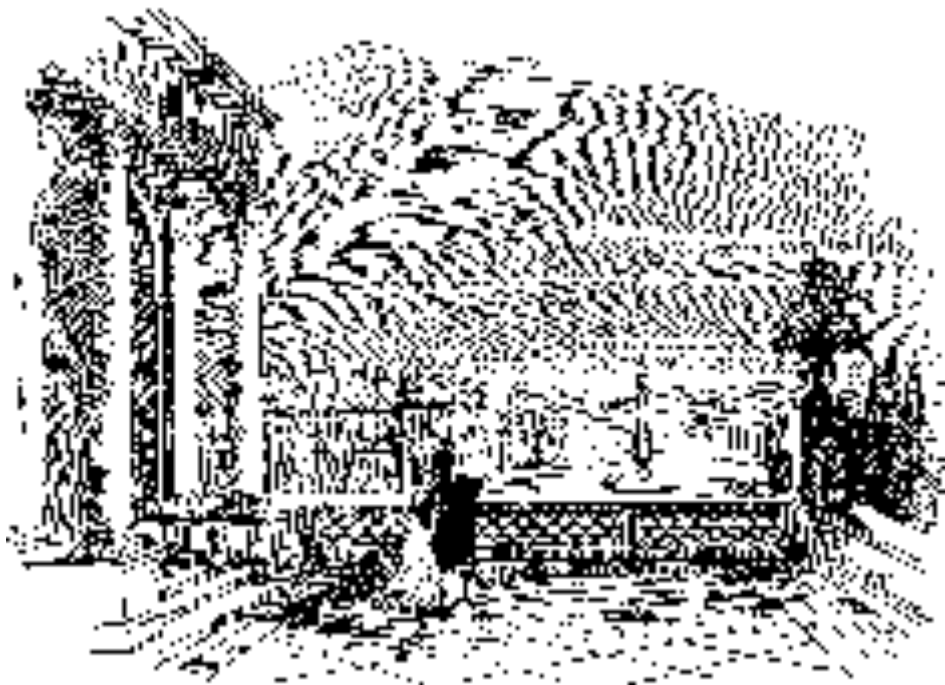
Juliet. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.

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.

Friar Laurence. 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.*]



SCENIC VIEW OF CAPULET'S HOUSE

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Public Place*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

Benvolio. 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.

Mercutio. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps up his
sword upon the table, and says 'God send me no
need of thee!' and by the operation of the second

cap draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Benvolio. Am I like such a fellow?

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

Benvolio. And what to i

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

—*Benvolio.* 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.

Mercutio. The fee-simple! O simple!

Benvolio. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mercutio. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others

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

Mercutio. And but one word with one of us? 40
couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tybalt. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir,
an you will give me occasion.

Mercutio. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

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

Mercutio. Consort! what, dost thou make us
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to
hear nothing but discords; here 's my kettlestick, 45
here 's that shall make you dance. Toinds, consort!

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

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

Enter ROMEO

Tybalt. Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes
my man.

Mercutio. But I 'll be bang'd, sir, if he wear your
livery,

Mary, go before to field, he 'll be your follower ;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

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

Romeo. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the apertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain art thou none,
Therefore farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

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

Romeo. 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 my own, — be satisfied.

Mercutio. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stoccata carries it away. —
[Draws.]
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you talk ?

Tybalt. What wouldst thou have with me ?

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

Tybalt. I am for you. *[Drawing.]*

Romeo. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio. Come, sir, your passado. *[They fight.]*

Romeo. 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.]

Mercutio.

I am hurt,

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Benvolio.

What, art thou hurt?

Mercutio. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough. —

Where is my page? — Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page]

Romeo. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mercutio. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 't is enough, 't will serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! — Younds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a brag-gart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo. I thought all for the best.

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

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]



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Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Benvolio. 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,
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 enter'd in 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 Capulet. 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,

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

Montague. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend ;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prince And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence. 167

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.

Therefore use none ; let Romeo hence in haste
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body and attend our will ;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. 172

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Capulet's Orchard*

Enter JULIET

Juliet. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
'Towards Phoebus' lodging ; such a waggoner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
 That runaways' eyes may wink, 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, 17
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, Night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night,
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of Night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back,
 Come, gentle Night, come, loving, black-brow'd Night,
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die, 21
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes 25
 And may not wear them. — O, here comes my nurse,

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter Nurse, with cords

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

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

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

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's
dead!

We are undone, lady; we are undone!

Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!

Juliet. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Juliet. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be rack'd 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.

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*.

Or those eyes shut that make thee answer ay.

Juliet. If he be slain, say ay, or if not, no.

41

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes —
 God save the mark! — here on his manly breast;
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Juliet. 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!

Juliet. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living if those two are gone?

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

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

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

Juliet. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-rav'ning lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain !
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in heil,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There 's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
 Ah, where 's my man ? give me some aqua vitae. —
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo !

Juliet. Blister'd be thy tongue
 For such a wish ! he was not born to shame ;
 Upon his brow shame is assum'd to sit.
 But 't is 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 ?

Juliet. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ? —
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
 Your tributary drops belong to ebb,
 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, worsen than Tybalt's death,
 That murther'd me. I would forget it fain,
 But, O, it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished!'
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
 And needly will be mix'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?
 But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
 'Romeo is banished!' — to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death: no words can that woe sound, —
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

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

Juliet. Wash they his wounds with tears; mine shall
 be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those words, poor ropes, you are beguiled,



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Friar Laurence. A gentler judgment vanish'd from
his lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Romeo. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death,
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say banishment.

Friar Laurence. Hence from Verona art thou ban-
ished;

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Romeo. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death. Then banished
Is death misterr'd; calling death banishment
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Friar Laurence. O deadly sin! O rude unthankful-
ness!

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.

Romeo. 'T is torture, and not mercy; heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo. They may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;

But Romeo may not, he is banished.

49

This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;

They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death ?

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,

Thou 'banished' 'to kill me? Banished :

O friar, the damned use that word in hell,

Howling attends it ; how hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,

50

To mangle me with that word 'banished' ?

Friar Lawrence. Thou fond mad man, hear me but
speak a word,

Romeo. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Friar Lawrence. I'll give thee armour to keep off
that word ;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Romeo. 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.

51

Friar Lawrence. O, then I see that madmen have
no ears,

Romeo. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Prior Laurence. Let me dispute with thee of thy
estate,

Romeo. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not
feel,

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 73

[Knocking within.]

Prior Laurence. Arise: one knocks, Good Romeo,
hide thyself.

Romeo. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes. [Knocking.]

Prior Laurence. Hark, how they knock! — Who's
there? — Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken, — Stay awhile! — Stand up;

[Knocking.]

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will,
What simpleness is this! — I come, I come! [Knocking.]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in and you shall
know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Prior Laurence.

Welcome, then,

87



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Romeo.

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murther her, as that name's cursed hand

Murther'd her kinsman. — O, tell me, friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion.

*[Drawing his sword.]**Friar Lawrence.*

Hold thy desperate hand!

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;

Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast.

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

Or ill beseeeming 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 rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man:

Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shame and love, 120
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.
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy. 125
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mitcher'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 130
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
Go before, nurse, commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto;
Romeo is coming.

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

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

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

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

Prior Lawrence. 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; 't is late; farewell; good night.

Romeo. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
Farewell, [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Capulet's House

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

Capulet. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.—
'T is 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.



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Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —
 Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho !
 Afore us, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by. — Good night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Juliet's Chamber*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET

Juliet. 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 yon pomegranate-tree.
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. 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 tip-toe on the misty mountain tops. 17
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this light a torch-bearer
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua ;
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be taken, let me be put to death ;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ; 27
 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 't talk, it is not day.

Juliet. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division ;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us.

29

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,
 O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows,

Romeo. More light and light ? — More dark and
 dark our woes !

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Madam !

Juliet. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
 The day is broke : be wary, look about. [Exit.

Juliet. Then, window, let day in, and let life out. 40

Romeo. Farewell, farewell : one kiss, and I 'll descend.

[Romeo descends.]

Juliet. Art thou gone so ? my lord, my love, my
 friend !

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

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

Juliet. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

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

Juliet. 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.

Romeo. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*]

Juliet. 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 Capulet. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Juliet. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

Lady Capulet. Why, how now, Juliet!

Juliet. Madam, I am not well.

Lady Capulet. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?



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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
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

Lady Capulet. Find thou the means, and I'll find
 such a man,

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Juliet. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady Capulet. 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,

Juliet. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady Capulet. 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.

Juliet. 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
Erre 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 ages since;
 — Lady Capulet, Here comes your father: tell him so
yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

Capulet. 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? 'Tis one little body
 Thou counterfeittest a bark, a sea, a wind: 114
 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 Capulet. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
 you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Capulet. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,
 wife. 115

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not provid? doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Juliet. 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.

Capulet. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is
this?

'Proud' and 'I thank you' and 'I thank you not,'
And yet 'not proud'! Mistress minion, you, 15
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
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 Capulet. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Juliet. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Capulet. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what, get thee to church on Thursday 20
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her;
Out on her, hilding!



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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.
 Trest to 't, bethink you: I'll not be forsworn. [Exit

Juliet. 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.

Lady Capulet. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
 word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit

Juliet. O God! - O nurse, how shall this be pre-
 vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself! -

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 't is, - Romeo

Is banished, and all the world to nothing
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county,

O, he 's a lovely gentleman :

Romeo 's a dishclout to him : an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first ; or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 't were as good he were

As living here and you no use of him.

Juliet. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse.

And from my soul too.

Or else beshrew them both,

Juliet.

Amen !

Nurse.

What ?

Juliet. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,

To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

Juliet. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath 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.*



JULIUS AT LAURENCE'S CELL.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

Friar Laurence. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

Paris. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Friar Laurence. You say you do not know the lady's
mind:



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Paris. Poor soul, thy face is touch'd with tears.

Juliet. The tears have got small victory by that, 50
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Paris. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Juliet. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Paris. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Juliet. 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 ?

Friar Laurence. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 60

Paris. God shield I should disturb devotion !—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye ;

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [Exit.

Juliet. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past help !

Friar Laurence. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

I hear thou must, and nothing may prologue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Juliet. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 70
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it ;

For in thy wisdom thou canst give me 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 canst hands ;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed.

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long 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 speak'st speak not of remedy.

Friar Tournay. Hold, daughter ! I do spy a kind
of hope.

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

It, 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.

Juliet. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways;
~~Or climb the walls of old Vienna,~~
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;

Or bid me go into a new made grave
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things, that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unmarried wife to my sweet love.

Juliet Laurence. Hold, then; go home, be merry,
 give consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber,
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress but surcease.
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To pale ashes, thy eyes' windows, fall
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, deprived of simple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead;
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault



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lick his ~~own~~ fingers : therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Capulet. Go, be gone. — [Exit Servant,

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 13

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Capulet. 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

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

Juliet. 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 14

And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you !

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Capulet. Send for the county ; go tell him of this. I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Juliet. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell, And gave him what becom'd love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Capulet. 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. — 15

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Juliet. 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?

Lady Capulet. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Capulet. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church
to-morrow. *[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]*

Lady Capulet. We shall be short in our provision;
'T is now near night.

Capulet. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. 40
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone,
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho! —
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Juliet's Chamber*

Enter JULIET and Nurse

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

Enter LADY CAPULET

Lady Capulet. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Juliet. No, madam; we have will'd such necessities As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.

So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you; 17
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

Lady Capulet. Good night;

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Juliet. 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.— 21

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no!—this shall forbid it.—Tis 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?



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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. *Hall in Capulet's house*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse

Lady Capulet. Hold, take these keys and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

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

Enter CAPULET

Capulet. 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.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Capulet. A jealous hood, a jealous hood! —

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

Nurse, fellow,

What 's there?

Servant. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what,

Capulet. Make haste, make haste. — [*Exit Servant.*]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

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

Capulet. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 't is day;
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would, I hear him near, —

Music within.

Nurse! Wife! — What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enters 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. [*Exit Nurse.*]

SCENE V. *Juliet's Chamber*

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I
warrant her, she, —

ROMEO —

Why, lamb ! why, lady ! fie, you slug-a-bed !
 Why, love, I say ! madam ! sweet heart ! why, bride !
 What, not a word ? — 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 ?

Undraws the curtains.

What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down again !
 I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady ! lady ! —
 Alas, alas ! — Help, help ! my lady 's dead ! —
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born ! —
 Some aqua vitae, ho ! — My lord ! my lady !

Enter LADY CAPULET

Lady Capulet. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

Lady Capulet. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

Lady Capulet. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee ! —
 Help, help ! Call help.

Enter CAPULET

Capulet. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is
 come.

Nurse. She 's dead, deceas'd, she 's dead ; alack the
 day !

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



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But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Anse. O woe. O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day, most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this!

O woful day, O woful day!

15

Anse. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Capulet. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murther, murther our solemnity?—

O child. O child! my soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried.

20

Friar Laurence. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's
care lives not

In these confusions, Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid.

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

25

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.

Capulet. 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.

Prior Lawrence. 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 lower upon you for some ill ;
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Prior.*
Musician. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
 gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*
A Musician. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended,

Enter PETER

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease'; O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

Musician. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays me 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

Musician. Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

Peter. You will not, then?

Musician. No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

Musician. What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

Musician. Then will I give you the serving-creature,

Peter. 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?

Musician. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Musician. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit! I will drybeat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:



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TOMB OF THE SCALLIERS, VERONA

ACT V

SCENE I. *Mantua. A Street*

Enter ROMEO

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

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —

And 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? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Balthasar. Then she is well, and nothing can be
ill;

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

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

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

Romeo. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do,
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balthasar. No, my good lord.

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

[*Exit Katherine.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

I'll 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. Meagre were his looks,

40

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator scutt'ld, 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,

An if a man did need a poison now,

50

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but forerun my need,

And this same needy man must sell it me !

As I remember, this should be the house.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —

What, ho ! apothecary !



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Doing more murders in this loathsome world
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh —
 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter FRIAR JOHN

Friar John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

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

Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter,

Friar John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
 One of our order, to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him the seachers 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.

Friar Laurence. Who bare my letter, then, to
 Romeo?

Friar John. I could not send it, — here it is again.

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Friar Laurence. Unhappy fortune! by my brother-hood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; "

Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Friar John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Friar Laurence. 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. *A Churchyard; in it a Tomb belonging to the Capulets*

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch

Paris. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof;

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,

Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground,

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
 That 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.*

Balthasar. 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 distilled by moans;
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep
 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. —

[*The Page whistles.*

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

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Romeo. 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 my 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



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Stay thy unbellov'd toil, vile Montague !
 Can vengeance be pushed further than death ?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

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

Paris. I do defy thy conjurations
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Romeo. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
 boy ! [They fight.]

Fog. O Lord, they fight ! I will go call the watch.
[Exit.]

Paris. O, I am slain ! [Romeo.] If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Romeo. In faith, I will. — Let me peruse this face.
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
 What said my man when my beloved 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,

Friar Laurence. Who is it ?

Balthasar.

Romeo.

[17]

Friar Laurence. How long hath he been there ?

Balthasar.

Full half an hour.

Friar Laurence. Go with me to the vault.

Balthasar.

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,

Friar Laurence. Stay, then ; I'll go alone. — Fear
comes upon me ;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing !

Balthasar. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dream'd my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him. — *Exit.*

Friar Laurence.

Romeo ! — *Admon.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

[18]

The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

Enters the tomb.

Romeo ! O, pale ! — Who else ? what, Paris too ?

And steep'd in blood ? — Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance ! —

The lady stirs,

Juliet wakes.

Juliet. O comfortable friar : where is my lord ? —

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am. — Where is my Romeo ? *[Noise within.]*

[19]

Prior Laurence. 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. [*Exit again.*] — I dare no longer stay,

Juliet. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. — *Exit*

[*Exit Prior Laurence.*]

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.

Watch: [*Within*] Lead, boy! which way?

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

[*Sticking Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rest, and let me die. — [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn,



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Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others

Capulet. What should it be that they so shriek
abroad? 130

Lady Capulet. 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?

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 mur-
ther comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
nephew.

With instruments upon them fit to open 140
These dead men's tombs.

Capulet. O heaven! — O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds:

This dagger hath mistaken, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the bark of Montague, —
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

Lady Capulet. 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,

Montague. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-
night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further will conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Montague. O thou untaught: what manners is in
this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

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

Friar Lawrence. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther;
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.

Friar Lawrence. 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 stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, 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 240
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so murther'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, 250
 Was stay'd by accident and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth 260
 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. 265



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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.

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

Montague. But I can give thee more;
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
 That while Verona by that name is known 370
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie,
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd and some punished;
 For never was a story of more woe 375
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt

NOTES



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traced by the second line of the prologue to the present play :
 " In fair Verona, where we lay our scene."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, 5th, and 7th) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambus*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows :

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *feminine* line ; as in the 103d line of the first scene : " Here were the servants of your adversary." The rhythm is complete with the third syllable of *adversary*, the fourth being an extra eleventh syllable. In i. 3. 27 and v. 3. 256 we have two extra syllables,—the 1st two of *duces* in both lines.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable ; as in line 3 of the prologue, " From ancient grudge break to new mutiny," where the accent is shifted from the sixth to the fifth syllable. See also i. 1. 32 : " Clank'd with pease, to part your cancer'd hate ; " where the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fifth ; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line : as in line 7 of the prologue, where the second syllable of *filices* is superfluous. In i. 1. 10 the third syllable of *Remorse*, and in line 77 below the second syllable of *loquish* and the second are both superfluous.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse ; as, for instance, in lines 1, 3, and 7 of the prologue. In 1 the last syllable of *dignity*

and in 3 the last of *stepney* are metrically equivalent to several syllables. In 7 the same is true of the first syllable of *misadventure'd* and the third of *scorch'd*. In iv. 2. 18 ("O disobedient opposition") only two regular accents occur, but we have a metric accent on the first syllable of *disobedient* and on the first and the last syllables of *opposition*, which word has metrically five syllables. In *disobedient* there is an extra unaccented syllable.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare's words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm:—

(a) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *mean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, iii. 5. 26 ("Some say the lock makes sweet division") appears to have only nine syllables, but *division* is a quadrisyllable; and so is *disobey* in iv. 1. 41: "O! shield I should disturb devotion!" *Marriage* is a trisyllable in iv. 1. 11, and also in v. 3. 241; and the same is true of *patience* in v. 1. 27, v. 3. 221 and 251. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line.

(b) Many monosyllables ending in *e*, *ee*, *er*, *er*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables: as *fare*, *farer*, *dear*, *year*, *here*, *here*, *year*, etc. In iii. 1. 168: "Als, when he's found, that he is his last," *here* is a dissyllable. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable: as in *W. of I.* iii. 2. 201: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 170: "As two drives fire, so pi, y, pily," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(c) Words consisting of two, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between the two parts; as in i. 4. 81: "After the prompter, at our entrance" [an *o* joining]. See also *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me casual fiddler" [Ed (*o*) *ler*]; *All's Well*, iii. 3. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [*pilg*(*e*) *in*]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 350: "These are the parents of these children" (*children*, the original form of *far* word); *H. T.* iv.

4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [remain's] (remain's) be to you both," etc. See also on ii. 4. 134 and iii. 1. 67 below.

(d) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *oh*, *po*, *hey*, *ho*, etc.) and monosyllabic adverbs emphasised similarly lengthenly; also certain longer words; as *compassionate* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 422; *adieu* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 27; *believe* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and swear under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also contracted for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *palaces*, *bees* (or *hives* and *herds*), *princes*, *sons*, *servants* (plural and possessive), *images*, etc. So *spiral inter'gories*, *unpleasant's* and other words mentioned in the notes on the plays.

7. The accent of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *obvious* and *obvious* in the first scene of the *M. of V.* (lines 6 and 138), *desire* and *desire*, *private* and *private*, *country* (see note on iii. 2. 14) and *country*, *confidant* (see on ii. 2. 117) and *confidant*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakspeare; like *apex*, *imposition* (see on i. 1. 112), *prince* (never *prince*), *ambition* *rhetoric*, etc.

8. *Alexandrine* or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there; as in the inscriptions on the caskets in *M. of V.* and occasionally in this play. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above), or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Iambic* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 67, 69, 152, 163, 164, 198, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of A.* in particular) in the mouths of vulgar characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere after 1567 or 1598. There is no instance of it in this play.



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is distinctly practical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of the *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in the 2^d *E. of IV.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the same is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Act IV.* remarks, "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose; and that humor would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the withered king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on to above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of the *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the arrival of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian follies, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose; but not infrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tone of his language, and this fact expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly

encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

SOME BOOKS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.—A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (3d. ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d. ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Purcell's *Commentaries on Shakespeare* (1897); Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar* (1893); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *Romeo and Juliet* (1897; encyclopedic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakespeare: The Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds., some with the title, *Shakespeare Characters*); Ten Brink's *Four Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Bos's *Shakespeare and His Productions* (1897); Lyce's *Portfolio of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1881); Garvin's *Shakespeare Characterized* (Tumpey's translation, 1895); Warburton's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d. ed. 1884); Elson's *Shakespeare in Action* (1901).

SOME of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of the respective. Among these which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned. Mabius's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Fain's *Cyclopedia and History of Shakespeare* (1902; more compact and cheaper than Dyce); Dowden's *Shakespeare: Poet and Man* (1899; small but useful edition); Kalfs's *Shakespeare in the Bay* (1898; tracing of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs,

and folk-lore of the poet's time): Goucher's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Fourth Shakespeare* (1882; a novel, but a careful study of the same and the time) is a book that I always recommend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Kalf's volume the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Conden-Clarke's *Shakespeare's Story-teller* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls, and both girls and boys will find Bennett's *Master Shylock* (1897) and Leighton Clark's *William Shakespeare's Life and Art* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Frowde, Ward's *Shakespeare's Life and Times* (2d ed. 1903) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare's Country* (enlarged ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES.—The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *etc.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A. V.* *Venus and Adonis*; *L. G.* to *Love's Labour's Lost*; and *son.* to *the Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *cf.* (*compare*), *fol.* (*following*), *id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (*prologue*). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Elfab." edition (the cheap standard edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Introduction*, the publications of the New Shakespeare Society, etc.). Every teacher and every critical student should have it at hand for reference.



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form of the singular, namely, where the sense is collective, as in *overthrowers* here. Cf. v. 1. 70 below.

12. *Two shillings*. Cf. *Ham.* III. prol. 13: "may see away their shilling Richly in two short haizes."

ACT I

SCENE I. 1. *Carry coals*. "Endure affronts" (Johnson). According to Norris, the phrase got this meaning from the fact that the carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials. Cf. *Ham.* IV. iii. 2. 29, where there is a play upon the expression. Steevens quotes Nash, *Have With You*, etc. "We will bear no coles, I warrant you." Warsten, *Amoris and Affection*, part ii. "He has had wrongs; and if I were he, I would bear no coles," etc. Dyce cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Il se defend en la cole*. He is very chollerlike, furious, or contagious; he will carry no coles." He might have added from Sherwood's English-French supplement to Cotgrave (ed. 1632): "That will carry no coles, *il n'en veut*."

3. *Collier*. The preceding note explains how *collier* came to be a term of abuse. The *New Eng. Dict.* tells that it may have been due to "the evil repute of the collier for cheating." Steevens compares *2 M.* iii. 4. 130: "hang him, foul collier!"

4. *Collier*. For the play upon the word, cf. Johnson, *Errata* in *his Dictionary*, iii. 2:—

"*Col.* Why, how now, Col? what moves thee to this choleric ha?"

Cd. Collier, master Thomas? I seek your cellar, I sir; I am mending your cart-horse, though I carry coal and water."

15. *Take the wall*. Claim the right of passing next the wall when meeting a person on the street: a right valued in old-fashioned streets with narrow sidewalks or none at all. To *give the wall* was an act of courtesy; to *take the wall* might be an insult.

17. *The toothed gill goes to the tooth.* A familiar proverb.

28. *Here comes love,* &c. Halliwell-Phillipps remarks that the partisans of the Montagues wore a token in their hats to distinguish them from the Capulets; hence throughout the play they are known at a distance. Cf. Gasmanque, *Devise of a Dialogue, written for Vincent Minervini*, 1675:—

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

Thys token which th' *Montecuculi* did never use, for that

They could be as knowne from *Capule*, whoe they pass,

For ancient grutch which long agoe betwene these two houses was."

39. *I will bite my thumb at thee.* An insult explained by Creech, *Fr. Diet.* (ed. 1632): "*Moque, faire la moue, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumb nail into the mouth, and with a jerke (from th' upper teeth) make it to knocke.*"

41. *Of our side.* On our side (*on* = *of* as often).

55. *Here comes one,* &c. "Gregory may mean Tybalt, who enters directly after Reucelio, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees Tybalt coming, and in the mean time Reucelio enters on the opposite side" (Steevens).

60. *Swashing blow.* A dashing or smashing blow (Schmidt). Cf. Jansen, *Steps of Memory*, v. 1: "I do confess a swashing blow." Cf. also *swash* = bully, bluster: as in *J. F. L.* i. 3, 122: "I'll have a martial and a swashing outside."

63. *Art thou drawn?* Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1, 360: "Why are you drawn?" *Hearders* = cowardly, spiritless; as in *R. of L.* 471, 1392.

69. *Here at thee.* Cf. *ib.* 3, 116 below; also *ib.* of *R.* iii, 1, 21, 101.

70. *Club.* The cry of *Club!* in a street affray is of English origin, as the *bona noy* shout is of Italian. It was the rallying-cry of the London apprentices. Cf. *How.* VIII. v. 4, 53. *J. F. L.* v. 2, 44, &c. *Clubs* were the pikes or halberds formerly carried by the English infantry and afterwards by watchmen. The *partisan* was "a sharp two-edged sword placed on the summit of a staff; the

4. frays at foot-soldiers against cavalry" (Folcholt). Cf. *Acad.* i. 7, 140: "Shall I strike at it with my parrisian?"

71. *Enter Capulet in his gown*. Cf. *Ham.* (quarto) iii. 4, 51: "Enter the ghost in his night gown;" i.e., his dressing-gown. See also *Alph.* ii. 2, 70: "Cut on your nightgown, lest occasion call us And that us to be watchers;" and *Id.* v. 1, 5: "I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her" etc. It is early morning, and Capulet comes out before he is dressed.

72. *Long sword*. The weapon used in actual warfare; a light and shatterer being worn for ceremony (see i. 17, ii. 1, 32: "no sword worn But one to dance with"). Cf. *M. M.* ii. 1, 235: "with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats."

73. *A couple, a couple!* The lady's sister and her aged husband. For her own age, see on i. 3, 51 below.

74. *In spite*. In scornful defiance. Cf. *3 Hen. VI.* i. 3, 153, *Cymb.* iv. 1, 16, etc.

79. *Discretionary*. Because used in civil strife.

84. *Temper'd*. Tempered to an ill and (Johns); Stevens explains it as "angry." The word occurs again in *R. John.* v. 1, 12: "This inundation of mistemper'd humour."

85. *Amid*. That is, "amidst or watch" (*T. A.* i. 1, 417). Cf. *1-2 L. L.* v. 1, 193, *J. C.* iv. 3, 58, etc.

89. *Amidst*. Not of necessity old in years, but long settled there and accustomed to peace and order (Delius).

90. *Grave becoming*. Grave and becoming. Cf. *Ham.* iv, 7, 79:—

"for youth no less becomes
The light and careless lively hand-maid,
Than in soft age his scales and his warts,
Impairing health and graveness."

92. *Cooked with peace*, i.e., *Cooked* (corrected) is applied literally to the parishes long-disused, and figuratively to their owners. Cf. *R. John.* ii. 1, 154. "A cookier's grandam's will."



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even when by himself" (Fillian). Some editors follow Pope in reading (from 1st quarto) "That must are busied when they're thus alone."

127. 1676. Him who; the antecedent omitted, as often when it is easily supplied.

131. *All is won.* *All* is often used in this "intensive" way.

134. *Heaven.* S. is fond of playing on *heavy* and *light*. Cf. *N. of T.* 1574; *C. of T.* i. 2. 82; *As of V.* v. 1, 130, etc.

142. *Importuned.* Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S.

148. *With.* 2y; as often of the agent or cause.

150. *Now.* "For early eds. S. has: "same." The emendation is due to Thorold and is almost universally adopted.

156. *To hear.* *As to hear*: a cautious ellipsis.

157. *Is it not yet noon?* Is it not yet noon? *Good morning* or *good day* was considered proper only before noon, after which *good even* was the usual salutation. Cf. i. 2. 57 below.

158. *Now.* Often used by S. in this adverbial way—just, lately. Cf. v. 1. 107 below. For *By me!* see on ii. 1. 12.

160. *In his vision.* In appearance; opposed to *proof* = experience. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 179: "What *of* love is, *proof* hath made you know;" etc.

168. *Alas, that love, where vision, etc.* Alas "that love, though blindfolded, should see how to reach the lover's heart" (Dowden). *Where* here = sight, i. e. eyes.

172. *There's much, etc.* *Mean* means that the fray has much to do with the hate between the rival houses, yet affects him more inasmuch as his Rosaline is of the Capulet family.

173-178. *O swelling love!* etc. Cf. iii. 2. 73 below.

187. *Made.* The reading of the 1st quarto, adopted by the majority of editors. The other early eds. have "made."

188. *From smoke.* That is, from smoke.

191. *A killing god,* etc. That is, "love kills and keeps alive, is a bane and an antidote" (Dowden).

195. *Some other where.* Cf. *2. of A. in.* l. 30: "How if your husband start some other where?"

196. *Scupper.* *Scupper* scass. Cf. *A. in.* l. 3. 230: "In good saress, I do not know," etc. See *early* just below in seriously, as in *Black Jack*, ii. 3. 229.

203. *Mark man.* The 3d and 4th folios have "marks-man." S. uses the word nowhere else.

206. *Linn's wit.* Her way of thinking, her sentiments. S. has many allusions to Linn's chastity, and also to her connection with the man.

207. *Proof.* Used technically of armour. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 71: "Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers," *Ham.* ii. 2. 312: "Mars's armour forged for proof eternal," etc.

209. *The siege,* etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 223:—

"Renew your siege in a myrouryng heart;
To Linn's sake I will not spare my part."

See also *R. of L.* 221. *A. W.* iii. 7. 21. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 137, etc.

213. *That when she dies,* etc. — *She is rich in beauty, and only poor in being subject to the lot of humanity, that her more, or riches, can be destroyed by death, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty* (Johnson): or, as Mason puts it, "she is poor because she lies in part of the stone behind her." *Her more* may mean "beauty's store," as Dowden suggests. Cf. *V. and A.* 1079: "For he, being dead, with Linn is beauty slain."

215. *In that starving makes huge waste.* Cf. *Seem.* 1. 12: "And, tender churl, makes waste in niggarding."

216. *Starved.* The early eds. (except the 4th folio) have "starv'd," the old form of the word, found in several other passages in the folio (*M. of T.* iv. 1. 138, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 57, etc.) and rhyming with *dear* in *Cymb.* ii. 3. 120. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. l. 4:—

"I will such time as noble Britanart
Released be, that else was like to starve
Thy myghty spell kille that our deare heart did keare!"

There it means to die in original sense, as in *Ham.* VII. v. 3
132.

220. *To call her, exquisite.* "That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the most ideal my comprehension and contemplation" (Henth), or "to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation" (Malone). *For guerdon* = conversation. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 4. 391 v. 4. 167, etc. But why may not *guedon* report the idea of *exquisite*? *P. media* says, "Examine other beauties;" *Raven* replies, in substance, that the result of this examination will only be to prove her beauty superior to theirs and therefore the more extraordinary.

227. *These happy masks.* Stevens took this to refer to "the masks worn by female spectators of the play;" but it is probably = the masks worn nowadays. They are called *happy* as "being privileged to touch the sweet countenances beneath" (Clarke).

229. *Strucken.* The early eds. have "strucken" or "strooken." So also us. s. *stuck* for *stuck* and *strooken* for the participle.

231. *Perching.* Often used adverbially but only before adjectives and adverbs. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 103. *Alfred* *Ado.* ii. 1. 84, etc.

233. *Give that doctrine.* Give that instruction. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 329: "From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive;" *A. and C.* v. 2. 31:—

"I hourly learn

A doctrine of obedience," etc.

SCENE II.—4. *Reckoning.* Estimation, reputation.

9. *Forty years.* In Browe's poem her father says, "Scarce now she yet full xli. yeares:" and in Poynter's novel "as yet she is not attained to the age of xviii. yeares."

13. *Made.* The 1st quarto has "married," which is followed by some editors. The antithesis of *made* and *mar* is a very common one in *S.* Cf. ii. 4. 110 below: "that God hath made for himself to mar." See also *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 171, *A. M. D.* i. 2. 39, *L. V. L.* i. 1. 34, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 69, *Alfred* ii. 3. 36, 166, v. 1. 2, etc. On the other hand, examples of the opposition of *married* and *married*



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be the one, well and good. He has already told Paris that she shall be his if he can gain her love, but discreetly suggests that he look more carefully at the "fresh fowls buds" of Verona before plucking one to wear on his heart.

36. *Written there*. Cf. Buncke's poem:—

"No Lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne;
No knight or gentleman of high or low renowne;
But Capulet's sonne hath byld can he be fast;
Or by his name in paper sent appointed as a guest."

46. *One fire*, etc. Alluding to the old proverb that "fire drives out fire." Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 171: "As fire drives out fire, so pity pity;" *Cor.* iv. 3. 34: "One fire drives out one fire: one nail, one nail," etc.

48. *Hege*. Used by S. oftener than *helped*, for both the past tense and the participle.

49. *Chang with*. Is used by S. does not elsewhere use *with* intransitively. *Langwith* occurs again as a noun in *A. and C.* v. 2. 42: "That rids our dogs of langwith." On the passage of Brooke:—

"Ere long the townische dames together will resort;
Some come of the city, some, chape, and of a lovely sort;
With an fast fixed eye, perhaps that mayst be taken;
That thou shalt quite forget thy love, and passions past of date.

The juvenile smith & anointed m. are they hat are vnder
And an out of a plank a mayle a mayle each drive:
So novell love out of the minde the unncient love doth drive."

52. *True plantain-leaf*. The common plantain (*Plantago major*), which still holds a place in the domestic *medicina*. For its use in healing bruises, cf. *E. L. L.* iii. 1. 74:—

"*With*, A wound & master" here's a wistful broken in a shift.

Centard. O six plantain, a plain plantain! . . . no salve, sir, but a plantain!"

Scarcely quotes *Agamemnon*: "Bring a fresh plantain leaf, I've broke my shin." A *bruise*, like a *bruise* (cf. *W.* i. 125, *T. M.* v. 1. 178, etc.) is one that is bruised, so that the blood runs, not one that is fractured. The plantain was supposed to have other virtues. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Warton, *Little Dictionary for Children*, 1781: "The old ballad smith, and the spruce miller, were used to swell with his poison, and save with himself with plantain." Cf. *W.* i. 125.

55. *Not mad, but bound*, etc. An allusion to the old time treatment of the insane. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 97: "They must be bound and laid in some dark room:" and *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 420: "Love is merely a madness, and I all you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as mad men do."

57. *God's sake*. Triplet "godder" and "garden" in the early eds., and a corruption of *god's sake*, or *god's saving*. *God gi' good* in the next line is printed "Godgiguden" in the quartos and first three folios, "God gi' Good-even" in the 4th folio. This salutation was used as soon as noon was past. See on i. 1. 157 above, and cf. ii. 4. 105 fol. below.

64. *God keep you merry!* But the full form, *God and you merry!* (= God keep you merry), cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 53, etc. It was a common form of salutation at meeting, and afterwar at parting. Here the servant is about to leave, thinking that Romeo is merely jesting with him. Cf. 73 below.

65-66. *Signior Antonio*, etc. Probably meant to be present, but some editors make him absent.

69. *Marcus*. Marcullus here figures among the invited guests, although we find him always associating with the younger men of the Montague family. He is the prince's "kinsman," and apparently on terms of acquaintance with both the rival houses, though more intimate with the Montagues than with the Capulets.

71. *Antonio*. This shows that Kinsling is a Capulet.

74. *Up*. Dowden plausibly prints "Up!" assuming that "Romeo eagerly interrupts the servant, who would have said 'Up to our house!'"

85. *Crack a nut*, etc. A common expression in the old plays. We still say "crack a nut."

87. *Unprejudiced*. Unprejudiced, impartial; used by S. only here.

91. *Fire*. The early eds. have "fire," which White retains as an admissible rhyme in Shakespeare's day.

92. *Woe's fire*, etc. Alluding to the old notion that if a witch were thrown into the water she would not sink. King James, in his *Daemonologie*, says: "It appeares that God hath appointed for a supernatural signe of the monstrous impietie of witches, that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off their blessed water of baptisme, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof."

93. *That crystal scales*. The reading of the early eds., changed by some to "those," etc.; but *scales* may be used for the entire measure. Tyeo says it was often so used by writers of the time.

97. *Lady's love*. Some substitute "lady love," which S. does not use elsewhere. Clarke suggests that *your lady's love* may mean "the little love Rosaline bears you," weighed against that of some possible rival.

101. *Scant*. Not elsewhere used adverbially by S. *Scantily* occurs only in *A. and C.* iii. 2. 6.

SCENE III.—1. On the character of the Nurse Mrs. Jameson says:—

"She is crown'd with the most wonderful power and discrimination. In the prosaic homeliness of the veilings and the magical illusion of the colouring, she carries us as if some of the marvellous Dutch paintings, from which, with all their coarseness, we start back as from a reality. Her low humour, her shallow garrulity, mixed with the cottage and parlance of age—her subservieney, her servicy, and her total want of elevated principle, or even common honesty—are brought before us like a living and palpable truth. . . .



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is a term of contempt; but, recalling its application to a woman of loose life, checks herself. *God forbid* her darling should prove such a one. Lyce explains it: "God forbid that any woman, she, I keep her away!" This seems to me more probable.

7. *Give leave awhile*. Leave us alone, a courteous form of dismissal. Cf. *T. G. of C.* iii. 1. 1: "for Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;" *W. M.* ii. 2. 103; "Give us leave, I pray;" etc.

9. *I have forgot his name*. For the reflexive use, cf. *Ham.* III. ii. 2. 463: "and now I remember me, his name is Tolstaff," etc.

Thou'lt. Cf. *Love's L.* v. 3. 246. The early eds. have "thou' se"; most modern ones substitute "thou shalt."

12. *say*. *W. G. of C.* i. 1. 370, *T. and C.* iii. 1. 93; etc.

13. *Torn*. *Sorrow*; used here for the play on *fortune*. Cf. *W. and A.* 3. 838: "My face in full of shame, my heart of teen;" *Temp.* i. 2. 94: "the teen I have taint'd you with;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 164: "Of sighs religious, of sorrow and of tears," etc.

15. *Inconvenient*. The first of a list. *Idle* time, as in *concocted, springtime*, etc. Cf. *A. John*, iii. 1. 86:—

"What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high titles in the calendar?"

See also the play upon the word in *T. of A.* i. 2. 57: "Now this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his ribs well."

23. *The earthquake*. Lyce has suggested that this may refer to the earthquake felt in England on the 6th of April, 1580. Malone notes that if the earthquake happened on the day when Juliet was married (presumably when she was a year old), she would be more than twenty years old now, but the Nurse makes her almost *forty*—as her father (i. 2. 9) and her mother (i. 3. 12) also do.

29. *Wormwood*. Halliwell-Phillipps cites *Cowley's Triclinaria* or *Sermons of Similes*, 1608: "if the mother put wormwood in mustard upon the breast, the child sucking it, and feeling the bitterness, he quits forthwith it without sucking any more," etc.

27. *Sitting in the sun, &c.* Cf. Donne Quixky's circumstantial reminiscences, 2 *Hum. H.* ii. 2, 93 fol.: "Thou didst swear to me," etc.

29. *Have a brain.* Have a brain, that is, a good memory.

31. *Deaf Fool.* On *Fool* as a term of endearment or pity, cf. *A. 2. L.* ii. 1. 22. *Love*, *v. 2.* 306, etc.

32. *Teachy.* Teachy, faithful. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 4, 102: "Teachy and wayward was thy infancy."

33. *Shaky, quoth the dog-house.* The dog-house shake. It refers of course to the effects of the earthquake. Daniel (in Dowden's ed.) quotes Feela, *Old Winter Tale*: "Rouse, quoth the guns;" and Heymond, *Fair Maid of the West*: "Rouse, quoth the ship."

36. *By the cross.* That is, by the cross; as in *Ham.* iii. 4, 14, *Rich. III.* iii. 2, 77, etc. For *alone* the 1st and 2d quartos have "high-land," which Herford, Doverton, and some others adopt. "It is an allusion of *alone*, of absolute origin" (*New Eng. Dict.*) found in Maister, Middleton, and other writers of the time. In George Washington's *Devy* (1760) it is used of wars. According to the description here, Juliet could not have been much more than a year old at the time. See on 23 above.

36. *Mark.* Appointed. Cf. *Tit. A.* i. 1, 123: "To this year thou is mark'd, and die he must."

40. *To me they married once.* Once they were married.

51. *Much upon their years.* Nearly of the same age. Cf. *St. Jon. H.* v. 1, 17: "much upon this time;" *Past.* III. v. 3, 70: "Much about cock-shut time;" etc. As Juliet is fourteen, Lady Capulet would be about twenty-eight, while her husband, having done nothing for some thirty years (see i. 3, 33 fol.), must be at least sixty. See also on v. 3, 207 below.

55. *As pure as if he had been modelled in wax.* (Schmidt.) See verse quotes *Wife Begot*: "Why, he's a man as we should picture him in wax." White adds from Lyly, *Flupstake and his Flapstake*: "so exquisite that for shape he must be

framed in wax," and refers to iii. 3. 129 below. Dyce cites *Five Em*;—

"A sweet face on exceeding dai an hse-l;
A body were it framed of wax
By all the cunning artists of the world,
It could not last for ever in proportion;"

60. *Read 'tis the volume, etc.* Here one quibble leads to another by the power of association. "The volume of young Paris's face suggests the *beauty's gem*, which he has with there. Then the observations of the fair volume are written in the margin of his eyes as ornaments of ancient books are always printed in the margin. Lastly, this *book of love* lacks a cover; the *golden story* must be locked with golden rings" (Knight).

62. *Married.* The reading of 26 q. 100; the other early eds. have "severall," which some editors adopt. *Married* "closely joined, and hence concordant, harmonious" (Schmidt). Cf. *Flam.* C. i. 3. 102; "The unity and married calm of states;" and *Sonn.* 8. 6:—

"If the true concert of well-tuned sounds,
By nuptial number, can afford thine ear."

See also Milton, *L'Alleg.* 137: "Married to immortal verse."

85. *Morgan's.* Malone quotes *A. of L.* 102:—

"But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes
Could pick no meaning from their parting looks,
Nor read the sun's shining surmises
Writ in the glassy emergent of such books."

See also *Ham.* v. 2. 162.

87. *Conceit.* "A quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme coëteue* [*fem coëte*] in law French" (Mason).

88. *Lives in the sea.* Is not yet caught. The bride has not yet been won. Farmer thought it an allusion to fish-skin as used for binding books.



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messenger before to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came invited, 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 propriety of such introductions I believe Romeo is made to allude. So in *Mistress Fanny*, "tho' a man expresses his wonder that two messengers enter without any compliments 'What came they in so blunt, without device?' In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of introducing see a specimen in *2 of 4*, [1, 2], where Capri' presents a troop of ladies with a speech." Collins compares *L. L. L.* v. 2. 158-60.

3. *Form of bow*. The Tartar bows resembled in form the old Roman or Capri's bows, which were curved on medals and ex-reliefs; while the English bow had the shape of the segment of a circle.

6. *Crowd-keeper*. Originally a boy stationed in a field to drive the birds away (as in *Love's* iv. 6, 88: "That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper"); afterwards applied, as here, to what we call a *scatterer*. The latter was often a stuffed figure with a bow in his hand.

7. 6. These lines are found only in the 1st quarto, and were first inserted in the text by Pope. White believes that they were purposely omitted, not only on account of their disparagement of the prologue-speakers on the stage. Prologues and epilogues were often prepared, not by the author of the play, but by some other person; and this was probably the case with some of the prologues and epilogues in *3. Fourthly* "in a weak mechanical way" (Ulrich). *Entrance* is a trisyllable, as in *Macb.* i. 3. 22.

10. *A measure*. A formal courtly dance. Cf. *Macb.* i. 1. 82: "as a measure, full of state and staidity;" and for the play on the word. *Id.* ii. 1. 74. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 384, and *Rick. H.* iii. 4. 7.

11. *A torch*. Maskers were regularly attended by torch-bearers,

The commentator's quota illustrations of this from other authors, but we need refer to *M. of P.* ii. 2. 3. — "We have not space as yet of tutch beavers!" and as just below: —

"Will you prepare you for this masque to night?"

"I am provided of a tutch-beaver!"

See also *M.* ii. 2. 40 fol. For the contemptuous use of *nothing*, see *Ham.* iii. 1. 151. & *Ham.* *IV.* iii. 2. 62, etc.

(12. *The Tutch*) For the poet's frequent playing on the different meanings of *tutch*, see on i. 1. 134 above. *M.* ii. 2. 503 below.

15. *Sound*. For the play on the words, cf. *M. of P.* ii. 4. 68, in 1. 123, and *J. C.* i. 1. 13.

19. *Amplified*. Used by Shakespeare also.

20. *Revered*. For the quibble, Stevens compares Milton. *P. L.* in 182: —

"in contempt

At our slight touch'd high words yet all be mud

Of hill or highest wall," etc.

29. *Give me a case*. Perhaps Mercutio thinks he will wear a mask, and then changes his mind. Littleton suggests pointing " visage in." It is possible, however, that lines 20-32 refer to a mask that is hanging to him, and which he decides to wear, though it is awfully old. Of the whole, I prefer this explanation.

34. *Quota*. Note, observe. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 112: —

"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

I had not quoted him."

37. *Stitch-brows*. Prominent or overhanging brows. Cf. the verb *stitch* in *Ham.* i. 4. 75.

36. *Rushes*. Before the introduction of carpets floors were strewn with rushes. Cf. *Ham.* *IV.* iii. 1. 214: "on the wanton rushes lay you down;" *Cymb.* ii. 2. 13: —

"Our Turkish boys

Wofully press the rushes," etc.

See also *R. of L.* 312, *T. of S.* iv. 1. 16, and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 1. The stage was likewise strewn with rushes. Stevens quotes Dekker, *Gut Liberator*: "on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance."

37. *I am frenzied, etc.* The old proverb *to amaze, etc.* *To hold the candle* is a very common phrase for being an *officiant*. Among Ray's proverbs is "A good candle-holder proves a good dancer." (Stevens).

39. *The game, etc.* An old proverbial saying advises to give over when the game is at the fairest; and Roman also alludes to this.

40. *Don't be mouse.* Apparently = keep still; but no one has satisfactorily explained the origin of the phrase. Malone quotes *Poet's Comedies*, 1603: "yet don is the mouse, be still:" and Stevens adds *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: "Why then 'tis don, and don's the mouse and endure all the courtesies."

41. *If Don and Don, etc.* Thacker quotes Chaucer, G. 2. 10936:

"That gan an hors to be jeked and play,
And sayde, 'sires, what? Don is in the maye.'"

Gifford explains the expression thus: "*Don in the mire* is a Christian gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the mire at the church; this is *Don* (Heaven-ho-say), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do so, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *Don* is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from such high antics as to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement: and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it." (Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *Wentworth's Diary*, 1667: "I see I be bound still to draw don out of the mire for you; that wise beast will I say;" and



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fairy-queen has been discovered, but S. no doubt learned it from the folk lore of his own time. Its derivation is uncertain.

54. *The Fairies' midwife*. No midwife, in the fairies, but the fairy whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, these *children of an idle brain* (Shakespeare). T. Warton believes she was so called because she steals new-born infants, and leaves "changelings" (see *Ant. & Cleo.* ii. 1. 23, etc.) in their place.

55. *Anigger*, etc. That is, no bigger than the figures cut in such an agate. Cf. *Attack Ads.* iii. 1. 163: "If 'em, an agate very wilely cut." Rings were sometimes worn on the thumb. Steevens quotes Gualtherus, *De Re & Constantia*, 1630: "and an old woman as I may say to ye, he has no more wit than the rest of the batch; and that lies in his thumb-ring."

56. *Atomic*. Atoms, or creatures as minute as atoms. Cf. *A. V. L.* iii. 2. 273: "the most atomies;" and *ibid.* iii. 3. 13: "Wha shat their toward goes an atomies." In 2 *Hen. VII.* v. 4. 33, Mrs. Quickly confounds the word with *anatomy*. S. uses it only in these four passages, *above* and *at all*.

59. *Spinnets*. The 2-legged spinners, mentioned also in *Ant. & Cleo.* ii. 2. 21: "Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!"

63. *Worm*. Nares says, under *little worms*: "Worms bred in illness. It was supposed, and the notion was probably encouraged for the sake of promoting industry, that when maids were ill, worms bred in their fingers;" and he cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Haters*, iii. 1:—

"Keep thy hands in thy muff and worm the idle
Weasels in thy fingers' ends."

67-69. *Her chariot . . . construction*. Daniel puts these lines before 59. Tansworth says: "It is preposterous to speak of the parts of a chariot (such as the waggon-spokes and cover) before mentioning the chariot itself." But *above* here, as the description

shows, means only the body of the vehicle, and is therefore one of the "parts."

76. *Perfumes*. That is, kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath are mentioned by Falstaff, in *M. H.* v. 5. 22.

77. *A counterfeits nose*. As this is a repetition, Pope substituted "liver's" (from 1st quat.), but this would also be a repetition. Other suggestions are "tailor's" and "cassidore's"; but the carelessness of the description is in perfect keeping with the character. See the comments on the speech page 220 below.

79. *Sometimes*. Used by S. interchangeably with *sometimes*.

84. *Ambuscadoes*. Ambuscades; used by S. only here. The *Spanish Mado* of Toledo were famous for their quality.

85. *Herish, &c.* Malory quotes *Wentworth's* *Her*, 1607: "I troh, viz, my master and at Cuslin are gawling; they are dabbling together fithen deep. The knight has given so much health to the gentleman yare let, upon his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs." Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* v. 3. 37:—

"Fill the cup, and let it down;

"I pledge you a mile to the barren."

89. *Phoebe, the hag, &c.* "This alludes to a very singular superstition not yet forgotten in some parts of the country. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places, assumed occasionally the likeness of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextinguishable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals and vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William of Auvergne, bishop of Taxis in the 13th century" (Douce).

90. *Eligible*. Hair washed or clothed, either from neglect or from the disease known as the *Pleur Pelade*. Cf. *Levy*, ii. 3. 101:

"Of all my hair in knots;" 14 Lodge, *Wife's Remedy*, 1526.
 "His knites are cruel and full of elves looks."

91. *Which*, etc. The real subject of order is *which ever was tangled* = the untangling of which.

97. *Which*. For *which* as often; but here, perhaps, an account of the personification. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iii. 1. 22:—

"The winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,"

103. *My mind's a picture*, etc. One of many illustrations of Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments. Cf. ii. 2. 116, iii. 3. 53, 59, etc., below. See also 30 above.

105. *Date*. Period-notation; as often in S. Cf. A. of L. 915:
 "To endless date of never-ending woes;" *Seneca*, 18. 1: "And
 summer's lease hath all too short a date;" *M. M. D.* iii. 2. 373:
 "With league whose date till death shall never end;" etc.

106. *Expire*. The only instance of the transitive use in S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 1. 54: "Till time the ayall of her truth expired."

107. *Which*. Enclosed, shut up. Cf. 2. 2. 30 below: "closed in a dead man's tomb." See also 10. 1. 76, *Measure*, iii. 1. 69, etc.

111. In the early eds. the stage-direction is "*They march about the Stage, and Lordingsmen come forth with [or with their] Magnanimity*." This shows that the scene was supposed to be immediately changed to the hall of Capulet's house.

SCENE V.—2. *Shift a trencher*. "Trenchers [wooden plates] were still used by persons of good fashion in the author's time. In the *Household Book of the March of Northumberland*, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility" (Percy). To *shift a trencher* was a household term. The *words a trencher*, cf. *Thom.* ii. 2. 187: "Nor scape trencher, nor wash dish."

3. *Join stools*. A kind of folding-chair. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4. 418, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. 260, etc.



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16. *Check'd*. Check'd. briskly, Cf. *Scap* i. 1. 6, 23, etc.

16. *The finger liver take ail*. A proverbial expression.

18. *Yes*. Pope thought it necessary to change this to "feet!" Malone remarks that the word "undoubtedly in good appearance delicate to the audience of Shakespeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day." We smile at this when we recollect some of the words that were endured then; but it shows how fashions change in these matters.

21. *Deny*. Refuse. Cf. *J. J. J.* v. 2. 228: "If you deny to dance;" *T. of S.* ii. 1. 180: "If she deny to wed," etc. *After deny* = affects coyness. Cf. *H. 8th*, iii. 4. 138: —

"And be that stands upon a slippery place
Hark'st rich of me will hold to stay him up!"

22. *Am I come near to you?* Do I touch you, or hit you, now? Cf. *1 Hen 4* i. 3. 12: "Indeed, you come near me now, Hal." Schmidt is clearly wrong in giving *T. of S.* ii. 5. 23 as another example of the phrase in this sense. The right text given *T. M.* iii. 2. 71.

23. *Welcome, gentlemen!* Addressed to the masked friends of Remond.

28. *A hall, a hall!* This exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and is = make room. Cf. *Dexter Fendyell*, 1600: "Room! room! a hall! a hall!" and Jonson, *Volpone*, 1616: "Then cry, a hall! a hall!"

29. *Turn the tables up*. The tables in that day were flat leaves hinged together and placed on trestles; when removed they were therefore turned up (Stevens).

30. *My father*. He appears to have forgotten that the time was in summer. See p. 19 above.

32. *Cousin*. The "uncle Capulet" of i. 2. 70. The word was often used loosely = kinsman in S. Cf. iii. 1. 113 below: "Tybal, my cousin! O my brother's child!"

37. *Supposed*. The regular form is *S*. In the 1st folio *supposed* means only in *Poe.* v. 2. 80.

43. *What lady is that*, etc. Cf. *Beaumont's* poem:—

"At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape—
Which Theseus, or Paris would have chosen to their cope,
Whom erst he never saw, as if it had been him new;
Within himself he sayd he lov'd the costly mystry then bestow'd
Of perfect shapes ravine, and Beauties sounding praise
Whose like he had, he shoulde see, as lived in our dayes.
And whilst he had on her his partiall p'ced eyes,
His former love for which he had already w'nd'ry
Is now as quite forgot as it had never been."

47. *Her beauty hangs*. The reading of the later folios, adopted by many editors. The quartos and 1st folio have "It seems she hangs." As *Verplanck* remarks, it is quite probable that the correction was the poet's own, obtained from some other MS. altered during the poet's life; it is besides confirmed by the repetition of *beauty* in 49. *Deli.* s. who retains *it seems*, thinks that the boldness of the simile led the poet to introduce it in that way; but it is *Roman* who is speaking, and the simile is not over bold for him. The commentators often err in looking at the text from the "stand-point" of the critic rather than that of the character.

48. *Which hangs*, etc. For the simile, *Sext.* 2, 11: "Which, like a jewel hanging chastly high," etc. *Bald.* White quotes *Syly. Epigrams*: "A fair pearl in a blarney's ear."

55. *I never saw*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* VIII. i. 4. 75:—

"The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!"

57. *What says*, etc. *How comes*, or *why comes*, etc. Cf. 2 *Ham.* IV. i. 2. 129: "What will you me of it? Is't as it is?" 1. and 2. v. 2. 311: "What should I say?" etc.

58. *Antic face*. Referring to Romeo's mask. Cf. 4. 2. below.

59. *Blame*. Sneer, mock; as in *As You Like It*, v. 1. 38, etc. For

corp. ad. Cl. A. V. L. iii. 5. 137, R. John, i. 1. 208, etc. We find *solenn* without the preposition in *L. L. L. iv. 2. 227*: "How will he seem!" *Solenn* here expresses only the idea of ceremony, or formal observance. Cf. the use of *solenn* = ceremonious, formal; as in *Alack* iii. 1. 14: "To-night we hold a solenn supper, sir;" *T. of R. iii. 2. 103*: "our solenn festival," etc. Hunter quotes Harrington, *Alfonso*:—

"Nor never did young day move and bright
Like dancing better on a solenn day."

62. *In spite*. In malice; as Schmidt explains it, "only to defy and provoke us." Cf. i. 1. 75 "baw."

67. *Content thee*. "Compass yourself, keep your temper" (Schmidt). Cf. *Alack Alack*, v. 1. 87; *T. of S. i. 1. 302*; ii. 1. 243, etc. *So be contented*: as in *Id. W. iii. 3. 175*; *Idem*, iii. 4. 113, etc.

68. *Partly*. His word here seems to mean simply "well-behaved, well-bred," though also here it has the modern sense; as in *M. W. i. 3. 67*: "my partly belly;" & *How. IV. ii. 2. 462*: "A goodly partly man, if faith, and a corpulent," etc.

72. *He has disappointed me*. He has injured me. Cf. "a larger" (*J. C. ii. 1. 17*), "in our country less" (*How. IV. iv. 3. 21*), "do him shame" (*T. of R. 397*, *Scout. 59. 10*, *L. L. L. iv. 3. 202*), etc. See also iii. 5. 118 below.

77. *Is spite*. Cf. *A. R. ii. 3. 147*: "where hope is vallest, and despair most fit;" etc.

81. *God shall mend my word!* Cf. *A. R. iv. 1. 193*: "By my truth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous," etc. See also *How. IV. iii. 1. 205*.

83. *Wink-wink*. "Of a bful origin" (*Alack Alack, Dist.*), through the meaning is clear. *Set each a-bow* = play the belly. S. uses the word only here.

86. *Scratch*. To pry, to. S. uses the verb much freely; but cf. the noun in *R. John*, ii. 1. 73: "To do offence and scratch in Chistian-



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103. *Let lips do this*. Juliet has said that palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. She afterwards says that palmers have lips that they most use in prayer. Romeo replies that the prayer of his lips is that they may do what hands do, that is, that they may kiss.

103. As Malone remarks, kissing in a public assembly was not then thought indecent. Cf. *Macb.* 1777, i. 4. 25.

White remarks: "I have never seen a Juliet on the stage who appeared to appreciate the richness of the dialogue with Romeo in this scene. They go through it solemnly, or at best with said propriety. They reply literally to all Romeo's speeches about saints and palmers. But it should be noticed that though this is the first interview of the lovers, we do not hear them speak until the close of their dialogue, in which they have arrived at a pretty thorough understanding of their mutual feeling. Juliet makes a faint of parrying Romeo's advances, but does it wilyly, and knows that he is to have the kiss he sues for. He asks, 'Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?' The stage Juliet answers with literal solemnity, 'but it was not a conceit to bid thee say so.' Juliet was not holding forth. How delicate is her cool answer: 'Ay, pilgrims, lips that they must use in prayer!' And when Romeo fairly gets her into the corner, towards which she has been conspiring to be driven, and she says, 'Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged,' and does not then go that purgation too slowly the pretty puss gives him the opportunity to repeat the penance by replying, 'Then have my lips the sin that they have took!'"

104. *Jesus' blood*; as often. Cf. 130 below.

109. *Shall I see thee again?* This seems much like modern slang. El. uses it only here; but Tesser (*Illustrations*, 1573) has both *chink* and *chink* in this sense, and the word is found also in Phelin, Cargiver, Hallesh, & Frithurst, and other old writers.

120. *My life*, etc. "He means that, as befall of Juliet he should die, his existence is at the mercy of his enemy, Capulet" (Bosworth). Cf. Brooke:—

" So hath he learned her name, and knoweth she is no vease.
 Her father was a Capulet, and master of the feast.
 'Tis hate his brother dyed as you know by his death;
 That searsely did his vowfull quest keep in his meely breath.

124. *Forlorn*. A more repetition of the apologetic *trifling*.
Banquet sometimes meant a dessert, as here and in 2. of 3. v.
 2. 5:—

" My banquet is to dash our stones is up,
 After our great good cheer."

Notes quotes Massinger, *Unnatural Childhood*:—

" We'll dine in the great room, and at the table;
 And banquet be prepared here!"

and Taylor, *Pennsylvan Pilgrim*:—"our first and second course be-
 ing threescore dishes at one board, and after that alwayes a ban-
 quet." *Towards* = ready, at hand (obeying). So *newer*; as in
 16. 4. 11, iii, 7, 81: "What, a play downall!"

125. *Whispered*. Cf. the 1st quarto: "here the stage-directions:
 "The gentlemen *whisper*:" that is, whisper the reason of their
 departure.

128. *By my fay*. That is, by my faith. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 271, etc.
 130. *Come hither, stand, etc.* Cf. *Brooker*:—

" As careful was the mayde what way were best devise
 To leave, his name, that he desired her in virginall wisdome,
 Of whom she hart desired to be his, so wayte she roundly,
 As a child, that is bound to be true, and in her secret gait bound.
 This old dame in her youth, had nursed her with her myke,
 With slender needle taught her sew, and how to spin with silke.
 What tongue she thus to quene shee; which please unto the dame,
 Whose payes in they hand shee bore, had been as light to take.
 And then at such a name told of his household name.
 So she him made yet once againe the young and wyf came.
 And all the while he with eyes in his hand

"That is, whisper. Cf. 16. 4. i, 2. 107, *R. York*, ii. 1. 176, etc.

That yender death in masking weeds, be-yond the window stand,
 the name is Marcias (said she) a Mantegone.

Whose fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your householdes
 ryve."

136. *It is heere used*. "Uttered to herself while the Nurse makes inquiry" (Dawden). *Mantegone* is here a trisyllable.

142. *Prodigious*. Fortentius. Cf. *M. M. D.* v. 1. 419, *R. John*, iii. 1. 40, *Alph. L.* i. 2. 23, etc.

ACT II

Enter Cleopatra. This is generally put at the end of act i, but, as it refers to the future, rather than the past, it may be regarded as a prologue to act ii. There is no division of acts or scenes in the early eds.

2. *Gape*. Fleisher quotes Swinburn, *Before Tremble of Testaments and Last Will*, 1890: "such personages as do gape for greater bequests;" and again: "It is an impudent part still to gape and cry upon the testator."

3. On the repetition of *for*, cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 26: "But on us both did heggish age steel on;" *Cor.* ii. 1. 18: "In what company is Marcias put in?" etc. *Fair* = fair one; as in *M. M. D.* i. 1. 182, etc.

10. *Use*. Are astonished. We still use the past tense of the verb in this sense, but not for present. Cf. *Thom.* ii. 1. 175: "they always use to laugh at nothing;" *A. M.* ii. 5. 104: "with which she uses to seal;" *A. and C.* ii. 5. 32: "we use To say the dead are well," etc. See also Wilson, *Lyricism*, 67: "Were it not better to die, as death is used," etc.

14. *Extraneous*. That is, extraneous difficulties or dangers.

SCENE I.—2. *Dearest*. "Romeo's epithet for his small world of man, the earlier portion of himself" (Clarke). Cf. *Scen.* 140. 1: "Toot soul, the centre of my sinful earth."



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lence of luxury. Herford says that "Adam" is under almost certain by *Adam* 160, i. r. 160; but it is by no means certain that the allusion there is to Adam Hell, as he assumes.

Trim. The reading of 1st quarto: the other early eds. have "true." That the former is the right word is evident from the ballad of *King Cophseus and the Beggar-Maid* (see Perry's *Reliques*), in which we read:—

"The blinded boy that shoots so trim
From heaven down did he,
He drew a dart and shot at I am,
In place where he did be."

For other allusions to the ballad, see *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 66 and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 106.

16. *Ape.* As Malone notes, *ape*, like *af-af* (see on i. 3. 37 above), was sometimes used as a term of endearment or pity. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 224: "Alas, poor ape, how thou sweetest!"

22. *Circle.* Alluding to the ring drawn by magicians. Cf. *A. P. P.* ii. 5. 62: "a Circle i' imagination, to call fools in't a circle." See also *Ham.* V. v. 2. 370.

23. *Spite.* Vexation. Cf. i. 3. 62 above.

29. *Humorous.* Humid. Delius (like Schmidt) sees a quibble in the word: "active and capricious, full of such humors as characterize lovers, and as whose personification he caricatures just conjured Romeo under the collective name *Humorous*."

32. *Truckle-bed.* Trundle-bed: one made to run under a "standing-bed," as it was called. Cf. *id. ib.* v. 5. 7: "his standing bed and truckle-bed." The former was for the master, the latter for the servant. Mercutio uses the term in sport and adds a quibble on *truckle-bed*, which was a camp-bed, or a bed on the ground.

SCENE II.—1. *He says*, etc. Referring to Mercutio, whom he just overheard, as the rhyme in *af-af* and *ape* likewise indicates. The

Cambridge ed. suggests that in the old arrangement of the scene the wall may have been represented as dividing the stage, so that the audience could see Romeo on one side and Mercutio on the other. Mr. F. A. Marshall thinks that Romeo "merely stepped to the back of the stage, at the beginning of the scene, and was supposed to be overlooked from the others, not coming in till they had gone. Juliet would appear on the 'upper stage' [the balcony at the back of the Elizabethan stage], which did duty in the old plays for so many purposes."

7. *Be not her maid*. Be not a votary to the moon, or Diana (Johns ed.). Cf. *Sh. W. D.* i. 1. 73.

8. *Red*. The 1st quarto has "pale," which is adopted by some editors. It has been objected that *red and green* is a strange combination of colours in a livery; but it is rather the effect of the colours that is meant. Cf. *Sh. W.* ii. 4. 116: "with a green and yellow melancholy." Perhaps, as Dowden remarks, the word *greenish-yellow* (see iii. 5. 155) suggested the epithets.

9. *Whore-dog's eyes*. See Thorold and most of the editors. The early eds. have "whore up in eyes," which Marshall prefers as better expressing "the appearance of an upturned eye by moonlight."

10. *Thou art thyself*, etc. That is, you would be yourself, or what you now are, even if you were not a Montague: just "as a rose is a rose—[i.e. all its character is its sweetness and beauty—though it be not called a rose]" (White). The thought is repeated below in *So Romeo would . . . that tale*. The passage would not call for explanation if critics had not been puzzled by it.

11. *Thou*. Possesses; as very often. Cf. *Sh. W. D.* ii. 2. 79, *Asch. i.* 3. 74 i. 1. 10, iii. 4. 113, etc.

12. *Reverend*. Used by S. only here.

13. *Yet not*. A common transposition. Cf. *Ham. V.* iii. 3. 26: "his powers are yet not weary;" *Ham. VIII.* ii. 1. 202: "fall sick, and yet not well;" *Cor.* i. 5. 18: "My words hath yet not wearied me," etc.

81. *Dislike*. Displease. Cf. *Cot.* ii. 3. 29: "I'll do it; but it dislikes me." So *like* = please; as in *Ham.* v. 2. 276: "This likes me well," etc.

82. *Wherefore*. For the accent on the last syllable, cf. *M. M. D.* iii. 2. 272: "Kiss me! Wherefore? O me! what news, my love?"

83. *Obsequious*. Used by S. nowhere else.

84. *See*. Hindrance: as in *R. of L.* 332, 648, and *Ham.* I. v. 2. 65. Cf. the verb in *Ham.* i. 1. 85, etc.

85. *Prolegomena*. Delayed; as in iv. 1. 28 below, for *supplies* of cf. v. 1. 40 below: "Colling of simples."

86. *At that vast shore*, etc. Possibly suggested, as some have thought, by the voyages of Drake and other explorers to America about the time when S. was writing.

87. *Adventure*. Venture, try the chance. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 129:—

"O for such means I
Though peril to my modesty, not dash ye't,
I use his adventure."

88. *Unwield compliments*. Away with formality! The early eds. have "compliment" or "compliments," as in ii. 2. 19 below and elsewhere.

89. *At Jove's profusion*, etc. Deane remarks that S. found this in Ovid's *Art of Love*—perhaps in Malton's translation:—

"For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at love's profusions."

Cf. *Cot.* iii. *Strophomenophoria*: "What! Enphida, Jove laughs at the profusion of lovers."

90. *Hazard*. Not "hazardous," as often printed. It is found in North's *Booke* and other press.

101. *Be strong*. To appear coy or shy. Cf. iii. 2. 13 below: "strange love" (that is, coy love).

103. *Wave*. See at i. 1. 121 above.



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and *Scene*, iii. 4. as: "You sh'ld find father, whose frank heart give all!"

139. *Sworn*. Used by S. interchangeably with *sworn* (v. 3. to below).

141. *Quadrantal*. Metrically a quadrisyllable.

142. *Three words etc.* Cf. Brooke's poem:—

"In love's calm I would to you hide
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may behold.
For if you, dear, intend my honor to defend:
In men sh'ld ye wonder s'il, as you have done this while,
But if your thought be chaste, and have no virtue ground.
If need be, be the one and make which your desire hath found:
Can lieve we aside, with my parents dead.
The quarrells that long ago betwene our households grew:
But now, and now I will all what's in you take,
And following you will on you go, my father's house forsake."

143. *Bent*. Inclination; as in *J. C. R.* i. 210: "I can give his humor the true bent," etc.

144. *Sworn me aged to-morrow, etc.* This seems rather such as at first glance, that her desire for intermediate marriage is due, partially at least, to what she has just learned (i. 3) of the plan to marry her to Paris.

145. *Presently*. This forms the part of the verse, and might well enough be separated from it, like the *Juliet* in i. 5. 145 above. *By and by* = presently; as in iii. 1. 273 and iii. 3. 76 below.

146. *Sworn*. The reading of 4th ("sw") and 5th quartos; the other early eds. have "swife." The expression "To cease your suite" occurs in Brooke's poem, a few lines below the passage just quoted.

147. *To-morrow*. "in the alteration which she plans before her lover with such a charming mixture of conscious delicacy and girlish simplicity, there is that jealousy of female honour which precept and religion have infused into her mind, without any real doubt of his truth, or the slightest hesitation in her self-abandon-

ment; for she does not even wait to hear his assertions" (Mrs. Jameson).

157. *Tassel-shed*, etc. Cf. *A. P. L.* ii. 7, 145:—

"And then the whilings hudday with his sh-had
And shining morning face, creeping like's will
Unwillingly to school."

160. *Tassel-gaule*. The *tassel-gaule* or *tassel-gaule* is the male hawk. Lyte quotes Colgrave, *St. Diet.*: "Tiercelet. The Tassell or male of any kind of Hawke, so called, because he is, commonly, a third part less than the female;" and Helms, *Etymology of A. Lang.*: "Tiercel, Tassell, or Tassell is the general name for the Male of all large Hawks." Malone says that the *tassel-gaule* was the species of hawk appropriated to the prince, and thinks that on that account Juliet applies it to Romeo. We find *tercel* in *T.* and *C.* iii. 2. 56: "The falcon as the tercel." The hawk was trained to know and obey *the Falconer's voice*. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 166:—

"Another way I have to marry my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call."

For *haggard* = wild hawk, see *Sketch* *ibid.* iii. 1, 36, *T. of S.* iii. 1, 31, etc.

163. *Airy tongue*. Cf. Milton, *Comus*. 205: "And airy tongues,
That syllable men's names," etc.

166. *Silver sound*. Cf. *Petr.* v. 1. 111: "As silver sound." See also iv. 5. 124 below: "Then music with her silver sound," etc. The figure is a very common one.

167. *Silencing*. Attention. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 3. 82: "To leech-like
Dido's and alluring ear."

171. *How-forgot only I did call that back*. We know, and she knows, that it was *only* to call him back, parting was "such sweet sorrow."

178. *A woman's bird*. Here *woman* means simply a playful girl. It is often used in such innocent sense (*et. i.* 4. 2, above),

and is sometimes masculine, as in *H. John*, vi. 179 and *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 164.

181. *Flack, it lack*. Cf. *Seneca*, 126. 9: "As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back." See also *id.* *T. rex* 4. 476; 762 and *J. and C.* i. 2. 131. *Flack* is a favourite word with S.

182. *Letting-forth*. Compound adjectives are much used by S. Cf. i. 1. 39, 176, 178; i. 2. 25, i. 4. 3, 103, etc., above.

192. *Good hap*: Good fortune. The 1st quarto has "good hap," which occurs in iii. 3. 151 below.

193. *Whet*. Spirit ed; as in ii. 3. 45, ii. 6. 21, and iii. 3. 49 below.

SCENE III.—1. *Green-eyed*. Delius says that grey here and in *Much Ado*, v. 3. 27 is "bright blue," and Tyas defines it as "blue, azure"; but there is no reason why the word should not have its ordinary meaning. The grey, as in *H. John*, iii. 2. 419, *J. C.* ii. 1. 103, and iii. 3. 19 below, is the familiar postive grey of the early morning before sunrise. Whether ascribed, as here, to the eyes of the Blench, or, as in Milton's *Lycidas*, to her sandals, does not matter. See also in iii. 3. 8 below.

3. *Flashed*. Spitzer, *flapped*: used by S. nowhere else.

4. *From forth*. Cf. *H. John*, iv. 53: "Let them from forth a serpent rush and creep," and *For You* in the *surgeon*, *id.* *T. rex* 4. 177, *T. and C.* v. sc. 23, *Lyons*, iii. 4. 206 etc.

7. *Outer cage*. Basket. DeWden suggests that *of ones* is "possible; not merely for the rhyme's sake, but because the Franciscans had no personal property."

8. *Exoticus juncti flores*. S. here prepares us for the part which the friar is of towards the sustin. Having thus early found him to be a chemist, we are not surprised at his furnishing the sleeping-draught for Juliet. Cf. Brooke's poem:—

"What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
And lias other thinges that in the bowels of earth do worke,



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the 1st quarto; but *was* by is so common in S. that the reading of all the other early eds. may be accepted. See *en. i.* l. 138 and *i.* 2. 19 above. *Dissemparance* = *disorder*. Cf. *Cl. of A.* v. l. 821 "Of pale dist. operations and foes to life."

41. *Or if not so*, etc. Marshall doubts whether S. wrote these lines. Of course, they belong to the first draft of the play.

51. *Both our mothers*. The healing of both *our* = *of*, *A. M.* i. 3. 169: "both our mothers" = the mother of both of us. See also *Timon* iii. 1. 22. *Cyren.* ii. 4. 56, etc.

52. *Like*. Cf. *V. act 5*, 1123: —

"So like the candles that close his eyes,
Where do! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies."

See also *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 163 and *Cyren.* ii. 3. 22.

54. *Stead*. Benefits, helps. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 165: "Which since have steeld with:" *M. of C.* i. 3. 7: "May you stead us?" etc.

55. *Thaw'd in thy drift*. Simple in what you have to say. Cf. *iv.* l. 114 below.

56. *Riddling*. Cf. *M. M. D.* ii. 2. 53: "Lysander riddles very prettily;" and *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 57: "a riddling merchant."

61. *Whose end shall be his end*, etc. An instance of the so-called "chiastic" construction of which S. was fond. Cf. *M. M. F.* iii. 1. 103, 114, *Timon* iii. 1. 152, 153, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 13, 12, etc.

73. *Sighs*. Compared to vapours which are very dispels.

72. *To remove him*. A favourite metaphor with S., though a homely one; taken from the use of salt in preserving meat. For the reference to salt tears, cf. *A. M.* i. l. 55. *T. B.* i. l. 30, *R. of L.* 769, *L. C.* 12, etc.

77. *Accord*. Agree; as in ii. 4. 111 below. See also *Love's II.* 2. 67, *Cyren.* v. 3. 11, etc.

82. *Did read by rote*, etc. "Consisted of phrases learned by heart, but knew nothing of the true characters of love" (Schmidt.).

95. *I stand on velvet heels*. I must be in haste. Cf. the impersonal use of *stand on* or *upon* — it concerns, it is important to; as

In *C. of E.* iv. 1, 68: "Consider how I stand upon this world;" *Rich. II.* ii. 3, 138: "It stands your grace upon to do him right" (that is, it is your duty), etc. Cf. ii. 4, 34 below.

SCENE IV.—2. *Last night.* Last night. See i. i. 4, 35 above.

12. *How he does.* For the play on *does*—venture, and *does*—challenge, cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2, 203. There is also a play on *unseen*.

13. *A white were he black eye.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1, 108—

"A whitely warten with a velvet brow,
And two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;"

and Rosalind's reference to the "bugle eyeballs" of Thebe in *A. M.* iii. 5, 17, which the shepherdess recalls as a snare: "He said mine eyes were black," etc.

Through. Through. Cf. *M. W. D.* ii. 1, 3, 5, *IV. T.* iii. 2, 172, *J. C.* iii. 1, 136, v. 1, 112, etc.

16. *The very pin.* etc. The allusion is to archery. The *clout* (cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1, 136), or white mark on which the arrows were aimed, was fastened by a black pin in the centre. Cf. Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, 1590:—

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at.
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave."

17. *Blow-off.* A kind of screw used for shooting at balls; furnished with a barb, so as to be easily extracted. (Nares).

20. *Prince of cats.* *Tybert* is the name of the cat in *As You Like It*. Steevens quotes Delken, *Satirostastia*, 1600: "tho' you were Tybert, the long-tail'd prince of cats;" and *How with Tom*, 1600: "O! Tibalt, prince of cats." *Tibet*, *Tybert*, and *Tybert* are forms of the original name *Tailwalk*. Cf. iii. 1, 77 below.

21. *Captain of compliments.* A complete master of etiquette. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1, 162:—

"A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chosen as umpires in their rivalry."

As Schmidt remarks, the modern distinction of *compliment* and *complimented* is unknown to the etymology of the old *ada*. See on ii. 2, *Sgubon*.

22. *Prickering*. Music sung from notes (Schmidt); so called from the points or dots with which it is expressed. It uses the word only here. When opposed to *plain song*, it meant counterpoint as distinguished from mere melody. Here, as Elson shows, there is a reference to marking the time "by tapping the foot in time with the music, or more frequently and more artistically, by waving the hand as the conductor of an orchestra waves his baton."

23. *Ada*. For the "ethial dative," cf. *J. G. i. 2. 270*: "He plucked me out his double," etc.

24. *Buton*. Strevens quotes *The Return from Pericles*, 1866: "Strikes his painado at a burton's breath." Strouten cites George Silex's *Paraphrase of Dives*, 1599: "Signior Buton, . . . thum that lykest upon the thurst, and Englishman with a thurst upon anie burton," etc. Butons were frequent in England in the time of Sh. The matter had been reduced to a science, and its laws laid down in books. The *names* of quanel had been duly grown, and classified, as Touchstone explains in *A. M. L. v. 4. 23* 161.

25. *Up the very first house*. Of the first rank among bullists.

26. *Passado*. "A nation forwards and thrust in fencing" (Schmidt). Cf. *L. L. L. i. 2. 162*: "the passado he respects not." The *passado* *current* was a back-handed stroke. We have *punto* (thrust) in *M. IV. ii. 3. 26*: "to see thee pass thy punto?" The *day* was a home thrust; from the Italian *dei*—thou hast it (not "he has it," as Schmidt and others explain it). Johnson gives it correctly: "The *day* is the word *dei*, you *use* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out *dei*!"

27. *Flower-de-luce*. Strevens quotes Dekker, *Old Fortunatus*: "I have danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantasticoes," etc.



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in proof that blue eyes were accounted only 1 but the reference there, as in *A. T. L.* iii. 2. 293 ("a blue eye and snoker"), seems to be to a bluish circle about the eyes. It is curious that these are the only specific allusions to blue eyes in *B.* In *W. T. i.* 2. 236 same mark "welkin eye" = blue eye; but it is more probably — heavenly eye, as Schmidt gives it. In *V. and A.* 482 ("Her two blue windows faintly she observeth") the eyelids, not the eyes, are meant, on account of their "blue veils" (*A. of L.* 443). Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 22 : —

" would unclose-peep her lies,
To see the enclosed lights now uncrippled
[I do] these windows, white and snow-bell'd
With blue of heaven's own kind."

Malone cites both this last passage, *W. T. i.* and *A.* 482 as referring to blue eyes: but the "windows" ought to settle the question in regard to the former, and "windows" evidently has the same meaning in both. If the "blue windows" were blue eyes, Malone would have put his case, for in *V. and A.* 170 the goddess says "mine eyes are gray and bright." But why should the poet call them *blue* in the one place and *gray* in the other, when the former word would suit the verse equally well in both? In my opinion, when he says *gray* he means blue, and when he says *gray* he means gray. See on ii. 2. 1 above. The *New Eng. Dict.* does not recognize blue as a meaning of *gray*. I suspect, however, from certain passages in writers of the time that this word was sometimes = bluish gray or bluish, but never "bright blue" (as Julius defines it) or clear blue, as Lyne and others assume.

40. *Shof.* For *shof* (= large loose branches), see *French Adv.* iii. 2. 36, etc. *Give us the counterfeit* = played a trick on us. *Counterfeit* is used for the sake of the punning play on *slip*, which sometimes meant a counterfeit coin. Cf. Greene, *Thiers, Felling Out*, etc. "Counterfeit pieces a' a-way, bait a brass, and several more with silver, which the common people call slips." There is also a

play upon the word in the only other instance in which S. uses it, *T. of S.* i. 515 : —

"Which purchases it thou makest for fear of slips
Set thy seal manual on my waxed lips."

53. *Attyly*. The word literally means "naturally, in a manner suited to the character or occasion" (Schmidt); hence apply, pertinently.

63. *Thou art my pump*, etc. The idea seems to be, my shoe or pump, being *pink'd* or punched with holes, is well *floured*. Cf. *unpink'd* in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 136 : "And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd in the heel."

63. *Singly soled*. "With a quibble on *sole* and *soled* = having but one sole, and silly, contemptible" (Schmidt). Stevens gives several examples of *weak-soled* = mean, contemptible. *Singly soled* here = simplicity, silliness.

74. *Wild-goose chase*. A kind of horse-race, resembling the flight of wild geese. Two horses were started together; and if one got the lead the other was obliged to follow over whatever ground the foremost rider chose to take (Hed. White).

77. *Woe't with you*, etc. Woe I even with you, have I paid you off to say, perhaps, a *T. of S.* iv. 1. 136 : "Wh't, if you be a blot? I'll ha' with you straight!" For the allusion to *fine white* see on i. 2. 47 above.

80. *I will bite thee by the ear*. A playful expression of endearment, common in the old romances.

82. *Good good, bite me*. A proverbial phrase, found in Kay's *Prove, &c.*

82. *Sweeting*. A kind of sweet apple. The word is still used in this sense, at least in New England. Stevens quotes Sumner's *Last Will and Testament*, 1600 : "as well crabs as sweetings for his summer fruits." There was also a variety known as the *biting-sweet*. Cf. *Ham. Ham.* "And left me such a biting sweet to grow upon."

84. *And is it not well served in*, etc. White remarks that "the passage illustrates the antiquity of that dish so much esteemed by all boys and many men—guscs and applisances." Cf. the allusions to mutton and capers in *T. M.* i. 3. 129. and to beef and mustard in *M. A. C.* iii. 1. 107 and *T. of S.* i. 3. 83.

85. *Cheveril*. Soft kid leather for gloves, proverbially elastic. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 32:—

"which gills,
Savour your minding of the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it."

See also *T. M.* iii. 1. 13: "a cheveril glove," etc.

90. *A broad gown*. No satisfactory explanation of this quibble has been given. Schmidt defines *broad* here as "plain, evident." Dowden suggests that there is a play on *broad-goose*, which occurs in Fletcher, *Hamours of the West*, ii. 1: "They have no more backbone than a broad-goose" (*breeding a goose*).

93. *Waste of*. Fool, idiot. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 37 and *A. M.* i. 1. 2. 52, 57.

97. *Good Matter*, business. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 6: "Will this gear matter be mended?" & *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 17: "Is this gear the same as the better?" etc.

99. *Two, two*, etc. This is given to Marcellio in most of the early eds., and White doubts whether it belongs to the subaltern Benvolio, but he is not incapable of fun. Cf. 125 below.

102. *My foot, Prince*. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 109: "To see him walk before a lady and to hear her say!" The fans of the time of S. were large and heavy.

106. *God's good newness*. That is, God give you this. For *good newness*, see on i. 4. 57 above.

109. *Point of noon*. Point of noon. Cf. *J. Hon.* VI. i. 4. 34: "at the noonside price." See also *R. of L.* 761.

123. *Confidence*. Probably meant the *confession*. Cf. *Alfred's* *Alm.*



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Schmidt defines it as "messengers," and Nares as probably — "meaning as supporting companions." Various other explanations have been suggested; but there is probably some corruption in the first part of the compound.

153. *Woe*. Not a mere vulgarity. It is used by Capulet in iii. 4. 34 and in 1. 2. 34 below. Cf. *Templ.* iv. 1. 7. —

"henceforth I know it,
I will defy this my dish gift" etc.

158. *In a flower's paradise*. Malone cites *A bouquet of Pleasant Dialogues*, 1751: —

"When they see they may get wit,
They leave Eden where they did begin;
They debate, and make the matter nice,
And leave her in her *flower's paradise*."

and Barnaby Rudge's *Paradise*. "Knowing the fashion of you men to be such, as by praising our beauties, you think to bring into a flower's paradise."

169. *Clown*. Explained by Schmidt as "stupid." Clearly this is the Italian idiom to use as a most forcible expression, and applies upon a most feeble man.

177. *And stay*, etc. The pointing is White's. Most editors follow the early eds. and read "And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall, etc."

180. *A wretched slave*. That is, a top-slaved. Cf. "black-top-slave" in *Poet.* iv. 1. 67.

181. *High top-gallant*. The top-gallant mast; figuratively for summit or climax. Stevens quotes Markham, *English Dictionary*, 1607: "the high top-gallant of his valour." So, uses the phrase only here.

183. *Woe*. Requital, reward. Cf. *How.* i. 2. 158, 280, etc.

184. *Misere*. A trisyllable here.

188. *Two may keep counsel*. That is, keep a secret. Cf. *T. A.* iv. 2. 144. "Two may keep counsel when the third's away."

191. *Long, like*. Cf. Ben Jonson's poem:—

"A pretty Latin (quasi, sancti) was when it was young;
Loud how it could full pretely have prated withal [i.e.] long."

194. *Live*. Often used for *live* in the old eds. It is sometimes found in good writers of recent date. Macrae quotes Sheridan: "I had as live as he shied."

195. *Prophet*. Handwritten. Cf. A. T. i, 2, 109, iii. 5, 37, etc. See also *Hamlet*, xi. 23.

197. *Fails as any does*. A common simile of which Dowden cites examples from Ben Jonson and others. *Fails* is a vulgarism for *unfolds*.

198. *A letter*. Our letter. Cf. *Lives*, v. 3, 276: "These fails have all a length," etc. For *resemblance* as the symbol of remembering, see *Hamlet*, iv. 5, 175.

200. *The dog's name*. It was called "the dog's letter." Cf. Janson. *Eng. Gramm.* "Z is the dog's letter and hureth in the sound." Farmer cites Barclay, *Ship of Fools*, 1578:—

"This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
Nought else so pith but the In-use let of Z,
Though all be well, yet hee murmureth ever, heh
Ever the dogges letter glowing with wrath."

Dyce remarks: "Ever in the days of the Romans, *Z* was called the *dog's letter*, from its resemblance in sound to the snarling of a dog."

208. *Before, and apace*. Go before, and quickly. For *pace*, cf. iii. 2, 1 below.

SCENE V. — 7. *Love*. That is, Venus. Cf. *Tamper*, iv. 1, 94:—

"I met her deity
Casting fire of signals toward's Cupidus, and I have seen
Down-swoon'd with 'em."

and *V. and A.* 1190:—

"This way of the world, away she his,
And yakes her silent doves."

9. *Highness*. Cf. *Sonn.* 7. 9: "But when from highness pitch,
with weary car," etc. We still use *highness*, *highness*, etc.

11. *Happy*. A dissyllable; as in ii. 1. 138.

14. *Bandied*. A metaphor from tennis. Cf. *i. i. i. v. 2. 29*:
"Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd," etc. See on iii. 1.
91 below.

18. *Honey-suckle*. Cf. *i. i. i. v. 2. 530*: "my fair, sweet, honey
nephew;" *T. of A.* iv. 3. 52: "my honey love," etc.

22. *Thou*. S. makes *was* both singular and plural. For the
latter, cf. *Asch Ado*, i. 2. 1.

25. *Give me leave*. Let me alone, let me rest. See on i. 3. 7
above.

26. *Ado*. Spelt "ake" in the folio both here and in 49 below.
This indicates the pronunciation of the verb. The even was pre-
monished *ad* 4, and the plural was a dissyllable; as in *Temp* i. 2.
373, *T. of A.* i. 1. 257, etc.

36. *Stay the circumstance*. Wait for the particulars. Cf. *i. i. i. v.*
iii. 2. 221: "let me stay the growth of his beard," etc. Cf. *circum-*
stances, cf. v. 3. 181 below: "without circumstance" (= with-
out further particulars). See also *T. and A. Rev.*, *Ham.* v. 2. 2, etc.

38. *Silly*. Silly: as often. Cf. iii. 1. 35 below, and *starkness*
in iii. 3. 77.

43. *Not compare*. Cf. iii. 3. 236 below: "above-compare," etc.
50. *As if*; a common ellipsis.

51. *Of either*. On the other. Cf. i. 1. 44 above: "of our side."

52. *Bestow*. A mild form of imprecation, often used playfully.
Cf. iii. 3. 221, 227 below.

59-58. *Dear love*, etc. Printed as prose by the Cambridge
editors, Hambl, and some others.

69. *Cril*. *Ado*. "fuss." See *Asch Ado*, iii. 3. 100, *As. of D.*
iii. 2. 330, etc.

72. *As much of any news*. Capell explains it, "as such talk (of
love and Romeo), any talk of that kind." Perhaps, as Dowden
suggests, the meaning is, "It is their way to talk of any surprise."



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new leaves to be the webs of certain species of spiders. Cf. *Leary*, iv. 6. 49: "Hast thou been caught but gossamer, feathers, etc." S. uses the word only twice.

20. *Vanities*. "Things used for trivial pursuits; vain delight." The word was much used in this sense by divines in Shakespeare's time, and with much propriety is so put into the good old Friar's mouth" (Clarke).

21. *Confessor*. For the vowel in the first syllable, cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 133: "One of our convent and his confessor;" and *Ham. VIII* i. 2. 149: "His confessor, who fed him every minute," etc. See also iii. 3. 49 below.

22. *Antithesis*. And it. This use of *et* (in place of a preceding conjunction) is common to S. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 823, *Tit. and Cl.* ii. 2. 179, etc.

23. *Flatten* in. Set it forth. Cf. *Ord.* ii. 1. 63: "One that excels the quicks of blazoning pens," etc.

24. *Encounter*. Meeting. It is often used, as here, of the meeting of lovers. Cf. *Asch. Adv.* iii. 3. 237; iv. 1. 94, *M. W.* iii. 5. 74 etc.

25. *Conceit*. Conception, imagination. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 132: "Conceit in wickets, bodies strongst works," etc. So *conceited* = imaginative. Cf. *L.* 1251: "the conceited painter," etc.

26. *They are but jugglers*, etc. Cf. *L. and Cl.* i. 13: "There's beauty in the love that can be reckoned." *Worth* = wealth.

27. *Ye men*. The plural is used because the reference is to more than one person; a common construction in S. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 314: "your sights," etc.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—2. *The day is hot*. "It is observed that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer" (Johnson).

3. *Singe*. Not "singe," as often printed. The word is used in prose; e. g. in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 174, etc.

5. *Alas*. See on ii. 4. 23 above. We have the same construction in *Alas*, two lines below, where some eds. have "it" (from 1st quarto).

8. *Operation*. Effect. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 3. 104: "A word shewis-s-ek hath a twofold operation in it," etc.

11. *Am I, etc.* "The quietness of this rebuke, with the slight but significant emphasis which we imagine thrown upon the *I*, admirably gives point to the humorous effect of Mercutio's lecturing Benvolio—the sedate and peace-making Benvolio, and lectured by Mercutio, of all people!—for the sake of quarrelsomeness" (Clarke).

12. *Forth*. See on ii. 4. 127 above.

* 14. *Merry*. Angry. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 4. 39: "But, being merry, give him line and scope," etc.

31. *Teach me to fence*. Teach me to avoid.

39. *Confidant*. See on i. 2. 37 above.

43. *Left enough to*. Ready enough for. Cf. iii. 3. 157 below.

47. *Consorts with*. Keeps company with. Cf. *V. and A.* i. act, *Al. H. D.* iii. 2. 387, *T. and C.* v. 3. 9, etc.

48. *Consort*. The word (with accent on first syllable) sometimes means a company of musicians. Cf. 2 *C. of V.* iii. 2. 84:—

"Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Turn a plying dump," etc.

See also 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 327. In these passages the modern eds. generally read "concert." Milton has *consort* in the same sense in *The Ode at a Sinner's Repentance*, 27:—

"O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us endow,
To live with Angels, and sing in endless choir of light!"

Cl. Oth me Jesuit 139; "Make up full consort to the angelic symphony;" *H. Post.* 135: "With such consort as they keep," etc. "The contents of S's time were not only concerted music, but generally composed of such instruments as belonged to one family. If, for example, only viols were employed, the consort was called *viols*, but if virginal, lute, or flute came into the combination, it was a *broken consort*, or *broken music*" (Elsner). *Cl. d. K. d.* i. 2. 130, etc.

53. *Zanobi*. Like *Zanobi* (see *Ham.* II. 2. 100), an oath extracted from "God's wounds!" and generally omitted or changed in the folio in deference to the statute of James I. against the use of the name of God on the stage. Here the folio has "Alone."

54. *Reverendelly*. I do so coldly or dispassionately, *Cl. d. d.* 97 ff. ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;" and *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 152: "bear it coldly but till midnight," etc.

"Zanvolio presents a triple alternative: either to withdraw to a private place; or to discuss the matter quietly where they were, or else to part company; and it is supremely in character that on such an occasion he should perceive and suggest all these methods of avoiding public scandal" (White).

55. *Depart*. Perhaps = part. *Cl. d. Ham.* I. 1. 6. 49: "A deadly groan, like life and death's departing," etc. *Sobered with* = part with; as in *R. John*, ii. 1. 563:

"John, to stop Aethon's file in the which,
Hath willingly departed with a part" etc.

In the Marriage Ceremony "till death us do part" was originally "till death." The word is used in the same sense in Wiclif's Bible, *Matthew*, xix. 6. On the other hand, *part* often = depart; as in *T. d. v.* 1. 204, *Gen.* vi. 6. 73, *T. of d.* iv. 2. 21, etc.

57. A repetition of the pronoun at the end of the sentence is common in S. *Cl. T. G. of d.* 1. 4. 132: "I care not for her, I;" *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 76: "I do not like these several counsels, I;"



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82. *Dry-bast*. Beat soundly. Cf. *J. L. L.* v. 2. 263: "all dry-basted with pure sorrow." See also *ib.* 3. 120 below. *S.* uses the word only three times; but we have "dry basting" in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 62.

83. *Stubbled*. Shabbily; but no other example of this word in this sense has been found. *Stubb* or *stubblement* a leather coat, and the word or a derivative of it may have been applied to the leather sheath of a rapier.

87. *Parade*. See *act* ii. 4. 27 above.

88. *Outrage*. A trisyllable here. Cf. *entrance* in *ib.* 2. 8.

91. *Bawling*. Contending. Cf. *J. Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 150: "This favours bawling of their favourites." For the literal sense, see *act* ii. 5. 14 above.

92. The 1st quarto has here the stage-direction, "*Tibalt under Romeo come thrusts altercation in and flies*;" which some modern eds. retain substantially.

93. *Sped*. Dispatched, "done for." Cf. *Ed. of V.* ii. 9. 72: "So begone; you are sped:" *T. of R.* v. 2. 153: "We three are married, but you two are sped;" etc. See also Milton, *Lyones*, 122: "What need they? They are sped" (that is, provided for).

100. *Chance*. Harvey cites Lydgate's *Story of Chaucer*: "My master (Chaucer) now is gone:" and Steevens remarks that we have the same quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where Vindice dresses up a lady's skull and says: "she has a somewhat grave look with her." Cf. John of Gaunt's play on his name when on his death-bed (*Rich.* ii. ii. 1. 82).

106. *Fight by the back of a shaver*. Cf. *ib.* 4. 22 above: "keeps time, distance," etc.

111. *Long Rosset*. "The broken exclamation of a dying man, who has not breath to repeat his former exclamation, 'A plague o' both your houses!'" (Marshall).

113. *My very friend*. Cf. *T. of V.* iii. 2. 41: "his very friend;" *ib.* *Ed. of V.* iii. 2. 226: "my very friends and countrymen," etc.

116. *Coarise*. Some editors adopt the "kinsman" of 140 quarto; but *coarise* was often = kinsman. See at i. 3. 78 above.

120. *Aspire*. Not elsewhere used transitively by S. Cf. Chapman, *Mind*, ix. 1: "and aspir'd the gods' eternal seats;" Marlowe, *Phaëdrus*: "our souls aspire celestial thrones," 112.

121. *Unwary*. Often used adverbially (like many adjectives in *As*); as in *Asch* v. 8. 10, *Ham.* iv. 1. 10, etc. See also v. 3. 258 below.

122. *Depend*. Impend (Schmidt). Cf. *R. of E.* 1613: "To me more woes than words are now depending;" and *Comm.* iv. 3. 23: "our jealousy Doth yet depend."

126. *Respective*. Considerate. Cf. *R. of E.* v. 2. 129: "You should have been respective," etc.

127. *Conduct*. Conductor, guide. Cf. *Venge* v. 1. 241:—

"And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of;"

Rich. III. i. 1. 43: "This conduct to carry me to the Tower," etc. See also v. 3. 116 below.

129. *For Mercutio's soul*, etc. The passage calls to mind one similar yet very different in *Ham.* i. iv. 6. 15 fol.:—

"And cries aloud, 'Tarry, tarry as sin Suffolk?
My soul shall keep thine company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly direct
To in this glorious and well-fouled field
We kept thee in our chivalry!"

131. *Consort*. Accompany. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 28: "And afterwards consort you till bedtime;" *J. C.* v. 1. 83: "When to Philippi here consorted us," etc. For the intransitive use of the word, see at 43 above.

137. *Deem* *the* *death*. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 102: "to deem my brother's death;" *T. A.* iv. 2. 114: "The emperor, in his

venge will doom her death." *Assured* bewildered, stupefied, as often.

139. *Assured* *fool*. Mark a fool (I by fortune the sport of her merriment). Cf. *Love*, iv. 6. 155 : "The natural fool of fortune." See also *Ham.* i. 4. 34 : "we fools of nature;" and cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 11, *Match*, ii. 1. 44, etc.

145. *Discreet*. Unwisely, unskillful. See on ii. 2. 109 above.

146. *Manage*. "Handling about" (Schmidt); as we may say that *all the manage* is simply the whole course. The word means management, administration, in *Temp.* i. 2. 70 : "the manage of my state;" *M. for M.* iii. 2. 23 : "The h. shandy and manage of my house," etc. It is especially used of horses, as in *A. V. L.* i. 1. 13, etc.

156. *Speak him fair*. Speak gently to him. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 199 : "Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?" *M. for M.* iv. 1. 275 : "Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death" (that is, speak well of me after I am dead), etc.

157. *Trivial*. Petty, trivial. Cf. *Arch.* III. iii. 7. 175 : "nice and trivial;" *J. C.* v. 3. 8 : "every nice offence," etc. See also v. 2. 18 below.

160. *Take heed*. Make peace. Cf. *V. and A.* 82 : "Till he take truce with her contending tears;" *K. John*, III. 1. 17 : "With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce," etc. *Spleen* = heat, impetuosity. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 97 : "thy hasty spleen;" *Rich.* III. v. 3. 350 : "Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!" etc.

167. *Retort*. Throws back; as in *Y. and A.* iii. 3. 101 :—

"Hear them, and they retort the hazard all
To the first giver," etc.

171. *Envious*. Malicious; as often.

173. *By and by*. Presently. See on ii. 3. 151 above, and cf. iii. 3. 76 and v. 4. 234 below.

180. *Affection makes him false*. "The charge, though produced as a hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the charge



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now like this. The condensed summary of the documents upon it fills twenty-eight octavo pages of fine print in Furness, to which I must refer the curious reader. The early eds. have "runnawayes," "runnagayes," "runnagies," or "runnaways." Those who retain this as a possessive singular refer it variously to Phœbus, Phœthun, Cupid, Night, the sun, the moon, Romen, and Juliet; those who make it a possessive plural generally understand it to mean persons running about the streets at night. No one of the former list of interpretations is at all satisfactory. Personally, I am quite well satisfied to read *runnaways*, and to accept the explanation given by Hunter and adopted by Delius, Schmidt, David, and others. It is the simplest possible solution, and is favoured by the *sensu* of *it* that follows. White objects to it that "*runnaway* seems to have been used only to mean one who ran away, and that *runnagayes*, which had the same meaning then, but it has now, would have suited the verse quite as well as *runnaway*." But, as Furnivall and others have noted, Catgrave apparently uses *runnaway* and *runnagayes* as nearly equivalent terms. In a letter in the *Academy* for Nov. 30, 1876, Furnivall, after referring to his former citations in favour of *runnagayes*—"runnagies, runnagouts," and in the fact that Ingleby and Schmidt have since given the same interpretation, adds, "But I still desire to cite an instance in which Shakspeare himself renders Holinshed's 'runnagayes' by his own 'runnaways.' In the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 1587, which Shakspeare used for his *Richard III.*, he found the passage (p. 758. col. 2): 'You see further how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and *runnagayes*, be riders and partakers of this feute and enterprise,' etc. And he turned it thus into verse (fol. folio, p. 203):—

"Remember when ye are to creep with ill,
As sat the Vagabonds, Rascals, and *Runnawayes*,
A swarm of Brittainers, and base Lacey Vizards,
Whom Fairies employed Curlew commits for li
To desperate Adventures, and assured Destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest." etc.

Harford regards this interpretation as "a prosaic idea;" but it seems to me perfectly in keeping with the character and the situation. The marriage was a secret one, and Juliet would not have Roman, if seen, supposed to be a paramour visiting her by night. She knows also the danger he incurs if detected by her kinsmen. Cf. ii. 2. (q. sol. above).

10. *With*. Grave, seben. Cf. *M. V.* ii. 2. 101: "a civil modest wife;" etc.

12. *Teach*. Teach; as often. Cf. *A. V. 4.* i. 2. 5; *Cymb.* i. 5. 12, etc.

14. *Hood my unmann'd Hand, etc.* The terms are taken from falconry. The hawk was hooded till ready to let fly at the game. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 121: "'Tis a hooded valour; and when it appears it will bate." An *unhooded* hawk was one not sufficiently trained to know the voice of her keeper (see on ii. 2. 139 above). To *bold* was to flutter or flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and eager to fly. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 195:—

"as we watch these kites
That bate and baze, and will not be obedient"

Dyer quotes Helmer, *Amph. of Asperity*: "*Bate, Baising or Boleth*, is when the Hawk flutters with her Wings either from Perch or Fish; as if were striving to get away; also it is taken from her striving with her Prey, and not forsaking it till it be swallowed."

15. *Struggle*. Resisted, striving.

17. *Come Night, etc.* Mrs. Jameson remarks: "The fond adjuration, 'Come, Night, name. Romeo, come thou day in night!' expresses that fulness of enthusiastic admiration for her lover which possesses her whole soul: but expresses it as only Juliet could or would have expressed it—in a bold and beautiful metaphor. Let it be remembered that, in this speech, Juliet is not supposed to be addressing a real lover, but even a confidant; and I confess I have been shocked at the extreme want of taste and refinement in those who, with anxious decision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet cannot

gross and puerile, have done to manner in this beautiful 'Tybalt to the Night,' breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud: it is the young heart 'triumphing to itself in words.' In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night, to bring Romeo to her arms, there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole: and her impatience to see her own expression, is truly that of a child before a festival, that hath new robes and may not wear them. It is at the very moment too that her whole heart and fancy are abandoned to blissful anticipation that the Nurse enters with the news of Romeo's banishment; and the immediate transition from rapt joy to despair is a most powerful effect."

18. *For thou, etc.* "Indeed, the whole of this speech is imagination sustained to the highest; and observe the blessed effect on the purity of the mind. What would Dryden have made of it?" (Coleridge).

19. *Star-budded Night, etc.* Cf. *King John*, v. 6. 172: "Why, have we walk'd in the black brow of night?"

23. *The general note.* Johnson remarks: "Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote in *St. Peter*, 'Till civil suited morn appear,' and 'hide me from day's garish eye.' He uses *garish* only here and in *Abd. iii.* v. 2. 897: 'O garish light!'"

26, 27. *I have bought, etc.* There is a strange confusion of metaphors here. Juliet is first the buyer and then the thing bought. She seems to have in mind that what she says of herself is equally true of Romeo. In the next sentence she reveals her true position.

30. *That hath new robes, etc.* Cf. *Much Ado* iii. 2. 5: "Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it." See also *John* i. 7. 34.

40. *Extremes.* Malignant: as in i. 1. 148 and iii. 1. 171 above.



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73. *O serpent heart, etc.* Cf. *Much i.* 3, 66—

"look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

Mrs. Jameson remarks on this passage: "This highly figurative and metaphorical exuberance of language, is defended by Schlegel on strong and just grounds; and to me also it appears natural, however critics may argue against its taste or propriety. The warmth and vivacity of Juliet's fancy, which plays like a light over every part of her character—which animates every line she utters—which kindles every thought into a picture, and clothes her emotions in visible images, would naturally, under strong and unusual excitement, and in the conflict of opposing sentiments, run into some extravagance of diction." Cf. i. r. 168-169, above.

83. *How dear bed!* etc. Cf. i. 4, 65 above.

84. *O, that devil, etc.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2, 468: "If the ill spirit have so fair a house," etc.

86, 87. Mr. Fleay improves the meter by a slight transposition, which Marshall adopts:—

"No faith, no honesty in men; no night,
All perfur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn;"

which may be what he wrote.

Worth = worthless, bad. Cf. *Ant. & Cleo.* v. i, 133, *How.* V. i, 2, 73, etc. The word in this sense is usually spelt *worht* in the early eds., but *worht* when nothing. *Dissemblers* is here a quadrisyllable. See p. 155 above.

90. *Bliss'd!* etc. "Note the Nurse's mistake of the child's enlible struggle with itself for its desires as *bliss'd*" (Cambridge).

92. *Upon his brow, etc.* Steevens quotes Poynter: "Is it possible, that under such beauty and rare comeliness, disloyalty and treason may have their siege and lodging?" The image of shame *sitting* on the brow is not in Bracke's poem.

98. *Poor my love!* Cf. "sweet my mother," iii. 5, 998 below

The figurative meaning of *amadi* is sufficiently explained by the following *avayak*. Cf. i. s. 38 above, and see Brooke's paper: —

▪ 24 well murdering & 2 murdered of others fame
 "They'd just then come at night to reach the home" by name 7

Whether shall he (alas) poore banish'd man, now dye?
What place of succor shall he seeke beneath the starry sky?
Bye are the praise, h' him, and him he frames by wrong;
That in dishonour'd he his feet, and ready man in song.

108. *Wen*. Cf. ii. 3. 24 above. S. uses it after, both as adjective and adverb.

112. *Swiss-Gal.* Note how the trisyllabic pronunciation is emphatically repeated in this speech; as in Remond's in the next scene (10-10).

But *See our dialogue*, etc. That is, "misfortunes never come single." Cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 78:—

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions."

117. *Merityzella*. Needs most. *Merityzella* was not coined by S. as some have supposed, being found in *Pter. Montana* and other early English. He uses it only here.

120. *Afakān*. Trine, commonplace: the only meaning of the word in S. See J. V. Z. ii. 3. 156, *Afakā*. iv. 3. 170, etc.

1. **பெரிய அளவு** : --

"Ah! for me, when my heart hath accepted this sorrow,
Can it be the reward of a conqueror's war?"—

('that is, to attack me now'): and *Meek Meek*, iv, 1, 1281-2.

"Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life."

The metaphor is a military one, referring to a rear-guard or reserve which follows up the attack of the vanguard or of the main army.

126. *Sonnet*. Utter, express: *ex* 'out' sound as with *plummet*.

is possible" (*Deaf'er*). *That word's death* = the death is placed in that word.

130. *Wash* *dear*, etc. That is, let them wash, etc. Some eds. put an interrogation mark after *dear*, as the 2d quarto does.

137. *Woe*. Known used only in the present tense and the participle *weaving*.

SCENE III. — 1. *Fearful*. Full of fear, afraid: Cf. *M. M. D. v.* 1. 101, 163, etc.

2. *Parts*. Gifts, endowments. Cf. iii. 5, 1st below: "honourable parts."

6. *Fourteen*. A quadrisyllable here.

7. *Sour company*. Cf. "sour wine" in iii. 2. 116 above, "sour misfortune" in v. 3. 83 below, etc. The figurative sense is a quarrel with S.

10. *Possibler*. A singular expression, which Massinger has imitated in *The Renegade* v. 5: "Upon those lips from which these sweet words vanished." In *R. of L.* 1641 the word is used of the breath.

20. *Raise*. For the variable accent (cf. 13 above and 43 below), see on iii. 1. 190.

26. *Must'd aside the law*. Promptly eluded or contravened the law. The expression is peculiar, and may be corrupt. "Push'd" and "mush'd" have been suggested as emendations.

28. *Dear merray*. True merray. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 129: "A dear happiness to women," etc.

39. *Heaven's depth*, etc. "All deep passions are a kind of arches, that believe no faith" (*Col. bridge*).

43. *Value*. Worth. Cf. *A. M.* v. 3. 192: —

"O, behold this ring,
Whose high aspect and rich solidity
Did lack a parallel."

See also *T. A.* i. 1. 10 and *Leor*, i. 1. 83.



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It is also used for anything circular; as marks of small-pox (*an. f. f.* v. 2. 23), stars (*M. M. D.* iii. 2. 188), a theatre (*Ham. V.* prol. 13), and the earth (*id. and C.* v. 2. 81).

94. *Old*. Practised, experienced. *Cl.* *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 234, v. 2. 552, *T. and C.* i. 2. 128, ii. 2. 73, etc.

98. *Aye conceal'd* *info.* Not known to the world as my wife. *Conceal'd* is accented on the first syllable because, before the vowel

103. *level*. *Arise*; as in *Sonnet* 119. 11: "the level of a young frown;" *Ham. VIII.* i. 2. 2: "the level of a full-blaz'd confederacy," etc. Cf. the use of the verb in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 239. *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 202, etc.

109. *As a body*. Comparison as to body; as in *f. f.* iii. 2. 67.

108. *Hold thy tongue, or I will smite thee*. Up to this point, as Marshall remarks, the Friar treats Romeo's utter want of self-control with a good-humoured tolerance. . . . It is only when the young man's passion threatens to go to the point of violating the law of God and man that he speaks with the authority of a priest, and in the tone of stern rebuke. This speech is a most admirable composition, full of striking good sense, eloquent reasoning, and noble poetry."

109. *Yet these*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem:—

"And then quoth he a man? His shape saith, so thou art!"

The crying and the weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.

For nearly reason is quite free of [art] thy mind hath no skill,

And thy heart's stout affections lead, and fancies highly pleased.

So that I stoode in doubt this houre (at the least)

If thou a man, or woman wast, or else a foolish beast!"

112. *He-beseeching*. *Cl.* i. 3. 79 above.

115. *Better temper'd*. Of better temper or quality. *Cl.* 2 *Ham. IV.* i. 1. 113: "the best temper'd courage in his troops."

118. *Being daunted here*. *Cl.* v. 2. 20 below: "do much damage" etc.

119. *Why wilt thou*, etc. Malone remarks that Romeo has

not here sailed on his birth, etc., though in Brooke's poem he does; —

"And then, our Rouse is, with tender hopes growing"
 With eyes, with pride, with manly mien, with soul, and with a looking on,
 Keenest with no ill none the dangers of his heart,
 His outward dreary cheer, bestray'd, his store of inward smart.
 First nature did he blame, the author of his life,
 In which his boyhood had been so sad, and so long a day;
 The time and place of birth, he loudly did complain,
 He cried out (with open mouth) against the stars above," etc.

In his reply the Friar asks: —

"Why cryest thou out on love? why dost thou blame the fate?
 Why dost thou murmur after death? thy life why dost thou hate?"

122. *With*. See on i. 4. 27 above.

127. *Disgracing*. Disgracing, disparaging. It is = *disgracing* + *rick*. *IL* v. 3. 66: "thy disgracing son."

132. *Lick powder*, etc. See on ii. 6. 10 above. Stevens remarks: "The ancient English soldiers, using matchlocks instead of flints, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the powder *stock* in which they kept their powder."

134. *And thou torn to pieces* with thine own means of defence.

144. *Prove upon*. Cf. *Cor.* v. 1. 321: "We prove upon the morning."

151. *Blaze*. Make public. Cf. *Baron* ii. 6. 211 above, and *Colburn* 2 *Nov.* 1844. iv. 10. 76.

154. *Lamentation*. Metrically five syllables.

157. *For unto*. Inclined to, ready for. Cf. iii. 1. 32 above.

160. *Here stands*, etc. "The whole of your fortune depends on this" (Johnson). Cf. ii. 3. 93 and ii. 4. 34 above.

171. *Good luck*. Piece of good luck. Cf. ii. 2. 150 above.

174. *So brief to part*. To part so soon.

SCENE IV. . . 11. *Awake'd up*. Shut up. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 87, 128, etc. *Awake* originally meant to moult, or shed the feathers, and as hawks were then shut up, it got the secondary sense it has here.

12. *Overbold*. Overbold, venturesome.

23. *Keep us from awe*. Elsewhere in *S.* the phrase is, as now, *make awe*. Cf. *T. G. of F.* iv. 4. 31, & *Ham. IV.* ii. 4. 223, *Ham. I III.* v. 3. 159, etc.

25. *Held thee reverently*. Cf. *3 Ham. VI.* i. 1, 109: "I held thee reverently;" *Id.* ii. i. 102: "held thee dearly," etc.

28. *And there we end*. Cf. *T. G. of F.* i. 3. 62, *Id.* i. 158, *Rich. II.* i. 1, 69, etc.

32. *Against*. Cf. *Id.* i. 113 below: "against thou shalt awake."

34. *For we*. "By my life, by my soul" (Schmidt). Cf. *Prov.* ii. 1. 84: "Now, afore me, a handsome fellow!" So *For we*, as in *T. of S.* ii. 3. 194, *Id.* iv. 1. 139, etc.

35. *By and by*. Presently. *Sonnet* ii. 2. 15; above.

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber*. The scene is variously given by the editors as "The Gallery," "Antichamber of Juliet's Chamber," "Loggia to Juliet's Chamber," "A Gallery to Juliet's Chamber overlooking the Orchard," "Juliet's Chamber, a Window open upon the Balcony," "Capulet's Orchard," etc. As Malone remarks, Romeo and Juliet probably appeared on the balcony at the rear of the old English stage. "The scene in the poem's eye was doubtless the large and massy projecting balcony before one or more windows, common in Italian palaces and not unfrequent in Gothic civil architecture. The *Loggia*, an open gallery, or high terrace [see cut on p. 83], communicating with the upper apartments of a palace, is a common feature in Palladian architecture, and would also be well adapted to such a scene" (Verplanck).

4. *Nightingale*. It is said that the nightingale, if unmolested, sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together (Freeman). This is because the male bird sings near where the female is sitting. "The preference of the nightingale for the *pyracantha* is un-



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19. *The grey.* See on ii. 4. 41 above.

20. *The pale light of Cynthia's beam.* That is, the pale light of the moon shining through or reflected from the breaking clouds. *Beowulf* is put in face of *the M. D. v. l. 71*: "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," etc. Some critics have thought that a setting moon was meant; but only a rising moon could light up "the setting clouds" in the way described. The *reflexion* (if we take *reflex* in that literal sense) is from their *opposite*, as the light from behind falls upon them. Have these critics never seen

"a s-s-ile cloud

"Turn forth her silver lining on the night"

when the moon was behind it?

21. *Not that is not.* Double negatives are common in S.

22. *The vaulty heaven.* Cf. *M. J. v. l. 32*: "the vaulty top of heaven;" and *R. of L. 119*: "her vaulty prison" (that is, Night's).

23. *Division.* "The breaking of a melody, or its descent, into small notes. The modern musician would call it variation" (Elsou). Cf. *J. Herod. P. iii. l. 210*: —

"Sung by a fair queen in a squarer's lawn,
With twining division, to her heart."

The word is a quadrisyllable here.

24. *The harts, etc.* The hart having beautiful eyes, and the lack very ugly ones, it was a popular tradition that they had changed eyes. (Warburton).

25. *Awake.* Startle from sleep: as Chaucer in *Bianche the Clerk* (236) is *awakened* out of his sleep by "small fowls" (Dowden).

26. *Hunts-up.* The horn played to wake and collect the hunters (Strevens). Cf. *May Day, 22*: "But harts-up to the hunt the feather'd sylvens sing;" and again in *Third Riquet*: "Time plays the hunts-up to thy sleepy head." We have the full form in:

7. A. B. 2. 1; "The heart is as the moon is bright and grey." The term was also applied to any morning song, and especially one to a new-married woman. Cotgrave (ed. 1632) defines *serenit* as "a Hunts-up, or morning song, for a new-married wife, the day after the marriage."

43. *My love's etc.* From 1st quarto; the other quartos and 1st folio have "love. Love, my husband, friend." On which Dowden reads: "love, love, my husband-friend." *Friend* was sometimes = lover: as in *Measure for Measure*, v. 2. 72; *Cot.* iv. 1. 3, 4, and *Gl.* iii. 12. 22. *Com.* i. 4. 74, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem, where Juliet referring to Romeo says:—

"For whom I am a passion more to myself a foe,
Discreetly made his steadfast friend, and serves my friendship so;"

and of their parting the poet says:

"With soft music, when they both they sorrow'd all love and took;

They saw each other as my friends shall I say steady friendship shak."

44. *Day in the hour.* The hyperbole is explained by what follows.

53. *I have an ill-dividing soul.* "This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a disagreeable particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet" (Steevens). See i. 4. 25 and 103 fol. above.

54. *Behold.* From 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "so here," which is preferred by some of the modern editors.

56. *Her sorrow divides me here.* An allusion to the old notion that sorrow and sighing exhaust the blood. Cf. *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 97, *Ham.* iv. 7. 121. *Measure for Measure* iii. 1. 78, etc.

61. *Down.* Lying down, abed (Dowden).

66. *Preserves her.* Leads her to come. Cf. ii. 2. 145 above. See also *M. A. D.* iv. 6. 48: "preserve the vicar to stay for me," etc.

67. *Why, how poor, foolish!* Mr. Johnson remarks: "In the dialogue between Juliet and her parents, and in the scenes with

the Nurse, we seem to have before us the whole of her previous education and habits. We see her, on the one hand, kept in severe subjection by her austere parents; and, on the other, fondled and spoiled by a foolish old nurse — a situation perfectly analogous with the manners of the time. Then Lady Capulet enters sweeping by with her train of velvet, her black hood, her fan, and rosary — the very beautiful of a proud Italian matron of the fifteenth century, whose story is poison Romeo, in revenge for the death of Tybal, snuffs out with one very characteristic trait of the age and the country. Yet she loves her daughter, and there is a touch of remorseful tenderness in her lamentations over her, which adds to our impression of the timid softness of Juliet and the harsh cultivation in which she has been kept."

69. *Wash him from his grave*, etc. The hyperbole may remind us of the one in *Rich. II.* iii. 5. 196 foll.

70. *Woe*. See on iii. 3. 122 above.

71. *Awake, heartily*. Cf. "felling sorrow" in *IV*, *T.* iv. 2, 8 and *four*, iv. 6. 225.

72. *Like he*. The inflections of pronouns are often unfounded by 5.

73. *Oh, woe!*, etc. Johnson remarks that "Juliet's equivocations are rather than a fearful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover." To this Clarke well replies: "It appears to us that, on the contrary, the evasions of speech here used by the young girl-wife are precisely those that a mind, so lately and so sharply awakened from previous inactivity, by desperate love and grief, in its self-conscious strength, would instinctively use. Especially are they exactly the sort of shifts and quibbles that a nature rendered timid by stinted intercourse with her kind, and by excessive liability to the innocent confidences made by one of her age in the confessional, is prone to resort to, when first left to itself in difficulties of situation and abrupt encounter with life's perplexities."

74. *In Verona*, etc. Northcote, who has a long quarrel, has noted the slip at which S. is guilty here. Romeo is said to be living in



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conduct." They appear to crowd the measure, but possibly "I will not marry yet" ("I'll not marry yet") may contain only as two feet.

122, *These are none.* See on 105 above.

123, *The dew.* The reading of the 4th and 5th quartos; the other early eds. have "the earth," which is adopted by many editors. Faldut remarks: "This is scientifically true; poetically, it would seem better to read *dew* instead of *earth*." It happens, however, that science and poetry agree here; for it is the watery vapour in the air that is condensed into dew. Malone, who also says that the reading *dew* is "philosophically true," cites *A. of L.* 1226: "But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set;" but this only means that the earth is wet with dew. To speak of the earth as *dripping* dew is nonsense; we might as well say that it "drives rain" (*Much Ado*, iii. 3. 111). Elsewhere *S.* refers to the "falling" dew; as in *R. John*, ii. 1. 283, *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 27, *Cymb.* v. 5. 351, etc.

123, *Cherished.* Probably alluding to the human figures that spouted water in fountains. Cf. *A. of L.* 1236:—

"A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
"Like ivory conduits vocal sisters filling."

See also *W. T.* v. 2. 60.

124-130, *Dissemble . . . feign.* This long-drawn "council" is evidently from the first thought of the play.

131, *Uke.* See on i. 2. 109 above.

138, *She will none.* Cf. *H. M. D.* iii. 2. 109: "Lysander, keep for Hermia; I will none," etc.

140, *Take me with you.* I am now alone and you. Cf. *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 506: "I would your grace would take me with you; whom means your grace?"

143, *Brought.* "Not induced, prevailed upon, but brought about, effected" (Schmidt). Cf. *Henry VIII.* iii. 2. 311: "You wrought it to be a delegate;" Cor. ii. 3. 251: "brought. To be so high in place," etc.

144. *Bridgewoman*. The 2d quarto has "Bride." This was used of both sexes in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but S. never makes it masculine. The *New Eng. Diet.* quotes Sylvester, *The Schoole* (1598): "Daughter dear . . . Isis bless thee and thy Bride," etc.

145. *Chap-logic*. Saphis; used by S. only here.

146. *Mansion*. Originally favourite, darling (as in *Temp.* iv. i. 98, *Mind* i. 2. 19, etc.), then a spoiled favourite, and hence a pet or sunny person.

147. *Thou'st not we* *bankings*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 89: "Grace us; no grace; for uncle we can call" etc.

148. *Settle*. To part, make ready. It is the reading of the quartos and 1st folio: the later folios have "settle," which may be what S. wrote. He does not use *futuric* elsewhere, and the long *f* and *ff* were easily confounded in printing.

149. *Ors*, etc. "Such was the imbecility of the age of S. that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyforth, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Didus call Aeneas *hedge-bray, cushion, and tay-bray* in the course of one speech. Nay, in the interlude of *The Regentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1517, Mary Magdalene says to one of her attendants, '*How now, I beseeche your honesty, are you here?*'" (*Somerset*?).

150. *Left*. The 1st quarto has "sent," which some editors adopt. Clarke thinks it may be a misprint for "left," as Capulet (ii. 2. 14) speaks as if he had had other children; but S. is careless in these minor matters. See on i. 5. 30 and v. 3. 207.

151. *Setting*. See on ii. 4. 13 above.

152. *God ye good-den*. See on i. 2. 37 above.

153. *Plow*. Theobald repeated the word for the sake of the measure. *Plow* may perhaps be metrically a dissyllable, as in *A. V. L.* ii. 4. 50.

172-177. *God's bread!* etc. The text of the early eds. is evidently corrupt here. The reading in the text is Malone's, and perhaps gives very nearly what Sh. wrote on the revision of the play.

181. *Stuffed*, etc. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, i. 1. 58: "stuffed with all honourable virtues," etc. For *parva* cf. iii. 3. 2 above.

181. *Admiration*. Pappet, foll. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 3. 93: "To play with admiration." The word is also written *admirat* and is a contraction of *admirare*. In *Le-Fort's* reader when good fortune presents itself. Cf. iii. 4. 12 above.

183. *See*. Sh. vii. ii. 1. 10 above.

184. *My hand on his heart, advise*. Consider it seriously. Cf. Donne's poem:—

"Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,
And think up that I speak in spite, on my deathbed as my vow,"

185. *And my mother*. Cf. iii. 2. 58: "Ah, poor my land!" etc.

203. *Should practice stratagems*, etc. Should, as it were, entrap me into so painful and perplexing a situation. Schmidt makes *disloyal* synonymous = "anything gross and appalling," and cites this passage as an instance.

212. *Faith, here 'tis*, etc. Here follows Brachet:—

"She sets her teeth at last to her father's furious rage,
And she drops with much to her the second marriage,
And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,
By wrong, then she herself by right had Romeo's promise before," etc.

Mrs. Jameson remarks: "The old woman, true to her vocation, and faithful last her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris; and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and baseness of her confidence is the moment which reveals her to herself. She dares not break into upbraidings: it is no moment for anger: it is instantaneous amazement, succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence, which takes possession of her mind. The assaults of vice



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234. *Is it more so, she*. Mrs. Johnson remarks: "It appears to me an admirable touch of nature, considering the master-passion which, at this moment, rules in Juliet's soul, that she is as much shocked by the nurse's dispraise of her lover as by her wicked, time-serving advice. This scene is the crisis in the character; and henceforth we see Juliet assume a new aspect. The foolish, impatient, timid girl puts on the wife and the woman; she has learned heroism from suffering, and subdily from oppression. It is idle to criticise her dissimbling submission to her father and mother; a higher duty has taken place of that which she owed to them; a more sacred life has sacreded her others. Her parents are pictured as they are, that no feeling for them may interfere in the slightest degree with our sympathy for the lovers. In the mind of Juliet there is no struggle between her filial and her conjugal duties, and then ought to be none."

235. *Compare*. See on ii. 3. 43 above.

ACT IV

SCENE 1. 3. *And I am reaching down to slack his haste*. Paris here seems to say the opposite of what he evidently means, and various attempts have been made to explain away the inconsistency. It appears to be one of the peculiar cases of "double negative" discussed by Schmidt in his Appendix, p. 1426, though he does not give it there. "His idea of negation was so strong in the poet's mind that he expressed it in more than one place, oblivious of his canon, that 'your four negatives make your two affirmatives.'" Cf. *Lang*, ii. 2, 1427—

"You do not know how to relax her haste"

"Can she be so slow [*slack* in quarters] her duty?"

That is, you are more inclined to depreciate her than for to slack her duty.

5. *Unpleasant*. Indirect. Cf. the use of *even an* *Agnes* ii. 2, 298: "be ever and direct with me," etc. Sometimes the word is — perplexing, embarrassing; as in *Ham. III.* i. 1, 30: "unseen and unwelcome news," etc.

11. *Marriage*. A trisyllable here; as in *M. of W.* ii. 9, 13, etc. So also in the quotation from *Brooke* in note on iii. 5, 272 above.

13. *Alone*. When alone; opposed to *company* below.

16. *Should*. The only instance of the verb in S.

18-36. This part of the scene evidently came from the first draft of the play.

20. *That may be said to*. That may be of years must be.

29. *Abhor*. Marry, disfigured.

31. *Spoke*. Cf. i. 5, 69 above.

38. *Evening mass*. Kilsan and others say that Juliet means *noontide*, as there is no such thing as *evening mass*; and Stanton expresses surprise that S. has fallen into this error, since he elsewhere shows a familiarity with the usages of the Roman Catholic Church. It is the critics who are in error, not S. Walsley Stowe (*The Roman Church*, xxiii) says that, while the time of mass is usually before noon, it is sometimes celebrated in the evening ("aliquando ad vespertinum"). Amalricus, Bishop of Trèves (*De Eccles. Off.* iv. 20), specifies Lent as the season for this hour. The *Generales Rubricæ* allow this at other times in the year. In Wiclif's *French Catholicon* we are told that, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry the first French, daughter of Henry IV., with the Duke of Chembour, as proxy for Charles I. of England, celebrated in Notre Dame at Paris, May 11, 1525, "mass was celebrated in the evening." See *Water and Quarts* for April 29 and June 2, 1876; also McClure and Strong's *Biblical Cyclopedia*, under *Mass*.

40. *We must excuse us*. We must beg pardon of ourselves. Cf. *Ham. VIII.* i. 471: —

"Come hither to view these ladies and their
Attendants, to revels with them."

41. *God shield*. *God forbid*. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1-74: "God shield you mean it not?" So "[Heaven shield]" in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 141, etc. *Question* is here a quadrisyllable.

43. *And even, &c.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past is is still past rare."

45. *Perseus*. See on ii. 2. 75 above.

54. *This knife*. It was the custom of the time in Italy as in Spain for ladies to wear daggers at their girdles.

57. *The deed*. The seal appended by a slip to a deed according to the custom of the day. In *Rich. II.* v. 2. 36, the Duke of York discovers, by the depending seal, a covenant which his son has made with the conspirators. In *Cymb.* v. 3. 530, *deed* is used for the deed itself.

62. *Extremes*. Extremities, sufferings. Cf. *R. of L.* 955:

"Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed criminal night."

The meaning in the passage is, "This knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses" (Johnson).

64. *Commission*. Warrant, authority. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 279: "you are more sanny with lords and honorable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry."

66. *Be not so long to speak. Be slow to speak*. Blake remarks here: "The constraint, with sparing speech, visible in Juliet when with her parents, as contrasted with her free outpouring flow of words when she is with her lover, her father's confessing, or her nurse — when, in short, she is her natural self and at perfect ease — is true to characteristic delineation. The young girl, the very young girl, the girl brought up as Juliet, has been reared, the youthful Southern maiden lives and breathes in every line by which S. has set her before us."

78. *Found*. Ulrich "cannot perceive why Juliet must designate a particular, actual tower, since all that follows is purely imaginary;" and to me the reference to a tower in sight seems both



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gested, which is more in accordance with the dates given in the play. In iv. 1. 30 the Friar says to Juliet: -

"Wednesday is to-morrow"
To-morrow night look that thou be alone," etc.

This agrees with the preceding dates. The conversation in iii. 4 is late on Monday evening (cf. lines 3 and 18), and Lady Capulet's talk with Juliet about marrying Paris (iii. 5. 17-18) is early the next (Tuesday) morning. The visit to the Friar is certainly on the same day; and the next scene (iv. 2) is in the evening of that day. Juliet comes home and tells her father that she has been to the Friar's, and is ready to marry Paris. The old man at first insists to have the wedding "to-morrow morning" (that is, Wednesday) instead of Thursday. Lady Capulet objects, but finally yields to her husband's persistency; and so Juliet goes to her chamber, and risks the poison. Tuesday evening, on Tuesday-four he is calmer than the prior had dreamed. He of course is notified of the change in the time for the wedding, as he is to perform the ceremony, and will understand that Juliet has anticipated the time of taking the potion, and that she will wake on Wednesday morning instead of Friday. If so, instead of extending the "to a sun-fery hours," as Magnifico says, we need rather to shorten the interval. We may suppose the time of v. 3 to be as early as three o'clock in the morning. It is summer, and before daylight. Paris and Romeo come with torches, and the Friar with a lantern. Romeo tells his servant to deliver "the letter to his father" early in the morning. The night watchmen are still on duty. Since we can hardly send Juliet to bed before nine in the evening on Tuesday, *twelve* hours is the most that can be allowed for the interval, unless we add another day and accept the fifty-two of Magnifico. But this does not seem required by anything in act v. - not even by the "two days buried" of v. 3. 179, for Thursday would be the second day that she had lain in the tomb. The marriage was to be early on Wednesday morning, and the funeral took its place. Beltramo "piously

took post" (v. 1, 21) to call the news to Rome at Mantua, less than twenty-five miles distant. He arrives before evening (v. 1, 41: "all this day," which indicates the time), and Romeo at once says, "I will hence to-night." He has ample time to make his preparations and to reach Verona before two o'clock the next morning. He has been at the tomb only half an hour or so (v. 3, 106) before the Friar comes. It must have been near midnight (see v. 3, 23) when Friar John returned to the church's cell; and it is even if he had not been dispatched to Mantua until that morning, he would have had time to go and return, but for his unexpected detention. I see no difficulty, therefore, in assuming that the drama closes on Thursday morning; the difficulty would be in prolonging the time to the next morning without dragging the action drag-

170, *for thy first night*, &c. The Italian custom here, alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed and with the face adorned (which is not mentioned by Payson), is figured particularly described in *Romans and Folies*. . .

"Not thoughtfully his ruin as we have,
That all the best of their stocks set South he has gone;
 * * * * * *

For when we think, that we stand by us,
Come to their church with open face upon the people lies,
In woe'd wide interie not up it winding show."

Cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 164: "They bore him barefac'd on the bier." Knight remarks that thus the rancids and matrons of Italy are still carried to the tomb; and he quotes Rogers, *Italy*:—

" And lying on her funeral coach,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together over her breast lay as
As I saw her mighty posture, though she seemed
She came at last and richly, gayly clad,
As for a birthday feast."



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that the relative is expressed in the next line. We should expect "thrilling" or "And almost."

26. *For some there*, see on iv. i. 54 above. Moreover, as Steevens notes, *knives*, or *daggers*, were part of the accoutrements of a bride. Cf. Dekker, *Match me in London*: "See at my girl's hang my wedding knives!" and *Living Authors III*, 1303: "Here by my side to hang my wedding knives," and Tyeer remarks that the omission of the word *knives* "is peculiarly awkward, as Juliet has been addressing the girl just before;" but B. wrote for the stage, where the action would make the reference perfectly clear.

27. *Friends be married*, etc. A "friends" line with two extra syllables, like v. 3. 256 below. See p. 158 above.

28. *Tried*. Proved: as in *J. C. iv. 1. 28*, *Ham. i. 3. 62*, etc.

33. *Healthsome*. Wholesome; used by S. only here.

36. *Likely*. Likely; as often.

39. *It is a week*, etc. It is here as to wit, ready. Cf. *Ham. i. 4. 23*, etc.

Steevens thinks that this passage may have been suggested to S. by the ancient church-house (now removed) adjoining the church of St. Andrew's; but that was merely a receptacle for bones from old graves and disused tombs, while the reference here is to a family tomb still in regular use, where the body of Tybalt has just been deposited, and as Juliet knows that she also will be when requested to be laid. S. was of course familiar with such tombs or *monuments*.

Reverend. For the accent on the first syllable, cf. *P. A. i. 1. 92*: "O sacred repository of my joys!" So also in *Ant. iv. 6. 156*; the only other instance of the word in S.

42. *Over*. Fresh, recent, as in *Ham. i. 2. 2*, etc.

43. *Feasting*. Corrupting; as in *Ham. V. iv. 3. 88* and *Sonn. 96. 14*.

47. *Mandragora*. The plant *Atropa mandragora* (cf. *Obs. iii. 3. 13* and *A. and C. i. 5. 2*, where it is called "mandragora"), the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure, and when

turn from the earth to utter shrieks which dread those that hear them. Cf. 2 *Heb.* 17. iii. 2. 370: "Witch-raises kill, as doth the mandrake's groans." etc. Cales, in his *Art of Dissembling*, says that witches "take likewise the roots of mandrake, . . . and make thereof an ugly image, by which they represent the person on whom they intend to exercise their witchcraft." The plant was of course also in veneration, as a sacred incense. The passages cited above in which it is called *mandragora* and for sundry other purposes. Sir Thomas More observes that "Mandragora is an herbe, as physicians saye, that causeth folke to sleepe, and therein to have many mad fantastical dreames." How the root could be got without danger is explained by Robin, in his *Discourse of Differences against Stochastic*, 1573: "Therefore they tie the same dogge or other lying beast unto the roote thereof with a snare, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the mean tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this Mandrake. In which cry it doth not only dye it selfe, but the feare thereof killeth the dogge or beast, which pulseth it out of the earth."

19. *Distracted*. Dispersed. S. uses the word again in *Reb.* 111. iii. 5. 1: "distracted and mad with Lyma." Elsewhere he has *disturbed* (as in *Temp.* v. i. 12, *Macb.* ii. 3. 110, etc.) or *distract* (as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 135, *Ham.* iv. 5. 2, etc.). Spenser has *distracted* often; as in *R. Q.* iv. 3. 48. "Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distracted;" *Id.* iv. 7. 31: "His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught" (where *in* is = drawn apart, its original sense), etc.

20. *Prerogative*, *privilege*, etc. The 14 quarto has here the stage-direction, — *She falls upon her bed within the partition.* The ancient stage was divided by curtains, called *traverse*, which were a substitute for sliding scenes. Juliet's bed was behind these curtains, and when they were closed in front of her bed the stage was supposed to represent the hall in Capulet's house for the next scene. When he summons the Nurse to call forth Juliet, she opens the

curtains and the scene again becomes Juliet's chamber, where she is discovered apparently dead. After the lamentations over her, the first quarto gives the direction, "*They all exit the Stage yet Juliet, waiting discovery, to her usual standing the first time*;" and then follows the scene with Peter and the Musicians. The stage had no movable painted scenery.

SCENE IV. — *a. Pastry.* That is, the room where pastry was made. Cf. *pastry* (Fr. *pastryerie*, from *paître*), the place where bread is kept, etc. Staunton quotes *A Frenchman upon French*, 1552:—

"None having seen all this, thou shalt yet see heard by
The pastry, *médellivare*, and the roome whereous the coales do ly."

S. uses *pastry* only here. For the double meaning of the word, cf. *pastry* (Fr. *pastryerie*), which was used both for the material (*Rich. III.* iv. 4. 424) and the place where it was kept.

4. *Coffin-bell.* As the curfew was rung in the evening, the only way to explain this is to assume that it means "the bell originally used for that purpose" (*Gehmiét*). In the three other instances in which S. has the word (*Temp. v. 2. 20. Alf. for M. iv. 2. 78, Lear, iii. 4. 121*), it is used verbally.

5. *Back'd meat.* Pastry. S. uses this term only here and in *Ham. i. 2. 180*. Nares says that it formerly meant "a meat pie, or perhaps any other pie." He cites Cotgrave, who defines *pastryerie* as "all kind of pies or bak'd meats;" and Sherwood (English supplement to Cotgrave), who renders "bak'd meats" by *pastryerie*. Cf. *The White Devil*:—

"You speak as if a man
Should know what fowl is contain'd in a bak'd meat
Before it is cut up;"

that is, what fowl is under the crust of the pie. *Good Angelina* perhaps means fairly caput, not the Narey; and, as Cowden suggests, *Spare not the cost* seems more appropriate to the former.



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That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speake, but long is leuel his testes and plaint to kepe!"

The poem may have suggested Capulet's speech; but S. is not at fault in making him afterwards lend his tongue and become "clamorous in his grief." That was perfectly natural.

36. *Life, living*. There is no necessity for emendation, as some have supposed. *Living* is = wants of living, possessions; as in *A. of L.* v. 1. 236: "you have given me life: and living," etc.

37. *Thought*. Expected, hoped; as in *Witch* i. ii. 2. 236. etc.

41. *Labour*. Referring to the tortoise's progress of time, as in *T. of A.* iii. c. 8 (*Lieliu*).

44. *Caught*. Also used for the participle in *J. L. T.* v. 2. 19 and *A. W.* i. 3. 176; and for the past tense in *Cor.* i. 3. 68. Elsewhere S. has caught.

45. *Over*. White thinks that in "this speech of a cock heron was" S. ridicules the translation of Seneca's *Proquax* (1581); but it is in keeping with the character. Probably this and the next two speeches belong to the early draft of the play, with much that proceeds and follows.

52. *Debatable*. For the accent on the first syllable (as always in S.), cf. *R. John*, iii. 4. 25. *T. of A.* iv. c. 33. and v. 3. 42 below.

55. *Dejected, distressed*, etc. In this line, as in 51, note the mixture of contracted and uncontracted participles.

56. *Uncomfortable*. Cheerless, joyless; the one instance of the word in S.

60. *Arried*. A trisyllable here; as in v. 3. 176 below.

61. *Confusion's*. Here the word is = ruin, death; but in the next line it is = confused lamentations. Cf. *R. of L.* 445: "fright her with confusion of their cries."

65. *His*. *Heaven* is not personified here.

67. *Persecution*. A quadrisyllable here.

72. *With*. Often thus used of the dead. Cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 30, 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 3, *Macb.* iv. 3. 179, *A. and C.* ii. 5. 25 etc. See also v. 1. 17 below.

75. *Resembling*. That is, the rosemary that had been brought for the wedding; for it was used at both weddings and funerals. Cf. Herrick, *The Rosemary Bunch*:—

"Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be'th for a wedding or a funeral;"

and Decker, *Wonderful Year*. "The rosemary that was washed in sweet water to set out the bridal, is now wet in tears to furnish her burial." Cf. ii. 4. 692 above.

76. *At the custom is*. See on iv. 1. 120 above.

78. *Fond*. Foolish (cf. iii. 3. 53 above), as opposed to *reasonable*.

80. *At the same time*. Cf. Brooke's poem:—

"Now is the part as myth quite strange;
And now to sorrow is exchange the joy of early morn;
And now the wedding weeds for mourning weeds they change,
And Hypermenee a Dytos; alas! of so much strange;
In stead of a virgin's bloom, now turn all gloom they have;
And whom they should so cherish, they follow to the grave.
The tears that should have been of pleasure and of joy
With every dish and cup full of sorrow and annoy."

93. *Case*. There is a play upon the other sense of the word (a case for a musical instrument); as in *Off*. 21 iv. 4. 244: "But, though my case be a painful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it" (that is, out of my skin).

96. *Kicker Peter*. From the quatrains we learn that William Knoppe played the part of Peter, as he did that of Dogberry in *Much Ado*.

In explanation of the introduction of this part of the scene, Knight remarks: "It was the custom of our ancient theatre to introduce, in the irregular pauses of a play that stood in place of a division into acts, some short diversions, such as a song, a dance, or the extempore buffoonery of a clown. At this point of *As You Like It*, there is a natural pause in the action, and at this point such an interlude would probably have been presented, whether Sh. had written one or not. . . . Will Knoppe was the *Liscion* of his day,

and was as great a popular favourite as Tadster had been before him. It was wise, therefore, in S. to find some business for Will Kempe that should not be entirely out of harmony with the great business of his play. The scene of the musicians is very short and, regarded as a necessary part of the routine of the ancient stage, is excellently managed. Nothing can be more naturally exhibited than the difference of feelings, without attachment, to a family scene of grief. Peter and the musicians barely jokes; and though the musicians think Peter a 'pesilent leave' perhaps for his inopportune sallies, they are ready enough to look after their own gratification, even amidst the sorrow which they see around them. A wedding or a burial is the same to them. "Come, we'll be here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner." So S. repels the course of the world — and it is not much changed."

"To our minds," says Clarke, "the intention was to show how grief and gaiety, pathos and absurdity, sorrow and jesting, elbow each other in life's crowd; how the calamities of existence fall heavily upon the souls of some, while others, standing close beside the grievous, feel no jot of suffering or sympathy. Far from the want of harmony that has been found here, we feel it to be one of those passing disorders that produce richest and fullest effect of harmonious co-existence."

Turness states that in Edwin Booth's acting copy this scene of Peter and the musicians is transposed to i. 5. 27 above.

99. *Heart's ease*. A popular love song for the time, mentioned in *Misogoneia*, a play by Thomas Rycharde, written before 1570.

101. *My heart is full of woe*. The burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers*: "My heart I my heart is full of woe" (Steevens).

102. *Damp*. A mournful or plaintive song or melody. Calling it *werry* is a joke of Peter's. Cf. 2. G. of V. iii. 2. 85: "A deploring damp." See also *id.* of L. 1127.

103. *Gluck*. Scoff. Cf. 1. *Tem. II*. iii. 2. 125: "Now where's the bastard's boys, and Charles his glucks?" So gave the gluck



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some of the critics, but their conclusions are not better. For *flattering* in the sense of illusive, cf. ii. 2. 131. Some have wondered that S. here makes the presentiment a hopeful one, but as a writer in the *Continent Magazine* (October, 1860) remarks, the presentiment was true, not known and true to itself. Had he done so, his fate would not have been so tragic.

9. *My former lord*. That is, my heart: not Love, or Cupid, as some would make it. Lines 3-5 seem to me only a highly poetical description of the strange new cheerfulness and helpfulness he feels -- a reaction from his former depression which is like his dream of rising from the dead as emperor.

10. *As we!* See on *As we!* iii. 1. 13 above. It may be a misprint for "*As we!*" here.

12. *Suburban*. Always accented by S. on the first syllable. The name occurs in *C. of E.*, *Next time*, and *At. of V.*

17. *She is well*. See on iii. 3. 32 above.

18. *Capels*. "In early MSS. have '*Capels*'; for modern uses generally -- 'Capels'." The singular seems better here, on account of the omission of the article: but the plural in v. 3. 127: "the Capels' monument." S. uses this abbreviation only twice. Brooke uses *Capel* and *Capels* indiscriminately. See quotation in introduction, p. 28 above.

21. *Previously*. Immediately, the usual meaning in S. Cf. iv. 1. 54 and 93 above.

27. *Reflexion*. A trisyllable, as in v. 3. 221 and 261 below.

29. *Misadventures*. Mishap(s), misfortune; used by S. only here and in v. 3. 185 below. *Misadventured* occurs only in prol. 7 above.

36. *In*. Into; as often. Cf. v. 3. 32 below.

37. *I do remember, etc.* Joseph Warburton objects to the detailed description here as "in properly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passion." "But," as Knight remarks, "the mind once made up, it becomes perversely pleasure in going over every circumstance that had suggested the means of mischief. All other

thoughts he passed out of Rowan's mind. He had nothing left but to die; and everything connected with the means of death was seized upon by his imagination with an energy that could only find relief in words. He has exhibited the same knowledge of nature in his sad and solemn picture of *R. of L.*, where the injured wife, having resolved to wipe out her stain by death,

"calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy."

She sees in that painting some fancied resemblance to her own position, and spends the happy hours till her husband awakes in contemplation." See *R. of L.* 1306 fol. and 1496 fol.

39. *Overwhelming*. Overhanging. Cf. *V. and A.* 185. "His lowering brows overwhelming his fair sight." See also: *Ham. V. iii.* 1. 14. For *robes* = garments, see *M. M. R.* ii. 2. 71. &c.

40. *Similes*. Medicinal herbs. Cf. *R. of L.* 236. *Ham. iv. 7.* 145. &c.

43. *An alligator stuffed*. This was a regular part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop in the time of Dr. Nash, in his *Free-Trade Town*, &c., 1598. refers to "an apothecary's amandile or dried alligator." Stevens says that he has met with the alligator, tortoise, &c., hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Lincolne. as well as in places more remote from the metropolis. In Dutch art, as Feilholt remarks, these marine monsters often appear in representations of apothecaries' shops,

44. *A leggerly crowne*, &c. Cf. Rowan's poem:—

"And seeking long (alac too soone) the thing he sought he founde.
An Apothecary satte vnburied at his doore,
Whom by his frowne countenance he guessed to be poore.
And in his shop he saw his boxes were full of pain,
And in his window (of his wares) there was so small a shew;
Wherefore our Rowan assuredly hath thought,
What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought:
For truly heke is lyke the poore man, & compell
To sell the whiche he wills lowe, hee dilleth him to sell,

Then by the hand he drew the needy man apart.
 And with the sight of gilded gold inflamed his hate.
 "Take fifty crowns as gold," quoth he, "I give thee then."
 FAY. *See* (quoth he) *to see* this is the spreading eagle,
 And more there is than you shall make for half of that is there.
 'Till some, I rather like, in lesser hatte we have.
 To kill the strongest man alive, such is the payers power."

51. *Present*. Immediate; as in *iv. i.* *See* above. Cf. *presently* in 21 above. *See*... poisoning because so common in Europe in the 16th century that laws against the sale of poisons were made in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other countries. Knight says: "There is no such law in our own statute-book: and the circumstance is a remarkable example of the difference between English and Continental manners." But that this practice of poisoning prevailed to a considerable extent in England in the olden time is evident from the fact that in the 26th year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was passed declaring the employment of secret poisons to be high-treason, and sentencing those who were found guilty of it to be hanged in death.

60. *Soon spreading year*. Quick-despatching stuff. Cf. the extract from Brooke just above. *See* *year*, *see* ii. 4. 157 above.

61. *As contrived*, etc. *See* ii. 4. 3 above.

67. *Any he*. Cf. *A. V. L.* iii. 2. 128: "that unfortunate he;" 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 46: "The proudest he;" *Id.* ii. 2. 157: "Or may he be proudest of thy sort?" etc. *Let's* *draw* = literally, sends them away, or lets them go from his possession; here, sells them. Cf. *A. V. L.* ii. 1. 116-117. *A. V.* 4. 332.

70. *Starved*. That is, look out hungrily; a bold but not un-Shakespearian expression, for which Colley's "starve" (adopted by some editors) is a poor substitution. *See* *at i. i.* 216 above; and for the inflection, *see* *pool*, 8.

SCENE II.—*At Cardinal's Lodging*. Francis Tresseltan and John are evidently Franciscans. "In his kindness, his learning, and his



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yard of Saint Mary the Old in Verona, and the monument of the Scaligeri which stood in it." See the cut on p. 138. and cf. Brooke, who refers to the Italian custom of building large family tombs:—

"For every fit should, if it be of my fame,
Dolt be a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the broochholles
partes;
Wherin (if any of his kin-hood live, or dye)
They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
The Capell therefore is to seeke a more dyl' lay
Whan Tyndall Church of Rome is wcholy becomen day!"

A. the close of the poem we are told that—

"The bodies dead, removed from vaults where they did dye,
In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, laye they laye,
On a my syde shewen with art, and like to death,
In rest state of craning high arches, in honour of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;
So that passing the monuments that in Verona lye,
There is no monument of a worthy at this sight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeo her knight."

See also the quotation in note on iv. 1. 113 above. Brooke's reference to the "stately tombe, on pillars great," etc., was doubtless suggested by the Tomb of the Scalfegns.

3. *Lay flat all along*. That is, at full length. Cf. i. V. l. ii. r. 30: "As he lay along under an oak;" *J. C.* iii. 1. 115: "That now on Pompey's basis lies along," etc.

6. *Unborne*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 15; *J. M.* iii. 4. 38; etc. S. also uses *inform*, as in *Mark* iii. 2. 52, etc.

8. *Something*. The accent is on the last syllable, as Walker notes; and Marshall prints "some thing," as in the folio.

11. *Answered*. Cf. ii. 2. 81 above.

14. *Sweet water*. Perfumed water. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 6: "call for sweet water;" and see quotation in note on iv. 2. 75 above.

20. *Cross*. Thwart, interfere with. Cf. iv. 5. 91 above.

21. *Muffle*. Cover, hide. Cf. i. 1. 163 above; and see *J. C.* iii. 2. 191, etc. Steevens intimates that it was "a low word" in his day; but, if so, it has since regained its poetical character. Tennyson uses it repeatedly; as in *The Taitting Oak*: "O, muffle round thy limbs with furs;" *The Poetess*, "A full and gleeful with muffled un-arlight;" *The Absentment*: "muffled round with wool;" etc. Milton has *unmuffled* in *Comus*. 321: "Unmuffled, ye faint stars!"

32. *Dare*. See on v. 2. 19 above.

33. *Jestful*. Suspicious; as in *Levy*, v. 1. 56. *J. C.* i. 2. 71, etc.

34. *In*. Into. See on v. 1. 36 above.

37. *Star-greiv'd*. Cf. ii. 2. 141 above.

39. *Fopp'd*. Hungry. Cf. *P. and J.* 4. 55: "Fopp'd as an empty cup, sharp by fast" (see also 2 *Idea*. VI. iii. 1. 298 and 3 *Rev.* i. 1. 268); and *T. of S.* iv. 1. 193: "My falcon now is sharp and passing empty."

44. *Doubt*. Distrust; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 132, iv. 2. 15, etc.

45. *Detestable*. See on iv. 5. 52 above.

47. *Enforce*. Enforce; as often. Cf. *Tempest*, v. 1. 100: "Enforce them to this place;" etc.

50. *Mark*. Often used to express the relation of cause.

59. *Good gentle youth*, etc. "The gentleness of Hamlet was shown before [iii. 1. 62 fol.] as softened by love, and now it is doubled by love and sorrow, and now is the place where he is" (Coleridge).

66. *Corymbitions*. Solenoid calumnies; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 23, *Ham.* v. 2. 38, etc. Some have taken it as mere imitations. *Dry.* 1. refuse; as in *R. John*, iii. 4. 23: "I defy all corymbitions;" etc.

74. *Peruse*. Scan, examine. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 157: "peruse the foils," etc.

76. *Harsh*. Agitated: used by S. nowhere else.

82. *Sown*. See on iii. 3. 7 above.

84. *Luncheon*. Used in the architectural sense of "a turret full of windows" (Steevens). Cf. Parker, *Glossary of Architecture*:

"In Gothic architecture the term is sometimes applied to *lanterns* on the roofs of halls, etc., but it usually signifies a tower which has the whole height, or a considerable portion of the interior, open to the ground, and is lighted by an upper tier of windows; lantern-towers of this kind are common over the centre of cross churches, as at York Minster, Ely Cathedral, etc. The same name is also given to the light openings often placed on the top of towers, as at Boston, Lincolnshire," etc. The one at Boston was used as a lighthouse. *Lantern* in the older time.

86. *Prologue*. Poets' chamber, state apartment; as in *ASch*, II. i. 3. 285 and *Ham*. VIII. iii. 1. 17.

87. *Death*. The abstract for the concrete. The *dead man* is Remond, who is so possessed with his suicidal purpose that he speaks of himself as *dead*. Stevens paradoxically calls it one of "these miserable conceits with which our author too frequently contaminates his own pathos."

88-100. *How oft when men*, etc. "Here, here, is the master example how beauty can at once increase and modify passion" (Coleridge).

90. *A lightning before death*. "A last blazing-up of the flame of life;" a proverbial expression. Stevens quotes *The Death of Robert Barlow of Haverhill*, 1601:—

"I thought it was a lightning before death,
Too sudden to be certain."

Claude notes "the mingling here of words and images full of light and colour with the murky grey of the sepulchral vault and the darkness of the midnight churchyard, the blending of these images of beauty and tenderness with the deep gloom of the speaker's inmost heart."

92. *Suck'd the honey*, etc. Cf. *Ham*. iii. 1. 164: "That suck'd the honey of his music vows." Stevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*: "Death bring able to divide the soul, but not the beauty from her body."



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sense, suggested by *tail* and *burglar*; but the leading meaning is that of all seizing, or "taking the whole," as Schmidt explains it.

116. *Get-out*. See v. iii, l. 127 above. For *get-out*, cf. *Fl. and A.* 1238: "sweet beginning, but unsavory end." Schmidt, who rarely makes such a slip, treats both of these examples as literal rather than metaphorical. The only example of the former sense in *S.* (that really his) is *Fl.*, ii, 3. 31: "All visions that I set do seem unsavory."

118. *Tye*. Pope substituted "no," but *ty* may be defended on the nautical principle that the pilot is the master of the ship after taking her in charge. That seems to be Kinsley's thought here; he gives up the helm to the "desperate pilot," and says, "The ship is yours, run her upon the rocks if you will."

121. *S: my speed*. Cf. *Ham. V.* v. 2. 102: "Saint Denis be my speed!" *A. V.* i, 2. 222: "Hercules be my speed!" etc.

122. *Stumbled at graves*. The idea that to stumble is a bad omen is very ancient. Cicero mentions it in his *De Divinatione*. Melton, in his *Astrologaster*, 1600, says that "if a man stumbles in a morning & so on in sundry odd places, 'tis a sign of ill luck." Bishop Hall, in his *Characters*, says of the "Separation Man" that "if he stumbled at the threshold, he faces a mischief." Stumbling at graves is alluded to in *Whitstreak, or a New List of Characters*, 1631: "His earth-reverting body (according to his mind) is to be buried in some cell, ditch, or vault, and in no open space, lest passengers (belike) might stumble on his grave." Stevens cites *J. Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 11 and *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 36.

127. *Copied*. See on v. 1. 18 above.

138. *I dreamt*, etc. Stevens considers this a touch of nature: "What happens to a person under the manifest influence of fear will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream." It seems to me more likely that the man confuses what he saw while half asleep with what he might have dreamed.

145. *Muffled*. Usually accented on the first syllable before a noun, but otherwise on the second. This often occurs with dis-

syllabic adjectives and participles. *Unwilling* and its derivatives are often used by Shakespeare in such stronger sense; thus, at present, in some cases, the etymological sense of *unwilling* (cf. *Woe*) and *loathly* (= naturally) seems to cling to them. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 187, *Learn* i. 1. 252, iii. 4. 73, etc.

148. *Comfortable*. Used in an active sense = ready to comfort or help; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 86, *Learn* i. 4. 328, etc.

158. *The watch*. It has been asserted by some of the critics that there was no watch in the old Italian cities; but, however that may have been, it follows Brooke's poem:—

"The watchmen of the tower the whilst are passed by,

And thou, light, agas's the candle light wi' his light; turn: thy eyes."

162. *Timeless*. Untimely. Cf. *J. C. of P.* iii. 1. 211 "your timeless grave;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 5: "his timeless end," etc.

163. *Drink all, and live*. The reading of 2d quarto. The 1st has "drink . . . leave," and the folio "drink . . . left."

170. *There was*. From 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "rust," which some editors prefer. The *rust* seems both empirical and more natural. That at this time Juliet should think of "Romeo's dagger, which would otherwise rust in its sheath, as rusting in her heart," is quite inconceivable. It is a "conceit" of the worst Elizabethan type.

The tragedy here ends in Booth's Acting Copy (Furness).

173. *Arise*. Arise!; as in *J. C.* of *E.* iv. 1. 6, 73, iv. 4. 6, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 156, *Rom. VIII.* i. 1. 217, i. 2. 217, etc.

175. *There was*. See on iv. 1. 173 above.

181. *Without circumstance*. Without further particulars. Cf. *J.* 5. 36 above.

203. *His house*. Its sheath. See on ii. 6. 12 above.

202. *On the back*. The dagger was commonly turned behind and worn at the back, as Stevens shows by similar quotations.

207. *Old age*. A slip which, strangely enough, has often occurred

mediator has noticed. Furness notes no reference to it, and I find none in any recent editions. See on i. 3. 51 above.

212. *Grief of my words with.* Cf. *What's to do* iv. 2. 65: "and upon the grief of this suddenly died." For the accent of *grief*, cf. iii. 1. 190 and iii. 3. 10 above.

After this line the 14 quatrains has the following: "And young *Benvolio* is deceased too," but as Ulrici remarks, "the pacific, considerate *Benvolio*, the constant counsellor of moderation, ought not to be involved in the fate which had overtaken the extremes of hate and passion."

212. *Manner.* S. makes the word either singular or plural, like *new findings* (see on iii. 3. 102 above), etc. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 2. 13, *H. T.* iv. 4. 214, etc. with *T. N.* iv. 1. 53, *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 191, etc.

218. *Outrage.* Cf. *How* *III.* iv. 1. 125:—

"Are you not ashamed
With this incestuous incestuous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?"

There, as here, it means a real outcry. Dyce quotes Settle, *Private Fortune*. "Silence his outrage in a joy, away with him!"

221. *Parience.* A trisyllable. See on 7. 1. 27 above. In the next line *rapacious* is a quadrisyllable.

229. *I will be brief*, etc. Johnson and Malone criticise S. for following *Booke* in the introduction of this long narrative. Ulrici well defends it as preparing the way for the reconciliation of the Capulets and Montagues over the dead bodies of their children, the victims of their hate. For *data*, see on i. 4. 103 above.

237. *Stirge.* Cf. the same image in i. 1. 109.

238. *Against*, by force, against her will; as in *C. of R.* iv. 3. 95, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 121, etc.

241. *Marriage.* A trisyllable. See on iv. 1. 11 above, and cf. 215 below.

247. *As this five night.* This redundant use of *as* in statements



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shade." Young uses the verb in his *Night Thoughts*, II: "A night that glooms us in the nocturnal ray."

88. *Some shall be pardoned* etc. In the novel, Juliet's standard is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had acted under his master's orders; the apothecary pardoned and hanged; and Friar Laurence permitted to officiate at his marriage, where he dies five years later.

APPENDIX

CONCERNING ARTHUR BROOKE

LITTLE is known of the life of Arthur Brooke, or Brooke, except that he wrote *Romeus and Juliet* (1562) and the next year published a book entitled *Agreement of Learning: Placer of Scripture, naming the place to serve, serving in stead of Commentaries and only for those that will take it; a translation from the French*. He died that same year (1563), and an *Epitaph* by George Tuckervile (printed in a volume of his poems, 1567) "on the death of maister Arthur Brooke" informs us that he was "drowned in passing to New haven."

So far as I am aware, no editor or commentator has referred to the singular prose introduction to the 1562 edition of *Romeus and Juliet*. It is clear from internal evidence that it was written by Brooke, and it is signed "Ar. Br." - the form in which his name also appears on the title page; but its tone and spirit are strangely unlike those of the poem. We have seen (p. 25 above) that he refers to the perpetuation of "the memory of so perfect sound, and so approved love" by the "stately tomb" of Romeo and Juliet; with "great store of carving epitaphs in honour of their death;" but in the introduction he expresses a very different opinion of the lovers and finds a very different lesson in their fate. He says: "To this end (good Reader) is this tragical matter written, to describe unto thee a couple of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to an honest desire, neglecting the authority and advice of parents and friends, surfacing their principal counsels with drunken gossips and superstitious fumes (the naturally fit instruments of rashness), intercepting all advices of peril for the

attaining of their wicked lusts, using an iudicial confession (the key of chorum and wesson) for furtherance of their purpose, abusing the honorable contract of lawful marriage to cloak the shame of stolen contracts; finally, by all means of Athens' life, hastening to most unhappy death." The suggestion is added that parents may do well to show the poem to their children with "due intent to raise in them an hateful loathing of so filthy beastliness."

It is curious that there is not the slightest hint of all this anywhere in the poem; not a suggestion that the love of Romeo and Juliet is not natural and pure and honest; not a word of reproach for the course of Friar Laurence. Even the picture of the Nurse, with her vulgarity and manipulativeness, is drawn with a kind of humor.

I have quoted above (note on ii. 2. 142) what Escuze makes Juliet say to her lover in the balcony scene. In their first interview, she says:—

"You are no more your *owne* (deare friend) then I am yours
(My humor served) past play to win your will while life endures,
I am but lucky but the sild [sic] blind to choose this kinde
Heke takes away the others hand, and leaves the *owne* behinde.
A happy life is love if God grant from above
That hat with heart by our weight hee make us large of love!"

And Romeo has just said:—

"For I of God woulde crave, as pryde of paynes forget,
To serve, obey, and honour you so long as life shall last."

Of the Friar the poet says:—

"This barefoote fryer gyft with you his grayish words,
For he of Friarhood makes war, as fryer doth with words,
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned fool:
But doctor of divinitie, proceeded he in schoole,

" " " " " " "
The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wounde
The townes folks hearts that welnigh all to fryer Laurence runne,



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he had treated it, needed further apology or justification: and the prose preface was written to serve as a kind of "manual" to the production. After the suggestion to parents quoted above he adds: "Hereunto if you apply it, ye shall *without any doing* give offence, and profit your selves. Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can looke for (being there much better set forth then I have or can doe) yet the same another power, as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do hyngre with them lyke good mynides, to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publish it, such as it is."

The reader may be surprised that Brooke refers to having seen the story "on stage;" but the Puritans did not altogether disapprove of plays that had a moral purpose. It will be remembered that Stephen Gosson, in his *School of Abuse* (1579), excepts a few plays from the sweeping condemnation of his "pleasant invective against Poets, Fipsters, Players, Jesters, and such like caterpillers of a Commonwealth"—among them being "*the Jewes* . . . representing the greediness of worldly chusers, and the bloody minds of usurers," which may have anticipated Shakespeare in combining the stories of the caskets and the power of flesh in *The Merchant of Venice*.

That Brooke was a Puritan we may infer from the religious character of the only other book (mentioned above) which he is known to have published. His death the same year probably prevented his carrying out the intention of licking the rest of his poetical progeny into shape for print.

COMMENTS ON SOME OF THE CHARACTERS

JULIET. Juliet is not fortunate in her parents. Her father is sixty or more years old (as we may infer from what he says in i. 3. 29, fol.), while her mother is about twenty-eight (see i. 3. 50), and must have been married when she was half that age. Her assertion that Juliet was born when she herself was "much upon

these years" of her daughter (who will be fourteen in about a fortnight, as the Nurse informs, & in the same sense) is somewhat indefinite, but must be within a year or two of the exact figure. Her marriage was evidently a worldly one, arranged by her parents with little or no regard for her own feelings, much as she and her husband propose to marry Juliet to Paris.

We may infer that Capulet had not been married before, though, as he himself indicates when the lady declares (i. i. 111-115), he had been a "merry heart" (given to flirtation and intrigue) in his bachelor days; and she thinks that he needs "watching" even now, lest he give her occasion for jealousy.

Neither father nor mother seems to have any marked affection for Juliet, or any interest in her welfare except to get her off their hands by what, from their point of view, is a desirable marriage. Capulet says (iii. j. 172):—

"God's body! it risks the road!—
 At five o'clock, when I should sleep,
 Waking on slugs, I sit myself half dead
 To have her match'd, and having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Still, as my eye, with loveable looks,
 Proport and aspect's thought and wish to marry,—
 And then to have a wretched pining fool,
 A whining mammer, in her fortunes tender.
 To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love;
 I am too young; I pray you, pardon me!'"

It is more than he can endure; and his wife, when Juliet begs her to interpose, and "delay the marriage for a month, a week," refuses to "speak a word" in opposition to his determination, and let her "lie in the streets" if she does not marry Paris that very week. "Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee," the lady adds, and leaves the hapless girl to her despair. A moment before she had said, "I would the fool were married to her grave!"

Earlier in the play (i. 2. 16) Capulet has said to Paris;—

"But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
And even so, with all her suitor's choice,
Lies my consent and fair according voice;"

but from the context we see that this is merely a plausible excuse for not giving the daughter a definite answer just then. The girl, he says, is "yet a stranger in the world" (has not yet "come out," in modern parlance), and it is best to wait a year or two:—

"But we make suits on such a slight abide
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride."

He says no reason for haste; but later, influenced by the noble woman's importunities and the persuasions of his wife, who has favoured an early marriage from the first (i. 3), he takes a different tone (iii. 4. 12):

"*Capulet*. So? Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she'll be so rid
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
To quiet her here, at my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Paris, Monday, my lord.

Capulet. 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."

"She *shall* be married," and the day is fixed. Already he calls Paris "my son." No question now of delay, and getting her "consent" as a condition of securing his own!

At the supposed sudden death of their daughter the parents naturally feel some genuine grief; but their conventional wailing (iv. 3) belongs to the earlier version of the play, and it is significant that Shakespeare let it stand when revising his work some



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The playful manner in which Juliet receives the advances of Romeo (i, 5, 95-102) is thoroughly girlish, though on a rate that his first speech, as given in the play ("If I profane," etc.), is not the beginning of their conversation, which has been going on while Capulet and Tybalt were talking. This is the first and the last glimpse that we get of her bright young sportiveness. With the kiss that ends the pretty quibbling the girl learns what love means, and the larger life of womanhood begins.

The "balcony scene" (ii, 2)—the most exquisite love scene ever written—is in perfect keeping with the poet's conception of Juliet, as little more than a child—still childlike in the expression of the new love that is making her a woman. Hence the absolute frankness in her avowal of that love—an ideal love in which passion and purity are perfectly interfused. There is not a suggestion of sensuality on Romeo's part any more than on hers. When he asks, "(O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?" it is only the half involuntary utterance of the man's impatience—so natural to the man—that the full fruition of his love must be delayed. Juliet knows that it involves no base suggestion, and a touch of tender sympathy and pity is mingled with the maternal wisdom of the innocent response, "What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?"

Lady Martin (Helena Faucit), who has played the part of Juliet with rare power and grace, and has written about it as less admirably, remarks on this scene: "Women are deeply indebted to Shakespeare for all the lovely and noble things he has put into his women's hearts and mouths, but surely for nothing more than for the words in which Juliet's reply [to Romeo, when he has overheard her soliloquy in the balcony] is couched. Only one who knew of what a true woman is capable, in frankness, in courage, and self-surrender when her heart is possessed by a noble love, could have touched with such delicacy, such infinite charm, a mingled reserve and selfless frankness, the avowal of so fervent, yet so modest a love, the secret of which had been so strangely stolen from her. As the whole scene is the noblest poem to Love ever

written, so is what Juliet says supreme in subtlety of feeling and expression, where all is beautiful. We have all the fluctuations of emotion which precede it, . . . the generous frankness of the giving, the timid drawing back, fearful of having given too much unsought, the perplexity of the whole, all summed up in that sweet entreaty for pardon with which it closes."

Juliet's soliloquy in *iii. 3* is no less remarkable for its phrasing and elegant dealing with a situation over which poets are the dramatist. We must not forget that it is a soliloquy, "breathed out in the silence and solitude of her chamber," as Mrs. Jameson reminds us; or, we may say, not so much as breathed out, but only thought and felt unheeded even when no one could have heard it. As spoken to a theatrical audience, it is only to a sympathetic listener who appreciates the situation that it can have its full effect, and one feels almost guilty and ashamed at having intruded upon the sacred privacy of the maiden meditation. Even to comment upon it seems like profanity.

Here, as in the balcony scene, Juliet is simply the "impatient child" to whom she compares herself, looking forward with untroubled innocence and eagerness to the fruition of the "buds" which blossom at night, "that inspire the soliloquy."

In one of Romeo's speeches in the interview with Friar Laurence after the death of Tybalt (*iii. 3*), there is a delicate tribute to the girlish purity and timidity of Juliet, though it occurs in a connection so repellent to our taste that we may fail to note it. This is the passage:—

"Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lies, and every motion
And influence, every little thing,
Lies here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more riches
In carrion-flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

"Yet, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 And Romeo may not, he is banished.
 'This may fly like her, when I from this nest fly;
 'They are free birds, but I am banished.'"

This is unquestionably from the earliest draft of the play, and is a specimen of the most intolerable class of Elizabethan conceits. As Mr. Halliwell says, "Perhaps the worst line that Shakespeare or any other poet ever wrote, is the dreadful one when Romeo, in the very height of his passionate despair, says, 'This may fly like her, but I from this nest fly.'" It comes in "with an obvious integrity which absolutely makes one shudder." The allusion to the "cervine flies" is bad enough, but the added pun on *fly* which makes the allusion appear deliberate and elaborate rather than an unfortunate lapse due to the excitement of the moment, forbids any attempt to excuse or palliate it. But we must not overlook the exquisite reference to Juliet's lips, that

"even in pure and vestal modesty
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin."

There we have the true Juliet — the Juliet whose maiden modesty and innocence certain critics (in their comments upon the soliloquy in iii. 3) have been too gross to comprehend. It is to Romeo's honour that he can understand and feel it even when receding to the passionate exchange of conjugal kisses.

The scene (iv. 3) in which Juliet drinks the potion has been misinterpreted by some of the best critics. Coleridge says that she "swallows the draught in a fit of fright," but it would have been "too bold a thing" for a girl of fourteen to have done it otherwise. Mrs. Jameson says that "gradually and most naturally, in such a mind *ever driven off its guard*, the horror rises to *paroxysm* — her imagination realizes its own hideous creations," — that is, after picturing all the possible horrors of the tomb, she sees, or believes she



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or is fancying herself so; not so much, I believe, over-experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet." Mrs. Jameson says: "Our impression of Juliet's loveliness and sensibility is enhanced when we find it occurring in the bosom of Romeo a previous love for another. His visionary passion for the cold, inaccessible Rosaline forms but the prologue, the threshold, to the true, the real sentiment which succeeds to it. This incident, which is found in the original story, has been retained by Shakespeare with equal feeling and judgment; and, far from being a fault in taste and sentiment, far from prejudicing us against Romeo by resting on him, at the outset of the piece, the stigma of inconsistency, it becomes, if properly considered, a beauty in the drama, and adds a fresh stroke of truth to the account of the lover. Why, after all, should we be offended at what does not offend Juliet herself? For in the original story we find that her attention is first attracted towards Romeo by seeing him 'fancy-sick and pale of cheek,' for love of a cold beauty."

The German critic Kreyssig aptly remarks: "We make the acquaintance of Romeo at the critical period of that not dangerous sickness to which youth is liable. It is that 'love lying in the eyes' of early and first blossoming youth, that humor-sick, whimsical 'love in idleness,' that first bewildered, startle-ling interview of the heart with the scarcely awakened nature. Strangely enough, objections have been made to this 'superfluous complication,' as if, down to this day, every Romeo had not to sigh for some Junonian Rosaline, nay, for half a dozen Rosalines, more or less, before his eyes open upon his Juliet."

Young men of ardent and sentimental nature, as Kreyssig intimates, imagine themselves in love—sometimes again and again—before a genuine passion takes possession of them. As Rosalind expresses it, Cupid may have "clapped them on the shoulder," but they are really "heart-whole." Such love is like that of the song in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

"It is engender'd in the eyes,
By gathering tears, and fancy dies
In the soft folds where it lies."

It lives only until it is displaced by a healthier, more vigorous love, capable of outgrowing the premonitions of infamy.¹ This is not the only instance of the kind in Shakespeare. Oseio's experience in *Troilus & Cressida* is similar to Romeo's. At the beginning of the play he is suffering from unrequited love for Cressida, but later finds his Juliet in Viola.

Romeo is a very young man—it indeed we may call him a man when we first meet him. We may suppose him to be twenty, but hardly older. He has seen very little of society, as we infer from Benvolio's advising him to go to the masquerade at Capulet's, in order to compare "the admired beauties of Verona" with Rosaline. He had thought her "fairer than else being by." He is hardly less "a stranger in the world" than Juliet himself. Love develops him as it does her, but more slowly.

Contrast the strength of Juliet's new-born heroism in her bidding womanhood, when she drinks the poison that is to consign her to the horrors of the charnel house, with the weakness of Romeo who is ready to kill himself when he learns that he is to be banished from Verona,—an insignificant fate compared with that which threatens her—banishment from home, a beggar in the streets,—the only alternative a criminal marriage that would forever separate her from her lawful husband, or death to escape that guilt and

¹ *Proserpina* alludes to this affliction of the "sated days" of youth in *The Belle of the Ball-room*.—

"Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal."

That is about the average span of its "eternity." In Romeo's case it did not last over two months, or we may infer from the fact (i. i. 136) that his parents have not found out the cause of it, and from what his friends say about it,

witch-like, "No wonder that the Prior stands amazed his contempt and indignation when Romeo draws his sword: —

"Hail thy desperate heart!
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art,
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast,
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or blase ambition leads to sloping death!
Thou hast amazed me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybal? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?"

— — — — —
What, says she, man! thy Juliet is alive;
For whose sake thou wast last hereby dead;
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But then she would Tybalt; there art thou happy too.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back,
Happiness attends thee in the streets & ways,
But like a misbehavior's and sullen wench,
Thou proudest upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miscar'd!"

He has the form of a man, but talks and acts like a weak girl, while the girl of fourteen whom he loves—a child three days before we might say—now shows a self-control and fortitude worthy of a man.

Romeo does not attain to true manhood until he receives the tidings of Juliet's supposed death. "Now, for the first time," as DeWalen says, "he is completely delivered from the life of dream, completely adult, and able to act with an initiative in his own will, and, with manly determination. Amazingly, he now speaks with



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your arm.' Poor Romeo can only pluck, "I thought all for the best."

But at this point in the play, when the tragic complication really begins, the character must dismiss Mercutio from the stage, as he does with Falstaff after Prince Hal has become King. Mercutio must not come in contact with Juliet, nor will Romeo himself care to meet him. He is the most fault-fetched of Shakespeare's characters, the clowns and profligates not excepted. The only instance in Shakespeare's works in which the original editions omit a word from the text is in a speech of Mercutio's; and Pope, who could on occasion be as coarse as any author of that licentious age, felt obliged to drop two of Mercutio's lines from his edition of the dramatist. Fortunately, the majority of the English's gross allusions are so obscure that they would not be understood nowadays, even by readers quite familiar with the language of the time.

And yet Mercutio is a fellow of excellent fancy — poetical fancy — & the familiar description of Queen Mab amply proves. Critics have picked it to pieces and found fault with some of the details; but there was never a finer mingling of exquisite poetry with keen and sparkling wit. His imperfections and inconsistencies, if such they be, are in keeping with the character and the situation. It was meant to be a brilliant improvisation, not a carefully elaborated composition. Shakespeare may, in fact, have written the speech as rapidly and carelessly as he makes Mercutio speak it.

THE TIME-ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his valuable paper "On the Times or Durations of the Actions of Shakespeare's Plays" (*Trans. of New York Soc.* 1877-78, p. 194) as follows:—

"Time of this Tragedy, six consecutive days, commencing on the morning of the first, and ending early in the morning of the sixth.

Day I. (Sunday) Act I. and Act II. sc. i. and ii.

" 2. (Monday) Act II. sc. iii. vi., Act III. sc. i.-ix.

Day 3. (Tuesday) Act III. sc. v; Act IV. sc. i-iv.

" 4. (Wednesday) Act IV. sc. v.

" 5. (Thursday) Act V.

" 6. (Friday) End of Act V. sc. iii."

After the above was printed, Dr. Furnivall called Mr. Daniel's attention to my note on page 209 (al. in which I show that the drama may close on Thursday morning instead of Friday. Mr. Daniel was at first disinclined to accept this view, but on second thought, was compelled to admit that it was right.

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

(The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.)

Arcturion: i. 1(25); iii. 1(16); v. 3(35). Whole no. 75.

Paris: i. 2(4); iii. 4(2); iv. 1(23), 5(6); v. 3(32). Whole no. 69.

Antiochus: i. 1(28); iii. 1(3); v. 3(10). Whole no. 41.

Capulet: i. 1(3), 2(33), 5(36); iii. 4(11), 5(63); iv. 2(26), 4(19), 5(28); v. 3(19). Whole no. 209.

de Capulet: i. 5(3). Whole no. 3.

Romeo: i. 1(65), 2(29), 4(31), 5(27); ii. 1(4), 2(30), 3(25), 4(54), 6(12); iii. 1(36), 3(72), 5(24); v. 1(71), 3(82). Whole no. 612.

Mercutio: i. 4(38); ii. 1(34), 2(95); iii. 1(71). Whole no. 273.

Benvolio: i. 1(51), 2(20), 4(13), 5(1); ii. 1(9), 4(14); iii. 1(33). Whole no. 151.

Tybalt: i. 1(3), 5(17); iii. 1(12). Whole no. 36.

Prince Laurence: ii. 3(72), 6(16); iii. 3(87); iv. 1(30), 5(25); v. 2(17), 3(75). Whole no. 350.

F. de Julia: v. 2(13). Whole no. 13.

Philosophe: v. 2(18), 3(21). Whole no. 32.

Simpson: i. 1(41). Whole no. 41.

Chaplain: i. 1(21). Whole no. 21.

Prologue : iii. 1(7); iv. 3(35). Whole no. 37.

1st Scene : i. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

Apothecary : v. 1(7). Whole no. 7.

1st Merchant : iv. 3(10). Whole no. 16.

2d Merchant : iv. 5(8). Whole no. 21.

3d Merchant : iv. 5(4). Whole no. 25.

1st Servant : i. 2(21), 3(1), 3(11); iv. 2(1). Whole no. 36.

2d Servant : i. 5(7); iv. 2(5), 2(2). Whole no. 44.

1st Watchman : v. 3(15). Whole no. 59.

2d Watchman : v. 3(1). Whole no. 60.

3d Watchman : v. 3(3). Whole no. 63.

1st Citizen : i. 1(2); iii. 1(4). Whole no. 67.

Page : v. 3(5). Whole no. 72.

Early Montague : i. 1(2). Whole no. 73.

Early Capulet : i. 1(1), 3(36), 5(1); iii. 1(11), 4(2), 5(37); iv. 2(3), 3(3), 4(3); 5(13); v. 3(7). Whole no. 125.

Judge : i. 3(8), 5(19); ii. 2(114), 5(43), 6(7); iii. 2(116), 5(105); iv. 2(48), 2(12), 3(36); v. 3(13). Whole no. 221.

Nurse : i. 3(9), 3(15); ii. 2(114), 9(43), 7(7); iii. 2(116), 5(105); iv. 2(48), 2(12), 3(36); v. 3(13). Whole no. 232.

"*Prologue*" : (14). Whole no. 12.

"*Chorus*" : end of act i. (14). Whole no. 14.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of the play greater than it is. The actual number in each scene is as follows: *Prologue* (14); i. 2(244), 2(105), 3(106), 4(114), 5(147); *Chorus* (14); ii. 1(42), 2(110), 3(111), 4(233), 5(80), 6(37); iii. 1(202), 2(143), 3(173), 4(29), 5(241); iv. 1(120), 2(27), 3(33), 4(28), 5(150); v. 1(86), 2(30), 3(310). Whole number in the play, 3055. The line-numbering is that of the Globe ed.



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