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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE

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IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

Vol. XIII.
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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

MENTIONED as one of Shakespeare's plays, by Francis Meres in his Palladis Tamia, 1598, and printed in 1600, but without the author's name; while the title-page asserts it to have been played sundry times by the Servants of the Earl of Pembroke, of the Earl of Derby, of the Earl of Sussex, and of the Lord Chamberlain. The same text was issued again in 1611, also without the author's name, but "as it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants." What had previously been known as "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" received the title of "His Majesty's Servants" soon after the accession of King James to the English throne, in 1603. This was the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and for which most, if not all, of his plays were written. The play was also included in the folio collection set forth by Heming and Condell in 1623; but with one entire scene, the second in Act iii., not given in the quarto editions.

Though no earlier edition than that of 1600 is now known to exist, it is altogether probable that the play was printed in 1594; as the Stationers' Register has the following entry, dated February 6th of that year: "A book entitled a noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus." The entry was made by John Danter, and undoubtedly refers to the play which has come down to us as Shakespeare's. And Langbaine, in his Account of English Dramatic Poets, published in 1691, speaks of an edition of that date. That there were copies of such an edition known to Langbaine, only ninety-seven years after the alleged date, and now lost, might well be, as it is said that only two copies of the quarto of 1600 are now known to be extant.

As regards the date of the composition, we have still further notice in the Lament to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, which
was written in 1614: "He that will swear, 
Jeronimo or Andronicus
are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a
man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still
these five-and-twenty or thirty years." Taking the shortest
period here spoken of, we are thrown back to the year 1589 as
the time when the play was first on the boards. That the piece
now in hand was the one referred to by Jonson may be justly
presumed, from the known fact of its great and long-continued
popularity on the stage, and as there was no other play so enti-
tled, that we know of.

Nearly all the best critics, from Theobald downwards, are
agreed that very little of this play was written by Shakespeare.
And such is decidedly my own judgment now, though some
thirty years ago, in "my salad days," I wrote and printed other-
wise. One of our best deliverances on the subject is in Sidney
Walker's Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, 1860,
as follows: "Act i. scene 1, and the greater part, or rather the
whole, of Act v. are the work of one writer, and that writer not
Shakespeare. The Latinism both of the manner and the mat-
ter would be sufficient to prove this, did not the utter want of
imagination in the author render all other arguments needless.
The other three Acts—with occasional exceptions, perhaps—
bear the unmistakable stamp of another and more poetical mind;
yet I feel all but certain that Shakespeare did not write a word
of the play, except, possibly, one or two passages. To say
nothing of the absence of his peculiar excellences, and the pre-
cipitous descent from Venus and Adonis and Tarquin and
Lucrece to Titus Andronicus, I do not believe he would have
written on such a subject; still less that he could have revelled
with such evident zest in details of outrage and unnatural cruelty.
Perhaps the last scene of Act iv. was written by the author of
Acts i. and v."

Substantially concurrent herewith is the judgment of Staun-
ton: "That Shakespeare had some share in the composition of
this revolting tragedy, the fact of its appearance in the list of
pieces ascribed to him by Meres, and its insertion by Heminge
and Condell in the folio collection of 1623, forbids us to doubt.
He may, in the dawning of his dramatic career, have written a
few of the speeches, and have imparted vigour and more rhythmical freedom to others; he may have been instrumental also in putting the piece upon the stage of the company to which he then belonged; but that he had any hand in the story, or in its barbarous characters and incidents, we look upon as in the highest degree improbable."

Our latest expression of judgment in the question is by Mr. Fleay, whose claim to be heard will, I think, be undisputed: "A stilted, disagreeable play, with a few fair touches. It has many classical allusions in it; many coincidences in the use of words and phrases with Marlowe's work; in style and metre it is exactly what a play of Marlowe's would be, if corrected by Shakespeare: it is built on the Marlowe blank-verse system, which Shakespeare in his early work opposed; and did not belong to Shakespeare's company till 1600."

The question, by whom the main body of the play was written, is not so easily answered, and perhaps is hardly worth a detailed investigation. Mr. Grant White is strongly inclined to regard it as a joint production of Marlowe, Greene, and Shakespeare. He indicates the latter half of scene 2, Act i., the whole of scenes 1 and 2, Act ii., and the greater part of scene 2, Act iv., as originally the work of Greene: the choice of the plot and incidents, together with the writing of scene 4, Act iv., and nearly all of Act v. in its original form, he ascribes to Marlowe; and thinks that in the first half of scene 2, Act i., in scenes 3 and 5, Act ii., and throughout Act iii., "we may clearly trace the hand of Shakespeare." In all this, however, he seems to feel that his judgment is not very sure-footed; and I suspect that, if he were to pronounce on the subject now, he would find less of Shakespeare in the play than he did some twenty years ago.

For my own part, I am quite convinced that Shakespeare had little to do in the writing of it, though enough, perhaps, to warrant the printing of it as his; while the play, as a whole, is so extremely distasteful to me, that I would gladly be rid of it altogether. And I agree substantially with Mr. White and Mr. Fleay as to Marlowe's share in the workmanship. At the time when Titus Andronicus appears to have been written, Marlowe
had just unfettered the English Drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and usage of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-sounding march; and often made it puff wellnigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences of that day were prone to bestow their loudest applause on tragedies which gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtile courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived the full time.

The play in hand is without any known foundation in authentic history. How or whence the story originated, has not been revealed, unless in the play itself. The scene of the incidents seems to be nowhere, the time, nowhen. The sentiments and customs of ages and nations far asunder in time and space, Pagan gods and Christian observances, are jumbled together in "most admired confusion"; and indeed the matter generally seems to have been patched up at random from what the author or authors had learned in books.

I must add that there is an old ballad on the same subject, which was entered at the Stationers' by Danter at the same time with the play, and is printed in Percy's Reliques: but which of them was written first, we have no means of deciding, save that, as Percy remarks, "the ballad differs from the play in several particulars which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian."
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome.
BASSIANUS, his Brother.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, his Brother,
   Tribune of the People.
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARCUS,
MUTIUS,
SEMPRONIUS,
CAIUS,
VALENTINE,
YOUNG LUCIUS, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus.
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS, } Sons to Tamora.
CHIRON,
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Rome and the country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, Saturninus and his Followers; and, from the other side, Bassianus and his Followers; with drums and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title \(^1\) with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore th' imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age \(^9\) with this indignity.

_Bas._ Romans, — friends, followers, favourers of my
right, —
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, conscience, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

_Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown._

_Marc._ Princes, — that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery, —
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the Senate is accited \(^3\) home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
This cause of Rome, and châstisèd with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, — by honour of his name,
Whom wisely you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy ⁴
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Execunt the Followers of Bassianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause. —

[Execunt the Followers of Saturninus.

⁴ To affy here means to trust or put confidence in. Bishop Jewell, in his
Defence, has the substantive in the same sense: "If it be so presumptuous
a matter to put affiance in the merites of Christe, what is it, then, to put
affiance in our owne merites?"

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in.

Bes. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[FLOURISH. SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS go up into the Capitol.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscrib'd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

DRUMS and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTTIUS;
After them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black;
then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS;
and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,
AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in my mourning weeds! 15
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender 6 of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that King Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!  
These that survive let Rome reward with love;  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors:  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.—  
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[The tomb is opened.

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
O sacred réceptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthy prison of their bones;  
That so their shadows be not unappeased,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on Earth.  

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
Thése are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we speed.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm’d the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent,11
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths, —
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen, —
To quit12 her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform’d
Our Roman rites: Alarbus’ limbs are lopp’d,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud ’larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls. —

[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome’s readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges, here no storms,
No noise; but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!

11 Alluding to the story of Polynestor as set forth in the Hecuba of Euripides. In order to avenge the death of her son, Hecuba decoyed Polynestor into the tent where she and the other captive Trojan women were kept.
12 Quit in the sense of requite. A frequent usage.
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren’s obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome’s best citizens applaud!

_Tit._ Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father’s days,
And fame’s eternal date, for virtue’s praise!

_Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter
Saturninus and Bassianus, attended._

_Marc._ Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

_Tit._ Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

_Marc._ And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country’s service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon’s happiness,₁³
And triumphs over chance in honour’s bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament ₁⁴ of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased Emperor’s sons:

₁³ Alluding to the saying ascribed to Solon, that no man was to be pro-
nounced happy till after death.
₁⁴ Palliament: A garment worn by the tribunes of the Roman
SCENE I.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness :
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with acclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroach new business for you all?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Marc.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturninus.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's Emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to Hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

*Luc.* Proud Saturninus, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

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16 *Dom is do on, that is, put on.* — *What* is here equivalent to *why*, or for what; like the Latin *quid*.

16 The ending -*tions* is here dissyllabic; required to be so for the metre. Shakespeare seldom follows this old usage except at the ends of lines. So, again, in *election*, a few speeches below.

17 "Shalt obtain and ask" was perhaps intended as an instance of the classical *hysteron-proteron*. See Critical Notes.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on Earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, Long live our Emperor!

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor,
And say, Long live our Emperor Saturnine!

[A long flourish.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress, 18
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pætheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

_Tit._ It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's Emperor—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

_Sat._ Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts—
Rome shall record;—and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

_Tit._ [To Tamora.] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
Emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

_Sat._ [Aside.] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

_Lav._ Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

_Sat._ Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[FLOURISH. SATURNINUS COURTS TAMORA IN DUMB-SHOW.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[SEISING LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. SUUM QUIQUE is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! — Where is the Emperor's guard?—

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!

Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[EXEUNT BASSIANUS AND MARCUS WITH LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[EXEUNT LUCIUS, QUINTUS, AND MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[STABBING MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [DIES.

RE-ENTER LUCIUS.
SCENE I. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine; My sons would never so dishonour me. Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife, That is another's lawful-promised love. [Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the Emperor needs her not, Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once; Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons, Confederates all thus to dishonour me. Was there none else in Rome to make a stale, but Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus, Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine, That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece To him that flourish'd for her with his sword: A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy; One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons, To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,— That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs, Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,— If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice, Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, And will create thee Empress of Rome. Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice? And here I swear by all the Roman gods,— Sith priest and holy water are so near,

20 That is, "to make a stale of." State here is about the same as mockery
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of Heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Panthéon. — Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the Heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius,
Chiron, Aaron, and Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride:
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine;
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Mart. Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?
Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?
Marc. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:  
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

_Tit._

Rise, Marcus, rise:

[MARCUS and the others rise.

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb.

_Luc._ There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends',  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

_All._ [Kneeling.] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

_Marc._ [Rising with the rest.] My lord,—to step out of  
these dreary dumps,—How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

_Tit._ I know not, Marcus; but I know it is;  
Whether by device or no, the Heavens can tell:  
Is she not, then, beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

_Marc._ Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

_Flourish._ Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended,  
Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other,  
Bassianus, Lavinia, and others.
SCENE I.  

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  

Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.  

Sat.  Trait or, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.  

Bas.  Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothèd love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.  

Sat.  'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.  

Bas.  My lord, what I have done, as best I may  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your Grace to know:  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath  
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:  
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,  
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.  

Tit.  Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:  
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.  
Rome and the righteous Heavens be my judge,  
How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!  

Tam.  My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

_Sat._ What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

_Tam._ Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author 28 to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

_[Aside to Sat._] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,—
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,—
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I suèd for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

_Sat._ Rise, Titus rise: our Emperor but would
SCENE I. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass’d
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

[MARCUS, LAVINIA, AND THE SONS OF TITUS KNEEL.

Luc. We do; and vow to Heaven, and to his High
ness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister’s honour and our own.
Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother’s here,
And at my lovely Tamora’s entreats,
I do remit these young men’s heinous faults.—

[MARCUS AND THE OTHERS RISE.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the Emperor’s Court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your Grace bonjour.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden Sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To soar aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude a where I am graced;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chir. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [Aside.] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier b by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threaten your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chir. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,

---

a That is, intruding; the infinitive used gerundively again.

b This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street
happened. See vol. xii. page 283, note 12.
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.

Aar. [Coming forward.] Why, how now, lords!

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet⁵ upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the Empress know
This discord's ground,⁶ the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Scene 1. Titus Andronicus.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice: Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome How furious and impatient they be, And cannot brook competitors in love? I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths Would I propose, t' achieve her whom I love.8

Aar. T' achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange? She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore may be won;9 She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill Than wots the miller of; and easy it is Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,10 we know: Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother, Better than he have worn Vulcanus' badge.

Aar. [Aside.] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it With words, fair looks, and liberality? What, hast not thou full often struck a doe, And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

7 Impatient is here a word of four syllables. See vol. x, page 74, note ro.
8 Chiron probably means that, had he a thousand lives, he would venture them all, to achieve Lavinia, so much he loves her.
9 These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of King Henry VI., v. 3:
Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were served.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square\(^{11}\) for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

*Chi.* 'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforse accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must ye pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest-walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind\(^{12}\) for rape and villainy.

Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our Empress, with her sacred\(^{13}\) wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

---

\(^{11}\) To *square* we have several times had in the sense of to *quarrel*. See vol. iv. page 123, note 12.

\(^{12}\) Kind in its primitive sense of *nature*. See vol. iv. page 120, note 2.

\(^{13}\) Sacred here means *accursed*; a Latinism.
SCENE II. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's Court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from Heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

\( \text{Chi.} \) Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. \textit{Sit fas aut nefas}, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
\textit{Per Styga, per manes vehor}.\textsuperscript{15} \[Exeunt.\]


Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c., MARCUS,
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

\textit{Tit.} The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,\textsuperscript{1}
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,\textsuperscript{2}
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
\( \text{wurt may echo with the noise.} \)

\( \text{the use of the file in smoothing machinery, so as to make} \)
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
T' attend the Emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.—

_Horns wind a peal._ Enter _Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus,
Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants._

Many good morrows to your Majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good:—
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.
_Sat._ And you have rung it lustily, my lord;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
_Bas._ Lavinia, how say you?
_Lav._ I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
_Sat._ Come on, then; horse' and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—_[To Tamora.]_ Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
_Marc._ I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
_Tit._ And I have horse' will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
_Dem._ Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

_SCENE III._—_A lonely Part of the Forest._

_Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold._
SCENE III.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest  [Hides the gold.
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rollèd 4 in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And — after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy 5 storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave —
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
See'st thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful6 booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be.

[Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal Empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?
With horns, as was Actaeon's; and the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transforméd limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

_Lav._ Under your patience, gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

_Bas._ Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

_Lav._ And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

_Bas._ The King my brother shall have note of this.

_Lav._ Ay, for these slips have made him noted long: 8
Good King, to be so mightily abused!

_Tam._ Why have I patience to endure all this?

_Enter Demetrius and Chiron._
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:
A bare detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though Summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the Sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.

9 Urchins are hedgehogs. Fairies and evil spirits were also called urchins. See vol. vii. page 30, note 78.

10 This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in Romeo and Juliet.
Scene III.

Titus Andronicus.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But, when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preservèd honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[To Chiron.] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

11 Painted hope is only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid.—Johnson.
12 Learn in the sense of teach. The two were used indifferently.
'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means.—Away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
SCENE III. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exequitt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all th' Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.

Re-enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[ Falls into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fall'n?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stainèd hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewèd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole, 14
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus’ misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck’d into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus’ grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, — I come to thee. [Falls in.

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I’ll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap’d into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. Th’ unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
’Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though gnaw’d with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[Giving a letter to Sat.

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man’s face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus ’tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know’st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshares the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.—
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.—
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder’d Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.

Sat. [To Titus.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,—
Accursèd, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.—

16 Timeless for untimely. Repeatedly so. See vol. x. page 210, note 2.
SCENE IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

43

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;

For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow

They shall be ready at your Highness' will

To answer this suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King:

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[Exeunt Saturninus, Tamora, Aaron, and Attendants, with Quintus, Martius, and the body of Bassianus; then Andronicus and Lucius.

SCENE IV. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

Who 'twas that cut it out, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.¹

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

¹ Scrawl appears to be only another form of scroll. So Fabyan, in his Chronycle, speaking of King Richard the Second: "He therefore rede the scrowle of resyngracyon hymselfe, in maner and fourme as foloweth." And Burnet, in his Records: "The said accoajpts, books, scroales, instruments, or other writings concerning the premises."
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;  
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.  
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.  
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.  

[Exit Demetrius and Chiron.]

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Who's this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?—  
Cousin, a word; where is your husband? Say,—  
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!⁵  
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—  
Speak, gentle niece: what stern ungentle hands  
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare  
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,  
And might not gain so great a happiness  
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?  
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflourèd thee,  
And, lest thou shouldst detect³ him, cut thy tongue.  
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—  
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—

---

² "If this be a dream, I would give all I have, to awake out of it."
³ Detect in its Latin sense of uncover or expose. — Tereus. King of Thrace.
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy hurt! and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could we mourning ease thy misery!
ACT III.

SCENE I. — Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For one-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, O tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad cares:

[Throwing himself on the ground.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distill from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In Summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In Winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood. —
Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offends not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.—[Rises.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
Scene I. 

Titus Andronicus.

Sweet-varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill’d me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ’d with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish’d man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr’d thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn’d, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather’d lily almost wither’d.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill’d her hus-

band;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

1 Unrecuring for incurable. Shakespeare has recure elsewhere in the sense of cure, or recover. See vol. ix. page 229, note 16.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine
     eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious Emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the Sun’s uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the King my hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers’ lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear’d aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies’ casques?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.
Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go!
Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.
Marc. But I will use the axe.

[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. [Aside.] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[Cuts off Titus's hand.

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee:—
[Aside.] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[Exit.
SCENE I.  TITUS ANDRONICUS.  53

Tit.  O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—[To Lav.] What, will thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for Heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the Sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc.  O brother, speak with possibility,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit.  Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc.  But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit.  If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave: for losers will have leave.
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death.  

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted-at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome:—
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:—
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his Empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
[To Lav.] Thou map of woe,² that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?

¹ To passionate, or to passion, is to express sorrow or suffering by voice,
gesture, or otherwise. See vol. x. page 153, note 18.
² Map where we should use picture or image. Repeatedly so. See vol
x. page 223, note 3.
SCENE II. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to Heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Young Luc. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS STRIKES THE DISH WITH A KNIFE.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart:
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A mash is, properly, a mixture of ground malt and warm water. The verb to mash has the same sense in the language of brewing.
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father, brother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting droneings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!

As yet, I think, we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chancèd in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.


Enter Titus and Marcus.  Then enter Young Lucius, running, with books under his arm, which he lets fall, and Lavinia running after him.

Young Luc.  Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia follows me everywhere, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc.  Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit.  She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Luc.  Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc.  What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit.  Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth she mean.

Marc.  See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither—would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Young Luc.  My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps. — But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [Lavinia turns over with her
stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! — Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see. —
Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the Heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence 1 thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;
Or else to Heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!

[Helping her.

What would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes 2 the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
See, see!
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern’d by that the poet here describes,
By Nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should Nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece’ bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What gods will have discover’d for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magne dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?  

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclains.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woeful fere  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let't alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that, if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

4 Slightly changed from a passage in Seneca's Hippolytus: "Magne regnator delim, tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?"
Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course. —
Lavinia, come. — Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Execut Titus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius.

Marc. O Heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him? —
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge: —
Revenge, ye Heavens, for old Andronicus!

[Exit.

Scene II. — The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter, from one side, Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron; from
the other side, Young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a
bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your Honours from Andronicus,
[Aside.] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Young Luc. [Aside.] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. — Mayt please you, lords,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed¹ well:
And so I leave you both, — [Aside.] like bloody villains.

[Exeunt Young Lucius and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:

[Reads.] Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.²

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just, a verse in Horace; right, you have it.—
[Aside.] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no fond jest;³ th' old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But, were our witty Empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile. —
And now, young lords. was't not a happy star
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

*Dem.* I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Aar.* A charitable wish and full of love:
Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[[Flourish within.]

*Dem.* Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike for joy the Emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What clost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

_Aar._ To whom?

_Nur._ I mean, she's brought a-bed.

_Aar._ Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

_Nur._ A devil.

_Aar._ Why, then she is the Devil's dam; a joyful issue.

_Nur._ A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue;

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

_Aar._ Out, out, ye whore! Is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse,5 you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

_Dem._ Villain, what hast thou done?

_Aar._ That which thou canst not undo.

_Chi._ Thou hast undone our mother.

_Aar._ Villain, I have done thy mother.

_Dem._ And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

_Chi._ It shall not live.

_Aar._ It shall not die.

_Nur._ Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

_Aar._ What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

_Dem._ I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point: —

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

_Aar._ Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar’s sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus, ⁶
With all his threatening band of Typhon’s brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father’s hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan’s black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell th’ Empress ⁷ from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

_Dem._ Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

_Aar._ My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world I do prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

_Dem._ By this our mother is for ever shamed.

_Chi._ Rome will despise her for this foul escape. ⁸

_Nur._ The Emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

_Chi._ I blush to think upon this ignomy. ⁹

_Aar._ Why, there’s the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad framed of another leer: 10
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamp'd in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.  [They sit.

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords! when we thus join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

*Aar.* The Empress, the midwife, and yourself.
Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
Go to the Empress, tell her this I said:

[He stabs her: she screams and dies.]
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be't known to you my full intent.
Not far one Muli lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the Emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark, lords; ye see that I have given her physic,

[Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp.  

[Exit.

Scene III.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them;
with him, Marcus, Young Lucius, Publius, Sempronius,
Caius, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:¹
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she is gone, she's fled.—
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean,² and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the Earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night t' attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some easeful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from Hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to th' very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there's justice nor in Earth nor Hell,
We will solicit Heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear. — You're a good archer, Marcus:

[He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you; here, Ad Apollinem:
Ad Martem, that is for myself. —
Here, boy, To Pallas; here, To Mercury: —
To Saturn, Caius, not To Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind. —
To it, boy. — Marcus, loose you when I bid. —
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court:
We will afflic the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] — O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; she'll give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the Moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou'st shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the Court;
And who should find them but the Empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from Heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tiding? have you any letters?

8 Gear is any matter or business in hand.
4 Loose was a technical term in archery, for the discharge of an arrow.
6 Well said was a common expression for well done.
SCENE III. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from Heaven?

Clo. From Heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to Heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.
CLO. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLO. God be with you, sir; I will.

TIT. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An Emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for th' extent\(^1\)
Of equal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there's nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,\(^2\)
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to Heaven for his redress:
See, here's To Jove, and this To Mercury;
This To Apollo; this To the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the Senate,

\(^1\) Extent for extension, that is, administration.

\(^2\) Wreaks for transports of rage or violence, probably.
SCENE IV. TITUS ANDRONICUS. 75

And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempt. — [Aside.] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all. —
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. —

Enter the Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. — God and Saint Stephen give you godden:
Clo. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.
Clo. Hang'd! by'r Lady, then I have brought up a neck
to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.
Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.—

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more
cause:
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms;
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much:
Myself hath often overheard them say—
When I have walkèd like a private man—
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
SCENE IV.  

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

_Tam._ Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

_Sat._ Ay, but the citizens do fav'our Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

_Tam._ King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name. 
Is the Sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it? 
The eagle suffers little birds to sing, 
And is not careful what they mean thereby, 
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings 
He can at pleasure stint their melody: 
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome. 
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou Emperor, 
I will enchant the old Andronicus 
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, 
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep; 
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait, 
The other rotted with delicious feed.

_Sat._ But he will not entreat his son for us.

_Tam._ If Tamora entreat him, then he will: 
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear 
With golden promises; that, were his heart 
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf, 
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.— 
_[To AÉMILIU.S._ Go thou before, be our ambassador: 
Say that the Emperor requests a parley 
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go incessantly, and plead to him. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius, and an Army of Goths, with drums and colours.

Luc. Approvèd warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivèd letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest Summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowerèd fields,—

10 Incessantly in the Latin sense of instantly, or without delay.
And be avenged on cursèd Tamora.

Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

2 Goth. Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But, where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace! — even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly! and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your Empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?

1 Wall-eyed is having eyes with a white or pale-gray iris; fierce-eyed.
See vol. x. page 83, note 5.
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? what, not a word?—
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

_Aar._ Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

_Luc._ Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder.

[A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.

_Aar._ Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but, vengeance rot you all!

_Luc._ Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

_Aar._ An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet pitilessly perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

_Luc._ Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

_Aar._ Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

_Luc._ Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

_Aar._ What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee callèd conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god — what god soe'ner it be —
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUC. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

AAR. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

LUC. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

AAR. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

LUC. O detestable villain! call'st that trimming?

AAR. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and
'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AAR. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confederate with the Queen and her two sons:  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to sue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:  
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:  
And, when I told the Empress of this sport,  
She swoon'd almost at my pleasing tale,  
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.  

1 Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?  
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.  
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?  
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  

Even now I curse the day— and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse—  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:  
As, kill a man, or else devise his death;  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
Oft have I digg'd-up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters  
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.  

_Luc._ Bring down the devil; for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.  

_[Aaron is brought down from the ladder._

_Aar._ If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in eyerlasting fire,  
So I might have your company in Hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!  

_Luc._ Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.  

_Enter a Goth._

_3 Goth._ My lord, there is a messenger from Rome  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.  

_Luc._ Let him come near. —  

_Enter Æmilius._

_Welcome Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?
Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. — March, away! [Flourish. Exeunt.


Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I now am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me: therefore no more.
SCENE II. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is laden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the East
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore callèd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they are!
And you, the Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by. [Exit above.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor.
Could not all Hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the Empress never wags

*Rape and rapine appears to have been sometimes used synonymously.

*Out of hand is on the sudden, or on the spur of the moment.
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
	_Tam._ What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
	_Dem._ Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
	_Chi._ Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.
	_Tam._ Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
Aud I will be revengèd on them all.
	_Tit._ Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And, when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's Court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.
	_Tam._ Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
	_Tit._ Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.
Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [Aside to Dem. and Chi.] What say you, boys? will
you abide with him,
While I go tell my lord the Emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [Aside.] I know them all, though they suppose me
mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Scene II.

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius, Caius, and Valentine.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress’ sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived, The one is Murder, Rape is th’ other’s name; And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:— Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them. Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, And now I find it; therefore bind them sure; And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [Exit.

[Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the Empress’ sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded. — Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word. Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound. — Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me; But let them hear what fearful words I utter. — O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! Here stands the spring whom you have stain’d with mud; This goodly summer with your winter mix’d. You kill’d her husband; and, for that vile fault, Two of her brothers were condemn’d to death, My hand cut off, and made a merry jest; Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,

[He cuts their throats.]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So: —
Now bring them in, for I will play the cook, 
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

Scene III.—Court of Titus’s House: Tables set out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron Prisoner, and 
his Child in the arms of an Attendant; other Attendants.

Luc. Since, uncle Marcus, 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours with thine,¹ befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog? unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exeunt some Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.
The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius, Tribunes,
    Senators, and others.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

_Sat._ Marcus, we will.

_[Hautboys sound._ **The company sit down at table.**

_Enter Titus dressed like a Cook, Lavinia veiled, Young Lucius, and others._ **Titus places the dishes on the table.**

_Tit._ Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread Queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

_Sat._ Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

_Tit._ Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness and your Empress.

_Tam._ We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

_Tit._ An if your Highness knew my heart, you were. —
My lord the Emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflour'd?

_Sat._ It was, Andronicus.

_Tit._ Your reason, mighty lord?

_Sat._ Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

_Tit._ A reason mighty strong, effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like: —
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it now is done.

_Sat._ What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
_Tit._ Will't please you eat? will't please your Highness
feed?

_Tam._ Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
_Tit._ Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
_Sat._ Go fetch them hither to us presently.
_Tit._ Why, there they are both, bakèd in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[ _Kills Tamora._

_Sat._ Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed!

[ _Kills Titus._

_Luc._ Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[ _Kills Saturninus._ *A great tumult._ Lucius, Marcus,
_and their Partisans go up into a gallery._

_Marc._ You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But, if my frosty signs and chops of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[To Lucius.] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful-burning night
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is our captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That curséd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravishéd our sister:
For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despised; he basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banishéd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood;

*Compact is composed, made, or framed.
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress to much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:

[Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.

Of this was Tamora deliveréd;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronicus
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our House.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome, come
down,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry It shall be so.

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Emperor!

Marc. [To Attendants.] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful
house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[Exeunt some Attendants.

Lucius, Marcus, &c., descend.

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me ease awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [Kissing TRINUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, 4 then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender eye.
Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

Æmil. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the State,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[Exeunt.]
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 8. Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,

To justice, conscience, and nobility. — So Collier's second folio.
The old copies have continence instead of conscience, which seems
preferable on the score both of metre and of sense.

P. 10. Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in. — So Capell. The
old copies are without tribunes. Something of the sort is needed not
only to complete the verse, but to mark whom the speaker is address-
ing; and tribunes may well have dropped out, from the circumstance
of its being repeated in the next line. Collier's second folio fills up the
verse thus: "Open the brazen gates."

P. 10. Hail, Rome, victorious in my mourning weeds! — So War-
burton and Theobald. The old copies have thy instead of my. Let-
tsom justly observes that my "seems warranted by the whole tenour of
the speech." See foot-note 5.

P. 10. Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught, &c. — So the
fourth folio. The earlier editions have "his fraught."

P. 11. That so their shadows be not unappeased. — So Collier's sec-
ond folio. The old copies have "the shadowes." But the shades of
the slain Andronicus are clearly meant. And so a little after: "I' ap-
pease their groaning shadows that are gone."

P. 13. Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent. — The old text has
"in his tent." But her is required by the subject-matter of the allu-
sion. See foot-note 11.
P. 13. To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.—The old copies have "quit the bloody wrongs." The sense plainly requires her; and so Rowe printed.

P. 13. Rome's readiest champions, repose you here.—The old text has "repose you here in rest"; against both metre and sense.

P. 13. Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,

No noise; &c.—So the second folio. The earlier editions read "here are no storms."

P. 15. Be chosen with acclamations to-day.—So Collier's second folio. The old text has proclamations.

P. 15. And set abroach new business for you all?—So the third folio. The earlier editions misprint abroad for abroach.

P. 15. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.—A very awkward piece of construction. I suspect we ought to read, as Staunton suggests, "Ask, Titus, and thou shalt obtain the empery."

P. 15. Proud Saturninus, interrupter of the good.—Here the old copies have Saturnine.

P. 16. My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends.—So the third folio. The earlier editions have friend.

P. 17. And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse.—So the second folio. The earlier editions have Pathan.

P. 19. Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,

But Saturnine?—The quartos and first folio read "Was none in Rome," &c. The words there and else were supplied in the second folio.

P. 22. Marc. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.—This line is wanting in the quartos, and is printed in the folio as part of the preceding speech. The omission of the prefix was doubtless accidental.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 25. I do remit these young men's heinous faults.—

[MARCUS and the others rise.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl, &c. — In the old text, the second of these lines reads "Stand up: Lavinia, though you left me," &c. Here the words Stand up were evidently meant as a stage-direction, and were wrongly printed as part of the text. Such errors are quite frequent.

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 26. To soar aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, &c.—Instead of soar, proposed by Walker, the old text has mount, which gives an awkward repetition.

P. 27. Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate.—The old copies read "me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate."

P. 27. And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.—The old copies have passions. The correction is Rowe's.

P. 29. Better than he have worn Vulcanus' badge.—The old copies have "worne Vulcans' badge." —The second folio completes the verse with "have yet worn."

P. 30. Chi. I'faith, not me.—The old text is without I'.

P. 30. A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must ye pursue, &c.—The old copies have this instead of than, and we instead of ye. The former was corrected by Rowe, the latter by Hanmer; and both corrections are plainly required by the context.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 32. And you have rung it lustily, my lord,—The old copies have Lords: but the speech is evidently addressed to Titus alone. Corrected by Dyce.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 35. And the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transform'd limbs.—So Collier's second folio. The old text has drive instead of dine. Heath proposed to substitute thrive.
P. 35. *The King my brother shall have note of this.* — The old copies have *notice* instead of *note.* Pope's correction.

P. 35. *Why have I patience to endure all this?* — The old copies read “*Why I have patience.*” Corrected in the second folio.

P. 36. *A bare detested vale you see it is.* — So Capell. The old text has *barren* for *bare.*

P. 36. *Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,*

*Or be not henceforth call'd my children.* — So Capell and Walker. The old text reads “*Or be ye not.*”

P. 37. *And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions lack *she.* Collier's second folio reads, “*And with that painted shape she braves your might.*”

P. 37. *But, when ye have the honey ye desire,*

*Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.* — The old copies have “*we desire,*” and “*outlive us.*” The former is corrected in the second folio, the latter by Dyce.

P. 38. *'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:*

*Yet have I heard,* — *O, could I find it now!* —

*The lion, moved with pity, did endure*

*To have his princely claws pared all away.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *paws* instead of *claws.* — Walker suspects a line to have dropped out, the passage having been written something thus:
P. 41. *Here, Tamora; though gnaw'd with killing grief.* — So Walker. The old text has *grieve'd* instead of *gnaw'd*.

P. 43. *They shall be ready at your Highness' will to answer this suspicion with their lives.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "answer their suspicion."

P. 43. *Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "the guilt."

**ACT II., SCENE 4.**

P. 43. *So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,*  
_Who 'twas that cut it out, and ravish'd thee._ — The old text reads "Who 'twas that cut thy tongue," &c. Lettsom notes upon the passage, "Read 'Who 'twas that cut it out, and ravish'd thee.' It is evident that *thy tongue* intruded from the line above, ejecting it: afterwards *out* seems to have been omitted ob metrum."

P. 44. *An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.* — So Pope. The old editions have *cause* instead of *case."

P. 44. *Cousin, a word; where is your husband? Say.* — So Ham-mer. The old copies are without *say."

P. 44. *And might not gain so great a happiness as have thy love.* — So Theobald and Collier's second folio: Dyce, also, hit upon the same reading independently. The old copies read "As halfe thy love."

P. 44. *But, sure, some Terens hath deftir'd thee,*  
_And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue._ — The old copies have *them* instead of *him.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 44. *As from a conduit with three issuing spouts.* — The old copies have *theyr* and *their* instead of *three.* The correction is Ham-mer's, and is fully justified by the context.

P. 45. *Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?*  
_O, that I knew thy hurt! — So Walker. The old text has *hart* instead of *hurt.* Hart was indeed a common mode of spelling *heart;*
and Walker thinks the error grew from the occurrence of that word three lines below: at all events, the context points out *hurt* as the right word.

**P. 45.** Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony

*Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made,*

*He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep, &c.—* So Ham-mer. The old copies give the second line thus: "Which that sweet tongue hath made." Such a mutilated line seems quite out of place here. Collier's second folio completes it thus: "Which that sweet tongue hath made *in minstrelsy.*"

**ACT III., SCENE I.**

**P. 46.** For one-and-twenty sons I never wept,

*Because they died in honour's lofty bed.*

*For these, O tribunes, in the dust I write*

*My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad cares:*

*Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite.—* In the first of these lines, the old text has "two and twenty," and in the third lacks O. The second folio completes the line by repeating these. Lettsom notes upon the passage thus: "Titus had twenty-five sons, of whom one was murdered by his father, two are here going to execution, and Lucius outlives the play. This leaves twenty-one to have 'died in honour's lofty bed.'" The insertion of O in the third line is Collier's. In the fourth line, again, the old text has *teares* instead of *cares.* Walker notes *tears* as suspicious; and it seems to me little better than stark nonsense. Nor do I well see the fitness of *languor.* Collier's second folio substitutes *anguish:* rightly, I suspect. Perhaps the author wrote "My heart's deep *anguish* with my soul's sad tears."

**P. 46.** O earth, I will befriend thee with more rain,

*That shall distill from these two ancient urns.—* The old copies have "ancient ruines." Corrected by Hanmer.

**P. 47.** O reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!

*Unbind my sons, &c.—* The old text has "oh gentle aged men."

Rowe's correction.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 47. *Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,*
*They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,*
*They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:*
*And bootless unto them since I complain,*
*Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones.* — "In this passage,"
says Dyce, "I give the reading of the earliest quarto, adding the words
since I complain; something to that effect having evidently dropped
out." The folio reads as follows:

Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

P. 48. *Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand, &c.* — So the sec-
ond folio. The earlier editions lack *my.*

P. 50. *How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry.* — The old
copies have *in* instead of *as.* From Collier's second folio.

P. 50. *His napkin, with his true tears all bewet.* — So the fourth
folio. The earlier editions have "with her true tears."

P. 51. *With all my heart, I'll send the King my hand.* — So Capell
and Walker. The old copies, *Emperour* instead of *King.*

P. 51. *Writing destruction on the enemies' casques.* — The old text has
*Castle* instead of *casques.* Theobald printed "the enemies' casque,"
Walker would read *crests;* and he says of *casque,* "this seems very un-
likely." Lettsom notes upon the passage: "Read 'the enemies' casques.' I do not see what made *casque* seem 'very unlikely' to
Walker; but, in any case, I think the plural necessary."

P. 53. *Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?*
*Then be my passion bottomless with them.* — The old copies
read "Is not my sorrow deep,* &c. But the plural is made necessary
here by *them* in the next line. Walker's correction.

P. 53. *I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!* — So the second
folio. The earlier editions have *flow* for *blow.*
P. 54. *Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd.* — The old copies have *sports* instead of *sport.* Pope's correction.

P. 54. *Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.* — The old copies have "controle my grieves." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 55. *And in this hand the other will I bear.*

Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this;

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth. — The quartos give the second line thus: "And Lavinia thou shalt be employed in these armes." The folio has the same, except that it substitutes *things for armes.* And doubtless crept in by mistake from the line above. I give the reading proposed by Lettsom, who notes thus: "These for *this* was probably the original blunder; *arms* and *things* sophistications to produce something like sense."

P. 55. *Till Lucius come again,*

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life. — The old copies have *loves* instead of *leaves.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 55. *And make proud Saturninus and his Empress*  
*Beg at the gates, &c.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *Saturnine.*

**ACT III., SCENE 2.**

P. 56. *And, when my heart, all mad with misery, &c.* — This scene is not in the quartos; and the folio has *Who* instead of *And.* Corrected by Rowe.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 58. But how, if that fly had a father, brother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting dronings in the air! — In the first of these
lines, the old text has “a father and mother.” This, besides spoiling
the metre, does not cohere at all in sense with the next line. I adopt
the reading proposed by Ritson, which I think fits all round. In the
third line, again, the old text has doings instead of dronings. The lat-
ter was conjectured by Theobald, and approved by Heath; also lately
proposed by Lettsom.

P. 58. As yet, I think, we are not brought so low, &c.— The old text
is without As. Supplied by Dyce.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 59. Marc. See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee: &c.—
The old copies print this and the five following lines as a continuation
of Titus’s speech. But the third line of Lucius’s reply shows plainly
that some part of the speech rightly belongs to Marcius; and I concur
with Walker that the repetition of the name, “See, Lucius,” points out
this as the place where Marcius’s speech ought to begin. Capell saw
the necessity of some change, and assigned the last line of the speech to
Marcius.

P. 60. Reveal the damn’d contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus? — So the quartos.
The folio has, between these lines, the question, “What book?” which
probably crept in somehow by mistake from the speech a little after,
“Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?” Surely, at all events, the
question has no business here.

P. 60. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves! — [Helping her.
What would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read? — In the first
of these lines, the old copies have “Soft, so busilie,” &c. The reading
in the text is Rowe’s. Also, in the second line, the old copies have
“Helpe her, what would she find?” &c. Here, again, a stage-direction
has manifestly crept into the text. See note on “I do remit these young
men’s heinous faults,” &c., page 101.
P. 61. *Guide, if thou canst,*
This after me, when I have writ my name.—So the second folio. The first omits *when,* which Collier's second folio changes to *where,*—perhaps rightly.

P. 61. *And here display, at last,*
What gods will have discover'd for revenge.—So Walker. The old text has *God* instead of *gods.* Walker cites various instances of the same error.

P. 62. *That we will prosecute, by good advice,*
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.—So Theobald. In the last of these lines, the old text has *or* instead of *ere.* It seemed to me that we ought to read *ere*; and I was glad to find that Heath had approved that reading; though *or* was sometimes used for *or ever,* that is, *sooner than.*

P. 62. *'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it.*—So Collier's second folio. The words *to do it* are wanting in the old copies.

P. 63. *Revenge, ye Heavens, for old Andronicus!*—The old copies have *the* instead of *ye.* The same error occurs repeatedly; the common abbreviations of *the* and *ye* being easily confounded. The correction is Johnson's.

**ACT IV., SCENE 2.**

P. 64. *For villains mark'd with rape.*—*May't please you, lords, &c.*
—So Capell. The old text omits *lords.*

P. 64. *For so he bade me say;*
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 66. Out, out, ye whore! is black so base a hue? — So Theobald. The folio lacks the second out. The quartos have Sounds instead of Out. Capell reads "Out on you."

P. 67. Ye white-limed walls! ye alchouse painted signs! — So Theobald. The old copies have "Ye white-limbde walls," and "white-limb'd."

P. 68. Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, Old lad, I am thine own. — Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "Old dad" instead of "Old lad." I suspect he is right.

P. 68. Why, so, brave lords! when we thus join in league,
I am a lamb. — The old copies are without thus. The second folio prints "when we all joyne in league."

P. 69. Not far one Muli lives, my countryman. — The old copies have "one Mulites my countryman." Collier's second folio reads "Not far hence Muli lives," &c. The reading in the text was conjectured by Steevens.

P. 69. Hark, lords; ye see that I have given her physic. — So Walker. The old text reads "Hark ye Lords, ye see I have given her physicke."

P. 70. I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feast on curds and whey. — So Hanmer. The old copies repeat feed instead of feast. Collier's second folio reads "I'll make you thrive on berries," &c.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 70. Sir boy, now let me see your archery. — So the second folio. The earlier editions omit now.

P. 71. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night & attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some easeful remedy. — In the first of these lines, the old copies have "my Lords." Corrected in the second folio. In the fourth line, "some easefull remedy" is Walker's correction of "some carefull remedie."
P. 71. And, sith there's justice nor in Earth nor Hell,
    We will solicit Heaven, &c. — The old copies read "sith there's
    to justice in earth nor hell." Corrected by Dyce.

P. 72. To Saturn, Caius, not To Saturnine;
    You were as good to shoot against the wind. — So Capell. The
old copies read "To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine." But
Caius is evidently one of Titus's kinsmen, who is present to take part in
shooting the arrows. Perhaps I should add that the several arrows are
inscribed with the names of the gods to whom old Titus is making his
appeal; and that the one which Caius is to shoot is inscribed "To
Saturn," not "To Saturnine," as any appeal to the latter would be
like praying to the wind.

P. 72. To it, boy. — Marcus, loose you when I bid. — So Malone.
The old copies lack you. Hanmer inserted thou; but Titus has just
before addressed Marcus, "that's for you."

P. 72. O, well said, Lucius!
    Good boy, in Virgo's lap; she'll give it Pallas. — So Capell.
The old copies lack she'll. The arrow to be shot by Lucius was inscribed "To Pallas"; and Titus means that he has lodged it in the lap
of Virgo, who will deliver it to Pallas.

P. 72. My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the Moon;
    Your letter is with Jupiter by this. — The old copies have aim
instead of aim'd. One of the many instances of final d and final e con-
founded.

Act IV., Scene 4.

P. 74. My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods. — The old copies
lack the words as do, which are needful alike to the metre and the
sense. Rowe inserted them.

P. 75. But he and his shall know that justice lives
    In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
    He'll so awake, as she in fury shall, &c. — In both the second
and the third of these lines, the old copies have he instead of she. Cor-
rected by Rowe.
P. 75. But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out. — So all the old copies till the second folio, which substitutes on't for out. Grant White reads "My life-blood on't"; which I am apt to think is right, though Dyce pronounces it "a very improbable reading." Walker notes upon the passage as follows: "A line is lost, I imagine; something to this effect, (not that these are the words,) —

"But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
[And, through the bodies of thy children, drawn]
Thy life-blood out."

P. 75. Yea, forsooth, an your mistres-shep be emperial. — S5 Johnson. The old copies have Mistership. As the Clown is given to blundering, I am not sure but mistership may be right.

P. 76. Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more cause:
The Goths have gather'd head; &c. — The old copies omit the second arm, and have Lords instead of lord. But the speech is certainly addressed to Saturninus only. Some of the recent editors leave out arm; but the insertion is clearly right, and so Walker judges. Capell's conjecture.

P. 76. Who threats, in course of his revenge. — So Rowe and Walker, the latter independently. The old copies have this instead of his.

P. 76. Myself have often overheard them say, &c. — So Theobald. The old copies have simply "often heard."

P. 77. Go thou before, be our ambassador. — The quartos have "before to be our Embassadour"; the folio, "before to our Embassadour." Corrected by Capell.

P. 77. And, if he stand on hostage for his safety, &c. — The old copies have in instead of on. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 78. Then go incessantly, and plead to him. — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old copies have successantly. What this may mean, nobody can tell. Rowe changed it to successfully; but this, I think, gives a wrong sense. See foot-note 10.
ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 79. Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.—The second folio prefixes "Omn." to this speech. The earlier editions have no prefix at all.

P. 80. Why dost not speak? what, deaf? what, not a word?—The second what is wanting in the old copies. Dyce suggests it. The second folio completes the verse with "no! Not a word?"

P. 80. Get me a ladder.—In the old copies, these words are made a part of Aaron's following speech. This is palpably absurd. Theobald set the matter right.

P. 80. Ruthful to hear, yet pitilessly perform'd.—So Heath. The old copies have piteously. The same correction occurred to me before I knew Heath had proposed it.

P. 81. O detestable villain! call'st that trimming?—The old copies have "Call'st thou that Trimming?"

P. 82. Make poor men's cattle fall and break their necks.—The words fall and are not in the old copies; and Malone, to fill up the verse, proposed "break their necks and die"; as if cattle could break their necks and not die! Dyce prints "stray and break their necks." But I do not well see how strayng has any natural connection with breaking of necks. See foot-note 6.

P. 83. Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves, And set them upright at their dear friends' doors, Even when their sorrows almost were forgot.—Instead of doors and were, the originals have door and was. The first was corrected in the second folio; the other, by Malone. The second folio also reads "their sorrow almost was forgot."

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 84. Titus, I now am come to talk with thee.—The old copies omit now. Supplied by Dyce.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 84. *Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines.* — So Theobald. The old copies have *witness* repeated before "these crimson lines."

P. 85. *And whirl along with thee about the globe.* — So Dyce. The old copies have *Globes*. But Titus evidently means the Earth.

P. 85. *Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,*
      *To hate thy vengeful wagon swift away,*
      *And find out murderers in their guilty caves.* — In the first of these lines, the old copies have "Provide thee two proper Palfries." In the third, also, the originals have *Murder* and *cares* instead of *murderers* and *caves*. The second folio changed *cares* to *caves*. The other corrections were made by Rowe and Capell.

P. 85. *Even from Hyperion's rising in the East,* &c. — So the second folio. The earlier editions have *Epeons* and *Eptons*.

P. 86. Tit. *Are these thy ministers? what are they called?*
      Tam. *Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,* &c. — The originals have *them* and *Rape* instead of *these* and *Rapine*. The second folio substitutes *Rapine* for *Rape*; and rightly, as appears from "destroy *Rapine* and Murder there," occurring a little before. The correction *these* for *them* is Dyce's.

P. 88. *What say you, boys? will you abide with him,* &c. — The old copies have *bide* instead of *abide*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 89. *The Empress' sons,*
      *I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.* — The old copies omit *and*; doubtless by accident, as we have "Chiron and Demetrius" repeatedly afterwards.

ACT V., SCENE 3.
P. 93. **Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself.** — So Capell. The old copies have *Let* instead of *Lest*. In the quartos, we have "Rom

*Lord,*" in the folio, "Goth" prefixed to this line, and all the speech fol-

lowing accordingly. But the speech bears on its face unquestionable

marks of being spoken by Marcius; and Capell and Collier's second

folio are clearly right in assigning it to him, as a continuation of what

precedes the line here quoted.

P. 94. **Here is our captain, let him tell the tale.** — So Walker. The old copies read "Here is a Captaine." As Lucius proceeds forthwith

to "tell the tale," there can be no doubt that *our* is right.

P. 94. **For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;**

*Our father's tears despised; he basely coven'd*

*Of that true hand, &c.* — In the first of these lines, the old copies have *faults*, which cannot be right, as the murder of Bassianus is

the matter referred to. Also, in the second line, the old text has *and*

instead of *he*.

P. 94. **I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you, &c.** — So the first

quarto. The folio has "And I am turned forth."

P. 95. **The villain is alive in Titus' house,**

*Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.*

*Nay judge what cause had Titus to revenge*

*These wrongs, &c.* — The old copies read "And as he is." The correction is Theobald's. Also, in the next line, the old text has *course*

instead of *cause*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 95. **Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome, come down, &c.** —

So Walker. The words *come down* are not in the old copies. Capell

completed the verse as follows: "Come *down*, come *down*, thou re-

verend man of Rome."

P. 96. **Romans, Lucius, all hail, Rome, and Fortuna!**
CRITICAL NOTES.

intervening lines, all as one speech, and the whole is assigned to Mar-
cius. This is palpably wrong, as Lucius begins his response, "Thanks,
gentle Romans." The necessary changes were made by Capell.

P. 96. But, gentle people, give me ease awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task: —
Stand all aloof. — The old copies read "give me ayme awhile."
No fitting sense can well be gathered from aim here. Collier conjec-
tures room; White, air; either of which coheres well enough with
"Stand all aloof." Dyce says, "If the earliest quarto (and the folio)
had not the spelling ayme, I should have proposed 'give me ear.'"
But Lucius does not proceed to address the people, as he probably
would if he wanted their ear.

P. 96. These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face. — The old
copies have slaine instead of stain'd. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 97. Æmil. You sad Andronici, have done with woes. — So Dyce.
The old copies prefix "Romaine" and "Romans" to this speech.

P. 97. No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial. — Hereupon Dyce
notes: "This reading, hitherto (I believe) unnoticed, is that of the
quarto 1600, — at least of the copy of that quarto now before me." The
other old copies have "nor man in mournful weeds." To avoid
the repetition, Staunton proposed "No solemn bell"; Lettsom, "No
holy bell."
ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

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

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

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

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

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, his Kinsman.
MONTAGUE, Heads of two Hostile Houses.
CAPULET, An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Friends to Romeo.
BENVOLIO,
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, Franciscans.
FRIAR JOHN,
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, Servants to Capulet.
GREGORY,
PETER, Servant to the Nurse.
ABRAHAM, Servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
An Officer.
LADY MONTAGUE.
LADY CAPULET.
JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

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

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

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal 1 loins of these two foes

1 Fatal for fated; the active form with the passive sense. This confusion of the two forms, both in adjectives and participles, is very frequent.
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.  [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Verona. A Public Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.¹
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.²

² Star-cross'd is thwarted or opposed by planetary influence; that is, ill-fated. The Poet, in common with the writers of his time, abounds in such astrological allusions; the old faith in judicial astrology being then still held by many, and colouring the language of those who had renounced it.
³ The exceptional but, as it is called; having the sense of be out, of which it is an old contraction.
Scene I.

**Romeo and Juliet.**

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

_Gre._ Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

_Sam._ I strike quickly, being moved.

_Gre._ But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

_Sam._ A dog of the House of Montague moves me.

_Gre._ To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

_Sam._ A dog of that House shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

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

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

_Gre._ The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

_Sam._ 'Tis 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.

_Gre._ The heads of the maids?

_Sam._ Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

_Gre._ They must take it in sense that feel it.

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

_Gre._ 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-john.³ Draw thy tool; here comes two of the House of the Montagues.⁴

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

_Gre._ How! turn thy back and run?
Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

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

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

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

Enter Abraham and Balthazar.

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

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

Sam. [Aside to Gre.] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. [Aside to Sam.] No.

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

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

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

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

6 Keep the law on our sides. The indifferent use of on or of in such cases was very common; as in Hamlet, ii. 2: "Nay, then I have an eye of you." Also in The Merchant, ii. 2: "More hair of his tail than I have of my face." And in Much Ado, iii. 5: "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind."

6 This was a common mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel. Dekker, in his Dead Term, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's, says, "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what bying of thumb, to beget quarrels!" And so in Cotgrave's French Dictionary: "Nique, faire la nique, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knocke."
Scene I. Romeo and Juliet.

Gre. [Aside to Sam.] Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.7

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing8 blow. [They fight.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. Part, fools! [Beats down their swords. Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word, As I hate Hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward! [They fight.

7 Gregory is a servant of the Capulets: he therefore means Tybalt, whom he sees coming in a different direction from that of Benvolio. — Upon this scene Coleridge comments with rare felicity: "With his accustomed judgment, Shakespeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Heraclitus and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensorial power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-
Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens with clubs.

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

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!
L. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?
Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let go.
L. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter the Prince, with Attendants.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd soil,—
Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper’d weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd Prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

9 The old custom of crying out Clubs, clubs! in case of any tumult occurring in the streets of London, has been made familiar to many readers by Scott in The Fortunes of Nigel. See vol. xii. page 283, note 12.—Bills and partisans were weapons used by watchmen and foresters. See vol. v. page 18, note 10.

10 The long sword was used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament. See vol. vi. page 38, note 15.
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast-by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd 11 hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away: —
You, Capulet, shall go along with me; —
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, 19 our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

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

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

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

11 The first canker'd is rusted; as in St. James, v. 3: "Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you."
The second has the analogous sense of an eating, obstinate sore, like a cancer; which word is from the same original. See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.

19 In Brooke's poem, Freetown is the name of a castle belonging to Capulet.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where — underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side —
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I — measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone —
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

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

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

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
SCENE I.  ROMEo AND JULIET.

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

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

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

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—

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

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!14

Where shall we dine?—O me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep,¹⁵ that is not what it is! —
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd¹⁶
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged,¹⁷ a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

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

¹⁵ This string of antithetical conceits seems absurd enough to us; but such was the most approved way of describing love in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps the best defence of the use here made of it is, that such an affected
SCENE I.

ROME AND JULIET.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who 'tis that you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,—
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd.¹⁹
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.²⁰

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live, chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:

¹⁸ In sadness is in seriousness, or in earnest. So, a little after, sadly for
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

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

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

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

*Rom.* 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.\(^{21}\)
These\(^{22}\) 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.\(^{23}\)

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine,\(^{24}\) or else die in debt. [Exeunt.

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\(^{21}\) To call her exquisite beauty more into my mind, and make it more the subject of conversation. *Question* was often used in this sense.

\(^{22}\) *These* appears to be here used indefinitely, and as equivalent merely to *the*. We often use the demonstratives in the same way. See vol. vi. page 174, note 9.

\(^{23}\) It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so; but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet. Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy; and we should remark the boastful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making,
SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

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

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

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

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.  

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early married.  
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-accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Whilst, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. — [To the Servant.] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, [Gives a paper.] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

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

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

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

* The Poet's 98th Sonnet yields a good comment on the text:

From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
SCENE II.  ROMEO AND JULIËT.  135

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,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.7
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented,8 and — Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good-den.9 I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Takes the paper.

[Reads.] Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline, and Livia;

6 Holp or holpen is the old preterit of help. That form of the word occurs repeatedly in the English Psalter, which is an older version than the Psalms in the Bible.
7 The plantain-leaf is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds.
8 Such, it seems, were the most approved modes of curing mad people in the Poet's time. See vol. v. page 205, note 11.
9 An old colloquialism for "God give you good even."
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;  
Lucio and the lively Helena.—

[Giving back the paper.] A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To our house, to supper.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master’s.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask’d you that before.
Serv. Now I’ll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and, if you be not of the House of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.¹⁰ Rest you merry!

[Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet’s Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest; With all th’ admired beauties of Verona: Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,¹¹ Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires; And these, — who, often drown’d,¹² could never die, — Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

¹⁰ This expression often occurs in old plays. We have one still in use of similar import: “To crack a bottle.”

¹¹ Unattainted is uncorrupted or undisabled; an eye that sees things as they are.

¹² “And these eyes of mine, which, though often drown’d with tears, could never,” &c. One of the old reasons for burning witches as heretics was, because water could not or would not strangle them. So in King James’s Daemonology: “It appears that God hath appointed for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches, that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof.”
SCENE III. ROME AND JULIET.

One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

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

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

SCENE III. — The Same. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and the Nurse.

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

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

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

L. Cap. This is the matter: — Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret: — nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou'se hear our counsel.

13 Here scales is a noun singular; the pair being regarded merely as parts of one and the same thing.

1 An exquisite touch of nature! The old Nurse in her fond garrulity uses lady-bird as a term of endearment; but, recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself: "God forbid" her darling should prove such a one! — Staunton.

2 The use of thou'se for thou shalt was common.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

_Nurse._ Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

_L. Cap._ She's not fourteen.

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

_L. Cap._ A fortnight and odd days.

_Nurse._ Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember't 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 th' sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:
Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,

3 _Pretty for apt, fitting, or suitable._ Such, or nearly such, is often its meaning. So in _King Henry V_, i. 2: "We have pretty traps to catch the petty thieves."

4 _Teen_ is an old word for _sorrow_, and is here used as a sort of play upon _four_ and _fourteen_. See vol. vii. page 17, note 15.

5 Lammas-day or -tide falls on the first of August; and of course Lammas-eve is the day before. It is an ancient festival of the Catholic Church. The most probable derivation of the name is from a Saxon word meaning _loafmass_, because on that day the Saxons used to offer loaves made of new wheat, as an oblation of first-fruits. Some, however, hold the festival to have been instituted in commemoration of St. Peter in the fetters, and derive the name from our Lord's injunction to that Apostle, "Feed my _lambs_."

6 The Nurse is boasting of her retentive faculty. To _bear a brain_ was to have good mental capacity.
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out wi' th' dug!
Shake quoth the dove-house:⁷ '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;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband — God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man — took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my halidom,⁸
The pretty wretch⁹ left crying, and said Ay.
'To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said Ay.

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

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say Ay:
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;

---

⁷ It appears that *quoth*, as here used, was a vulgar corruption of *go'th*, or *goeth*. Mr. P. A. Daniel quotes from Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*: "Bounce *quoth* the guns." Also, from Dekker's *Honest Whore*: "Bounce goes the guns." — The meaning probably is, that the dove-house was shaken by the earthquake. The matter is commonly explained as referring to an earthquake that happened in England on the 6th of April, 1580. It is said that the great clock at Westminster, and other clocks and bells struck of themselves with the shaking of the earth; and that the roof of Christ church near Newgate was so shaken that a stone dropped out of it, and killed two persons, it being service-time.

⁸ *Halidom* is an old word for *faith*. See vol. xii. page 264, note 14.

⁹ *Wretch* was a common term of familiar endearment.
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:

Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said Ay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.10

L. Cap. Verona's Summer hath not such a flower.

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

L. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,11

10 As well made, as handsome, as if he had been modelled in wax. So in Wily Beguiled: "Why, he is a man as one should picture him in wax." And so Horace uses cerea brachia, waken arms, for arms well-shaped.

11 That is, all the features harmonised into mutual helpfulness. So, in Troilus and Cressida, we have "the unity and married calm of States."
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the shell; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

_Nurse._ No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.
_L. Cap._ Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
_Jul._ I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

_E enter a Servant._

_Serv._ Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you
call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

_L. Cap._ We follow thee. [Exit Servant.] — Juliet, the county stays.

_Nurse._ Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]
Scene IV. — The Same. A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Masquers, Torch-bearers, and others.

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

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity: ¹
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; ²
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance: ³
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,⁴ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch: ⁵ I am not for this ambling;

¹ In King Henry VIII., where the King introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a mask, and sends a messenger before with an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the prolixity of such introductions it is probable Romeo is made to allude.

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

³ Enter mix in bow used as a mask of those gallibies; and unsure should
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes ⁸ with their heels;
For I am proverb’d with a grandsire phrase:
I’ll be a candle-holder, and look on. ⁹

⁶ Milton uses a similar quibble in Paradise Lost, Book iv.: “At one slight bound he overleap’d all bound.”
⁷ Quote was often used for observe or notice. See vol. i. page 185, note 1.
The game was ne’er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun’s the mouse, the constable’s own word:
If thou art Dun, we’ll draw thee from the mire,
Or — save your reverence — love, wherein thou stick’st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that’s not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
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.

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

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

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

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

candle-holder proves a good gamester.” This is the “grandsire phrase” with which Romeo is proverbed. There is another old maxim alluded to, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest.

10 Dun is the mouse is a proverbial saying of vague signification, alluding to the colour of the mouse; but frequently employed with no other intent than that of quibbling on the word done. Why it is attributed to a constable we know not. So in The Two Merry Milkmaids, 1600: “Why, then ’tis done, and dun’s the mouse, and undone all the courtiers.” To draw dun out of the mire was a rural pastime, in which dun meant a dun horse, sup-
She is the fairy 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.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Though lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
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 that lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:

14 "The fairy midwife" was that member of the fairy nation whose office it was to deliver sleeping men's fancies of their dreams, those "children of an idle brain."

15 Rings cut out of agate, and having very small images of men or children carved on them, were much worn by civic dignitaries and wealthy citizens.
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
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;¹⁶
And bakes the elf-locks in foul slutish hairs,¹⁷
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

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

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.¹⁸

¹⁶ It was believed that certain malignant spirits assumed occasionally
the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they
haunted stables in the night, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which
they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby platting them into inextricable
knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of
their masters.
SCENE V. ROME AND JULIET.

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

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

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — The Same. A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians awaiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

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

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou love'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Anthony Potpan!

away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common copula of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!—COLERIDGE.

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

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

2 The court-cupboard was the ancient sideboard; a cumbersome piece of furniture, with shelves gradually receding to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals.—Joint-stools were what we call folding-chairs.

3 Marchpane was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. It was a sweet-cake, composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour.
2 Serv. Ay, boy, ready.
1 Serv. You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and
sought for, in the great chamber.
2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly,
boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[They retire behind.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Juliet, Tybalt, and others
of the House, with the Guests and Masquers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! 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?—
Gentlemen, welcome! 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're welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall, a hall! give room!—and foot it, girls.—

[Music plays, and they dance.

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

ROMEO AND JULIET.  

2 Cap.  By'r Lady, thirty years.

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

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

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [To a Servant.] What lady's that which doth en-
rich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
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 blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

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

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

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

Cap. Young Romeo is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

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

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

Cap. He shall be 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-whoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why uncle, 'tis a shame—

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe 9 you; I know what:
You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, 10 my hearts!—You are a princox; 11 go:

8 To set cock a-whoop means the same, apparently, as to get up a row, to spring a quarrel; like cocks whooping or crying each other into a fight.
9 To scathe is to hurt, to damage, or do an injury.
10 Well said was in frequent use for well done. See vol. xi. page 129, note 5.
11 Minsheu calls a princox "a ripe-headed young boy," and derives the
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — For shame!
I'll make you quiet: what! — Cheerly, my hearts!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Kissing her.

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

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


18 Convert is here a transitive verb; the sense being, "shall convert what now seems sweet to bitterest gall."

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

14 In Shakespeare's time, the kissing of a lady at a social gathering seems not to have been thought indecorous. So, in King Henry VIII., we have Lord Sands kissing Anne Boleyn, at the supper given by Wolsey.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.\(^{15}\)
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.\(^{16}\) —
Is it e'en so? why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night. —
More torches here! — Come on, then, let's to bed.
[To 2 Cap.] Ah, sirrah, by my fay,\(^{17}\) it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. \([\text{Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.}]\)
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.

\(^{15}\) The meaning seems to be, that he has put his life in pledge to or at the mercy of his foe: or that what has just passed is likely to cost him
Scene V. Romeo and Juliet.

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

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

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

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

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. [One calls within, Juliet!

Nurse. Anon, anon! —

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

Enter Chorus.

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

SCENE I. — Verona. An open Place adjoining the wall of Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Romeo.

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

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

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise; And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall:² Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.— Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh: Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied; Cry but Ah me! pronounce but love and dove; Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nickname for her purblind son and heir, Young abram Cupid,³ he that shot so trim,

¹ By dull earth Romeo means himself; by thy centre Juliet. He has been a little uncertain, it seems, whether to go forward, that is, leave the place, or to do the opposite; and he now resolves upon the latter.
² Orchard, from hort-yard, was formerly used for garden.
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline’s bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

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

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

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

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,

The older poets were much given to celebrating hair of this colour. So in Browne’s *Pastorals*: “Her flaxen hair, insnaring all beholders.” And in Fawkes’ *Apollonius Rhodius*:

Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair
In easy ringlets flow’d her flaxen hair.

4 Ape was used as an expression of tenderness, like poor fool.
5 The spirit was supposed to be about the size of a fly.
6 Conjuring this spirit, it was supposed, would raise the spirit.
7 Consorted with the humorous night, or the time to draw a circle.
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. —
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: — I'll to my trundle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

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

SCENE II. — The Same. Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Romeo.

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

[Juliet appears above at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun! —
Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,

8 As, the relative pronoun, was often used where we should use which or that. So in Julius Caesar, i. 2: "Under these hard conditions as this time is like to lay upon us." — "The right virtue of the medlar" appears to have consisted in its being rotten before it was ripe. See vol. v. page 58, note 19.

9 Poperin was the name of a sort of pear introduced into England from Poperingues, in Flanders. It seems to have been a rather good-for-nothing variety of that fruit. With the old dramatists it was often made to serve as a point for witticisms, and the word is here used for the sake of a coarse quibble which it is not worth the while to explain.

10 The truckle-bed or trundle-bed was a bed for the servant or page, and was so made as to run under the "standing-bed," which was for the master. We are not to suppose that Mercutio slept in the servant's bed: he merely speaks of his truckle-bed in contrast with the field-bed, that is, the ground. See vol. vi. page 91, note 1.

1 It may be needful to explain that Romeo has been overhearing the foregoing dialogue of Benvolio and Mercutio, and that he here refers to the jests with which Mercutio has been overflowing. He is not so carried away with the sense of his own "sweet wound," but that he can appreciate the merry humour of Mercutio's free and easy mind.
SCENE II.  

ROMEO AND JULIET.  

Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
Be not her maid,² since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but pale and green,  
And none but Fools³ 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; 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!  

Jul.  

Ah me!  

Rom.  

She speaks.—  

O, speak again, bright angel? for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a wingèd messenger of Heaven  
Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

² That is, be not a votary to the Moon, to Diana.
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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

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

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. 4
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 5
Without that title. — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

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

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

*Rom.* By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;

4 The meaning appears to be, "Thou art thyself the same in fact as if thou wert not a Montague in name." This sense is, I think, fairly required by the general tenour of the context. Juliet regards the name as an insuperable bar to her wishes; and her argument is, that the repudiating or doffing of that name by Romeo would in no sort impair his proper self.

5 *Owes for own,* as usual in Shakespeare.
SCENE II.  

ROME NO AND JULIET.

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Had I it written, I would tear the word.

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

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.⁶

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

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let⁷ to me.

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

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

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

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but⁸ thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued⁹ wanting of thy love.

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

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
Else would a maiden blush be paint 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! 10
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. 11 O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. 19
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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

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

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

Rom. If my heart’s dear love—  

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

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?  

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?  

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

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

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

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.  

[Nurse calls within.  

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

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

_Re-enter JULIET above._

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

_Nurse. [Within.]_ Madam!

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

_Nurse. [Within.]_ Madam

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

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night!  

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

[Retiring.  

_Re-enter JULIET above._

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tercel-gentle 14 back again!

14 The tercel is the male of the _goshawk_, and had the epithet _gentle_, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Tardif, in his book of _Falconry_, says that the tiercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the eyrie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the _third_ a male; hence called _tiercelet_, or the _third_. According to the old books, of sport the falcon _gentle_, and tiercel _gentle_ are birds for a prince.
SCENE II.  ROMEO AND JULIET.  163

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse 15 than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

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

Jul.  Romeo!

Rom.  My dear?

Jul.  At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

Rom.  At the hour of nine.

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

Rom.  Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

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

Jul.  'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom.  I would I were thy bird.

Jul.  Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.  

[Exit.]

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

*Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.*

*Fri. L.* The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light; ¹
And fleckèd ² 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-juiced flowers.
The Earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb: ³
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the Earth doth live,
SCENE III.  ROME奧 AND JULIET.

But to the Earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain’d from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime ’s by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part 4 cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L.  Benedict e !
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-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

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

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name’s woe.

4 That part is the odour; the part of a flower that affects the sense of smell.
Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessèd man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.⁵

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

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

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence, then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

_Rom._ Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
_Fri. L._ For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
_Rom._ And badest me bury love.
_Fri. L._ Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

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

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

_Rom._ O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.
_Fri. L._ Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt.

_SCENE IV._ — _The Same._ _A Street._

_Enter Benvolio and Mercutio._

_Mer._ Why, where the Devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

_Ben._ Not to his Father. I walk with his man.
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

**Mer.** A challenge, on my life.

**Ben.** Romeo will answer it.

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

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

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

**Ben.** Why, what is Tybalt?

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

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

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

3 *Tybert*, the name given to a cat in the old story of *Reynard the Fox*. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix*: "Tho' you were *Tybert*, prince of long-tail'd cats."—*Prick-song* music was music *pricked* or written down, and so sung by note, not from memory, or as learnt by the ear.

4 *Complements* is *accomplishments*: whatever arts and acquirements go to *complete* a man; one of which was skill in the use of weapons.

5 That is, a gentleman of the highest rank among duellists; one who will fire up and fight on the slightest provocation,—the first or second cause. See vol. v. page 107, note 8.

6 All the terms of the fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The word *hai*, you *have* it, was used when a thrust reached the antagonist. *Passado* was a pass or motion forwards; *punto reverso* what we should term a back-handed stroke or thrust.
SCENE IV.  ROMEO AND JULIET.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! By Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these Pardonnes-mois, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bons, their bons!

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Enter Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; — marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; — Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. — Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.
Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

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

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

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

Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

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

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well-flower'd.

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

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

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

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

were at one time in fashion. The word occurs in two or three other places of Shakespeare. See vol. iv. page 202, note 6.

12 The quibble is well explained by Robert Greene in his Thieves Falling Out. True Men Come by their Goods: "And therefore he went out and got
SCENE IV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

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

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

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

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

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

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad; which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'est me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short:

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16 One kind of horse-race which resembled the flight of wild geese was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow
for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!  

Enter the Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

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

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said: for himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older

---

21 Gear, in old language, is any matter or business in hand.

22 In The Serving Man's Comfort, 1598, we are informed, "The mistresse must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her fanne." So in Love's Labours Lost: "To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

23 As before noted, (page 135, note 9,) this was a common form for good even, or good evening. It was the customary salutation after twelve o'clock at noon; as it still is in some places. So Mercutio means it as a sportive correction of the Nurse's "good morrow"; which answers to our "good morning." — "God ye good" for "God give ye good," of course.

24 Prick was often used thus for print or mark. So in Julius Cæsar, iv. 1: "These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked."
when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault 25 of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, 't faith; wisely, wisely.

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

Ben. She will indite 26 him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So-ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, 27 sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[Sings.] An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent. —

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[Singing.] lady, lady, lady. 28

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery? 29

25 For lack, or in default, of a worse.
26 Indite was probably meant as a humorous offset to the Nurse's confidence, which is a characteristic blunder for conference.
27 It would seem, from this, that so-ho! was a common exclamation on finding a hare. — Hoar, or hoary, was often used of things that turn whitish from moulding; much the same as in our hoar-frost.
28 This was the burden of an old ballad. See vol. v. page 169, note 17.
29 Ropery appears to have been sometimes used in the sense of roguery; perhaps meaning tricks deserving the rope, that is, the gallows; as rope-tricks, in The Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. So in The Three Ladies of London, 1584: "Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy ropery." — Merchant was often used as a term of reproach; probably somewhat in the sense of huckster or shopkeeper.
Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-Jills; 30 I am none of his skains-mates. 31 — 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 vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquiere you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's-paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

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

Nurse. Good heart, and, 'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.
Scene IV.

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

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

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon at Friar Laurence' cell; And there she shall be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

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

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

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

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell; be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains: Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

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

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

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

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

33 Like the stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. The image of a ship's tackle is continued in high top-gallant of the next line. Stair was once in common use for flight of stairs. — Convoj for conveyance.
Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? no; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

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

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — The Same. CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse; In half an hour she promised to return. Perchance she cannot meet him; — that's not so. O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the Sun's beams, Driving back shadows over louring hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve Is three long hours, yet she is not come. Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me: But old folks move, i'faith, as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and dull as lead.
O God, she comes! —

Enter the Nurse and Peter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
Th' excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:¹
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he: though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

¹ Circumstance for particulars, or circumstantial details. Repeatedly so.
Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side, O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I'faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a
virtuous, — Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oldly thou repliest!
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
• Where is your mother?
Nurse. O God's Lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil!² Come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.³
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
SCENE VI.  ROMEO AND JULIET.

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.
    Jul. Hie to high fortune! — Honest nurse, farewell.

    [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — The Same. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

    Fri. L. So smile the Heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
    Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
    Fri. L. 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 taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady: O,
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower!
Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power!
A lover may bestride the gossamer

1 The Page has it
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter Juliet.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri. L.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

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

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

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

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

4 *Conceit* was always used in a good sense; here it is *conception* or *imagination*. 
ACT III.

SCENE I. — Verona. A public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

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

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

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

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

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two¹ such, we should have none
shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt
quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in
his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast
hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such
a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg
for quarrelling: thou hast quarrell’d with a man for cough-
ing in the street, because he hath waken’d thy dog that hath
lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor

¹ In the word two Mercutio plays on to, just used by Benvolio.
for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for
tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor
me from quarrelling!

_Ben._ An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man
should buy the fee-simple\(^2\) of my life for an hour and a
quarter.

_Mer._ The fee-simple! O simple!

_Ben._ By my head, here come the Capulets.

_Mer._ By my heel, I care not.

_Enter Tybalt and others._

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

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

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

_Mer._ Could you not take some occasion without giving?

_Tyb._ Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

_Mer._ Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?\(^3\) an
thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but dis-
cords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you
dance. Zounds, consort!

_Ben._ We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason\(^4\) coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart;\(^5\) here all eyes gaze on us.

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

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

Enter Romeo.

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

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

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

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

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

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata\(^6\) carries it away. —

[Dresses.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats,\(^8\) nothing but one of your nine
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use
me hereafter, dry-beat\(^9\) the rest of the eight. Will you pluck
your sword out of his pilcher\(^9\) by the ears? make haste, lest
mine be about your ears ere it be out.

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\(^6\) The construction is, "the rage appertaining to such a greeting."

\(^7\) The Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.

\(^8\) Alluding to Tybalt's name. See page 168, note 3.

\(^9\) To *dry-beat* is to *cudgel soundly*. So in iv. 5, of this play: "I will *dry-"
Tyb. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[Exeunt Tybalt and his Friends.

Mer. I am hurt:

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

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man! the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a

church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague o' both your

Houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch

a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by

the book of arithmetic!—Why the Devil came you between

us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house. Benvolio.
SCENE I.  ROME AND JULIET.  185

In my behalf; my reputation's stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! — O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,12
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend; 13
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to Heaven, respective14 lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! —

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

12 The Poet uses both aspire and arrive as transitive verbs, or without
Stand not amazed: the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!  

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens and Officers.

1 Off. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Off. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter the Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, Lady
Montague, Lady Capulet, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

L. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O Prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal

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16 To doom is, in one of its senses, to decree or ordain, and so takes two accusatives, as here. The Poet has it several times just so.
16 Fortune's fool is the sport, mockery, or plaything of fortune.
17 Discover in its old sense of disclose or make known; and manage for course or process. Both of them frequent usages.
18 Nice, here, is trifling, petty, insignificant.
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 dead to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio’s breast; and
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
*Hold, friends! friends, part!* and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And ’twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain’d revenge,
And to’t they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

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

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

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19 To *take truce* is old language for to *make peace.* — Here, as often, *spleen* is put for explosive or headlong impetuosity; the spleen being formerly regarded as the seat of the eruptive passions. See vol. iii. page 13, note 17.

20 This small portion of untruth in Benvolio’s narrative is finely conceived. — COLERIDGE.
Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

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

Scene II.—The Same. Capulet's Orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaëthon would whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink,1 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,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; — come, Romeo, come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. —
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

and imagery still more intense; addressing night as the mistress and keeper
of the bed where the nimble-footed day is to sleep. Juliet wishes the day
to speed his course with fiery haste, and therefore proleptically calls him
runaway. In other words, she longs to have him play the runaway; and
for this cause she would have night prepare his couch at once, that so his
prying eyes and babbling tongue may be quickly bound up in sleep. The
whole, I think, may be put into a nutshell, thus: "You swift-footed steeds
of Phoebus, run away with your master, and get him to his lodging forth-
with; and thou, Night, make ready his bed, that the runaway Phoebus
may close his eyes in sleep at once, and thus give Romeo and me the
benefit of silence and darkness." See Critical Notes.

2 Civil for grave, sober, decorous. So in Twelfth Night, iii. 4: "Where
is Malvolio? — he is sad and civil, and suits well for a servant with my
fortunes." Also in several other instances.

3 She is to lose her maiden freedom, and win a husband; and so to
"lose a winning match."

4 These are terms of falconry. An 'unmanned' hawk is one that is not
brought to endure company; and such a hawk was hooded, or blinded, to
keep it from being scared. — Bating is fluttering or beating the wings as
striving to fly away.

5 Strange, again, for coy, shy, or bashful. See page 160, note 12.
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
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo’s name speaks heavenly eloquence. —

Enter the Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

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

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he’s gone, he’s kill’d, he’s dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious? 7

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot: — O Romeo, Romeo! —
Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar’d in dismal Hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but Ay,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer *ay*.  
If he be slain, say *ay*; or, if not, *no*;  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

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

*Jul.* O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!  
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

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

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

*Jul.* O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?  
*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

poor enough in itself, and strangely out of place in such a stress of passion.  
The *vapid quibble* makes it necessary to retain the *I* twice where it has the  
sense of *ay*. There is further quibbling also between *I* and *eye*. A good  
deal of a thing, "whereof a little more than a little is by much too much."

10 This *interjectional phrase* was much used in the Poet's time, and he  
has it repeatedly. *Mark* appears to be put for *sign*, *token*, or *omen*. So  
that the meaning probably is, "May God bless the token!" or, "May God  
avert, or save us from, the omen!" that is, the consequences threatened or  
portended by it. It appears, also, that the mark put upon the doors of  
houses as a sign of the plague was called "God's mark." See vol. iii.  
page 138, note 4.
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather’d raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem’st,
A damnéd saint, an honourable villain! —
O Nature, what hadst thou to do in Hell,
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 perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissealers.
Ah, where’s my man? give me some _aqua-vite_:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

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

_Nurse._ Will you speak well of him that kill’d your cousin?
_Jul._ Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? —
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth  
thy name,

11 Another string of elaborate conceits all out of place, and showing alike the fertility and the immaturity of the Poet’s mind when this play was written. Even Shakespeare could not at once rise above the intellectual fashion or rather epidemic of his time. But then, if he had been less docile, he probably would not have learned so much.
12 Note the Nurse’s mistake of the mind’s audible struggles with itself for its decision _in toto._ — COLERIDGE.
13 To _smooth_ is to _speak fair_; it is here metaphorically used for to miti-
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damn'd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

_Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banish'd!
That banish'd, that one word banish'd,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts._
Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or — if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs—
Why follow'd not, when she said _Tybalt's dead_,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern _lamentation might have moved_?
But with a rear-word following Tybalt's death,
_Romeo is banish'd! —_ to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt; Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. _Romeo is banish'd! —_
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound.
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. — Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widow'd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exit.]

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

Enter Friar Laurence.

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

Enter Romeo.

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

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

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips; Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death: For exile hath more terror in his look, Much more than death: do not say banishment.
Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished: Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls, But Purgatory, torture, Hell itself. Hence-banished is banish'd from the world, And world's exile is death: then banishment Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment, Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe, And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness! Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince, Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law, And turn'd that black word death to banishment: This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: Heaven is here, Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog, And little mouse, every unworthy thing, Live here in Heaven, and may look on her; But Romeo may not. More validity, More honourable state, more courtship lives In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, And steal immortal blessings from her lips;

1 A singular use of vanish'd, but very elegant withal.
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not, he is banished.  
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But banished to kill me, — banished?  
O friar, the damnèd use that word in Hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessour,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word banished?  

_Fri. L._ Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.  
_Rom._ O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.  
_Fri. L._ I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.  
_Rom._ Yet banished? Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.  

_Fri. L._ O, then I see that madmen have no ears.  
_Rom._ How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?  
_Fri. L._ Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.  
_Rom._ Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married. Tybalt murdered.
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking within.

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

[Knocking within.

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

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

_Nurse._ O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

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

_Fri. L._ Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed 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 damnèd 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 shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use. indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance, ⁶
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence. ⁷
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: ⁸ 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:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back

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

⁷ And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.

⁸ Here, as also twice in what follows, happy is lucky or fortunate. Often so.
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.

_Rom._ Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

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

_Rom._ How well my comfort is revived by this!

_Fri._ L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your
state: 9

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

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

_SCENE IV._ — _The Same._ _A Room in Capulet's House._

_Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris._

_Cap._ Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. — Well, we were born to die. —

9 The meaning is, "your whole fortune depends on this."
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.  

_Par._ These times of woe afford no time to woo. —  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.  

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

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

_Par._ Monday, my lord.  

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

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

_Cap._ Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then. —  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —  
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho! —
Afore me,² 'tis so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by. — Good night. [Exeunt.

Scene V. — The Same. An open Gallery to Juliet’s
Chamber, overlooking the Orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:³
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,⁴

² Afore me is a mild protestation, — a sort of oath, or oathlet.
³ A writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare gives the following on this pas-
sage: “Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects
the most beautiful; and therefore, in the South of Europe, and in the East,
it has become the chief ornament of the garden. Chaucer puts his nighting-
gale in ‘a fresh green laurel-tree’; but the preference of the nightingale
for the pomegranate is unquestionable. ‘The nightingale sings from the pome-
granate groves in the day-time,’ says Russel, in his account of Aleppo. A
And light thee on thy way to Mautua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;⁵
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; 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;⁶
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad changed eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!⁷
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up⁸ to the day.

⁵ As Cynthia, or Diana, was a famous huntress, so the Moon, when she appeared as the segment of a circle, whether a little after or a little before a lunar change, was classically figured as Diana's bow. As the time represented in the text is a little before day-break, and as the Moon is apparently in the East, she is of course in a position to present that appearance.—Reflex is here used as but another form of reflection, and is put for radiance or light. So in Macbeth, i. 2: "As whence the Sun gives his reflection." See Critical Notes.

⁶ Division, in music, appears to have meant what is now called an accompaniment. See vol. xi. page 79, note 22.

⁷ The toad having very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying that the toad and the lark had changed eyes. The croak of the toad would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure.

⁸ The hunt's-up was originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common burden of hunting-ballads. According to Cotgrave the Reveille, or morning song to a new married woman, was called
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

_Rom._ More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

_Enter the Nurse._

_Nurse._ Madam!

_Jul._ Nurse?

_Nurse._ Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.  
[Exit.

_Jul._ Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

_Rom._ Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[Descends.

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

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

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

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

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

_the hunt's-up._ So Drayton, in his _Poly-Olbion_: "But hunt's-up to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing." And in his third _Eclatue_: "Time plays the hunt's-up to thy sleepy head."

_9_ This closing of the series with _friend_ sounds like an anti-climax to our ears, but it was not so in the Poet's time, and ought not to be so now.

_10_ Romeo, as we have seen, was haunted with a like foreboding of evil on going to the Capulet's feast. The circumstance is eminently judicious and beautiful in both cases; gently preparing us for the catastrophe, and at the same time chastening our sympathy with the mutual enchantment of the lovers.
Scene V. Romeo and Juliet.

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

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

L. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

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

Enter Lady Capulet.

L. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

L. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

L. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.

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

L. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?

L. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [Aside.] Villain and he be many miles asunder.— [To her.] God pardon him? I do, with all my heart; And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

L. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands: Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death!

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

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

L. Cap. Find thou the means, and I’ll find such a man. But now I’ll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time: What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

L. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child! One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

_Jul._ Madam, in happy time,\(^{13}\) what day is that?

_L. Cap._ Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris,\(^{14}\) at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

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

_L. Cap._ These are news indeed!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

_Enter_ Capulet and the Nurse.

_Cap._ When the Sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit,\(^{15}\) girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

\(^{13}\) _A la bonne heure._ This phrase was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker.

\(^{14}\) _County_, or _countie_, was the usual term for an earl in Shakespeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a _young earle_.

\(^{15}\) The same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in Brooke's poem: "His sighs are stopt, and stopped in the conduit of his tears."
Who, — raging with thy tears, and they with them, —
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-toss’d body. — How now, wife!
Have you deliver’d to her our decree?

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

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless’d,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud, and yet not proud, and, I thank you not;
And yet I thank you. Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no p’rouds,
But settle 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!

16 That is, let me understand you; like the Greek phrase, "Let me go along with you."

17 Capulet uses this as a nickname. "Choplogyk is he that when his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will give him xx wordes for one, or elles he will bydde the devylles paternoster in scylence." — The xxiii Orders of Knaves.

18 Fettle is an old provincial word, meaning put in order, arrange, or make
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L. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o’ Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us bless’d
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in Heaven bless her! —
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye good-den.
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl;
For here we need it not.
L. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God’s bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late,
early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match’d: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train’d,
Stuff’d, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion’d as one’s thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer I'll not wed, — I cannot love,
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me.—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise: An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

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

L. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on Earth, my faith in Heaven: How shall that faith return again to Earth,
Unless that husband send it me from Heaven
By leaving Earth? Comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that Heaven should practice stratagems

This word occurs again in 1 Henry IV., ii. 3: "This is no world to
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

_Nurse._ Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banishéd; and all the world to nothing,\(^23\)
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,\(^24\) so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you're happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or, if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no use of him.\(^25\)

_Jul._ Speakest thou from thy heart?

_Nurse._ And from my soul too; or else beshrew them both.

_Jul._ Amen!

_Nurse._ What?

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\(^23\) A wager, apparently: "I'll stake all the world against nothing." Or, perhaps, "the chances are as all the world to nothing, that he dares," &c.

\(^24\) What is now called a _hazel_ eye was described as _green_ in the Poet's time, and was esteemed the most beautiful. So in _The Two Noble Kinsmen_: "O, vouchsafe with that thy rare _green_ eye." And Lord Bacon says that "eyes somewhat large, and the circles of them inclined to _greenness_,
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence’ cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

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

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most cursed fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Verona. Friar Laurence’s Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.1

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady’s mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt’s death,

1 Here the words, taken strictly, express just the opposite of what is evidently intended. But the language is probably elliptical: “I am not at all slow, that I should slack his haste.” Or, “I am nothing backward, so as to restrain his haste.” The Poet has several like instances. So in Julius Caesar, i. 3: “I have seen th’ ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, to be exalted with the threatening clouds”; that is, “so as to be exalted.” See Critical Notes.
SCENE I. ROMEO AND JULIET.

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,³
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [Aside.] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.³—

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

Enter JULIET.

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

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

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

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

³ Marriage is here a trisyllable. So it was often used in poetry.
³ To slow and to forslow were formerly in common use.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander’d it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass? 4

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion! —
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.  

[Exit.

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

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear’st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I’ll help it presently.
God join’d my heart and Romeo’s, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal’d,
Shall be the label to another deed, 5
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
’Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

4 This has commonly been noted as an error on the
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.

    Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copes with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

    Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chopless 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 unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

    Fri. L. 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 paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
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,\(^8\)
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy,\(^9\) nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Scene II. Romeo and Juliet. 217

Jul. Give me, O, give me! tell not me of fear.

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.
Farewell, dear father!

[Exeunt.

Scene II. — The Same. A Hall in Capulet's House.

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

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

[Exit 1 Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.¹

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can
lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own
fingers:² therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not
with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.—

[Exit 2 Servant.

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

¹ The Poet has been suspected of an oversight or something worse, in
making Capulet give order here for so many "cunning cooks." The
passage is in keeping with Shakespeare's habit of hitting off a character
almost by a word. Capulet is a man of ostentation; but his ostentation
is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

_Nurse._ Ay, forsooth.

_Cap._ Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish, self-will'd harlotry it is.

_Nurse._ See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

_Enter Juliet._

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

_Jul._ Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

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

_Jul._ I met the youthful lord at Laurence’ cell;
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

_Cap._ Why, I am glad on't; this is well; stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

_Jul._ Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

_L._ _Cap._ No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

*Harlotry was a general term of reproach; not to be taken literally*
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

L. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

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

Scene III.—The Same. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and the Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross\(^1\) and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

L. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

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

\(^1\) Cross is perverse, or athwart the line of rectitude. So Milton, in his Tetrachordon, speaks of "crossness from the duties of love and peace."
L. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

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

[Laying down her dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, and ancient réceptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, — what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environéd with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: — stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[Drinks, and throws herself on the bed.]

4 This idea may have been suggested to the Poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.

6 "The mandrake," says Thomas Newton in his Herbal, "has been idly represented as a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried." So in Webster's Duchess of Malfi, 1623: "I have this night digg'd up a mandrake, and am grown mad with it." See vol. viii. page 202, note 17.
Scene IV.—The Same. A Hall in Capulet’s House.

Enter Lady Capulet and the Nurse.

L. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.¹

[Exit.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow’d, The curfew-bell hath rung, ’tis three o’clock.²— Look to the baked meats, good Angelica: Spare not for cost.

L. Cap. Go, go, you cot-quean,³ go, Get you to bed; faith, you’ll be sick to-morrow For this night’s watching.

¹ Pastry here stands for the room where the pastry was made, or kept.
² I do not well understand this. The time, if the text be right, is three o’clock in the morning; and no curfew-bell was rung at or near that hour. — Curfew is from the French couvre feu, cover fire; and the bell-ringing so called was the signal of bed-time. So in Peshall’s History of the City of Oxford: “The custom of ringing the bell every night at eight o’clock (called Curfew Bell, or Cover-fire Bell) was by order of King Alfred, the restorer of our University, who ordained that all the inhabitants of Oxford should, at the ringing of that bell, cover up their fires and go to bed; which custom is observed to this day; and the bell as constantly rings at eight, as Great Tom tolls at nine.” Also in Articles for the Sexton of Faversham, 1532: “Imprimis, the sexton, or his sufficient deputy, shall lye in the church steeple; and at eight o’clock every night shall ring the curfewe by the space of a quarter of an hour.” It is possible, however, that the name was transferred to other bell-rings; and we learn that in some places of England a bell was formerly rung at four in the morning. See Critical Notes.
³ A cot-quean is a man who busies himself too much in women’s affairs. Well instanced in Fletcher’s Love’s Cure, ii. 2: “Don Lucio? Don Cot-Quean, Don Spinster! wear a petticoat still, and put on your smock o’ Monday; I will have a baby o’ clouts made for it, like a great girl.” The word was so used as late as Addison’s time. See The Spectator, No. 482.
SCENE IV.  ROMEO AND JULIET.  223

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

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

[Exit Lady Capulet.

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

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,

What's there?

1 Serv.  Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap.  Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]—Sirrah,
fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv.  I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

[Exit.

Cap.  Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 'tis 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-enter the Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up:
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt.
Scene V.—The Same. Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! why, bride!—
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,¹
That you shall rest but little. — God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith. — Will it not be?
What, 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-vite, ho! — My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

L. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

L. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

L. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help! — call help.

¹ To set up one's rest is an old phrase meaning to make up one's mind, to be resolved. See vol. iii. page 141, note 16.
Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!
L. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
Cap. Ha! let me see. Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
L. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy bride: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, defloweréd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
L. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!
Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever ever I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most détestable Death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressèd, hated, martyr’d, kill’d!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou, dead!—alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buriéd!

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

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

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


_1 Mus._ Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

_Nurse._ Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.          [Exit.

_1 Mus._ Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

_Enter Peter._

_Pet._ Musicians, O, musicians, _Heart's ease, Heart's ease:_
O, an you will have me live, play _Heart's ease._

_1 Mus._ Why _Heart's ease?_

_Pet._ O, musicians, because my heart itself plays _My heart is full of woe._³ O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

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³ As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce at one time many separate characters agitated by one and the same circumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce; the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion.—COLERIDGE.

³ This is the burden of the first stanza of _A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers:_ "Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe."—A _dump_ was formerly the term for a grave or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental. It also signified a kind of poetical elegy. A _merry dump_ is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of Master Peter.
I Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

I Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

I Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.⁴

I Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

I Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound⁵—

why silver sound? why music with her silver sound?—
What say you, Simon Catling?⁶

I Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

⁴ A pun is here intended. A gleekman, or giigman, is a minstrel. To give the gleek meant also to pass a jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous; a gleek being a jest or scoff.

⁵ This is part of a song by Richard Edwards, to be found in the Paradise of Dainty Devices. Another copy of the song is to be found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

⁶ This worthy takes his name from a small lutestring made of catgut; his companion the fiddler, from an instrument of the same name mentioned by many of our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument of mirth:

When the merry bells ring round,
And the joyful rebeck sound.
2 Mus. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! — What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress. [Exit.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! — Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
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 breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthazar.

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

_Bal._ Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

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

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

_Rom._ Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

_Bal._ No, my good lord.

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

_[Exit BALTHAZAR._

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means. — O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples;¹ meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needv shop a tortoise hung.
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
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,
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!

Enter the Apothecary.

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

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

9 We learn from Nash’s Hours with You, by Caspar Walew. 1606, that a
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apoth. Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou 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. — Verona. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
SCENE II.  

Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

_Fri. L._ Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

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

_Fri. L._ Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, ¹ 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.

_Fri. J._ Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.  

[Exit.

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

[Exit.

record printed in White's _Natural History of Selborne_, Wykeham enjoins
the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on
such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "ne suspicio sinistra vel
scandalum oritur." There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity
College, Cambridge.

¹ Nice, again, in the sense of trivial or unimportant. See page 186,
note 18.
Scene III. — The Same. A Churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread —
Being loose, unfirm, with digging-up of graves —
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

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

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

[The Page whistles.

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

Enter Romeo, and Balthazar with a torch, matlock, &c.

Rom. Give me that matlock and the wrenching-iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
Send it to Juliet; then with speed to Illyria.
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

_Bal._ I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

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

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

_Rom._ Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the Earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.

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

_Par._ This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin, — with which grief,
It is suppos'd, the fair creature died, —
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [Advances.

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

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

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

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

[They fight.

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

[Exit. — Paris falls.

Par. O, I am slain! — If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith, I will. — Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth;
SCENE III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Dead, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd. —

[Laying Paris in the monument.

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? — O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! — Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous; 5
And that the lean abhor'd monster keeps

2 Romeo speaks of himself as already dead, because he "came hither" on purpose to die, and will "never from this palace of dim night depart again."

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

More's gay genius played
With th' inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! —
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] — O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die.        [Dies.

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar Laurence,
with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! — Who's there?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?

6 Conduct for conductor. So in a former scene: "And fire-eyed fury
SCENE III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.⁸

Fri. L. Romeo! — [Advancing. Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolor’d by this place of peace?

[Enter the monument.

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

Jul. O comfortable⁹ friar! where’s my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo? [Noise within.

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

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

[Exit Friar Laurence.

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

Thy lips are warm!

_1 Watch._ [Within.] Lead, boy: which way?

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

[Snatching Romeo's dagger.

This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself.] there rest, and let me die.

[Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.

_Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

_Page._ This is the place; there, where the torch doth
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the Prince; — run to the Capulets; —
Raise up the Montagues; — some others search. —

[Exeunt others of the Watch.

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

Re-enter some of the Watch with Balthazar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

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

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

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

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

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

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm, and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man; With instruments upon them, fit to open These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O Heaven!—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house Is empty on the back of Montague,11 — And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

L. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up, To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath: What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see. Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this, To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage12 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. —

11 The words "for, lo, his house is empty on the back of Montague," are parenthetical. It appears that the dagger was anciently worn behind
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.\textsuperscript{13}

\textit{Fri. L.} I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd and myself excused.

\textit{Prince.} Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

\textit{Fri. L.} I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris: then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return’d my letter back. Then all alone,  
At the prefix’d 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,  
And bear this work of Heaven with patience:  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know; and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.  

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

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet’s death;  
And then in post [15 he came from Mantua  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father;  
And threaten’d me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.  

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it. —  
Where is the county’s page, that raised the watch?—  
Sirrah, what made [16 your master in this place?
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by-and-by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar’s words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor ‘pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies?—Capulet,—Montague,
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: 17 all are punish’d.

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

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

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

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings;
The Sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon’d, and some punishéd: 18

17 Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince’s kinsman in iii. 4; and that Paris was also the Prince’s kinsman, may be inferred from what Romeo says: “Let me peruse this face. Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris.”

18 This line has reference to Brooke’s poem; in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo’s servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master’s orders; the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt.]

near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquility.—The story of Romeo and Juliet is held at Verona to be true. A tradition lives there, that the lovers were buried in the crypt of the Franciscan convent of Fenne Maggiore; and a stone sarcophagus, which was removed from the ruins of that building after its destruction by fire, is still shown at Verona as Juliet's tomb.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 123. *When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids,* &c. — So the undated quarto. The other old copies have *civil* instead of *cruel*.

P. 126. *Thou villain Capulet,* — *Hold me not, let go.* — The old text reads "let me go." As this and the following line were evidently meant to be a rhyming couplet, Walker is clearly right in proposing to omit *me*.

P. 126. *Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,*

*Profaners of this neighbour-stained soil,* &c. — The second of these lines is not in the first quarto, and the other old copies have *stele* instead of *soil*. But what can be the sense or the application of *steel* here? The reading in the text was proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

P. 128. *I — measuring his affections by my own,*

*That are most busied when they're most alone —*

*Pursued my humour,* &c. — The second of these lines is from the first quarto. The other old copies have, instead, two lines, as follows:

> Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
> Being one too many by my weary selfe.

This is, to say the least, exceedingly obscure. The late Professor Allen, of Philadelphia, proposed to substitute *more* for the second *most*. This would perhaps rectify the *logic* of the passage.

P. 129. *Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,*

*Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.* — The old text has *same* instead of *Sun*. As the word was probably written *sunne*, the misprint was easy. Corrected by Theobald.
P. 130. *Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms.* — So the undated quarto. The first has "best seeming things"; those of 1599 and 1609, and also the folio, have "welseeing formes."

P. 130. *Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes.* — Johnson proposed *urged* instead of *purged*, and Collier's second folio substitutes *puff'd*. I see no need of change. See foot-note 17.

P. 131. *Tell me in sadness, who 'tis that you love.* — The first quarto reads "whom she is you love"; the other old copies, "who is that you love." The reading in the text is Singer's.

P. 131. *From Love's weak childish bow she lives enchant'd.* — So Collier's second folio. The first quarto reads "Gainst Cupids childish bow she lives unharm'd." The other old editions read "From loves weake childish Bow she lives uncharm'd." Lettsom thinks the right text to be, "'Gainst Love's weak childish bow she lives enchant'd." But surely from may here be taken as equivalent to *against*. See foot-note 19.

P. 131. *O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,*
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store. — So Theobald. The old copies read "with beautie dies her store."

**Act I., Scene 2.**

P. 133. *And too soon marr'd are those so early married.* — So the first quarto and Collier's second folio. The other old copies have *made* instead of *married*. Singer, who adopts *married*, quotes from Puttenham's *Arte of Poetry*: "The maid that soon *married*, soon *marr'd* is." Also from Flecknoe's *Epigrams*: "You're to be *marr'd*, or *married*, as they say." Of course, in all these cases, a jingle on the words is intended; and it is but fair to add that *married* and *made* were often used together with a like intent.

P. 133. The *earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she.* — So the undated quarto. The other old copies have "Earth hath *swallow'ld* all my hopes but she." But the line cannot be made to run rhythmically by retaining the *-ed* in *swallow'ld.*
P. 134. And like her most whose merit most shall be:
   Whilst, on more view of many, mine, being one,
   May stand in number, though in reckoning none. — In the second of these lines, the first quarto reads "Such amongst view of many," &c.; the other old copies, "Which on view," &c. The correction, Whilst for Which, is Mason's, and appears much the simplest way of rectifying the passage that has been proposed.

P. 135. County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters. — The old copies have Anselme. Of course, the slight change is for metre's sake. In the originals the whole list is printed as prose; but Capell justly observes that, with this change and the one next to be noted, "it resolves itself into nine as complete Iambicks as any in Shakespeare, nor can it be made prose without a great deal more altering than goes to making it verse."

P. 135. My fair niece Rosaline and Livia. — The old copies lack and, which is inserted for the reason stated in the preceding note.

P. 136. Rom. Whither?
   Serv. To our house to supper. — In the old copies, the words to supper are misplaced at the end of the preceding speech. They were transferred to the Servant by Warburton; and rightly, beyond question.

P. 137. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
   Herself poised with herself in either eye:
   But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
   Your lady-love against some other maid, &c. — In the first of these lines, the originals are without the second tut. Inserted in the second folio. Also, in the fourth line, the old copies have Ladies love. Corrected by Theobald.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 141. The fish lives in the shell; and 'tis much pride
   For fair without the fair within to hide. — The old copies read "The fish lives in the Sea"; which Farmer explains thus: "The fish is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon." Still the old text seems to me little better than stark nonsense; nor can I see any more fitness in the explanation than in the allusion
itself. The reading here given is Mason's; who notes upon the passage as follows: "The purport of the remainder of this speech is to show the advantage of having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore that, instead of 'the fish lives in the sea,' we should read 'the fish lives in the shell.' For the sea cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a shell may." This appears so just, that I could not bear to retain the old reading, which has no conceivable relevancy to the context.

ACT 1., SCENE 4.

P. 144. *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,*
*Or — save your reverence — love, wherein thou stick'st*

*Up to the ears.* — So the folio. The first quarto has "*Of this surreverence, love*"; the other quartos, "*Or save you reverence love.*" Recent editors print variously: Collier, "*the mire Of this save-reverence love*"; Singer, "*the mire Of this surreverence love*"; White, "*the mire Of this sir-reverence Love*"; Dyce, "*the mire Of this sir-reverence love*"; Staunton, "*the mire, Or (save your reverence) love.*"

P. 144. *Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.* — The old editions read "*our fine wits.*" Corrected by Malone.

P. 144. *O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.*

*She is the fairy midwife; &c.* — The old copies have "*the Fairies Midwife.*" As the word was probably written *Fairie*, it might easily be printed *Fairies.* The correction was proposed by Thomas Warton. See foot-note 14.

P. 145. *Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,*

*Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,*

*Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers:*

*Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs; &c.* — In the old copies, the first three of these lines are placed down after the seventh line below the last, thus:

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, &c.

I make the transposition in accordance with the excellent judgment of Lettsom, who observes that "it is preposterous to speak of the parts of
the chariot (such as the wagon-spokes and cover) before mentioning
the chariot itself.” Perhaps I ought to add that all the old copies ex-
ccept the first quarto print this speech as prose. Pope dressed it into
verse.

P. 145. Sometimes she gallops o’er a courtier’s nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit. — Collier’s second
folio substitutes counsellor’s for courtier’s; perhaps rightly, as we have
in the fifth line above “O’er courtiers’ knees.” The first quarto has “a
lawyers lap”; and Pope reads “a lawyer’s nose”: but we have “O’er
lawyers’ fingers” in the fourth line above: besides, the suit which the
courtier “dreams of smelling out” is, as Warburton remarks, “not a
suit at law, but a Court-solicitation.”

P. 145. Tickling a parson’s nose that lies asleep. — So the first quarto
and Lettsom. The other old copies, “a Parsons nose as ’a lies asleep.”

ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 147. Let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell. — Anthony
Potpan! — So Dyce. The old copies have “Anthonie and Potpan.”
Probably the and crept in here by mistake from the preceding clause.
At all events, as only one servant replies, it is clear enough that only
one is meant.

P. 148. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies that have toes, &c. — Here, and
also in the fifth line below, the old text reads “Welcome, Gentlemen.”
In both places I transpose the words for metre’s sake. Lettsom would
read “You’re welcome, gentlemen,” in both places. This would make
the next foot an anapest in either verse; but is not so simple a way of
rectifying the metre as the transposition made by Hanmer.

P. 149. Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear. — So the second folio.
The earlier editions read “It seems she hangs,” &c. The later reading
is surely enough better to warrant its retention. And, as Steevens
notes, that reading is sustained by the occurrence of beauty in the sec-
ond line after.
P. 150. You will set cock a-whoop! you'll be the man! — The old copies have "set cocke a hoope." Modern editions print "cock-a-whoop," but fail to give any intelligible and fitting explanation of its meaning. Probably hoope is but an instance of phonographic spelling for whoop. White suggested the change. See foot-note 8.

P. 151. But this intrusion shall

Now-seeming sweet convert to bitterest gall. — So the quarto of 1599. The other old copies have bitter instead of bitterest. I here adopt the reading proposed by Lettsom, taking sweet as a substantive, and convert as a transitive verb. So that the meaning is, "this intrusion shall convert what now seems sweet to bitterest gall." The passage is commonly printed "this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall."

P. 151. If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this, &c. — The old copies have sinne and sin instead of fine. Corrected by Warburton.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 154. Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover! — Mr. P. A. Daniel says, "Read 'Romeo! humorous madman! passionate lover!'" Possibly so; but it rather strikes me that, to say the least, there is not need enough of the change to warrant it.

P. 154. Young abram Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid! — The old copies have "Young Abraham Cupid." But in Coriolanus, ii. 3, we have the form Abram; and both are apparently used in the same sense. As Cupid's archery is specially remarked in the text, Upton was confident we ought to read "Young Adam Cupid;" taking it as an allusion to Adam Bell, because "this Adam was a most notable archer, and his skill became a proverb." Accordingly most editors since have printed "Adam Cupid," Dyce, amongst others, in his last edition, though in his first he substituted "auburn Cupid," which White adopts. But I have no doubt that abram, or abraham, is the right word, notwithstanding the strong comments that have been penned against it. See foot-note 3. I must add that the Poet evidently had in mind the old ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid:
CRITICAL NOTES.

The blinded boy *that shootes so trim*
From heaven down did hie,
He drew a dart, and shot at him
In place where he did lye.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 157. *Her vestal livery is but pale and green,*

*And none but Fools do wear it.* — So the first quarto. The other old copies have *sicke* instead of *pale.* See foot-note 2.

P. 157. *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*  
*As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,* &c. — Theobald reads "to this sight"; perhaps rightly; at least the context rather favours that reading: yet, if the Poet had intended it so, it seems most likely that he would have written "to my sight." Singer follows Theobald.

P. 158. *When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds.* — So the first quarto. The later editions have "lazie puffing clouds." Collier's second folio substitutes *passing* for *puffing.*

P. 158. *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,* &c. — Here the editors are in a manner forced to give a composite text, as no one of the old copies has it complete. Instead of the four lines, the first quarto has three, thus:

Whats *Montague?* It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose, &c.

The other old copies have a strange piece of confusion. I quote from the first folio:

What's *Montague?* it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Rose, &c.

P. 161. *Do not swear at all;*  
*Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,*  
*Which is the god of my idolatry,* &c. — So all the old copies
but the first quarto, which has "thy glorious selfe." The latter reading
may well be preferred, as being nearer to Juliet's mood of mind. I
dare not decide the point, and must leave it to the Juliets of our time, if
there be any such foolish girls, to say which is the fitter epithet of the
two.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 165. Two such opposed kings encamp them still
         In man as well as herbs, — Grace and rude Will. — Instead
of kings, the first quarto has foes, which may well be thought the better
reading. So in The Misfortunes of Arthur, 1587:
         Peace hath three foes encamped in our breasts,
         Ambition, wrath, and envie.

P. 165. But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
         Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign. — Collier's
second folio substitutes unbusied for unbruised. Perhaps rightly.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 167. Why, where the Devil should this Romeo be?
         Came he not home to-night? — All the old copies, except the
first quarto, are without Why at the beginning of this speech.

P. 169. These pardonnez-mois, who stand so much on the new form
         that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bons, their
bons! — The old copies print pardonnez-mois variously, pardonnees,
pardons mees, and pardonamees. They also have bones, bones instead
of bons, bons. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 174. Scruvy knave! I am none of his flirt-fills; I am none of
         his skains-mates. — Walker thinks we ought to read "scruvy mates,"
on the ground that skurvie, as it was sometimes written, might easily
get misprinted skain. But Staunton apparently justifies the old read-
ing: "The word skain, I am told by a Kentish man, was formerly a
familiar term in parts of Kent to express what we now call a scape-grace
or ne'er-do-well; just the sort of person the worthy Nurse would enter-
tain a horror of being considered a companion to. Even at this day,
my informant says, skain is often heard in the Isle of Thanet, and
about the adjacent coast, in the sense of a reckless, dare-devil sort of
fellow."
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 174. Truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. — Collier's second folio has "very wicked dealing." A plausible change; but it is dangerous to meddle with the Nurse's language. Her idiom is a law unto itself.

P. 175. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
   This afternoon at Friar Laurence' cell;
   And there she shall be shrived and married. Here
   Is for thy pains.— The old copies have the latter part of the second line misplaced thus: "And there she shall at Friar Lawrence Cell Be shriv'd and married." This is clearly wrong, as it leaves there without any thing to refer to. From this circumstance Dyce not unnaturally concludes the speech to be mutilated. It seems to me that the transposition I have made fairly cuts off the theory of mutilation. Nor is the change a violent one.

P. 175. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.— So the second folio. The earlier editions omit I.

P. 176. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? no; I know it begins with some other letter: &c. — The old copies read "R. is for the no, I know," &c. I adopt Warburton's reading, which appears to me the simplest way of rectifying the passage. Tyrwhitt gave it thus: "R is for the dog: no; I know," &c.; and his reading is adopted by Staunton and Dyce. See foot-note 33.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 176. But old folks move, i'faith, as they were dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and dull as lead.— In the first of these lines, the old copies read "old folkes, many faine as they were dead." This comes pretty near being nonsense, and divers corrections have been made or proposed; such as, "old folkes, marry, feign as they were dead," by Johnson; and "old folkes, marry, fare as they were dead," by White, who takes fare in the sense of go. The reading in the text was proposed by Dyce, who suggests that "move y faith" may have been corrupted into many faine. That there is some corruption, who can doubt? It scarce need be said that move, i'faith accords well with the speaker's state of mind; better, I think, than either of the other
readings quoted. — In the second line, also, the old copies have *pale* instead of *dull*, which is from Collier's second folio. What should *pale* have to do there?

ACT II., SCENE 6.

P. 179. *Here comes the lady*; *O,*

*So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower* !

*Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!* — Instead of this couplet, the old editions, all but the first quarto, have "so light a foot *Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."* This forced anti-hyperbole is so inferior to the fine hyperbole of the first quarto, that I cannot choose but adopt the latter. Perhaps it were better to omit the last line; but the couplet is so good in itself, that I think the whole should be retained.

P. 179. *A lover may bestride the gossamer.* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have *Gossamours.*

P. 180. *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.* — The old text reads "I cannot sum up *sum of halfe my wealth.*" The folio has *some* instead of the second *sum.* Corrected by Capell.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 182. *Either withdraw unto some private place,*

*And reason coldly of your grievances,*

*Or else depart.* — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old copies have "*Or reason.*" The mistake was doubtless caused by *Or* in the next line.

P. 184. *A plague o' both your Houses! I am sped:* &c. — So Dyce. The old text has "both the Houses" here; but "both your Houses" twice afterwards. One of the quartos reads "A *poxe of your Houses.*"

P. 185. *My reputation's stain'd*

*With Tybalt's slander.* — The old text has "*reputation stain'd.*"

The correction is Walker's.

P. 186. *Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!* —

*O Prince!* — *O husband!* — *O, the blood is spilt*

*Of my dear kinsman!* — In the second of these lines, the old copies read "O Prince, O *Cosen*, husband, O the bloud is spild." Of course *Cosen* strayed in from the line above.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 188. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
    Towards Phæbus' lodging. — So all the old editions except the
first, which has mansion instead of lodging. The latter accords better
with the sense of what was added to the speech in the second edition.

P. 188. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
    That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd-of and unseen. — This passage has
been more worried with comment and controversy than any other in
Shakespeare. Nearly all the editors have quarrelled with runaway's;
yet it seems that no two of them can agree upon a substitute for it.
Changes have been made, or proposed, too numerous to be mentioned
here. I must be content with referring to the thorough and scholarly
digest of the matter by Mr. H. H. Furness in his Variorum edition
of the play. Heath thought rumour's to be the right word; and this
seems to me the best of all the substitutes offered. We have no less
than three proposed by Dyce, who at last prints rude day's; which
appears to me not at all happy. But I am thoroughly satisfied that the
old text is right. The use of wink for sleep is very common; Shake-
spere uses "perpetual wink" for the sleep of death. And we have a
like use of runaway in the The Merchant of Venice, ii. 5, where the
nocturnal elopement of Jessica takes place; Lorenzo urging her to
hasten, because "the close night doth play the runaway." The differ-
ence of the two cases is that Lorenzo fears the night will run away too
fast for his purpose, while Juliet is impatient to have the day pass off
quickly; but this does not touch either the sense or aptness of the
image. I take the use of runaway in the text to be merely a rather
bold prolepsis. But the Poet has many like instances of proleptical
language. There are no less than four such in Macbeth. So in i. 5:
"The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
under my battlements;" that is, the raven has made himself hoarse
with croaking, or has croaked so loud and long as to become hoarse
over the fatal, &c. Again, in i. 6: "The air nimbly and sweetly re-
commends itself unto our gentle senses;" which means that the air,
by its purity and sweetness, attempers our senses to its own state, and
so makes them gentle, or sweetens them into gentleness. Also in iii. 4:
"Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;" where the meaning is,
ere humane statute made the commonwealth gentle by purging and
cleansing it from the wrongs and pollutions of barbarism. And in v. 4:
"Let our just censures attend the true event;" which means, let our
judgments wait for the actual result, the issue of the contest, in order
that they may be just. For other like instances of prolepsis, see vol. xi.
page 262, note 1; especially the one there quoted from Spenser. Dr.
C. M. Ingleby, however, takes the original runaways as being the pos-
sessive plural, runaways' not runaway's, and as meaning vagabonds or
runagates; persons "who haunt the streets towards dusk for dishonest
purposes," and "who, but for darkness, might spy out the approach of
the lover, and betray the secret to parties interested in the frustration
of his design." But surely the word so applied is not general enough;
in that case there needs a word that would include all the people of
Verona, or at least all who are liable to be in the streets after dark, and
not merely the vagabond or runagate portion of them. Or, if we take
runaways to mean spies, as I see Mr. Crosby does, still, perhaps, we
shall come off no better. For spies are just the persons of all others
whose eyes would be least likely to wink on the coming of darkness;
in fact, we should then have Juliet longing for the very time when
"runaways' eyes" would be most open and vigilant. Surely spies do
not commonly go to sleep when the best hours for espionage are upon
them. On the other hand, if we take runaway as referring to day, then
it does in effect include all the people of Verona; since time, or a word
signifying time, may be, and often is, put for the contents of time; as
when Lady Macbeth says to her husband, "To beguile the time, look
like the time." See foot-note 1.

P. 189.  
Till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty. — The old copies have
grow instead of grown. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 189.  For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. — So the second
folio. The undated quarto reads "Whiter than snow upon the raven's
back"; the other old editions, "than new snow upon," &c.

P. 192. Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
CRITICAL NOTES.

"Ravenous dovefeathered raven." A curious instance of the author's mistake and correction being both printed together. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 192. All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. — A most unmetrical line, where, apparently, such a line ought not to be. The metre might be mended thus: "All naught, forsworn, dissemblers all." But this reduces it to four feet. As it is, dissemblers was probably meant to be four syllables.

P. 193. But with a rear-word following Tybalt's death. — The old copies have ward instead of word, which is Collier's conjecture, and is right, surely.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 195. Hence-banished is banish'd from the world, And world's exile is death: then banishment Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment, Thou cuttest my head off with a golden axe. — In the second and third of these lines, the old copies, except the first, have banished instead of banishment. In the third line, the quarto of 1597 has "calling death banishment," which is clearly right; and the same word is as clearly required in both places.

P. 195. And steal immortal blessings from her lips. — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have blessing instead of blessings.

P. 196. But Romeo may not, he is banished.

This may flies do, when I from this must fly: And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mix'd, &c. — In the old copies, the first of these lines is placed after the third, thus:

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death? But Romeo may not, he is banished.
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P. 196. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak. — So the quartos, except the first, which reads "hear me but speak a word." Here word is not so good, because it occurs in the line before, and also closes the second line after. The folio has only "hear me speak."

P. 197. Fri. L. Piteous predicament! — The old copies make this a part of the Nurse's speech. Farmer proposed giving it to Friar Laurence, and his proposal has been generally, and doubtless rightly, adopted.

P. 199. Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love. — So the quarto of 1637. The first quarto reads "Thou frown'st upon thy Fate that smiles on thee." The quartos of 1599 and 1609 have "Thou put'st up thy Fortune," &c.; the undated quarto, "Thou poust upon thy Fortune," &c.; the folio, "Thou puttest up thy Fortune," &c.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 203. 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow. — So both Collier's and Singer's second folios. The old text has brow instead of bow. To speak of the crescent Moon as Diana's bow, is classical; as Diana's brow, is not so. Moreover, the context apparently supposes the Moon to be in the East, and far gone in her last quarter, when only a rim of her disc is visible; in which case the word brow, as a part put for the whole face, is not properly applicable to her. See foot-note 5.

P. 203. Some say the lark and loathed toad changed eyes. — The old copies have change instead of changed. The correction is Rowe's.

P. 204. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend! — So the first quarto. The other old copies read "Art thou gone so, Love, Lord, ay husband, friend." A very inferior reading, surely.

P. 205. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you do weep for. — So Theobald. The old editions omit do, which is necessary to the metre.

P. 206. To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt. — So the second folio. The earlier editions lack Tybalt.
P. 206. And joy comes well in such a needful time.—So the first quarto. Instead of needful, the other old copies have needy, which does not give so sitting a sense.

P. 207. L. Cap. These are news indeed!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself, &c.—So Collier's second folio. In the old text, "These are news indeed!" is printed as a part of Juliet's preceding speech. The words seem quite out of place there, as they ought, evidently, to go along with "tell him so yourself."

P. 207. When the Sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew.—So the undated quarto. The other old copies have earth instead of air.

P. 208. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud, and yet not proud, and, I thank you not;
And yet I thank you. Mistress minion, you, &c.—So Lettsom. The old text has the last two of these lines badly confused, thus:
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not;
And yet not proud:

Here Lettsom observes, "A transposition has taken place, and one yet fallen out." Printers might well stumble in a passage of this sort.

P. 208. But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next.—So the first folio and all the quartos. The second and later folios have settle instead of fettle. See foot-note 18.

P. 209. Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had sent us but this only child.—So the first quarto.
The other old copies have lent instead of sent.

P. 209. Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool!—
The old copies lack the second peace. Inserted by Theobald.

P. 209. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd.—Such is the composite reading arranged by Pope, and given in some of the best modern editions. Taking both sense and metre duly into the account, I do not see how the passage can be made any better. The first quarto gives it thus:
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Gods blessed mother wife it made me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.

In the other old editions, the passage stands as follows:

Gods bread, it makes me mad.
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To have her matcht.

P. 211. Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no use of him. — So Hanmer. The old copies have here instead of hence. In the third scene of this Act, in the line, "Hence from Verona art thou banish'd," the second and third quartos, and also the folio, have "Here in Verona." See, also, the note on "We never valued this poor seat of England," &c., vol. xii. page 136, where we have an instance of the converse misprint.

P. 212. Ancient damnation! O most curs'd fiend! — So the first quarto. The other old copies have "wicked fiend." "Almost as flat," says Walker, "as 'deadly murder,' King Henry V., iii. 2," which is Capell's reading instead of "heady murder."

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 212. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste. — There may be some corruption here, as the words express just the reverse of the speaker's meaning; and Johnson thought the true reading might be "back his haste." But the text is probably right. See foot-note 1.

P. 215. From off the battlements of yonder tower. — So the first quarto. The other old copies have "the battlements of any tower." The reasons for preferring yonder are obvious enough.

P. 216. In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. — Here the old text has the following:

In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to burial in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault, &c.
The right explanation of this probably is, that the Poet first wrote the second of these lines, and then substituted the third; and that both lines were printed together.

P. 217. *Give me, O, give me! tell not me of fear.* — The old copies read "Give me, give me, O tell," &c. Corrected by Pope.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 219. *Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up.* — The old copies read "deck up her." A few lines after, we have "prepare him up," and, in the next scene but one, "trim her up." Lettsom asks, "Should not the preposition come last in all these cases, the pronoun not being emphatic?"

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 220. *Must I of force be married to the county?* — So the first quarto. The other old copies read "Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?" Surely the other is much the better reading.

P. 221. *O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,* &c. — So the undated quarto. The other old copies have *walke*; doubtless a misprint for *wake*.

P. 221. *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.* — So the first quarto. The later editions read "Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drink to thee." The words *heeres drinke* were no doubt intended as a stage-direction, but got printed as part of the text; a thing that often happened.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 222. L. Cap. *Go, go, you cot-quean, go,*
*Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow*  
*For this night's watching.* — The old copies assign this speech to the Nurse. I concur with Walker and Singer in transferring it to Lady Capulet. Can there be any doubt about it? Is it likely that a nurse would use such freedom with her master as to call him a cot-quean, and order him off to bed? Besides, the Nurse has just been sent forth by her mistress to "fetch more spices." — The second *go* was inserted by Theobald.
ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 225. O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy bride: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflower'd by him. — The words bride and
see are from the first quarto, which gives the passage thus:
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflower'd by him, see, where she lyes.

P. 226. Dead art thou, dead! — alack, my child is dead; &c. — So
Theobald. The second dead is wanting in the old copies.

P. 226. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lies not
In these confusions. — The old copies read "confusions care
lives not." Theobald corrected care to cure; the correction of lives to
lies is Lettsom's. We have repeated instances of live and lie con-
founded.

P. 226. For though fond nature bids us all lament, &c. — So the
second folio. The earlier editions have some instead of fond.

P. 228. Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you
with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. — Some of the old copies
make the first of these clauses a part of the preceding speech, and all
of them have "with an iron wit," instead of "with my iron wit." The
latter reading is from Collier's second folio.

P. 229. Because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding.
— So the first quarto. The other old copies read "Because Musitions
have no gold for sounding."

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 229. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. — So the first
quarto. The later editions have "flattering truth of sleepe." It is
rather curious to note what changes have been made in order to avoid
eye: Warburton substitutes ruth for truth; White, sooth; Collier's
second folio, death; — surely none of them so good, either for sense or
poetry, as eye. Otway, in his Caius Marius, which is partly taken
from this play, reads "the flattery of sleep," and Pope adopted that
reading; a much better one, I think, than either of the others quoted
above. Singer proposes "the flattering soother, sleep."

P. 232. Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes.—So Rowe. The
corresponding passage in the first quarto reads thus: "And starved
famine dwelleth in thy cheekes." The other old copies have starveth
instead of stareth. Pope reads "Need and oppression stare within
thine eyes." Otway copied the line in his Caius Marius, merely chang-
ing starveth to stareth. Ritson thinks, as he well may, that "'Need
and oppression' cannot properly be said to starve in his eyes."

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 234. Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along.—The first quarto
has "Under this Ew-tree"; the other old copies, "Under yond young
trees." So that here there is no escaping a composite reading.

P. 234. I am almost afraid to stay alone
Here in the church-yard.—So Collier's second folio. The old
text has stand instead of stay.

P. 236. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.—So the first quarto. In-
stead of conjurations, the second quarto has commiration, which in the
later editions is changed to commiseration. Of course conjurations
means earnest requests or entreaties, the usual sense of the verb to
conjure.

P. 237. Dead, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.—The old
copies read "Death lie thou there." As Romeo is apostrophizing the
dead Paris, he surely cannot mean to call him Death. The latter word
occurs twice in the next three lines; hence, perhaps, the error. The
happy correction is Lettsom's.
P. 238. And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; &c.—So the undated quarto. The first quarto has the matter in a very different shape. The quartos of 1599 and 1609 make a strange botching of it, thus:

And never from this pallat of dym night
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heere's to thy heath, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Apothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chambermaides: &c.

With this agrees the text of the folio, except that, in the first line, it has Pallace instead of pallat, and, in the second, armes instead of arme. I must add that all three repeat the fourth and fifth lines a little further on, where the present text has them.

P. 238. Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark.—So Pope. The old copies have thy instead of my. As Romeo is apostrophizing the drug, thy cannot be right. Walker says, "My surely."

P. 239. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here.—The old copies have yong tree and young tree. Corrected by Pope.

P. 240. O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—So the quartos 1609 and undated, and the folio, except that they have left instead of leave. The first quarto has "drinke all, and leave no drop for me." The second has drunke instead of drink.

P. 240. This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself.] there rest, and let me die.—The word rest is from the first quarto; the other old copies hav-
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 242. Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age? — Here the first quarto has a line that ought, perhaps, to be inserted between these two, — "And young Benvolio is deceased too." This would account for Benvolio's absence from the present scene.

P. 242. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while. — "Seal up the mouth of outrage" sounds harsh, almost un-English indeed, and some would change it to outcry. But outcry is hardly strong enough for the occasion; and the radical meaning of outrage, as expressed in the verb, is to rage excessively, whether by speech or otherwise. And the Poet's use of outrage in other places shows it to be the right word here, probably. Thus in 1 King Henry VI., iv. 1, when Vernon and Basset are urging their quarrel before the King, and rasping each other with abusive terms, Gloster exclaims: "Are you not ashamed with this immodest clamorous outrage to trouble and disturb the King and us?" So too in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 7: "I never heard a passion so confused, so strange-outrageous, and so variable." And Dyce aptly quotes from Settle's Female Prelate, 1680: "Silence his outrage in a jayl, away with him!"

P. 245. A gloomy peace this morning brings. — So the first quarto. The other old editions have glooming instead of gloomy.
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

Vol. XIV.
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JULIUS CÆSAR.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623, and one of the best-printed plays in that inestimable volume; the text being in so clear and sound a state, that editors have but little trouble about it. The date of the composition has been variously argued, some placing it in the middle period of the Poet's labours, others among the latest; and, as no clear contemporary notice or allusion had been produced, the question could not be positively determined. It is well known that the original Hamlet must have been written as early as 1602; and in iii. 2 of that play Polonius says "I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me." As the play now in hand lays the scene of the stabbing in the Capitol, it is not improbable, to say the least, that the Poet had his own Julius Cæsar in mind when he wrote the passage in Hamlet. And that such was the case is made further credible by the fact, that Polonius speaks of himself as having enacted the part when he "play'd once in the University," and that in the title-page of the first edition of Hamlet we have the words, "As it hath been divers times acted in the city of London; as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford." Still the point cannot be affirmed with certainty; for there were several earlier plays on the subject, and especially a Latin play on Cæsar's death, which was performed at Oxford in 1582.

Collier argued that Shakespeare's play must have been on the stage before 1603, his reason being as follows. Drayton's Morti-
In whom in peace the elements all lay
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty impute:
That't seem'd, when Heaven his model first began,
In him it show'd perfection in a man.

Here we have a striking resemblance to what Antony says of
Brutus in the play:

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!

Collier's theory is, that Drayton, before recasting his poem, had
either seen the play in manuscript or heard it at the theatre, and
so caught and copied the language of Shakespeare.

I confess there does not seem to me any great strength in this
argument; for the idea and even the language of the resembling
lines was so much a commonplace in the Poet's time, that no
one could claim any special right of authorship in it. Neverthe-
less it is now pretty certain that the play was written as early as
1601, Mr. Halliwell having lately produced the following from
Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, which was printed that year:

The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Caesar was ambitious:
When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?

As there is nothing in the history that could have suggested this,
we can only ascribe it to some acquaintance with the play: so
that the passage may be justly regarded as decisive of the ques-
tion.

The style alone of the drama led me to rest in about the same
conclusion long ago. For it seems to me that in Julius Caesar
the diction is more gliding and continuous, and the imagery more
round and amplified, than in the dramas known to have been of
the Poet's latest period. But these distinctive notes are of a
nature to be more easily felt than described; and to make them
felt examples will best serve. Take, then, a sentence from the
soliloquy of Brutus just after he has pledged himself to the con-
spiracy:

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Where to the climber-upward turns his face;  
But, when he once attains the upmost round, 
He then unto the ladder turns his back, 
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees 
By which he did ascend.

Here we have a full, rounded period in which all the elements seem to have been adjusted, and the whole expression set in order, before any part of it was written down. The beginning foresees the end, the end remembers the beginning, and the thought and image are evolved together in an even continuous flow. The thing is indeed perfect in its way, still it is not in Shakespeare's latest and highest style. Now compare with this a passage from The Winter's Tale:

When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own  
No other function.

Here the workmanship seems to make and shape itself as it goes along, thought kindling thought, and image prompting image, and each part neither concerning itself with what has gone before, nor what is coming after. The very sweetness has a certain piercing quality, and we taste it from clause to clause, almost from word to word, as so many keen darts of poetic rapture shot forth in rapid succession. Yet the passage, notwithstanding its swift changes of imagery and motion, is perfect in unity and continuity.

Such is, I believe, a fair illustration of what has long been familiar to me on the impulse of Shakspeare's imagination.
dence would induce me to class this drama with those, as regards the time of writing.

The historic materials of the play were drawn from *The Life of Julius Caesar*, *The Life of Marcus Brutus*, and *The Life of Marcus Antonius*, as set forth in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. This work, aptly described by Warton as "Shakespeare's storehouse of learned history," was first printed in 1579, and reprinted in 1595, 1603, and 1612, not to mention several later editions. The translation was avowedly made, not directly from the Greek, but from the French version of Jaques Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre. The book is among our richest and freshest literary monuments of that age; and, apart from the use made of it by Shakespeare, is in itself an invaluable repertory of honest, manly, idiomatic English. In most of the leading incidents of the play, the charming old Greek is minutely followed; though in divers cases those incidents are worked out with surpassing fertility of invention and art. But, besides this, in many places the Plutarchian form and order of thought, and also the very words of North's racy and delectable old English, are retained.

It may be well to add, that on the 13th of February, B.C. 44, the feast of Lupercalia was held, when the crown was offered to Cæsar by Antony. On the 15th of March following, Cæsar was slain. In November, B.C. 43, the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, met on a small island near Bononia, and there made up their bloody proscription. The overthrow of Brutus and Cassius, near Philippi, took place in the Fall of the next year. So that the events of the drama cover a period of something over two years and a half.
JULIUS CAESAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CAESAR.
OCTAVIUS CAESAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. AEMIL. LEPIDUS,
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIIUS LENA,
Senators.
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIMUS BRUTUS,
METELLIUS CIMBER,
CINNA,

Conspirators against Caesar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA,
young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS,
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO, CLITUS CLAUDIUS, STRATO,
LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, Servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.
CALPURNIA, Wife to Caesar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical,1 you ought not walk

1 Shakespeare often uses adjectives with the sense of plural substantives; as mechanical here for mechanics or artizans. The sense in the text is, "Know ye not that, being mechanics, you ought not," &c.
Upon a labouring-day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —

You, sir, what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.


2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper

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2 The Poet here transfers to Rome the English customs and usages of his own time; representing men in the several mechanic trades as having their guilds, with appropriate regulations and badges.

3 Here, as often, in respect of is equivalent to in comparison with.

4 Cobbler, it seems, was used of a coarse workman, or a butcher, in any mechanical trade. So that the Cobbler's answer does not give the infor-
men as ever trod upon neat's-leather⁷ have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms,⁸ and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That⁹ Tiber trembled underneath her ¹⁰ banks,
To hear the replication ¹¹ of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?

¹ Neat's-leather is what we call cowhide or calfskin. Neat was applied to all cattle of the bovine genus. So in The Winter's Tale, i. 2: "The steer, the heifer, and the calf, are all call'd neat." And the word is still so used in "make foot oil."
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey’s blood?  
Be gone!  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.  

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—  

[Exeunt Citizens.  

See, whèr their basest metal be not moved!  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck’d with ceremony.  

12 “Do you cull out this time for a holiday?” is the meaning.
13 The reference is to the great battle of Munda, in Spain, which took place in March of the preceding year. Cæsar was now celebrating his fifth triumph, which was in honour of his final victory over the Pompeian faction. Cænus and Sextus, the two sons of Pompey the Great, were leaders in that battle, and Cænus perished.
14 *Intermit* is here equivalent to *remit*; that is, *avert, or turn back.*
15 It is evident from the opening scene, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous.
SCENE II.  

JULIUS CAESAR.

Mar. May we do so?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.  

Flav. It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Caes. Calpurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.  

Caes. Calpurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

19 This festival, held in honour of Lupercus, the Roman Pan, fell on the 13th of February, which month was so named from Februus, a surname of the god. Lupercus was, primarily, the god of shepherds, said to have been so called because he kept off the wolves. His wife Luperca was the deified she-wolf that suckled Romulus. The festival, in its original idea, was meant for religious expiation and purification, February being at that time the last month of the year.

20 "Caesar's trophies" are the scarfs and badges mentioned in note 18; as appears in the next scene, where it is said that the Tribunes "are put to silence for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images."

21 The Poet often uses vulgar in its Latin sense of common. Here it means the common people.

22 Pitch is here a technical term in falconry, and means the highest flight of a hawk or falcon.
When he doth run his course. — Antonius, —

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says Do this, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. — Peace yet again!

[Music ceases.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry Cæsar! Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

1 Marcus Antonius was at this time Consul, as Cæsar himself also was. Each Roman gens had its own priesthood, and also its peculiar religious rites. The priests of the Julian gens (so named from Iulus the son of Æneas) had lately been advanced to the same rank with those of the god Lupercus; and Antony was at this time at their head. It was probably as chief of the Julian Luperci that he officiated on this occasion in "the holy course."

2 It was an old custom at these festivals for the priests, all naked except a girdle about the loins, to run through the streets of the city, waving in the hand a thong of goat's hide, and striking with it such women as offered themselves for the blow, in the belief that this would prevent or avert "the sterile curse." — Cæsar was at this time childless; his only daughter, Julia, married to Pompey the Great, having died some years before, upon the birth of her first child, who also died soon after.

3 Coleridge has a remark on this line, which, whether true to the subject or not, is very characteristic of the writer: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterizing Brutus even in his first casual speech." The metrical analysis of the line is, an Iamb, two Anapests, and two Iambs.
Set him before me; let me see his face.
Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Beware the Ides of March.
He is a dreamer; let us leave him. — Pass.
[Senet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.
Will you go see the order of the course?
Not I.
I pray you, do.
I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance

4 Senet is an old musical term occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare; of uncertain origin, but denoting a peculiar succession of notes on a trumpet, used, as here, to signal the march of a procession.
5 Gamesome is fond of sport, or sportively inclined. Repeatedly so.
6 Quick for lively or animated. So we have it in the phrases, “quick recreation,” and “quick and merry words.”
7 The demonstratives this, that, and such, and also the relatives which, that, and as, were often used indiscriminately. So a little later in this scene: “Under these hard conditions as this time is like to lay on us.”
8 This man, Caius Cassius Longinus, had married Junia, a sister of Brutus. Both had lately stood for the chief Prætorship of the city, and Brutus, through Cæsar’s favour, had won it; though Cassius was at the same time elected one of the sixteen Prætors or judges of the city. This is said to have produced a coldness between Brutus and Cassius, so that they did not speak to each other, till this extraordinary flight of patriotism brought them together.
Merely⁹ upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,¹⁰
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;¹¹
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe¹² any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;¹³
By means whereof¹⁴ this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection from some other thing.¹⁵

Cass. 'Tis just:¹⁶
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

⁹ Merely, here, is altogether or entirely. A frequent usage.
¹⁰ That is, conflicting passions; such as his love to Cæsar personally, and his hatred of Cesar’s power in the State.
¹¹ “Which blemish or tarnish the lustre of my manners.” The Poet repeatedly uses the plural, behaviours, for the particular acts which make up what we call behaviour. And so of several other words.
¹² In Shakespeare, and, I think, in all other poetry, construe always has the accent on the first syllable.
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughor, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [Flourish and shout.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cass. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on death indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the Winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed, Caesar cried, Help me, Cassius, or I sink!
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tire'd Caesar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain; And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should

25 Shakespeare uses both arrive and aspire as transitive verbs, and in the sense of reach or attain. So Milton in Paradise Lost, ii. 409: "Ere he arrive the happy isle." See vol. xiii. page 185, note 12.
26 Fever appears to have been used for sickness in general, as well as for what we call a fever. Caesar had three several campaigns in Spain at different periods of his life, and the text does not show which of these Shakespeare had in mind. One passage in Plutarch would seem to infer that Caesar was first taken with the epilepsy during his third campaign, which closed with the great battle of Munda, March 17, B.C. 45; but Plutarch elsewhere speaks of him as having the disease at an earlier period.
27 The image, very bold, somewhat forced, and not altogether happy, is of a cowardly soldier running away from his flag.—Bend for look. The verb to bend, when used of the eyes, often has the sense of to direct.
28 His for its, and referring to eye. Its was not then an accepted word, but was creeping into use; and the Poet has it several times.
29 Temper for constitution or temperament. —"The lean and wrinkled Cassius" venting his spite at Caesar, by ridiculing his liability to sickness and death, is charmingly characteristic. In fact, this mighty man, with all
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

*Bruc.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap’d on Cæsar.

*Cass.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; 30 and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,31
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*Brutus,* and *Cæsar:* what should be in that *Cæsar?* 32
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
*Brutus* will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar.*33

his electric energy of mind and will, was of a rather fragile and delicate
make; and his countenance, as we have it in authentic busts, is almost
a model of feminine beauty. Cicero, who did not love him at all, in one of
his Letters applies to him a Greek word, the same that is used for *miracle*
or *wonder* in the *New Testament;* the English of the passage being, "This
miracle (monster?) is a thing of terrible energy, swiftness, diligence."

30 Observe the force of *narrow* here; as if *Cæsar* were grown so enormo-
ously big that even the world seemed a little thing under him. Some
while before this, the Senate had erected a bronze statue of *Cæsar,* standing
on a globe, and inscribed to "Cæsar the Demigod"; which inscription,
however, *Cæsar* had erased.—The original Colossus was a bronze statue a
hundred and twenty feet high, set up astride a part of the harbour at
Rhodes, so that ships passed "under its huge legs."

31 Referring to the old astrological notion of planetary influence on the
fortunes and characters of men. The Poet has many such allusions.

32 Meaning, "what is there in that word *Cæsar?*" The Poet often uses
*should be* where we should use *is* or *can* be.

33 The allusion is to the old custom of muttering certain names, sup-
posed to have in them "the might of magic spells," in raising or conjuring
up spirits.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,\(^{34}\)
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room\(^{35}\) enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once\(^{36}\) that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his state\(^{37}\) in Rome
As easily as a king.

\textit{Bru.} That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:\(^{38}\)
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

\(^{34}\) By this a Roman would of course mean Deucalion's flood.
\(^{35}\) A play upon \textit{Rome} and \textit{room}, which appear to have been sounded
more alike in Shakespeare's time than they are now. So again in iii. i:
"A dangerous Rome, no Rome of safety for Octavius yet."
\(^{36}\) Alluding to Lucius Junius Brutus, who bore a leading part in driving
out the Tarquins, and in turning the Kingdom into a Republic. Afterwards,
as Consul, he condemned his own sons to death for attempting to
restore the Kingdom. The Marcus Junius Brutus of the play supposed
himself to be lineally descended from him. His mother, Servilia, also
derived her lineage from Servilius Ahala, who slew Spurius Mælius for
aspiring to royalty. Merivale justly remarks that "the name of Brutus
forced its possessor into prominence as soon as royalty began to be dis-
cussed."
\(^{37}\) "Keep his state" may mean either preserve his dignity or set up his
throne; \textit{state} being repeatedly used for \textit{throne}.—The Poet has \textit{eternal several times for \textit{infernal}. Perhaps our Yankee phrases, "\textit{tarnal} shame,"
\textit{tarnal} scamp," &c., are relics of this usage.
\(^{38}\) "Work me to" is \textit{persuade} or \textit{induce} me to.—\textit{Aim} is \textit{guess}. So the
verb in \textit{Romeo and Juliet}, i. i: "I \textit{aim'd} so near when I supposed you
loved." And the Poet has it so in divers other places.
I would not, so with love I might entreat you, 
Be any further moved. What you have said, 
I will consider; what you have to say, 
I will with patience hear; and find a time 
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: 39
Brutus had rather be a villager 
Than to repute himself a son of Rome 
Under these hard conditions as this time 
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cass.* I am glad 
That my weak words have struck but thus much show 
Of fire 40 from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning. 

*Cass.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve; 
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 
What hath proceeded 41 worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter Cæsar and his train.*

*Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, 
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar’s brow, 
And all the rest look like a chidden train: 
Calpurnia’s cheek is pale; and Cicero 
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes 42 
As we have seen him in the Capitol,

39 To chew is, literally, to ruminate; that is, reflect or meditate. So in 
As You Like It, iv. 3: “Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.”
Being cross'd in conference by some Senator.

_Cass._ Casca will tell us what the matter is.

_Cæs._ Antonius, —

_Ant._ Cæsar?

_Cæs._ Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: 43 such men are dangerous.

_Ant._ Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.44

_Cæs._ Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music: 45
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves;

43 So in North's Plutarch, _Life of Julius Cæsar_: "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they intended some mischief towards him, he answered them, As for those fat men, and smooth-combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

44 _Well given is well disposed_. So in North's Plutarch: "If there were any noble attempt done in all this conspiracy, they refer it wholly unto Brutus; and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus's familiar friend, but not so _well given_ and conditioned as he."

45 The power of music is repeatedly celebrated by Shakespeare, and sometimes in strains that approximate the classical hyperboles about Orpheus, Amphion, and Arion. What is here said of Cassius has an apt commentary in _The Merchant of Venice_, v. i:

_The man that hath no music in himself, &c._
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf;*
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Cæsar and all his train, except Casca.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.**

Casca.: Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once:
but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still, as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chapp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

_Cass._ But, soft! I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

_Casca._ He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

_Bru._ 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

_Cass._ No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness. 49

_Casca._ I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 50

_Bru._ What said he when he came unto himself?

_Casca._ Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd

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48 _Soft!_ was much used as an exclamation for arresting or retarding the speed of a person or thing; meaning about the same as _hold! stay! or not too fast!_ So in _Othello, v. 2:_ " _Soft!_ a word or two before you go."

49 Meaning the disease of "standing prostrate" before Cæsar. _Falling-sickness_ or _falling-evil_ was the English name for epilepsy. Cæsar was subject to it, especially in his later years, as Napoleon also is said to have been. See page 17, note 26.
me ope his doublet,\textsuperscript{51} and offer'd them his throat to cut: an
I had been a man of any occupation,\textsuperscript{52} if I would not have
taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the
rogues: — and so he fell. When he came to himself again,
he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired
their Worships to think it was his infirmity.\textsuperscript{53} Three or four
wenches, where I stood, cried, \textit{Alas, good soul!} and forgave
him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of
them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have
done no less.

\textit{Bru.} And, after that, he came thus sad away?

\textit{Casca.} Ay.

\textit{Cass.} Did Cicero say any thing?

\textit{Casca.} Ay, he spoke Greek.

\textit{Cass.} To what effect?

\textit{Casca.} Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the
face again: but those that understood him smiled at one
another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it
was Greek to me.\textsuperscript{54} I could tell you more news too: Ma-
rullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are

\textsuperscript{51} Doublet was the common English name of a man's upper outward
garment. — In this clause, \textit{me} is simply redundant.

\textsuperscript{52} "A man of occupation" probably means not only a mechanic or user
of cutting-tools, but also a man of business and of action, as distinguished
from a gentleman of leisure, or an idler.

\textsuperscript{53} Thereupon Cæsar rising departed home to his house; and, tearing
open his doublet-collar, making his neck bear, he cried out aloud to his
put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

_Cass._ Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
_Casca._ No, I am promised forth.\[55\]
_Cass._ Will you dine with me to-morrow?
_Casca._ Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

_Cass._ Good; I will expect you.
_Casca._ Do so: farewell, both.

[Exit._

_Bru._ What a blunt\[56\] fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

_Cass._ So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.\[57\]
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

_Bru._ And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

_Cass._ I will do so: till then, think of the world.—

[Exit Brutus._

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet

\[55\] Shakespeare has _forth_ very often with the sense of _out_ or _abroad_.

\[56\] _Blunt_ here means, apparently, _dull_ or _slow_; alluding to the "tardy form" _Casca_ has just "put on" in winding so long about the matter before coming to the point.—"He was quick mettle" means, He was of a _lively_
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.  

[Exit.

has divers instances of prepositions thus omitted.—Cassius is here chuckling over the effect his talk has had upon Brutus.

69 The phrase to bear one hard occurs three times in this play, but nowhere else in Shakespeare. It seems to have been borrowed from horsemanship, and to mean carries a tight rein, or reins hard, like one who distrusts his horse. So before: "You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand over your friend that loves you"; that is, "You hold me too hard on the bit, like a strange rider, who is doubtful of his steed, and not like one who confides in his faithful horse, and so rides him with an easy rein."—For this note I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Crosby.

60 To humour a man, as the word is here used, is to turn and wind and manage him by watching his moods and crotchets, and touching him accordingly. It is somewhat in doubt whether the last he refers to Brutus or to Caesar. If to Brutus, the meaning of course is, "he should not play upon my humours and fancies as I do upon his." And this sense is, I think, fairly required by the context. For the whole speech is occupied with the speaker's success in cajoling Brutus, and with plans for cajoling and shaping him still further.

61 Hands for handwritings, of course. The Poet has it repeatedly so.
Scene III. — The Same. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home? Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not moved, when all the sway of Earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in Heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful

Casca. A common slave — you'd know him well by sight —

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

1 To bring for to escort or go along with was very common.
2 Sway for constitution or order, probably. In such a raging of the ele-
Besides,—I ha' not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their seasons; they are natural;¹⁰
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

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⁸ That is, drawn together in a crowd. See vol. xii. page 101, note 3.
⁹ The old Roman horror of this bird is well shown in a passage of Holland's Pliny, as quoted in the Clarendon edition: "The screechowl betokeneth always some heavy news, and is most execrable in the presages of public affairs. In sum, he is the very monster of the night."
¹⁰ The meaning probably is, "These things have their seasons; they proceed from natural causes." Casca refers to the doctrine of the Epicureans, who were slow to believe that such elemental pranks had any moral
SCENE III.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cass. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this! 13

Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cass. Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, 14 Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone: 15
And, when the cross 16 blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cass. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder, 17

18 We should say, "What a night is this!" In such exclamative phrases, as also in some others, the Poet omits the article when his verse wants it so.
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But, if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind; 18
Why old men fool, and children calculate; —
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformèd faculties,
To monstrous quality; 19 — why, you shall find
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. 20 Now could I, Casca,
Name thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
As doth the lion, in the capitol; 21
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

Cass. Let it be who it is, 22 for Romans now

18 Quality is office or calling. Often so. Kind is nature. Also frequent.
So in Antony and Cleopatra, last scene: "The worm will do his kind"; that
is, will do as its nature is or prompts. The same in the old proverb, "The
cat will after kind." — To make sense of the line, some word must be under-
stood; probably change, from the second line below.

19 The grammar of this passage is rather confused, yet the meaning is
clear enough; the general idea being that of elements and animals, and
even of old men and children, acting in a manner out of or against their
nature; or changing their natures and original faculties from the course, in
which they were ordained to move, to monstrous or unnatural modes of
action.

20 That is, some prodigious or abnormal condition of things. Elsewhere
the Poet has "enormous state," with the same meaning.
SCENE III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cass. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; 24
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[Thunder still.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cass. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: 25 what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

_Casca._ You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

_Cass._ There's a bargain made.

I now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me

hatred of "the mightiest Julius" is irresistibly delightful. For "a good
hater" is the next best thing to a true friend; and Cassius's honest gushing
malice is far better than Brutus's stabbing sentimentalism.

26 To shed splendour upon him, or to make a light for him to shine by.
27 The meaning is, "Perhaps you will go and blab to Caesar all I have
said about him; and then he will call me to account for it. Very well; go
tell him; and let him do his worst: I care not."

28 _Fleering_ unites the two senses of _flattering_ and _mocking_, and so is just
the right epithet for a tell-tale, who flatters you into saying that of another
which you ought not to say, and then mocks you by going to that other
and telling what you have said.—The meaning of the next clause is,
"Hold, _here is my hand_"; as men clasp hands in sealing a bargain.

29 _Factious_ is, probably, _form a party or faction_. Or it may mean "Be
active"; the literal meaning of _factious_.—Here, as often, _grievANCES_ is put for
_grievances_; that which _causes_ griefs.

30 _Undergo_ for _undertake_. So in 2 _Henry the Fourth_, i. 3: "How able
such a work to _undergo_." And in several other places.

31 _By this_ for by this _time_. So in various instances.—Pompey's porch
was a spacious adjunct to the huge theatre that Pompey had built in the
Campus Martius, outside of the city proper; and where, as Plutarch says,
SCENE III.  

JULIUS CAESAR.  

In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
Is favour'd like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody-fiery and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.  
Cass. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.—

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?  
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?  
Cass. No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?  
Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.  
Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes,  
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
The noble Brutus to our party,—

Cass. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,  
Where Brutus may best find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?  
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone

"Was set up an image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated"
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
   Cass. That done, repair to Pompey’s theatre.—

[Exit Cinna.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
   Casca. O, he sits high in all the people’s hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,\(^{36}\)
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
   Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited.\(^{37}\) Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. Brutus’s Orchard.\(^1\)

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when!\(^9\) awake, I say! what, Lucius!

\(^{35}\) Such combinations as parts and is were not then bad grammar.
\(^{36}\) Alchemy is the old ideal art of turning base metals into gold.
\(^{37}\) Conceited is conceived, understood, or apprehended.
\(^1\) Orchard and garden were synonymous. In Romeo and Juliet, Capulet’s garden is twice called orchard.
Scene I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question: It is the bright day that brings forth the adder; And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that: And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, That at his will he may do danger with. Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar, I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

8 Brutus has been casting about on all sides to find some other means to prevent Cæsar's being king, and here gives it up that this can be done only by killing him. Thus the speech opens in just the right way to throw us back upon his antecedent meditations.

4 The public cause. This use of general was common.

5 The Poet is apt to be right in his observation of Nature. In a bright warm day the snakes come out to bask in the sun. And the idea is, that the sunshine of royalty will kindle the serpent in Cæsar.

6 That is, do mischief with, and so be or prove dangerous.

7 Some obscurity here, owing to the use of certain words in uncommon senses. Remorse, in Shakespeare, commonly means pity or compassion: here it means conscience, or conscientiousness. So in Othello, iii. 3: "Let him command, and to obey shall be in me remorse, what bloody work soe'er." The possession of dictatorial power is apt to stifle or sear the conscience, so as to make a man literally remorseless. Affections, again, here stands for passions, as in several other instances. Finally, reason is here used in the same sense as remorse. So the context clearly points out; and the conscience is, in a philosophical sense, the moral reason.

8 Proof for fact, or the thing proved. The Poet has it repeatedly so. See vol. xi. page 240, note 5.
That lowliness is young ambition’s ladder,
Where to the climber-upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent’s egg,
Which, hatch’d, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found [Giving him a paper.
This paper thus seal’d up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

9 Base degrees is lower steps; degree being used in its primitive sense,
and for the rounds of the ladder. See vol. x. page 204, note 17.

10 Quarrel for cause. So in the 35th Psalm of The Psalter: “Stand up
to judge my quarrel; avenge Thou my cause.”

11 Something of obscurity again. But the meaning is, “Since we have
no show or pretext of a cause, no assignable or apparent ground of com-
plaint, against Cæsar, in what he is, or in any thing he has yet done, let us
assume that the further addition of a crown will quite upset his nature, and
metamorphose him into a serpent.” The strain of casuistry used in this
speech is very remarkable. Coleridge found it perplexing. Upon the sup-
position that Shakespeare meant Brutus for a wise and good man, the speech
seems to me utterly unintelligible. But the Poet, I think, must have re-
garded him simply as a well-meaning, but conceived and shallow idealist;
and such men are always cheating and puffing themselves with the thinnest
of sophisms; feeding on air, and conceiving themselves inspired; or “mis-
taking the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the Spirit.”
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air, Give so much light, that I may read by them.
Opens the paper and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! —
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake! —
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.  
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestor did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated, then,
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [Knocking within.

18 Exhalations for meteors, or meteoric lights; referring to the flashes of lightning. In Plutarch's Opinions of Philosophers, as translated by Holland, we have the following: "Aristotle supposeth that all these meteors come of a dry exhalation, which, being gotten enclosed within a moist cloud, striveth forcibly to get forth: now, by attrition and breaking together, it causeth the clap of thunder." Shakespeare has meteor repeatedly in the same way. See vol. x. page 64, notes 16 and 19.

18 Here the Poet had in his eye the following from Plutarch: "For Brutus, his friends and counymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For, under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out of Rome, they wrote, 'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and again, 'That thou wert here among us now!' His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Praetor, was full of such bills: 'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed.'"
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. —

[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

14 Motion for impulse, or the first budding of thought into purpose.

15 A phantasma is a phantom; something imagined or fancied; a vision of things that are not, as in a nightmare.

16 Commentators differ about genius here; some taking it for the conscience, others for the anti-conscience. Shakespeare uses genius, spirit, and demon as synonymous, and all three, apparently, both in a good sense and in a bad; as every man was supposed to have a good and a bad angel. So, in this play, we have “thy evil spirit”; in The Tempest, “our wosrer genius”; in Troilus and Cressida, “Some say the genius so cries Come! to him that instantly must die”; in Antony and Cleopatra, “Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee”; where, as often, keeps is guards. In these and some other cases, the words have some epithet or context that determines their meaning; but not so with genius in the text. But, in all such cases, the words, I think, mean the directive power of the mind. And so we often speak of a man’s better self, or a man’s worser self, according as one is in fact directed or drawn to good or to evil. — The sense of mortal, here, is also somewhat in question. The Poet sometimes uses it for perishable, or that which dies; but oftener for deadly, or that which kills. Mortal instruments may well be held to mean the same as when Macbeth says, “I’m settled,
SCENE I.  

JULIUS CAESAR.  

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru.  

Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru.  

Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru.  

Let 'em enter. — [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. — O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? 18 O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou pass, thy native semblance on, 19
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. 20

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber,
and Trebonius.

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cass.* This, Decius 21 Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cass.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cass.* Shall I entreat a word?

*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year. 22

Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here. 23

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

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21 Shakespeare found the name thus in Plutarch. In fact, however, it was Decimus, not Decius. The man is said to have been cousin to the other Brutus of the play. He had been one of Cæsar’s ablest, most favoured, and most trusted lieutenants, and had particularly distinguished himself in his naval service at Venetia and Massilia. After the murder of Cæsar, he was found to be written down in his will as second heir.

22 That is, verging or inclining towards the South, in accordance with
SCENE I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Cass. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men, the sufferance of our souls, the time’s abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain

24 Meaning, probably, the shame and self-reproach with which Romans must now look each other in the face, under the consciousness of having fallen away from the republican spirit of their forefathers.

25 Brutus seems to have in mind the capriciousness of a high-looking and heaven-daring oriental tyranny, where men’s lives hung upon the nod and whim of the tyrant, as on the hazards of a lottery.

26 What for why. The Poet often has it so. And so in St. Mark, xiv. 63: “What need we any further witnesses?”

27 To palter is to equivocate, to shuffle, as in making a promise with what is called “a mental reservation.”

28 Engaged is pledged, or put in pawn. A frequent usage.

29 Cautelous is here used in the sense of deceit or fraud; though its
The even virtue 31 of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think 32 that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cass. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion, 33
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not! let us not break with him; 34
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cass. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

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31 Meaning the virtue that holds an equable and uniform tenour, always keeping the same high level.—Insuppressive for insuppressible; the active form with the passive sense. See vol. v. page 54, note 6.

32 By thinking. The infinitive used gerundively again.

33 Opinion for reputation or estimation. Often so. Observe the thread of association in silver, purchase, and buy.

34 Old language for "let us not break the matter to him." — This bit of dialogue is very charming. Brutus knows full well that Cicero is not the man to play second fiddle to any of them; that if he have any thing to do with the enterprise it must be as the leader of it; and that is just what Brutus wants to be himself. Merivale thinks it a great honour to Cicero, that the conspirators did not venture to propose the matter to him.
Cass. Decius, well urged. — I think it is not meet, 
Mark Antony, so well-beloved of Caesar, 
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him 35 
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, 
If he improve them, may well stretch so far 
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, 
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs, 
Like wrath in death, and envy 36 afterwards; 
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar. 
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. 
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar; 
And in the spirit of men there is no blood: 
O, that we then could come by Caesar’s spirit, 
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, 
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, 
Let’s kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; 
Let’s carve him as a dish fit for the gods, 
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds: 
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, 
Stir up their servants to an act of rage, 
And after seem to chide ‘em. 37 This shall mark 
Our purpose necessary, 38 and not envious; 
Which so appearing to the common eyes,

35 We should say “find in him.” So in The Merchant, iii. 5: “Even such a husband hast thou of me as she is for a wife.”
36 Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, envy is malice or hatred. And so, a little after, envious is malicious. — Here, again, to cut and to hack are gerundial infinitives.
37 So the King proceeds with Hubert in King John. And so men often proceed when they wish to have a thing done, and to shirk the responsi-
We shall be call’d purgers,\footnote{39} not murderers.
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar’s arm
When Cæsar’s head is off.

\textit{Cass.} Yet I do fear him;
For, in th’ ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

\textit{Bru.} Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:\footnote{40}
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

\textit{Treb.} There is no fear in him;\footnote{41} let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.  \[Clock strikes.\]

\textit{Bru.} Peace! count the clock.

\textit{Cass.} The clock hath stricken three.

\textit{Treb.} ’Tis time to part.

\textit{Cass.} But it is doubtful yet,
Whèr Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main\footnote{42} opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.\footnote{43}

\footnote{39} Meaning healers, who cleanse the land from the disease of tyranny.
\footnote{40} “Think and die,” or “take thought and die,” is an old phrase for \textit{grieve one’s self to death} : and it would be much indeed, a very wonderful thing, if Antony should fall into any killing sorrow, such a light-hearted, jolly companion as he is. So the Poet uses \textit{think} and \textit{thought} repeatedly. See vol. v. page 178, note 12.
\footnote{41} No fear on account of him, or because of him, is the meaning. So \textit{is} is used in several other places.
SCENE I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

It may be, these apparent prodigies, The unaccustom’d terror of this night, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved, I can o’ersway him; for he loves to hear That unicorns may be betray’d with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with flatterers: But, when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flatter’d. Let me work; For I can give his humour the true bent, And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cass. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost; and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey: I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him: He loves me well, and I have given him reason; Send him but hither, and I’ll fashion him.

44 Apparent, here, is evident or manifest. A frequent usage. See vol. x. page 75, note 13.

45 The way to catch that fabulous old beast, the unicorn, is, to stand before a tree, and, when he runs at you, to slip aside, and let him stick his horn into the tree: then you have him. See The Faerie Queene, ii. 5, 10.—Bears are said to have been caught by putting looking-glasses in their way;
Cass. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes; *48
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.—

[Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber; *49
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:

-48 "Let not our looks betray our purposes by wearing, or being attired
with, any indication of them."

-49 The compound epithet honey-heavy is very expressive and apt. The
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, 50
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical 51
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheum 52 and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;

50 Condition was much used for temper or disposition. The term ill-con-
ditioned is still in use for a cross-grained, irascible, or quarrelsome disposi-
tion, or an ugly temper.
51 The Poet has physical again for wholesome or medicinal, in Coriolanus, l. 5: "The blood I drop is rather physical than dangerous to me."
52 Rheum was specially used of the fluids that issue from the eyes or
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus’ harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.
SCENE I. JULIUS CAESAR.

A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! — [Knocking within.
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows: 55
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] — Lucius, who's that
knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius, — how!

Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! 56 Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

55 Character is defined "writing by characters or strange marks." Brutus therefore means that he will divulge to her the secret cause of the sad-
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

_Lig._ By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

_Bru._ A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

_Lig._ But are not some whole that we must make sick?

_Bru._ That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

_Lig._ Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

_Bru._ Follow me, then. 

_[Exeunt._

**Scene II. — The Same. A Hall in Cæsar's Palace.**

_Thunder and lightning._ Enter Cæsar, in his nightgown.

_Cæs._ Nor Heaven nor Earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
_Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's within?_

_Enter a Servant._

_Serv._ My lord?

_Cæs._ Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
SCENE II. JULIUS CAESAR.

And bring me their opinions of success.¹
  Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

  Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
  Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten me Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.
  Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,² Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets; And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead; Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds, In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; The noise of battle hurtled³ in the air; Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan; And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets. O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them!
  Cæs. What can be avoided Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods? Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.
  Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear; Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.—

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day. Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast. Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice: Cæsar should be a beast without a heart, If he should stay at home to-day for fear. No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well That Cæsar is more dangerous than he: We are two lions litter’d in one day, And I the elder and more terrible; And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord, Your wisdom is consumed in confidence! Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house; And he shall say you are not well to-day: Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

* Plutarch relates that, a short time before Cæsar fell, some of his friends urged him to have a guard about him, and he replied that it was better to
Caes. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:  
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the Senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day.  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?—  
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my will; I will not come:  
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings and portents

5 In Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word  
of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and  
spells it *statua*, as in his *Advancement of Learning*: "It is not possible to  
have the true pictures or *statuas* of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, no, nor of the  
kings or great personages of much later years."
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. 6
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now: The Senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Caeser. 7
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, 8 for some one to say,

Break up the Senate till another time,
When Caeser's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love

---

6 Cognizance is here used in a heraldic sense, as meaning any badge or token to show whose friends or servants the owners or wearers were. In ancient times, when martyrs or other distinguished men were executed,
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.\(^9\)

_Cæs._ How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

_Enter_ Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna._

And look where Publius\(^{10}\) is come to fetch me.

_Pub._ Good morrow, Cæsar.

_Cæs._ Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.\(^{11}\)—
What is't o'clock?

_Bru._ Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

_Cæs._ I thank you for your pains and courtesy.—

_Enter_ Antony._

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

_Ant._ So to most noble Cæsar.

_Cæs._ Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna;—now, Metellus;—what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

_Treb._ Cæsar, I will;—_[Aside.]_ and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

_Cæs._ Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

_Bru._ [Aside.] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!12 [Exeunt.

_SCENE III._—_The Same._ _A Street near the Capitol._

_Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper._

_Artem._ Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Tbre-
bonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves
thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but
one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.
If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives
way to conspiracy.1 The mighty gods defend thee!

_Thy lover,_ _Artemidorus._

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.9—

12 The winning and honest suavity of Cæsar here starts a pang of re-
morse in Brutus. Drinking wine together was regarded as a sacred pledge
SCENE IV. — The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee, boy, run to the Senate-house:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
[Aside.] O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Artem. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Artem. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Artem. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Artem. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know' st thou any harm's intended towards

him?

Artem. None that I know will be, much that I fear may

chance.

Good morrow to you. — Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,

Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in. — [Aside.] Ah me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! — O Brutus,
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! —

Sure, the boy heard me. — Brutus hath a suit

That Caesar will not grant. — O, I grow faint. —

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
SCENE I.

Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt severally.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.1

Artem. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o' er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artem. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Artem. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.2

---

1 There was a certain soothsayer, that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March, which is the 15th of the month; for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going into the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him "the Ides of March be come."—"So they be," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past."—PLUTARCH.

2 One Artemidorus also, born in the isle of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus's confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cass. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.  

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cass. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.  
[Advances to Cæsar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cass. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cass. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him,
and said: "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for
they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly." — PLUTARCH.

8 The murder of Cæsar did not, in fact, take place in the Capitol, but in
a hall or Curia adjoining Pompey's theatre, where a statute of Pompey had
been erected. The Senate had various places of meeting: generally in the
Capitol, occasionally in some one of the Temples, at other times in one of
the Curiae, of which there were several in and about the city.
SCENE I.

JULIUS CAESAR

Cass. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Caesar and the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is address'd:6 press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Caes. What is now amiss
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,—[Kneeling.

Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings7 and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the play of children.8 Be not fond,
To think9 that Caesar bears such rebel blood

them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.—When Caesar came out of the litter, Popilius Lena went unto him, and kept him a long time with talk. Caesar gave good ear unto him; wherefore the conspirators, not hearing what he said, but conjecturing that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and, one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands.—Plutarch.
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,¹⁰
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing¹¹ of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cass. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:¹²
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

omits the adverbs in such cases. Fond, here, is foolish; which was its ordinary sense in Shakespeare's time.

¹⁰ Metellus and Cæsar here use wrong in different senses. But to hurt,
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;\(^{13}\)
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion;\(^{14}\) and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.\(^{15}\)

_Cin._ O Cæsar,—
_Cæs._ Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
_Dec._ Great Cæsar,—
_Cæs._ Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
_Casca._ Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.
_Cæs._ Et tu, Brute?\(^{16}\) — Then fall, Cæsar!\(^{17}\)

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

\(^{13}\) Apprehensive is intelligent, capable of apprehending.

\(^{14}\) "Unshaked of motion" is simply unmoved, or not subject to motion. Undisturbed by the motion of others. As all readers of the Bible know, of was continually used, with passive verbs, to denote the agent.

\(^{15}\) All through this scene, Cæsar is made to speak quite out of character, and in a strain of hateful arrogance, in order, apparently, to soften the enormity of his murder, and to grind the daggers of the assassins to a sharper point. Perhaps, also, it is a part of the irony which so marks this play, to put the haughtiest words in Caesar's mouth just before his fall.

\(^{16}\) There is no classical authority for putting these words into the mouth of Cæsar; and the English equivalent, Thou too, Brutus, sounds so much better, that it seems a pity the Poet did not write so. Cæsar had been as a father to Brutus, who was fifteen years his junior; and the Greek, Kai su teknon, "You too, my son," which Dion and Suetonius put into his mouth, though probably unauthentic, is good enough to be true.

\(^{17}\) Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Caesar's gown over his
Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cass. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement! 18

Bru. People, and Senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where’s Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar’s
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cass. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide 19 this deed,
But we the doers.

shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and
struck Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar,
feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in,
and cried out in Latin: “O traitor Casca, what doest thou?” Casca on the
other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers
running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to
have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at
him: then he let Casca’s hand go, and, casting his gown over his face, suf-
f ered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators throng-
ing one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at
him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them
hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because
he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every
man of them bloodied.—Plutarch.

18 This is somewhat in the style of Caliban, when he gets glorious with
“celestial liquor,” The Tempest, ii. 2: “Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, free-
dom! Freedom, hey-day, freedom!”

19 To abide a thing is to be responsible for it, to bear the consequences.
Cass. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.²⁰

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace, freedom, and liberty!*

Cass. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In States unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along²¹
No worthier than the dust!

Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.²²

²⁰ "We all know that we are to die some time; and how long we can
draw out our life, is the only thing we concern ourselves about."

²¹ So it was in fact: Cæsar fell at the pedestal of Pompey's statue; the
statue itself dripping with the blood that spurted from him.

²² These three speeches, vainly-gloriously anticipating the stage celebrity
of the deed, are very strange; and, unless there be a shrewd irony lurking
in them, I am at a loss to understand the purpose of them. Their effect on
**Dec.** What, shall we forth?

**Cass.** Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

**Bru.** Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Servant.*

A friend of Antony's.

**Serv.** Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

**Bru.** Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

my mind has long been to give a very ambitious air to the work of these patriots, and to cast a highly theatrical colour on their alleged virtue.

23 This doubling of superlatives, as also of comparatives, and of nega-
SCENE I. JULIUS CÆSAR. 

Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cass. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony. —

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: 26
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death-hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 27
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by 28 you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age..

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire,\(^{29}\) so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of amity, and our hearts
Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

_Cass._ Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s
In the disposing of new dignities.\(^{30}\)

_Bru._ Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

_Ant._ I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—

\(^{29}\) Shakespeare uses _fire_ as one or two syllables indifferently, to suit his metre. Here the first _fire_ is two syllables, the second one. — The allusion is to the old way of salving a burn by holding it up to the fire. So in _Romeo and Juliet_, i. 2: “Tut, man, one fire burns out another’s burning; one pain is lessen’d by another’s anguish.”

\(^{30}\) This little speech is snugly characteristic. Brutus has been talking about “our hearts,” and “kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.” To Cassius, all that is mere rose-water humbug, and he knows it is so to Antony
SCENE I.  

JULIUS CAESAR.  

Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceive me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer. —  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, ’tis true:  
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer 32 than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, —  
Most noble! — in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay’d, 33 brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign’d in thy spoil, and crimson’d in thy death. —  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —  
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie!  

Cass.  Mark Antony, —

Ant.  Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty. 34  

Cass.  I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  

31 Must conceive of me, or construe me.  See page 34, note 37.  
32 Especially dearer, for dearer rouses more strong feeling,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

_Ant._ Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

_Bru._ Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That, were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

_Ant._ That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place; And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

_Bru._ You shall, Mark Antony.

_Cass._ Brutus, a word with you.

[Aside to _Bru._] You know not what you do; do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

_Bru._ [Aside to _Cass._] By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

85 *Prick'd* is marked. The image is of a list of names written out, and some of them having holes prick'd in the paper against them.
86 *Therefore* is not the illative conjunction here; but means to that end, or for that purpose.
87 *Produce* in the Latin sense of *producō*; implying motion to a place. — Here, and all through this play, *market-place* is the _Forum_, where several rostra were provided for addressing the people. Shakespeare calls these rostra _pulpits_.

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What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cass. [Aside to Bru.] I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you don't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit where I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.]
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

[Seeing the body.] O Cæsar!—

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

89 "All pity being choked." Ablative absolute again.
40 Até is the old goddess of discord and mischief. So, in Much Abo, ii.
x, Benedick describes Beatrice as "the infernal Até in good apparel."
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

SCENE II. — The Same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Brut. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.
ceive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.  

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!
1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.
4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.
1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—
2 Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
1 Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glory; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.  

[Exit.

1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

6 In this celebrated speech, which, to my taste, is far from being a model
We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [Goes up.

4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We're bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, — 

Citizens.

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, — For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men, — Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

6 Shakespeare always uses beholding, the active form, for beholden, the passive. Here, as elsewhere, it means obliged, of course.

7 We have the same thought in Henry the Eighth, iv. 2: "Men's evil
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: 9
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal 10
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man. 11
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am, to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn 12 for him?—
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, 13
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

9 Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul put vast sums of money into his hands, a large part of which he kept to his own use, as he might have kept it all; but he did also, in fact, make over much of it to the public treasury. This was a very popular act, as it lightened the taxation of the city.
10 That is, on the day when the feast of Lupercalia was held.
11 Of course these repetitions of honourable man are intensely ironical; and for that very reason the irony should be studiously kept out of the voice
2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter, 
Caesar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the 
crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.¹⁴

2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 Cit. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.¹⁵

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins¹⁶ in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

¹⁴ Here, again, to abide a thing is to suffer for it, or, as we now say, to
pay for it. See page 64, note 19.

¹⁵ And there are none so humble but that he is beneath their reverence,
or too low for their regard.

¹⁶ Napkin and handkerchief were used indifferently.
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershoot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar;¹⁷ I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend.

3 Cit. You shall have leave. [Antony comes down.

4 Cit. A ring! stand round.

¹⁷ Antony now sees that he has the people wholly with him, so that he is perfectly safe in stabbing the stabbers with these terrible words.—"I have o'ershoot myself to tell you of it" is, "I have gone too far, and hurt my own cause, in telling you of it." The infinitive used gerundively again. We have a like expression in *Henry the Eighth*, i. 1: "We may outrun, by violent swiftness, that which we run at, and lose by over-running."
1 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2 Cit. Room for Antony! most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far\(^{18}\) off.
Citizens. Stand back; room! bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a Summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.\(^{19}\)
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious\(^{20}\) Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved\(^{21}\)
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:\(^{22}\)
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

\(^{18}\) The Poet has \textit{far} for \textit{further} repeatedly. See vol. vii. page 329, note 51.

\(^{19}\) This is the artfullest and most telling stroke in Antony's speech. The Romans prided themselves most of all upon their military virtue and renown: Cæsar was their greatest military hero; and his victory over the
SCENE II. JULIUS CAESAR.

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!
2 Cit. O noble Caesar!
3 Cit. O woeful day!
4 Cit. O traitors, villains!
1 Cit. O most bloody sight!
2 Cit. We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,
—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

_Citizens._ We'll mutiny.

_1 Cit._ We'll burn the house of Brutus.

_3 Cit._ Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

_Ant._ Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

_Citizens._ Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony!

_Ant._ Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

_Citizens._ Most true; the will!—let's stay and hear the
2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 Cit. Never, never. — Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 Cit. Go fetch fire.

3 Cit. Pluck down benches.

4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Citizens with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. — Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! —

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

§14: which was practically as good as at least $100 in our time: no small lift for a poor man.
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III.

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard 'em say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:1
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 Cit. What is your name?
2 Cit. Whither are you going?
3 Cit. Where do you dwell?
4 Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
2 Cit. Answer every man directly.
1 Cit. Ay, and briefly.
4 Cit. Ay, and wisely.
3 Cit. Ay, and truly; you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where
you'll bear me a bang for that,² I fear. Proceed; directly.

_Cin._ Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

_1 Cit._ As a friend, or an enemy?

_Cin._ As a friend.

_2 Cit._ That matter is answered directly.

_4 Cit._ For your dwelling,—briefly.

_Cin._ Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

_3 Cit._ Your name, sir, truly.

_Cin._ Truly, my name is Cinna.

_1 Cit._ Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

_Cin._ I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

_4 Cit._ Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

_Cin._ I am not Cinna the conspirator.

_4 Cit._ It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.³

_3 Cit._ Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[Exeunt.

² "You'll get a banging of me for that."

³ There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends: he dreamed, the night before, that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him; so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where, being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever: and yet, notwithstanding, the next morning he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people falling upon him in their rage slew him outright in the market-place. —Plutarch.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Rome. A Room in Antony's House.¹

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?²
Lep. I do consent,—
Lep. — Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.³
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn⁴ him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol.

[Exit LEPIDUS.

¹ The time of this scene was, historically, in November, B.C. 43; some nineteen months after the preceding. — The place of the scene is shown to be at Rome, by Lepidus's being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he will find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol." In fact, however, the triumvirs, Octavius, Antonius, and Lepidus, did not meet at Rome to settle the proscription, but on a small island near Bologna.

² They could hardly agree whom they would put to death; for every one of them would kill their enemies, and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet,
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And, though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.  

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch’d out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answer’d.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay’d about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.  

[Exeunt.

Scene II. — Before Brutus’s Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.  

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Titinius, and Soldiers;  
Pindarus meeting them; Lucius at some distance.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

8 That is, one who is always interested in, and talking about, such things — books, works of art, &c. — as everybody else has got tired of and thrown aside. So Falstaff’s account of Shallow, in 2 Henry the Fourth, iii. 2: “He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch’d huswifes which he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights.” In the text, stale is outworn or grown stale; and the reference is not to objects, &c., generally, but only to those which have lost the interest of freshness.

9 To make head is to raise an army, or to lead one forth. Often so.
SCENE II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindar is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS GIVES A LETTER TO BRUTUS.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,²
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,³
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,⁴
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

• Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

² That is, either by his own command, or by officers, subordinates, who
The greater part, the Horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.
    
   Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

    Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

    Cass. Stand, ho!
    Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
    Within. Stand!
    Within. Stand!
    Within. Stand!
    Cass. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
    Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
    Cass. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
    Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
    Cass. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
    Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
SCENE III. — Within the Tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this: You have condemn'd and noted 1 Lucius Pella For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Whereas my letters, praying on his side Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brus. You wrong'd yourself to write 2 in such a case.

Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet That every nice offence should bear his 3 comment.

Brus. And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.

Cass. I an itching palm! You know that you are Brutus that speaks this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement!

Brus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:

1 That is, disgraced him, set a mark or stigma upon him.

2 "Wrong'd yourself by writing." The infinitive used gerundively again. So too in the second speech after, "condemn'd to have" is condemn'd for having; also "to sell and mart," for selling and marting. The usage is uncommonly frequent in this play.

3 His for its, as usual, referring to offence. The meaning is that every petty or trifling offence should not be rigidly scrutinized and censured. Nice was often used thus. — Cassius naturally thinks that "the honourable men whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar" should not peril their cause by moral squeamishness. And it is a very noteworthy point, that the digesting of that act seems to have entailed upon Brutus a sort of moral dyspepsia. It appears, a little further on, that he is more willing to receive and apply money got by others than to use the necessary means of getting it.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; 4 I am a soldier, ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions. 5

Bru. Go to; 6 you are not, Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cass. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

4 Still another gerundial infinitive: "In hedging me in."
Cass. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,\(^7\)

Though it do split you; for from this day forth

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cass. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:\(^8\)

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have moved

me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cass. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cass. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

---

\(^7\) The spleen was held to be the special seat of the sudden and explosive emotions and passions, whether of mirth or anger.

\(^8\) This mistake of Brutus is well conceived. Cassius was much the abler soldier, and Brutus knew it; and the mistake grew from his consciousness...
Cass. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am arm'd so strong in honesty, That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;— For I can raise no money by vile means: By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection: 9 I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius? Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters 10 from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, Dash him to peices!

Cass. I denied you not. 11

9 Indirection is, properly, crookedness. As the Latin directus is straight, hence right, so indirectus is crooked, hence wrong.

10 "So covetous as to lock," of course. The Poet often omits as in such cases, for prosodical reasons. — Rascal was much used as a general term of contempt, meaning worthless or base. — Counters were round pieces of cheap metal used in making calculations.

11 Whilst Brutus and Cassius were together in the city of Smyrna, Brutus
Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved \(^{12}\) by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine,\(^{13}\) richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.\(^{14}\)

---

\(^{12}\) Braved is defied, or treated with bluster and bravado.

\(^{13}\) Plutus is the old god of riches, who had all the world's gold in his keeping and disposal.

\(^{14}\) "Whatever dishonourable thing you may do, I will set it down to the humour or infirmity of the moment."

O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;\(^{15}\)
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

*Cass.*

Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper’d, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper’d too.

*Cass.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cass.* O Brutus,—

*Bru.* What’s the matter?

*Cass.*—Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He’ll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Poet.* [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between ’em; ’tis not meet
They be alone.

*Lucil.* [Within.] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter* Poet, followed by Lucilius and Titinius.

*Cass.* How now! what’s the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

\(^{15}\) In my boyhood, the idea was common, of fire *sleeping* in the flint, and being awaked by the stroke of the steel. I am not sure whether it was
SCENE III.  JULIUS CAESAR.  97

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.  
Cass.  Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru.  Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cass.  Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru.  I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?—
Companion, hence!  
Cass.  Away, away, be gone!  [Exit Poet.
Bru.  Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cass.  And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.  [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.
Bru.  Lucius, a bowl of wine!
Cass.  I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru.  O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cass.  Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.  

16 One Marcus Favonius, that took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion, would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynic philosophers, (as who would say, Dogs,) yet his boldness did not hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This Favonius at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen mo years than suchie three.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cass. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cass. How 'scape I killing when I cross'd you so!—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient\(^{19}\) of my absence,

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death

That tidings came; — with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.\(^{20}\)

Cass. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cass. O ye immortal gods!

\textit{Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.}

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. \[Drinks.\]

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—

Fill Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup:

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. \[Drinks.\]

Bru. Come in, Titinius! — \[Exit Lucius.\]

\(^{19}\) Strict harmony of construction would require \textit{impatience} here, or else \textit{grieved} for \textit{grief} in the next line. But the Poet is not very particular in such matters. The sense is clear enough.

\(^{20}\) \textit{Distract} for \textit{distracted}. The shortening of preterites in this way was very common.—It appears something uncertain whether Portia's death was before or after her husband's. Plutarch represents it as occurring before; but Merivale follows those who place it after. Plutarch's account is as follows: "For Portia, Brutus's wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write, that she determining to kill herself (her friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it) took hot burning coals, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sick, they would not help her, but suffered her to kill herself, choosing to die rather than to languish in pain."
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cass. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy Senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cass. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala. —

21 "Call in question" here means talk or converse about. 
22 Proscription. — See Cl. I. 3. 157. Question, both noun and verb, was often used in that sense.
23 "Call in question" here means talk or converse about. 
24 Proscription. — See Cl. I. 3. 157. Question, both noun and verb, was often used in that sense.
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT IV.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once, \(^ {25} \)
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cass. I have as much of this in art \(^ {26} \) as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. \(^ {27} \) What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cass. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cass. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, \(^ {28} \) give place to better.

tia's death, lest the news might upset him too much; but wrote to some
common friends in the army, directing them to break the news to him, as
they should deem it safe and prudent to do so.

\(^ {25} \) Once for one time or other, sometime. So in The Merry Wives, iii. 4:
"I pray thee, once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring."

\(^ {26} \) Art was sometimes used for theory as opposed to practice.

\(^ {27} \) Probably meaning "the work we have to do with the living"
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

*Cass.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note besides,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. 99

*Cass.* Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

*Cass.* No more. Good night:
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.
Good night, Titinius: — noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
   Cass. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
   Bru. Every thing is well.
   Cass. Good night, my lord.
   Bru. Good night, good brother.
   Tit. \{ Good night, Lord Brutus.
   Mes. \}
   Bru. Farewell, every one.—

[Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
   Luc. Here in the tent.
   Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily:
Poor knave, 30 I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
   Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

   Var. Calls my lord?
   Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by-and-by
Scene III

Julius Caesar

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Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. 31

[Varro and Claudius lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods 32 look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. —

[Lucius plays and sings till he falls asleep.

This is a sleepy tune. — O murderous Slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? 33 — Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou breakst thy instrument;

31 These two simple lines are among the best things in the play. Just consider how much is implied in them, and what a picture they give of the earnest, thoughtful, book-loving Brutus. And indeed all his noblest traits
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. —
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [Exit Ghost.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest: Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

34 The coming of a ghost was believed to make lights burn dimly. So, in Richard the Third, v. 3, when the ghosts appear to Richard, he says, "The lights burn blue."

35 A singular use of stare. Of course it must mean to stick out, or, as it is in Hamlet, to "stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porpentine." We have a similar expression in The Tempest, i. 2: "Ferdinand, with hair waving, as they like read, not hair."
Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Brú. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?
Brú. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry:
Brú. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Brú. Sleep again, Lucius.——Sirrah Claudius!—

[To VAR.] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Brú. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

\begin{align*}
Var. & \quad \text{Did we, my lord?} \\
Clau. & \quad \text{Ay: saw you any thing?}
\end{align*}

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Brú. Nor I, my lord.

Brú. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

\begin{align*}
Var. & \quad \text{It shall be done, my lord.} \\
Clau. & \quad \text{[Exeunt.}
\end{align*}

light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did no hurt, but stood at his bedside and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: "I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city ofPhilippines." Then Brutus replied again, and said, "Well, I shall see thee then." Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him.—Plutarch.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answeréd.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so; their battles¹ are at hand:
They mean to warn² us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could³ be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,⁴ thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;

¹ *Battle* was used for an army, especially an army *embattled*, or ordered in battle-array. The plural is here used with historical correctness, as Brutus and Cassius had each an army; the two armies of course co-operating, and acting together as one.

² To warn for to summon. So in *King John*: "Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?" And in *King Richard III.*: "And sent to warn them to his royal presence."
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?
*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.\(^5\) [March.

**Drum.** *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius,
Titinius, Messala, and others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.
*Cass.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.\(^6\)
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.
*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.
*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar’s heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

\(^5\) That is, “I will do as I have said”; not, “I will cross you.” At this time, Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was old enough to be his father. At the time of Cæsar’s death, when Octavius was in his nineteenth year, Antony thought he was going to manage him easily and have it all his own way with him, but he found the younger as stiff as a crowbar, and could do nothing with him. Cæsar’s youngest sister Julia was married to Marcus Atius Balbus, and their daughter Atia, again, was married to Caius Octavius, a nobleman of the Plebeian order. From this marriage sprang the present Octavius, who afterwards became the Emperor Augustus. He was mainly educated by his great-uncle, was advanced to the Patrician order, and was adopted as his son and heir; so that his full and proper designation at this time was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. The text gives a right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him.

\(^6\) *Charge for attack; and answer in the sense of meet in combat.*


Cass.

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.  

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.  

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cass. Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look,—  
I draw a sword against conspirators:  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar

7 Posture for nature or manner, probably; rather an odd use of the word.—The verb are is made to agree with the nearest substantive, blows,
SCENE I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.\textsuperscript{10}

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors’ hands,
Unless thou bring’st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus’ sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,\textsuperscript{11}
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cass. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join’d with a masker and a reveller!\textsuperscript{12}

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.\textsuperscript{13}

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Cass. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark; a word with you.


Cass. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cass. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day

find that the one principle that gave unity to his life and reconciled those contradictions, was a steadfast, inflexible purpose to avenge the murder of his illustrious uncle and adoptive father.

\textsuperscript{10} “Till you, traitors as you are, have added the slaughtering of me, an-
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, I am compell’d to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch’d,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers’ hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o’er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cass. I but believe it partly;

14 Alluding to the battle of Pharsalia, which took place in the year B.C. 48. Pompey was forced into that battle, against his better judgment, by the in-experienced and impatient men about him, who, inasmuch as they had more than twice Cæsar’s number of troops, fancied they could easily crunch him up if they could but meet him. So they tried it, and he quickly crushed them.

15 “I was strongly attached to the doctrines of Epicurus.” Plutarch has the following in reference to the ghosting of Brutus: “Cassius being in opinion an Epicurean, and reasoning thereon with Brutus, spake to him touching the vision thus: ‘In our sect, Brutus, we have an opinion, that we do not always see or see that which we suppose we do both see and feel, but that our senses, being credulous and therefore easily abused, imagine they see and conjecture that which in truth they do not.’”

16 When they raised their camp, there came two eagles that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them, until they came near to the city of Philippi; and there, one day only before the battle, they both flew away.—Plutarch.
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cass. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; — I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

17 To reason with here means to talk or discourse about. The use of to reason for to converse or discourse occurs repeatedly.

18 Prevent is here used in its literal sense of anticipate. — By time is meant the full time, the natural period. — To the understanding of this speech, it must be observed, that the sense of the words, "arming myself," &c., follows next after the words, "which he did give himself." — In this passage, Shakespeare was misled by an error in North's version of Plutarch, where we have trust instead of trusted. "Brutus answered him, 'Being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful act, touching the gods; nor, concerning men, valiant: but, being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind.' "
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away! [Exit.

Scene II. — The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: 1

19 The philosopher indeed renounced all confidence in his own principles. He had adopted them from reading or imitation; they were not the natural growth of instinct or genuine reflection; and, as may easily happen in such a case, his faith in them failed when they were tested by adversity. As long as there seemed a chance that the godlike stroke would be justified by success, Brutus claimed the glory of maintaining a righteous cause; but, when all hope fled, he could take leave of philosophy and life together, and
SCENE III. JULIUS CAESAR.

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cass. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it² from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far¹ off!

Cass. This hill is far enough. — Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cass. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,³
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.
Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill: 4
My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field. —

[Pindarus goes up.

This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above.] O my lord!

Cass. What news?

Pin. [Above.] Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur:
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.—
Now, Titinius! — Now some 'light. 5 O, he 'lights too:
He's ta'en; [Shout.] and, hark! they shout for joy.

Cass. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face! —

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts; 6
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art revenged,

4 Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hill somewhat higher than that he is on. — Cassius was, in fact, what we now call near-sighted.

5 Some alight, or dismount.

6 Hilts, plural, for hilt was the common usage in the Poet's time. So too with funerals, later in this play.
SCENE III. JULIUS CAESAR.

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pindar. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mess. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O setting Sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

_Tit._ What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

_Mes._ Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenoméed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

_Tit._ Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—_[Exit Messala._

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart._[Dies._

_Alarums._ _Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato,_
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius._

_Bru._ Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

_Mes._ Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

_Bru._ Titinius' face is upward.

_Cato._ He is slain.

_Bru._ O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.^[10]_[Low alarums._
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whèr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.11 — Lucilius, come ; —
And come, young Cato ; — let us to the field. —
Labeo and Flavius,12 set our battles on : —
’Tis three o’clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.13

[Exeunt.

in a proscription list, drawn by retributive justice on the model of Sulla’s. Such of them as were in Italy were immediately killed. Those in the provinces, as if with the curse of Cain upon their heads, came one by one to miserable ends. In three years the tyrannicides of the Ides of March, with their aiders and abettors, were all dead; some killed in battle, some in prison, some dying by their own hand.”

11 So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being unpossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder. — PLUTARCH.

12 These two men are not named among the persons of the drama, because they speak nothing. Labeo was one of the stabbers of Caesar; and it is related that when he saw that all was lost, having dug his own grave, he enfranchised a slave, and then thrust a weapon into his hand to kill him.

13 The Poet very judiciously represents both battles as occurring the same day. They were in fact separated by an interval of twenty days.
Scene IV. — Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then
Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field. —
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [Charges the enemy.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[Exit, charging the enemy. Young Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son. 9

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!
2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

1 Meaning, of course, "Who is such a bastard as not to do so?"
SCENE V.  JULIUS CAESAR.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.¹

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers him.

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispers him. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

Dardanus. O Clitus!

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanus. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.²

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

² So the Poet read in Plutarch: "The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but
CII. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By their vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarums. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!

CII. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence! I will follow.—

[Execut Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;4

8 Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and, amongst
the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there, but that
they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, "We must fly indeed," said
he, "but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then, taking every
man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful counte-
nance: "It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me at
my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's
sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome,
considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which
our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money." Having
so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went
a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with
whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. Strato, at his
request, held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and Brutus
fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently.—Plu-
tarch.

4 A fellow well esteemed, or of good reputation. See page 15, note 17.
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Strat.* Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Caesar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarums. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala,*

*Lucilius, and Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

*Strat.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Strat.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Strat.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general-honest thought
And common good 7 to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him,\(^8\) that Nature might stand up
And say to the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. \[Exeunt.\]

\(^8\) Referring to the old doctrine of the four elements, as they were called, earth, water, air, and fire, the right mixing and tempering of which was supposed to be the principle of all excellence in Nature. The Poet has a number of allusions to the doctrine, which was a commonplace of the time. The sense of the word *elements* has so changed as to make the passage just as true to the ideas of our time, as it was to those of three hundred years ago. A rather curious fact.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 7. Enter Flavius, Marullus, &c. — In the original, the latter of these names is printed Murellus. So all through the play except in one instance, where it is Murrellus.

P. 8. Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade? — The original prefixes "Fla." to this speech; but the next two speeches prove, beyond question, that it belongs to Marullus. Corrected by Capell.

P. 8. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. — The original has "but withal." Of course a quibble is intended between all and awl; and it is not clear which form ought to be used. As the quibble is addressed to the ear, it matters little. — Some have found fault with tradesman's, and Farmer proposed to read "no trade, — man's matters, nor woman's." Walker observes, "Surely this is at least a step to the right reading."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 11. Stand you directly in Antonius' way. — Here, and generally, the name is printed Antonio in the original. And so with several other names, Octavio, Flavio, and Claudio. Perhaps this grew, as Steevens thought, from the players being more used to Italian than to Roman terminations.

P. 14. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself. But by reflection from some other thing. — The original reads "by reflection, by some other things." Here by was doubtless repeated by mistake; and singulars and plurals were very often confounded. The first of these corrections was made by Pope; the other, by Walker.
P. 14. That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye.—The old text has mirrors instead of mirror. Corrected by Walker.

P. 15. Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester.—So Pope. Instead of laughter, the original has Laughter; which, after all, may possibly be right, in the sense of laughingstock. Mr. Daniel Jefferson, of Boston, proposes to me “a common lover”; and so, I have hardly any doubt, we ought to read. This would make common emphatic, and give it the sense of indiscriminate or promiscuous; which quite accords with the context.

P. 16. Set honour in one eye, and death i’ the other,
And I will look on death indifferently.—So Theobald and Warburton. In the second of these lines, the original has both instead of death. With both, the paralogism is surely too glaring, even for so loose-knit a genius as Brutus.

P. 19. When could they say, till now, that talk’d of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass’d but one man?—The original has walkes instead of walls. Perhaps the error grew from talk’d in the preceding line. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 21. As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross’d in conference by some Senator.—So Walker. The original has Senators.

P. 25. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.—Walker says, “Surely, ‘and my mind hold.’ Your is absurd.” Perhaps so; but I do not quite see it.

ACT 1., SCENE 3.

P. 27. A common slave — you’d know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, &c.—The original reads “you know him,” &c. The correction was proposed by Dyce. The propriety of it is, I think, evident. See foot-note 6.

P. 28. Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, &c.—The original has glas’d instead of glared. Hardly worth noting, perhaps.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 28. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their seasons; they are natural. — So Collier's second folio, substituting seasons for reasons. Upon this reading Professor Craik comments thus: "This is their season might have been conceivable; but who ever heard it remarked of any description of phenomena that these are their seasons." Nevertheless I am pretty sure that similar phrases are current in common speech. And if any one were to say, "These parts of the year," or, "these months of Spring, are just the times," or "the seasons for such storms," where would be the absurdity of it? Besides, I do not see but that strict propriety of speech requires this is their reason, as much as this is their season.

P. 29. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder, &c. — The old text has cast instead of case. The correction occurred independently to Mr. Swynfen Jervis and Mr. W. W. Williams, and is certainly favoured by the words put on fear. See foot-note 18.

P. 30. Why old men fool, and children calculate. — The original reads "Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate." This makes the sense incoherent. The reading here adopted is coherent, and gives the right sense, — that old men in being foolish, and children in being considerate, are acting as much against nature as the fires and ghosts, the birds and beasts, are in what has just been related of them. The correction was proposed by Mitford. Lettsom says, "Read 'old men fool,' if this has not been noticed before."

P. 30. To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name thee a man most like this dreadful night, &c. — So Capell. The original reads "Name to thee a man."

P. 33. And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd like the work we have in hand,
P. 33. *No, it is Casca; one incorporate*

*To our attempt.* — So Walker. The old text has *Attempts.* The confusion of plurals and singulars is especially frequent in this play.

P. 33. *Good Cinna, take this paper,*

*And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,*

*Where Brutus may best find it.* — The original has “may but find it.” The correction was proposed by Professor Craik.

**ACT II., SCENE I.**

P. 36. *Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?* — The original reads “the first of March.” This evidently cannot be right, though it may be what the Poet wrote: for in Plutarch, *Life of Brutus,* North’s translation, he read as follows: “Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Caesar’s friends should move the Council that day, that Caesar should be called king by the Senate.” Nevertheless the whole ordering of dates in the play is clearly against the old reading; so that Theobald's correction must be accepted.

P. 37. *My ancestor did from the streets of Rome*

*The Tarquin drive,* &c. — So Dyce. The original has “my Ancestors.” See page 19, note 36.

P. 37. *Speak, strike, redress!* — *Am I entreated, then,*

*To speak and strike?* — So Pope. The old text lacks then, which is needful to the metre, and helpful to the sense.

P. 37. *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* — So Theobald. Original has “fifteene dayes,” which cannot be right, as the Ides fell on the fifteenth of March, and this is the day before the Ides.

P. 38. *The genius and the mortal instruments*

*Are then in Council; and the state of man,*

*Like to a little kingdom,* &c. — So the second folio. The original has “the state of a man.” Both sense and metre are evidently against this reading; and Walker points out many like instances of a interpolated. — I am all but certain that we ought to read conflict instead of council. See foot-note 16.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 39. For if thou pass, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough, &c. — The original reads "For if thou path," &c. This has been defended by some, and several instances cited of the verb to path; but those instances are quite beside the mark, as they do not use the word in any such sense as would justify its retention here. Coleridge proposed put, Walker strongly approves it, and Dyce adopts it. This is certainly strong authority, still I cannot reconcile myself to such a use of put. Surely a man cannot be rightly said to put on his native looks; though he may well be said to put them off, or to keep them on. On the other hand, to pass may very well mean to walk abroad, or to pass the streets, which is the sense wanted here. Of course, with this reading, "thy native semblance on" is the ablative absolute; "thy native semblance being on."

P. 41. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, &c. — There has been much stumbling at the word face here; I hardly know why. Warburton reads fate; Mason proposed faith, Malone faiths, which latter seems much the best of the three, as it would mean the plighted faith of the conspirators. See foot-note 24.

P. 43. This shall mark
Our purpose necessary, and not envious. — So Collier's second folio. The original has make instead of mark. The former can only be explained "make our purpose seem necessary," — a sense which the word will hardly bear, but which the context plainly requires.

P. 44. Yet I do fear him;
For, in th' ingrafted love he bears to Caesar. — So Pope. The original lacks do.

P. 45. He loves me well, and I have given him reason. — So Walker. The original has Reasons instead of reason. See foot-note 47.
ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 51. *The things that threaten me*

*Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see*

*The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.* — The original has

*threaten'd* instead of *threaten*, which seems fairly required by the con-

text. Walker's correction.

P. 51. *Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,*

*In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,*

*Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;*

*The noise of battle hurled in the air;*

*Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan; &c.* — In the first

of these lines, the original has “fight upon the clouds,” and, in the last,

“Horses do neigh,” — errors which the context readily corrects.

P. 52. *We are two lions litter'd in one day, &c.* — The original

reads “We heare two lions.” Theobald changed *heare* to *were*; but

*are* is evidently the right word; and so Capell.

P. 53. *She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,*

*Which, like a fountain, &c.* — The original has *statue*. It ap-

pears that the word, though spelt *statue*, was sometimes used as trisyl-

llable, *statuë*. But it is certain that the Latin form *statua* was often

used till long after Shakespeare's time. See foot-note 5.

P. 53. *And these doth she apply for warnings and portents*

*Of evils imminent; &c.* — So Hanmer. The original has “And

evils”; doubtless an accidental repetition of *And* from the line above.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 58. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.—
Dyce suspects, as he well may, that the words may chance are "an in-
terpolation." Certainly both sense and metre would be better without
them. Pope omits them.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 60
If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself. — White and Professor Craik substitute
on for or; very injudiciously, I think. The change was proposed by
Malone, with the remark that "the next line strongly supports this con-
jecture"; whereupon Ritson comments as follows: "He must mean, it
is presumed, in the Irish way; as a mere English reader would conclude
that the next line totally destroys it. Cassius says, if the plot be dis-
covered, at all events either he or Caesar shall never return alive; for,
if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself. The
sense is as plain, as the alternative is just and necessary, or the pro-
posed reading ignorant and absurd."

P. 60. Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose. — The original has
purposes. But Cassius has just said, "I fear our purpose is discovered." 
Corrected by Theobald.

P. 61. Casca. Are we all ready? — So Collier's second folio. The
original makes this question the beginning of Caesar's next speech.
Ritson thought it should be given to one of the conspirators; and Cinna
has just said, "Casca, you are the first that rears your hand."

P. 61. And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the play of children. — The original has lane instead of
play; a very palpable blunder. The correction is Mason's. Johnson
proposed law, and several have adopted that reading. But what is "the
law of children"? To be sure, lane, in manuscript, looks more like
law than like play; but I do not see that this amounts to much.

Cas. Caesar did never wrong but with just cause,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied. — I here restore a gen-
une piece of the Poet's text as preserved and authenticated to us by
Ben Jonson. Instead of the three lines here quoted, the folio has only
a line and a half, thus: "Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause will he be satisfied." Jonson, in his Discoveries, speaking of Shakespeare, has the following: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous." Jonson's personal and professional relations with Shakespeare gave him every possible opportunity of knowing that whereof he speaks. But, as compared with his great friend, he was something of a purist in language; and his censure in this case has long seemed to me rather capacious. At all events Shakespeare repeatedly uses wrong, both noun and verb, in the sense of to hurt, to offend, to cause pain. See foot-note 10. He seems to have been acquainted with the etymological relationship of wrong, wring, and wrest. In the text, Metellus uses wrong in the ordinary sense; Cæsar, in the sense of to hurt, to wring, or to punish. Besides, the passage, as it stands in the folio, carries in its face evident marks of mutilation: the words, "Cæsar doth not wrong," &c., come in abruptly, and without any proper occasion: hence Gifford justly supposed the Poet to have written as in the text. As given in the folio, the word satisfied also seems quite out of place; at least Cæsar has no apparent reason for using it. But, in the passage as censured by Jonson, that word comes in naturally, and in perfect dialogical order; the meaning being, "Cæsar did never punish without just cause, nor without cause will he be satisfied in the matter of punishment, or so as to revoke the sentence." How, then, came the passage to be as the folio gives it? This question of course cannot be definitively answered. As Jonson had some hand in getting up the folio, it is no-wise unlikely that he may have made the alteration; though it would seem as if he might have seen that the change just spoil the Poet's dramatic logic. Or it may well be that the Editors, not understanding the two senses of wrong, struck out the words but with just cause, and then altered the language at other points in order to salve the metre. Either of these is, I think, much more probable than that Shakespeare himself made the change in order to "escape laughter." At all events, Jonson is better authority as to how Shakespeare wrote the passage, than the folio is, that Shakespeare himself made the change. — Such being the case, I can offer no apology for the reading given in the text. I have already cited Gifford's opinion in the matter. Halliwell has in substance expressed a like judgment. And Dr. Ingleby avows it as his conviction, that the line which Jonson and his fellow-censors "laughed
CRITICAL NOTES.

at was and is unimpeachable good sense, and that it is the editor's duty to use Jonson's censure for the purpose of correcting the folio reading."

P. 65. Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.—Some modern editors transfer this speech to Cassius; but why? Surely it is more characteristic of Casca than of Cassius. And I am the more unwilling to take it from Casca, as it is the last he utters.

P. 65. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In States unborn and accents yet unknown! — The original has over instead of o'er, and State instead of States. Walker says, "The flow requires o'er. Over for o'er is a frequent error of the folio." The other correction was made in the second folio.

P. 65. That now on Pompey's basis lies along. — So the second folio. The first has lye instead of lies.

P. 68. To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of amity, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in, &c.—The original reads, "Our armes in strength of malice"; from which no congruent sense can possibly be gathered. Many other changes have been made or proposed, the best of which hitherto given is, I think, Capell's, "our swords have leaden points, Our arms no strength of malice"; &c. But the logic and rhythm of the passage seem to require that the words "Our arms," &c., should be construed with what follows, not with what precedes; for which cause I have never been fully satisfied with Capell's reading. The reading in the text is Singer's. Collier has lately proposed "strength of manhood"; which seems to me exceedingly apt and happy; but amity, if not better in itself, involves less of literal change, and has more support from other passages of Shakespeare. So in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 6: "That which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance."

P. 69. And here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death. — So Pope,
P. 71. And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies.—So Pope, Walker,
and Collier's second folio. The original has true instead of due.

P. 71. Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood! — The original
has hand instead of hands. But Antony says to the stabbers a little
before, “whilst your purpled hands do reek,” &c.

P. 71. A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.—It is quite amazing
how much has been done, to help this innocent passage: as changes
made and proposed, in order to get rid of limbs, we have kind, line,
loins, lives, times, tombs, sons, and minds. If any change be necessary,
I should say souls, which, beginning with the long s, might easily be

P. 72. Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.—The original has from instead of for, and
Began instead of Begin; palpable errors, both.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 75. Caesar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.—So Pope. The original
lacks now.

P. 75. Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech,
Tending to Caesar's glory.—The original has "Caesar's Glories." Corrected by Walker. Brutus has just said "his glory not
extenuated."

P. 78. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he not, masters? — The origi-
inal lacks not. Inserted by Professor Craik. Walker says, "Perhaps
we should read 'Has he, my masters?'"

P. 82. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, &c.—So the
second folio. The first has writ instead of wit.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 84. *I heard 'em say, Brutus and Cassius*

*Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.* — The original reads "I heard him say."

**ACT III., SCENE 3.**

P. 84. *I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,*

*And things unlucky charge my fancy.* — So Warburton. The original has *unluckily* instead of *unlucky.* Walker says, "undoubtedly unlucky." See foot-note 1.

**ACT IV., SCENE 1.**

P. 87. *A barren-spirited fellow; one who feeds*

*On objects, arts, and imitations,*

*Which, out of use and staled, &c.* — Theobald and, after him, Dyce read "abject orts and imitations." This is, to me, little less than shocking. It is true, Shakespeare uses both *abject* and *orts*; and I presume we all know the meaning of both those words: but is it credible that he could have been guilty of such a combination as *abject orts*? Besides, does not the word *imitations* show that he had in mind *works of art?* And why may not *objects* stand for any common objects of interest or curiosity? The Clarendon edition prints "abjects, orts and imitations"; which is certainly no improvement on Theobald's reading. As to the objections urged against the old reading, I can but say they are to me only not quite so absurd as the changes they are made to cover. See foot-note 8.

P. 88. *Therefore let our alliance be combined,*

*Our best friends made, our means stretch'd out.* — So the first folio, with the exception of the word *out.* The second folio makes a full line, such as it is, thus: "Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out." Neither reading is satisfactory, and modern editors are, I believe, about equally divided between the two.

**ACT IV., SCENE 2.**

P. 89. *Your master, Pindarus,*

*In his own charge, or by ill officers, &c.* — So Hanmer and Warburton. The old text has *change* instead of *charge.* The latter word, it seems to me, does not give the right sense; and we have many instances of *change* and *charge* misprinted for each other.
P. 90. Lucius, **do you the like; and let no man**

Come to our tent till we have done our conference. —

**Lucilius and Titinius, guard the door.** — Here, in the original, the names Lucius and Lucilius got shuffled each into the other's places; and then, to cure the metrical defect in the third line, that line was made to begin with *Let*. Modern editors generally have rectified the metre of the first line by striking out you, — “Lucilius, do the like,” &c. But this leaves things quite wrong in regard to the persons; for Lucilius is an officer of rank; yet he is thus put to doing the work of what we call an orderly, while Lucius, the orderly, or errand-boy, is set in the officer's place. We are indebted to Professor Craik for rectifying this piece of disorder. — In the third line, the original reads “guard *our* door.” Probably an accidental repetition of *our* from the line above. Corrected by Rowe.

**ACT IV., SCENE 3.**

P. 91. Whereas my letters, praying on his side

*Because I knew the man, were slighted off.* — Instead of Whereas, the original has *Wherein*, which cannot easily be made to yield a fitting sense.

P. 91. And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

*Aren't much condemn'd to have an itching palm.* — So Capell. The original is without *And* at the beginning of the speech. Other editors have supplied *Yet*. Some such insertion is fairly required for the prosody.

P. 92. I had rather be a dog, and bay the Moon,

*Than such a Roman.*

*Reviser has not me &c.* — Instead of the
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 93.  For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men. — So Collier’s second folio. The original has “of Nobler men.” As Cassius has in fact used the word abler, there can, I think, be little scruple about the correction.

P. 95.  A flatterer’s would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus. — So Collier’s second folio. The original has “though they do appear.”

P. 96.  Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, &c. — The original reads “and from henceforth.” Here from is palpably redundant both in metre and sense. Shakespeare probably wrote from hence, and then corrected the latter word into henceforth; and both got printed together. Capell omits from.

P. 101.  Come on refresh’d, new-aided, and encouraged. — So Dyce and Singer. The original has new added instead of new-aided. Collier’s second folio has “new-hearted.”

P. 101.  Lucius, my gown! — Farewell now, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: &c. — The original is without now. Some such insertion is required for the metre. Hanmer printed “Now, farewell,” and Walker says, “Perhaps fare you well.”

P. 102.  Varro and Claudius! — Here, and again afterwards, in the text, as also in the stage-directions, the original has Varrus and Claudio. There is, I believe, no doubt that the right names are Claudius and Varro. As before noted, Flavius and Octavius are repeatedly mis-printed Flavio and Octavio.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 108.  Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O flatterers! — The original has “O you Flatterers.” Reasons of prosody caused you to be struck out long ago; but some recent editors restore it.

P. 110.  Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, I am compell’d to set
Upon one battle all our liberties. — The original inverts the order of I am. But “be witness that am I compell’d” is not an English construction. Corrected by Walker.
P. 110. Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; &c. — Instead of foremost, the original has former, which is said to have been sometimes used in the sense of foremost. But the passage cited as proving such a usage seems to me irrelevant. The correction is Rowe’s. See foot-note 16.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 117. Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well! — Instead of Thou, the original has The. The old abbreviations of the and thou were often confounded. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 117. Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — The original has Thassus for Thassos. Corrected by Theobald. Properly it should be Thasos; but North’s Plutarch has it Thassos. — Some have changed funerals to funeral; also, in the next scene but one, hils to hilt. But funerals and hils are old forms of the singular in those words. See page 114, note 6.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 118. I’ll tell the news. Here comes the general.—The original reads “Ie tell the newes.” Pope’s correction.

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 121. I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By their vile conquest shall attain unto. — The original reads “By this vile conquest.” Walker proposes their, and adds, “The repetition seems awkward and un-Shakespearian.”
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

REGISTERED at the Stationers' on the 26th of July, 1602, as "The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants." The tragedy was printed in 1603. It was printed again in 1604; and in the title-page of that issue we have the words, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." This latter edition was reprinted in 1605, and again in 1611; besides an undated quarto, which is commonly referred to 1607, as it was entered at the Stationers' in the Fall of that year. These are all the issues known to have been made before the play reappeared in the folio of 1623. The quartos, all but the first, have a number of highly important passages that are not in the folio; while, on the other hand, the folio has a few, less important, that are wanting in the quartos.

It is generally agreed that the first issue was piratical. It gives the play but about half as long as the later quartos, and carries in its face abundant evidence of having been greatly marred and disfigured in the making-up: Dyce says, "It seems certain that in the quarto of 1603 we have Shakespeare's first conception of the play, though with a text mangled and corrupted throughout, and perhaps formed on the notes of some short-hand writer, who had imperfectly taken it down during representation." Nevertheless it is evident that the play was very different then from what it afterwards became. Polonius is there called Corambis, and his man Reynaldo is called Montano. Divers scenes and passages, some of them such as a reporter would be least likely to omit, are wanting altogether. The Queen is represented as concerting and actively co-operating with Hamlet against the King's life; and she has an interview of considerable length with Horatio, who informs her of Hamlet's
escape from the ship bound for England, and of his safe return to Denmark; of which scene the later issues have no traces whatever. All this fully ascertains the play to have undergone a thorough recasting from what it was when the copy of 1603 was taken.

A good deal of question has been made as to the time when the tragedy was first written. It is all but certain that the subject was done into a play some years before Shakespeare took it in hand, as we have notices to that effect reaching as far back as 1589. That play, however, is lost; and our notices of it give no clue to the authorship. On the other hand, there appears no good reason for believing that any form of Shakespeare's Hamlet was in being long before we hear of it as entered at the Stationers', in 1602.

Whether, or how far, Shakespeare may have borrowed his materials from any pre-existing play on the subject, we have no means of knowing. The tragedy was partly founded on a work by Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian, written as early as 1204, but not printed till 1514. The incidents, as related by him, were borrowed by Belleforest, through whose French version, probably, the tale found its way to the English stage. It was called The History of Hamlet. As there told, the story is, both in matter and style, uncouth and barbarous in the last degree; a savage, shocking tale of lust and murder, unredeemed by a single touch of art or fancy in the narrator. The scene of the incidents is laid before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, and when the Danish power held sway in England: further than this the time is not specified. A close sketch of such parts of the tale as were specially drawn upon for the play is all I have room for.

Roderick, King of Denmark, divided his kingdom into provinces, and placed governors in them. Among these were two warlike brothers, Horvendile and Fengon. The greatest honour that men of noble birth could at that time win was by piracy, wherein Horvendile surpassed all others. Collere, King of Norway, was so moved by his fame that he challenged him to fight, body to body; and the challenge was accepted, the victor to have all the riches that were in the other's ship. Collere was
slain; and Horvendile returned home with much treasure, most of which he sent to King Roderick, who thereupon gave him his daughter Geruth in marriage. Of this marriage sprang Hamblet, the hero of the tale.

Fengon became so envious of his brother, that he resolved to kill him. Before doing this, he corrupted his wife, whom he afterwards married. Young Hamblet, thinking he was likely to fare no better than his father, went to feigning himself mad. One of Fengon's friends, suspecting his madness to be feigned, counselled Fengon to use some crafty means for discovering his purpose. The plot being all laid, the counsellor went into the Queen's chamber, and hid behind the hangings. Soon after, the Queen and the Prince came in; but the latter, suspecting some treachery, kept up his counterfeit of madness, and went to beating with his arms upon the hangings. Feeling something stir under them, he cried, "A rat, a rat!" and thrust his sword into them; which done, he pulled the man out half dead, and made an end of him. He then has a long interview with his mother, which ends in a pledge of mutual confidence between them. She engages to keep his secret faithfully, and to aid him in his purpose of revenge; swearing that she had often prevented his death, and that she had never consented to the murder of his father.

Fengon's next device was to send the Prince to England, with secret letters to have him there put to death. Two of his Ministers being sent along with him, the Prince, again suspecting mischief, when they were at sea read their commission while they were asleep, and substituted one requiring the bearers to be hanged. All this and much more being done, he returned to Denmark, and there executed his revenge in a manner horrid enough.

There is, besides, an episodical passage in the tale, from which the Poet probably took some hints, especially in the hero's melancholy mood, and his apprehension that "the spirit he has seen may be the Devil." I condense a portion of it: "In those days the northern parts of the world, living then under Satan's laws, were full of enchanters, so that there was not any young gentleman that knew not something therein. And so Hamblet
had been instructed in that devilish art whereby the wicked spirit abuses mankind. It toucheth not the matter herein to discover the parts of divination in man, and whether this Prince, by reason of his over-great melancholy, had received those impressions, divining that which never any had before declared." The "impressions" here spoken of refer to the means whereby Hamlet found out the secret of his father's murder.

It is hardly needful to add that Shakespeare makes the persons Christians, clothing them with the sentiments and manners of a much later period than they have in the tale; though he still places the scene at a time when England paid some sort of homage to the Danish crown; which was before the Norman Conquest. Therewithal the Poet uses very great freedom in regard to time; transferring to Denmark, in fact, the social and intellectual England of his own day.

We have seen that the *Hamlet* of 1604 was greatly enlarged. The enlargement, however, is mainly in the contemplative and imaginative parts, little being added in the way of action and incident. And in respect of those parts, there is no comparison between the two copies; the difference is literally immense. In the earlier text we have little more than a naked though in the main well-ordered and well-knit skeleton, which, in the later, is everywhere replenished and glorified with large, rich volumes of thought and poetry; where all that is incidental and circumstantial is made subordinate to the living energies of mind and soul.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, Son of the former King.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, Son of Polonius.
VOLTIMAND, Courtiers.
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUIDENSTERN,
OSRIC, a Courtier. Another Courtier.
A Priest.

MARCELLUS, Officers.
BERNARDO,
FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain. Ambassadors.
The Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
Two Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, Mother of Hamlet, and Queen.
OPHELIA, Daughter of Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE. — Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Bern. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: 1 stand, and unfold yourself.
Bern. Long live the King!
Fran. Bernardo?

1 Answer me, as I have the right to challenge you. Bernardo then gives in answer the watchword, “Long live the King!”
Bern. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bern. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bern. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bern. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals 3 of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hora. Friends to this ground.
Marc. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night. 3
Marc. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [Exit.
Marc. Holla! Bernardo!
Bern. Say,—
What, is Horatio there?
Hora. A piece of him.
Bern. Welcome, Horatio;—welcome, good Marcellus.
Hora. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night? 4
Bern. I have seen nothing.
Marc. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Bern. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hora. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Bern. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Marc. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter the Ghost.

Bern. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

what is more and more definite. "Dreaded sight" cuts off a large part of the indefiniteness, and "this apparition" is a further advance to the particular. The matter is aptly ordered for what Coleridge calls "credibilizing effect."

That is, make good our vision, or prove our eyes to be true. Approve
Marc. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.9
Bern. Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.
Hora. Most like: it harrows10 me with fear and wonder.
Bern. It would be spoke to.11
Marc. Question it, Horatio.
Hora. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes12 march? by Heaven I charge thee, speak!
Marc. It is offended.
Bern. See, it stalks away!
Hora. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[Exit Ghost.
Marc. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Bern. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Hora. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Marc. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he th' ambitious Norway combated;

9 It was believed that a supernatural being could only be spoken to with effect by persons of learning; exorcisms being usually practiced by the
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sleded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Marc. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Marc. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?
Who is't that can inform me?

Hora. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

18 Polacks was used for Poles in Shakespeare's time. Sledded is sledged; on a sled or sleigh. Parle is the same as parley.
14 Jump and just were synonymous in the Poet's time. So in Chapman's May-day, 1611: "Your appointment was jumpe at three with me."
15 Horatio means that, in a general interpretation of the matter, this foreshadows some great evil or disaster to the State; though he cannot conceive in what particular shape the evil is to come.
16 "Good now" was often used precisely as the phrase "well now." Also, good for well. So we will now meet.
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on 21 by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry, 22
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of 23 to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent 24
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart, 25
And carriage of the article design'd, 26
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprov'd mettle 27 hot and full,

21 Prick'd on refers to Fortinbras; the sense being, "by Fortinbras, who was prick'd on thereto."
22 "Law and heraldry" is the same as "the law of Heraldry"; what is sometimes called "the code of honour." Private duels were conducted according to an established code, and heralds had full authority in the matter. The Poet has many like expressions. So in The Merchant, v. 1: "I was beset with shame and courtesy"; which means "with the shame of discourtesy." Also in King Lear, i. 2: "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter," &c.; "This policy, or practice, of reverencing age."
23 This is the old legal phrase, still in use, for held possession of, or was the rightful owner of.
24 Moiety competent is equivalent portion. The proper meaning of moiety is half; so that the sense here is, half of the entire value put in pledge on both sides. — Gaged is pledge.
25 Co-mart is joint-bargain or mutual agreement; the same as compact a little before. So, in the preceding speech, mart for trade, or bargain.
26 Design'd in the sense of the Latin designatus; marked out or drawn up. Carriage is purport or drift.
27 Mettle, in Shakespeare, is spirit, temper, disposition. — Unimproved is commonly explained unimpeached, unquestioned; and so, it appears, the word was sometimes used. But it may here mean rude, wild, uncultured; since Fortinbras, as "like well to like," may well be supposed of a somewhat lawless spirit.
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up 28 a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; 29 which is no other —
As it doth well appear unto our State —
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage 30 in the land.

Bern. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, 31 that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hora. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy 32 state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
So, 33 stars with trains of fire; and dews of blood;
Disasters in the Sun; and the moist star. 34

28 Shark'd up is snapped up, or raked together; the idea being, that Fortinbras has gathered eagerly, wherever he could, a band of desperadoes, hard cases, or roughs, who were up to any thing bold and adventurous, and required no pay but their keep.
29 Stomach was often used in the sense of courage, or appetite for danger or for fighting. See page 109, note 13.
30 Romage, now spelt rummage, is used for ransacking, or making a thorough search.
31 Sort, probably, for happen, or fall out. Often so. The word was some-
Upon whose influence Neptune’s empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have Heaven and Earth together demonstrated
Unto our climature and countrymen.
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

_Re-enter the Ghost._

I’ll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country’s fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

dews that attend her shining, or from her connection with the tides.—“Disasters in the Sun,” is astrological, referring to the calamities supposed to be portended by certain aspects or conditions of that luminary.

85 _Doomsday_ is the old word for _judgment-day_. The meaning is that the Moon was sick almost unto death.

86 The Poet repeatedly uses _fierce_ in the general sense of _violent, swift_, _excessive_, _vehement_. So he has “_fierce vanities,” “_fierce abridgment,” and “_fierce wretchedness.”_—Precursor for _precursor, forerunner._

87 _Omen_ is here put for _portentous or ominous event._

88 _Climature_ for _clime or climate_; used in a local sense.
SCENE I. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of Earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: [Cock crows.

stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Marc. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? 41
Hora. Do, if it will not stand.
Bern. 'Tis here!
Hora. 'Tis here!
Marc. 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bern. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Hora. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring 42 spirit hies
To his confines: 43 and of the truth herein
This present object made probation. 44

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

41 Partisan was a halbert or pike; a weapon used by watchmen.
42 Erring is erraticus, straying or roving up and down.
43 Confine for place of confinement. — This is a very ancient use.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hora. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill: 46
Break we our watch up; 47 and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Marc. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.  [Exeunt.
SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Castle.

Enter the King, the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that\(^1\) it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wiser sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime\(^2\) sister, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointress\(^3\) of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious and one dropping eye;\(^4\)
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole;—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.\(^5\)

\(^1\) Instead of that, present usage would repeat though. But in such cases the old language in full was though that, if that, since that, when that, &c.; and Shakespeare, in a second clause, very often uses the latter word instead of repeating the first. See vol. i, page 85, note 1.

\(^2\) Sometime, in the sense of former or formerly. See page 146, note 12.

\(^3\) Jointress is the same as heiress. The Poet herein follows the history, which represents the former King to have come to the throne by marriage; so that whatever of hereditary claim Hamlet has to the crown is in right of his mother.

\(^4\) The same thought occurs in The Winter's Tale, v. 2: "She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd." There is an old proverbial phrase, "To laugh with one eye, and cry with the other."

\(^5\) Note the strained, elaborate, and antithetic style of the King's speech thus far. As he is there shamming and playing the hypocrite, he naturally tries how finely he can word it. In what follows, he speaks like a man, his
Now follows that you know: Young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother's death Our State to be disjoint and out of frame, Colleaguèd with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bands of law, To our most valiant brother. So much for him. Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting, Thus much the business is: We have here writ To Norway, uncle of young Fontinbras,— Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress His further gait herein; in that the levies, The lists, and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject.—And we here dispatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, For bearers of this greeting to old Norway; Giving to you no further personal power To business with the King, more than the scope Of these dilated articles allow.

mind moving with simplicity and directness as soon as he comes to plain matters of business.

6 "Now follows that which you know already." That was continually used where we should use what.

7 Disjoint for disjointed. The Poet has many preterites so formed.

8 Colleaguèd does not refer to, or, as we should say, agree with Fortim-
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

_Corn._ In that and all things will we show our duty.
_Volt._

_King._ We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.—

[Execut VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.¹⁴
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

_Laer._ Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

_King._ Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

_Polo._ He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

_King._ Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine.
And thy best graces spend it at thy will![^16]
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* [Aside.] A little more than kin, and less than kind.[^17]

*King.* — How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i’ the sun.[^18]

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids[^19]
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know’st ’tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

[^16]: “Take an auspicious hour, Laertes; be your time your own, and thy best virtues guide thee in spending of it at thy will.”

[^17]: The King is “a little more than kin” to Hamlet, because, in being at once his uncle and his father, he is *twice* kin. And he is “less than kind,” because his incestuous marriage, as Hamlet views it, is *unnatural* or *out of nature*. The Poet repeatedly uses *kind* in its primitive sense of *nature*. Professor Himes, however, of Gettysburg, Penn., questions this explanation, and writes me as follows: “It seems to me that, since Hamlet has just been addressed as cousin and as son, he is still the object of thought, and the words quoted must be referred by the Prince to himself, and not to the King. In other words, it is Hamlet who is ‘a little more than kin, and less than kind.’ If we take *kin* as a substitute for *cousin*, and *kind* as a substitute for *son*, Hamlet is a little more than the first, for he is nephew, and a little less than the second, for he is only a step-son. Hamlet’s *aside* is thus a retort upon the King’s words; as though he said, ‘I am neither the one nor the other, — a little more than the one, and not so much as the other.’”

[^18]: Hamlet seems to have a twofold meaning here. First, he intends a sort of antithesis to the King’s, “How is it that the clouds still hang on you?” Second, he probably alludes to the old proverbial phrase of being *in the sun*, or *in the warm sun*, which used to signify the state of being without the charities of home and kindred,—exposed to the social inclemencies of the world. Hamlet regards himself as exiled from these charities, as having lost both father and mother. See vol. iv. page 182, note 29.

[^19]: With *downcast eyes*. To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*. 
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK. 157

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paseth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing\textsuperscript{22} woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you.\textsuperscript{23} For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,\textsuperscript{24}
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

\textit{Queen.} Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

\textit{Ham.} I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

\textit{King.} Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,\textsuperscript{25}
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[\textit{Exeunt all but Hamlet.}]

\textsuperscript{22} Unprevailing was used in the sense of unavailing.

\textsuperscript{23} "Impart towards you," seems rather odd language, especially as \textit{impart} has no object. The meaning probably is, "I take you into a partnership," or, "I invest you with a participation of the royal dignity, as heir-presumptive."—"Nobility of love" is merely a generous or heightened phrase for \textit{love}. See Critical Notes.
Ham. O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itsel...26 into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix’d
His canon ’gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on’t! O, fie! ’tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.27 That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr;28 so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on’t,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or e’er30 those shoes were old
With which she follow’d my poor father’s body,
Like Niobe, all tears;31—why, she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,32

26 Resolve in its old sense of dissolve. The three words melt, thaw, and resolve, all signifying the same thing, are used merely for emphasis.
27 Merely in one of the Latin senses of mere; wholly, entirely.
28 Hyperion, which literally means sublimity, was one of the names of Apollo, the most beautiful of all the gods, and much celebrated in classic poetry for his golden locks. Here, as often, to has the force of compared to.
29 Beteem is an old word for permit or suffer.
30 Or ever was in common use for before, sooner than.
31 Niobe was the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes. As she had twelve children, she went to crowing one day over Latona, who had only two, Apollo and Diana. In return for this, all her twelve were slain by Latona’s two; and Jupiter, in pity of her sorrow, transformed her into a rock, from which her tears issued in a perennial stream.
32 Discourse of reason, in old philosophical language, is rational discourse,
Would have mourn'd longer — married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue}

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

_Hora._ Hail to your lordship!
_Ham._ I'm glad to see you well:
Horatio,— or I do forget myself.
_Hora._ The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
_Ham._ Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? —
Marcellus?
_Marc._ My good lord,—
_Ham._ I'm very glad to see you.—_[To Bern.]_ Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

or discursive reason; the faculty of pursuing a train of thought, or of passing from thought to thought in the way of inference or conclusion.

33 Shakespeare has leave repeatedly in the sense of leave off, or cease. Flushing is the redness of the eyes caused by what the Poet elsewhere calls "eye-offending brine."

34 As if he had said, "No, not my poor servant: we are friends; that is the style I will exchange with you."

35 "What make you?" is old language for "What do you?"
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

_Hora._ A truant disposition, good my lord.

_Ham._ I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

_Hora._ My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

_Ham._ I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

_Hora._ Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

_Ham._ Thrift, thrift! Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father, — methinks I see my father.

_Hora._ O, where, my lord?

_Ham._ In my mind's eye, Horatio.

_Hora._ I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

_Ham._ He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

_Hora._ My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

_Ham._ Saw who?

_Hora._ My Lord, the King your father.

_Ham._ The King my father!

_Hora._ Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear, till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, In the dead vast⁴⁰ and middle of the night, Been thus encounter'd: A figure like your father, Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-a-pie, Appears before them, and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd By their oppress'd and fear-surpris'd eyes, Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd Almost to jelly with the act of fear,⁴¹ Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me In dreadful secrecy impart they did; And I with them the third night kept the watch: Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing, each word made true and good, The apparition comes. I knew your father; These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Marc. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hora. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought It lifted up its head, and did address Itself to motion, like as it would speak; But even then the morning cock crew loud,
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK. 163

_Hora._ As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
_Ham._ Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

_Marc._
_Bern._

_Ham._ Arm'd, say you?

_Marc._
_Bern._

_Ham._ From top to toe?

_Marc._
_Bern._

_Ham._ Then saw you not his face?
_Hora._ O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.\(^{42}\)
_Ham._ What, look'd he frowningly?
_Hora._ A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
_Ham._ Pale, or red?
_Hora._ Nay, very pale.
_Ham._ And fix'd his eyes upon you?
_Hora._ Most constantly.
_Ham._ I would I had been there.
_Hora._ It would have much amazed you.
_Ham._ Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
_Hora._ While one with moderate haste might tell\(^{43}\) a hund-
dred.

_Marc._
_Bern._

_Hora._ Longer, longer.

_Ham._ Not when I saw't.

_Ham._ His beard was grizzled?—no?

_Hora._ It was, as I have seen it in his life,

\(^{42}\) The beaver was a movable part of the helmet, which could be drawn down over the face or pushed up over the forehead.

\(^{43}\) To tell was continually used for to count.
A sable silver'd.

_Ham._ I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

_Hora._ I warrant it will.

_Ham._ If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though Hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

_All._ Our duty to your Honour.

_Ham._ Your loves, as mine to you; farewell.—

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit.

_SCENE III._—_The Same._ _A Room in Polonius's House._

_Enter Laertes and Ophelia._

_Laer._ My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy ² is assistant, do not sleep
But let me hear from you.³

Ophe. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The pérfume and supplyance of a minute;⁴
No more.

Ophe. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:⁵

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews ⁶ and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.⁷ Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel⁸ doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear;
His greatness weigh’d, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth.⁹
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole State;

² Convoy for conveyance. Communication with France being by sea, there needed both a ship to carry letters, and a wind to drive the ship.
³ That is, "without letting me hear from you." The Poet repeatedly uses but in this way. See vol. vii. page 34, note 89.
⁴ A mere pastime, to supply or fill up the passing hour; a sweet play, to beguile the present idle time. Instead of supplyance, the Poet elsewhere has supplement in much the same sense.
⁵ "Take for granted that such is the case, till you have clear proof to the contrary."—Crescent is growing, increasing.
⁶ Thews for sinews or muscles. See page 31, note 23.
⁷ The idea is, that Hamlet’s love is but a youthful fancy, which, as his mind comes to maturity, he will outgrow. The passage would seem to infer that the Prince is not so old as he is elsewhere represented to be.
⁸ Cautel is a debauched relation of caution, and means fraud or deceit.
⁹ Subject to the conditions which his birth entails upon him.
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
Th' unchariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the Moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Ophel.* I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puft'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.\textsuperscript{15}

\textit{Laer.}

O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.—

\textit{Enter Polonius.}

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

\textit{Polo.} Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay’d for. There; my blessing with thee!

\textit{[Laying his hand on Laertes’ head.}

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter.\textsuperscript{16} Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion’d thought his act.\textsuperscript{17}
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.\textsuperscript{18}
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch’d, unsledged comráde.\textsuperscript{19} Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear’t that th’ opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man’s censure,\textsuperscript{20} but reserve thy judgment—
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express’d in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

\textsuperscript{15} Regards not his own lesson.
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.\(^{21}\)
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.\(^{22}\)
Farewell; my blessing season\(^ {23}\) this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Polon.* The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

\(^{21}\) That is, most select and generous, but chiefly or especially so in the matter of dress.

\(^{22}\) This is regarded by many as a very high strain of morality. I cannot see it so; though, to be sure, it is as high as Polonius can go: it is the height of worldly wisdom,—a rule of being wisely selfish. In the same sense, "honesty is the best policy"; but no truly honest man ever acts on that principle. A passion for rectitude is the only thing that will serve. It is indeed true that we have duties, indispensables duties, to ourselves; that a man ought to be wise for himself. But that the being wise for one's self is the first and highest duty, I do not believe. And the man who makes that the first principle of morality never will and never can be truly wise for himself. Such, however, is the first principle of Polonius's morality; and it is in perfect keeping with the whole of his thoroughly selfish and sinister mind. But he just loses himself by acting upon it. Aiming first of all to be true to himself, he has been utterly false to himself and to his family. Faith, or allegiance, to stand secure, must needs fasten upon something out of and above self. If Polonius had said, "Be true to God, to your country, or to your kind, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false unto thyself," he would have uttered a just and noble thing; but then it would have been quite out of character, and in discord with the whole tenour of his speech. And the old wire-puller, with his double-refined ethics of selfishness, has nothing venerable about him; while the baseness of Laertes seems to me the legitimate outcome of such moral teachings as these contained so pithily in his father's benediction.

\(^{23}\) *Season* is here used, apparently, in the sense of *ingrain*; the idea being that of *steeping* the counsel into his mind that it will not fade out.
SCENE III.  PRINCE OF DENMARK.  169

What I have said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit.

Polo. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Polo. Marry, well bethought.

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophe. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polo. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his—tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Polo. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; 25
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus 26—you'll tender me a fool.

Ophe. My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion;—

24 Unsifted is untried, inexperienced. We still speak of sifting a matter.
Polo. Ay, fashion you may call't; go to, go to.

Ophe. — And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of Heaven.

Polo. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.\textsuperscript{27} I do know, When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat, extinct in both, Even in their promise, as it is a-making, You must not take for fire. From this time Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence; Set your entreatments at a higher rate Than a command to parley.\textsuperscript{28} For Lord Hamlet, Believe so much in him, that he is young; And with a larger tether\textsuperscript{29} may he walk Than may be given you. In few,\textsuperscript{30} Ophelia, Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,\textsuperscript{31} Not of that dye which their investments show, But mere implorators of unholy suits, Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,\textsuperscript{32} The better to beguile. This is for all: I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth

\textsuperscript{27} This was a proverbial phrase. There is a collection of epigrams under that title; the woodcock being accounted a witless bird, from a vulgar notion that it had no brains. "Springes to catch woodcocks" means arts to entrap simplicity. \textit{Springe} is, properly, \textit{snare} or \textit{trap}. — \textit{Blood}, in the next line, is put for \textit{passion}. Often so.

\textsuperscript{28} Be more difficult of access, and let the \textit{suits to you} for that purpose be of higher respect than a command to talk or chat.

\textsuperscript{29} A \textit{longer line}; a horse, fastened by a string to a stake, is \textit{tethered}.

\textsuperscript{30} In \textit{few words}; in \textit{short}.

\textsuperscript{31} \textit{Brokers}, as the word is here used, are \textit{go-between}, or \textit{panders}; the same as \textit{bawds}, a little after.

\textsuperscript{32} This joining of words that are really contradictory, or qualifying of a noun with adjectives that literally quench it, sometimes gives great strength of expression. See vol. v. page 34, note 6.
SCENE IV. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Have you so slander any moment’s leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to’t, I charge you: come your ways.

Ophe. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Platform before the Castle.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Marc. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is’t;

But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel East and West 4
Makes us traduced and tax’d of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; 5 and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform’d at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute. 6
So, oft it chances in particular men, 7
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin;—
By the o’ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason; 8
Or by some habit that too much o’er-leavens
The form of plausive 9 manners;—that these men,—

4 The sense of east and west goes with what follows, not what precedes: "brings reproach upon us in all directions." To tax was often used so.
5 Clepe is an old Saxon word for call. — The Poet often uses addition for title; so that the meaning is, they sully our title by likening us to swine. The character here ascribed to the Danes appears to have had a basis of fact. Heywood, in his Drunkard Opened, 1635, speaking of "the vinosity of nations," says the Danes have made profession thereof from antiquity, and are the first upon record "that have brought their wassel bowls and elbow-deep healths into this land."
6 That is, of our reputation, or of what is attributed to us.
7 Hamlet is now wrought up to the highest pitch of expectancy; his mind is sitting on thorns; and he seeks relief from the pain of that over-intense feeling by launching off into a strain of general and abstract reflec-
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault; the dram of leav'n
Doth all the noble substance of 'em sour,
To his own scandal; —

Hora.

Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter the Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! —
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable;
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father: royal Dane, O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell

10 Alluding to the old astrological notion, of a man's character or fortune
being determined by the star that was in the ascendant on the day of his
birth. — Livery is properly a badge-dress; here put for a man's distinctive
idiom. — Note the change of the subject from these men to their virtues.

11 His, again, for its, referring to substance, or, possibly, to leav'n. Of
course 'em refers to virtues. So that the meaning is, that the dram of leaven
sours all the noble substance of their virtues, insomuch as to bring reproach
and scandal on that substance itself. The Poet seems to have had in mind
Saint Paul's saying, 1 Corinthians, v. 6: "A little leaven leaveneth the
whole lump." And so in Bacon's Henry the Seventh: "And, as a little
leaven of new distaste doth commonly sour the whole lump of former
merites, the King's wit began now to suggest unto his passion," &c. This
is said in reference to Sir William Stanley, whose prompt and timely action
gained the victory of Bosworth Field. Some years after, he became a suitor
for the earldom of Chester; whereupon, as Bacon says, "his suit did end
not only in a denial, but in a distaste" on the part of the King. See Critical
Notes.

12 "A questionable shape" is a shape that may be questioned, or con-
versed with. In like manner the Poet often uses question for conversation.
Why thy canonized bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of Nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons HAMLET.

_Hora._ It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

_Marc._ Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

_Hora._ No, by no means.

_Ham._ It will not speak; then I will follow it.

_Hora._ Do not, my lord.

_Ham._ Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that.

Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

_Hora._ What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

---

13 Canonized means made sacred by the canonical rites of sepulture.
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base\(^{15}\) into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,\(^{16}\)
And draw you into madness?\(^{17}\) think of it:
The very place puts toys\(^{18}\) of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

_Ham._ It waves me still.—

Go on; I'll follow thee.

_Marc._ You shall not go, my lord.

_Ham._ Hold off your hands!

_Hora._ Be ruled; you shall not go.

_Ham._ My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery\(^{19}\) in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[Ghost beckons.]

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen;

[Breaking from them.]

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets\(^{20}\) me!
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

_Hora._ He waxes desperate with imagination.

_Marc._ Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

_Hora._ Have after. To what issue will this come?

---

\(^{15}\) _Overhangs its base._ So in Sidney's _Arcadia_: “Hills lift up their _beetle_ brows, as if they would overlooke the pleasantnesse of their under _prospect._”

\(^{16}\) To “deprive your sovereignty of reason” is to _depose your government_ of reason, or take it away. The word was often used in _
Marc. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Marc. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Platform.

Enter the Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,¹
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combind locks to part,

²¹ Nay refers to Horatio's "Heaven will direct it," and means, "let us not leave it to Heaven, but look after it ourselves."

¹ Chaucer in the Persones Tale says, "The misese of hell shall be in de-
faute of mete and drinke." So, too, in The Wyll of the Devyll: "Thou
shalt lye in frost and fire, with sicknes and hunger."
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:²
But this eternal³ blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

_Ham._ O God!

_Ghost._ Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

_Ham._ Murder!

_Ghost._ Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

_Ham._ Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

_Ghost._ I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf;⁴
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,⁵
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgèd process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent _that did sting_ thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

_Ham._ O my prophetic soul!⁶
My uncle!

---

² Such is the old form of the word, and so Shakespeare always has it.
³ The Poet repeatedly has _eternal_ in the sense of _infernal_, like our Yankee 'tarnal'; and such is probably the meaning here; though some think it means "the mysteries of eternity."
⁴ Of course "Lethe wharf" is the place on the banks of the river Lethe where the old boatman, Charon, had his moorings.—In the preceding line, _shouldst_ for _wouldst_. See page 146, note 11.
⁵ _Orchard_ and _garden_ were synonymous.
⁶ Hamlet has suspected "some foul play," and now his suspicion seems prophetic, or as if inspired.
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity wi' th' blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;

7 To, again, for compared to. See page 159, note 28.
8 Secure has the sense of the Latin securus; unguarded, unsuspecting.
9 Hebenon is probably derived from Ambra, the oil of which, according
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager 12 droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd 13 about,
Most lazard-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown; of Queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossom of my sins,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd; 14
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

_Ham._ O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

_Ghost._ If thou hast nature 15 in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, 16 nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

---

12 _Eager_ has occurred before in the sense of _sharp, biting_. "Eager droppings" are drops of _acid_. See vol. vi. page 24, note 2, for _posset_.

13 _Bark'd_ means _formed a bark or scab_. — _Instant_ in the sense of the Latin _instans_; _urgent, importunate, itching_. — The meaning of _lazar-like_ is well illustrated in _Paradise Lost_, xi. 477-488.

14 _Unhousell'd_ is without having received the sacrament. _Disappointed_ is _unappointed, unprepared_. A man well furnished for an enterprise is said to be _well-appointed_. _Unanel'd_ is without extreme unction. So in Cavendish's _Life of Wolsey_: "Then we began to put him in mind of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to _anneal_ him. These "last offices" were thought to mitigate the pains of Purgatory.

15 _Nature_ for _natural affection_. A very frequent usage.

16 This part of the injunction is well worth noting: time and manner are left to Hamlet; only he is to keep himself clean from crime and from dishonour: his revenge must be righteous, and according to the demands of justice, not merely personal.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of Heaven! O Earth! what else?
And shall I couple Hell? O, fie! 18 Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. — Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. 19 Remember thee!
Yea, from the table 20 of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven! —
O most pernicious woman! —
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!
My tables; 21 meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. —
So, uncle, there you are. 22 Now to my word;

17 Uneffectual because it gives light without heat, does not burn. — Matin, properly morning-prayers, is here put for morning.
18 Hamlet invokes Heaven and Earth, and then asks if he shall invoke Hell also. "O, fie!" refers to the latter, and implies a strong negative.
19 By this globe Hamlet means his head.
20 Table for tablet. — Saws is sayings; pressures, impressions.
21 "Tables, or books, or registers for memory of things" were used in Shakespeare's time by all ranks of persons, and carried in the pocket; what we call memorandum-books.
22 This, I think, has commonly been taken in too literal and formal a way, as if Hamlet were carefully writing down the axiomatic saying he has just uttered. I prefer Professor Werder's view of the matter: "Hamlet pulls out his tablets, and jabs the point of his pencil once or twice into the leaf, because he cannot do the same to the King with his sword, as he
SCENE V. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

It is, Adieu, adieu! remember me:
I have sworn't.

_Hora. [Within.]_ My lord, my lord,—
_Marc. [Within.]_ Lord Hamlet,—
_Hora. [Within.]_ Heaven secure him!
_Marc. [Within.]_ So be it!
_Hora. [Within.]_ Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
_Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.²³

_Enter Horatio and Marcellus._

_Marc._ How is't, my noble lord?
_Hora._ What news, my lord?
_Ham._ O, wonderful!
_Hora._ Good my lord, tell it.
_Ham._ No; you'll reveal it.
_Hora._ Not I, my lord, by Heaven.
_Marc._ Nor I, my lord.
_Ham._ How say you, then? would heart of man once
 think it?
But you'll be secret?

_Hora.}_ Ay, by Heaven, my lord.
_Marc.}_
_Ham._ There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.²⁴
_Hora._ There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

would like to do,—nothing further; only such marks, such a sign, does he make. 'That stands for 'So, uncle, there you are!' And although he says he must write it down for himself, he does not literally write; that does not accord with his mood and situation."

²³ This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

²⁴ Dr. Isaac Ray, a man of large science and ripe experience in the treatment of insanity, says of Hamlet's behaviour in this scene, that "it betrays the excitement of delirium,—the wandering of a mind reeling under the first stroke of disease."
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hora. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hora. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hora. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hora. My lord, we will not.

Marc. Nay, but swear't.

Hora. In faith, my lord, not I.

Marc. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

25 Circumstance is sometimes used for circumlocution. But it was also
Marc. We've sworn, my lord, already.  
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed. 
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear. 
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?  
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarge,—  
Consent to swear.  
Horc. Propose the oath, my lord.  
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen:  
Swear by my sword.  
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.  
Ham. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground.—  
Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword,  
Never to speak of this that you have heard:  
Swear by my sword.  
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.  
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the ground so fast?  
A worthy pioneer!  
Hor. Once more remove, good friends.  
Ham. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.  
Horc. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.  
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  

29 The oath they have already sworn is in faith. But this has not enough of ritual solemnity in it, to satisfy Hamlet. The custom of swearing by the sword, or rather by the cross at the hilt of it, is very ancient. The Saviour’s name was sometimes inscribed on the handle. So that swearing by one’s sword was the most solemn oath a Christian soldier could take. 
30 True-penny is an old familiar term for a right honest fellow. 
31 Alluding to one of the offices of military engineers, which is to pioneer an army; that is, to go before and clear the road. 
32 Strictly speaking, now is redundant here. Hamlet means any philos.
But come:
Here, as before, never, so help you Mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,33 —
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
as, Well, well, we know; or, We could, an if we would;
or, If we list to speak; or, There be, an if they might;
Or such ambiguous giving-out, to note
That you know aught of me; — this not to do,
So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit! — [They swear.] So,
gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come; let's go together.

[Exeunt.

philosophy, which has sometimes been as arrogant as science is in some of
her modern representatives.

33 This has been taken as proving that Hamlet's "antic disposition" is
merely assumed for a special purpose. But our ripest experts in the matter
are far from regarding it so. They tell us that veritable madmen are some-
times inscrutably cunning in arts for disguising their state; saying, in effect,
"To be sure, you may find me acting rather strangely at times, but I know
what I am about, and have a purpose in it."
ACT II.

A Room in Polonius's House.

Polonius and Reynaldo.

There's money and these notes, Reynaldo.

I will, if I do indeed, I did intend it. ; very well said. Look you, sir, messengers are in Paris; means, and where they keep; and expense; and, finding, and drift of question, now, come you more nearer ands will touch it: distant knowledge of him; or and his friends, you mark this, Reynaldo? my lord.

; but, you may say, not well: it's very wild;

Being the ancient name of Denmark. — Here is the preceding scene, page 183, note 32, keep in the sense of lodge or dwell. would be so in any mouth but a politician's,
Addicted so and so. And there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Réyn. As gaming, my lord?

Polo. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing: you may go so far.

Réyn. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Polo. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open of incontinency: 4
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly, 5
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unclaimed blood,
Of general assault. 6

Réyn. But, my good lord,—

Polo. Wherefore should you do this?

Réyn. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

Polo. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant: 7
You laying these slight sullies on my son,

4 The emphasis, here, is on open, and of is equivalent to in respect of. So that the meaning is, “You must not put the further scandal upon him, that he is openly incontinent, or that he indulges his passions publicly and ‘with unbashful forehead,’ as this would argue him to be shameless.”—Polonius
SCENE I. PRINCE OF DENMARK. 187

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty,8 be assured
He closes with you in this consequence:

"Good sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—"
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country; —

Reyn. Very good, my lord.

Polo. And then, sir, does he this, — he does — what was
I about to say? — By the Mass,9 I was about to say some-
thing: — where did I leave?

Reyn. At closes in the consequence; at friend or so, and
gentleman.

Polo. At closes in the consequence, — ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or 'tother day,
Or then, or then; with such or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;10
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces and with assays of bias,11

8 Having at any time seen the youth you speak of guilty in the forenamed
vices. — "Closes with you in this consequence" means, apparently, agrees
with you in this conclusion. — Addition again for title.

9 Mass is the old name of the Lord's Supper, and is still used by the
Roman Catholics. It was often sworn by, as in this instance.
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?  

Reyn. My lord, I have.
Polo. God b' wi' you!  

Reyn. Good my lord!
Polo. Observe his inclination in yourself.  

Reyn. I shall, my lord.
Polo. And let him ply his music.  

Reyn.    
Polo. Farewell! — [Exit Reynaldo.

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Polo. With what, i' the name of God?

Ophe. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;  
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
cuitous, or roundabout course to a thing, instead of going directly to it; or, as we sometimes say, "beating about the bush," instead of coming straight to the point. This is shown by a late writer in The Edinburgh Review, who quotes from Golding's translation of Ovid:

The winged god, beholding them returning in a troupe,
Continu'd not directly forth, but gan me down to stoope,
And fetch'd a windlass round about.

"Assays of bias" are trials of inclination. A bias is a weight in one side of a bowl, which keeps it from rolling straight to the mark, as in ninepins.
12 "You understand me, do you not?"
13 The old phrase, "God be with you," is here in the process of abbreviation to what we now use, "Good-bye."
SCENE I.  PRINCE OF DENMARK.  189

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle; 17
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loos'd out of Hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

_Polo._ Mad for thy love?

_Ophe._ My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

_Polo._ What said he?

_Ophe._ He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. 18 Long time stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk, 19
And end his being: that done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

_Polo._ Come, go with me: I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes 20 itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven

17 Hanging down like the loose cincture that confines the fetters or gyves
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

_Oph_. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

_Polo._ That hath made him mad.
I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted 21 him. I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew 22 my jealousy!
By Heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions, 23
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. 24 Come, go we to the King:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love. 25

_[Exeunt._

Scene II.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.

_Enter_ the King, the Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,

_and Attendants._

_King._ Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that 1 we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke

21 To quote is to note, to mark, or observe.

22 Beshrew was much used as a mild form of imprecation; about the
same as confound it! or, a plague upon it!

23 In this admirable scene, Polonius, who is throughout the skeleton of
his former skill in state-craft, hunts the trail of policy at a dead scent, sup-
plied by the weak fever-smell in his own nostrils. —_Coleridge._

24 We old men are as apt to overreach ourselves with our own policy, as
the young are to miscarry through inconsideration.

25 The sense is rather obscure, but appears to be, "By keeping Hamlet's
love secret, we may cause more of grief to others, than of hatred on his part
by disclosing it." The Poet sometimes strains language pretty hard in
order to close a scene with a rhyme. The infinitives are here gerundial.

1 Moreover that for besides that. Not so elsewhere, I think.
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,²
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry³ and good-will
As to expend your time with us awhile
For the supply and profit of our hope,⁴
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Rosen. Both your Majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changèd son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guild. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[Exeunt ROSEN., GUILDEN., and some Attendants.

Enter POLONIUS.

Polo. Th’ ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return’d.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Polo. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious King: 5
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Polo. Give first admittance to th’ ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.—

[Exit POLONIUS.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son’s distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main, 6
Scene II. Prince of Denmark.

His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your Highness: whereat grieved,—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand, — sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle never more

To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee; 8

And his commission to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack:

With an entreaty, herein further shown, 

That it might please you to give quiet pass

Through your dominions for this enterprise,

On such regards of safety and allowance 9

As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well; 10

7 To bear in hand is to delude or impose upon by false assurances.
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Polo. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate.
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Polo. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend: I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.
[Reads.] *To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beau*...

fied Ophelia, — That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified*

is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus:

[Reads.] *In her excellent-white bosom, these,¹⁴ &c.—*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Polo. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads.] *Doubt thou the stars are fire;*

*Doubt that the Sun doth move;*

*Doubt truth to be a liar;*

*But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to*

reckon¹⁵ my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, 

believe it. Adieu.

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this*

*machine is to him,*¹⁶ Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she

Received his love?

Polo. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Polo. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,—

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) — what might you,
HAMLET,

ACT II

...my dear Majesty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book; 17
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb; 18
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—
What might you think? No, I went round 19 to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

*Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.* 20
This must not be. And then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repuls'd,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Polo.* Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Polo.* [Pointing to his head and shoulder.] Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

17 By keeping dark about the matter. A desk or table-book does not prate of what it contains. A table-book is a case or set of tablets, to carry in the pocket, and write memoranda upon. See page 180, note 21.

18 "If I had given my heart a kind to be mute about their passion."
Within the centre. 21

King. How may we try it further?

Polo. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Polo. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras 22 then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch 23 comes
reading.

Polo. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board 24 him presently. —

[Execute King, Queen, and Attendants.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

O, give me leave:

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Polo. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you're a fishmonger. 25

21 Centre here means, no doubt, the Earth, which, in the old astronomy,
was held to be literally the centre of the solar system.

22 In Shakespeare's time the chief rooms of houses were lined with
tapestry hangings, which were suspended some distance from the walls. to
Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For, if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that?—[Aside.] Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. — What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus

26 "A good kissing carrion" is, no doubt, a carrion good for kissing, or
set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.  

Pol. [Aside.] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?  

Ham. Into my grave?  

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[Aside.] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.  

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal.—[Aside.] except my life, except my life, except my life.  

Pol. Fare-you well, my lord.  

Ham. These tedious old fools!  

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.  

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.  

Rosen. [To Polonius.] God save you, sir!  

[Exit Polonius.  

Guil. My honour'd lord!  

Rosen. My most dear lord!  

Ham. My excellent-good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern?—Ah, Rosencrantz!—Good lads, how do ye both?  

Rosen. As the indifferent children of the Earth.  

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;  

On Fortune's cap we're not the very button.  

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?  

Rosen. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guild. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Rosen. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Rosen. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Rosen. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosen. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guild. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.
Scene II.  

Prince of Denmark.  

Ham. Then are our beggars' bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the Court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.  

Rosen.  

Guild.  

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?  

Rosen. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.  

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.  

Guild. What should we say, my lord?  

Ham. Why, any thing — but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.  

Rosen. To what end, my lord?  

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33 Hamlet is here playing or fencing with words, and seems to lose himself in the riddles he is making. The meaning is any thing but clear; perhaps was not meant to be understood. But bodies is probably put for substance or substances; and the sense appears to turn partly upon the fact that substance and shadow are antithetic and correlative terms, as there can be no shadow without a substance to cast it. So the best comment I have met with is Dr. Bucknill's: "If ambition is but a shadow, something beyond ambition must be the substance from which it is thrown. If ambition, rep-
Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Rosen. [Aside to Guild.] What say you?

Ham. [Aside.] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.\(^{37}\) — If you love me, hold not off.

Guild. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather.\(^{38}\) I have of late — but wherefore I know not — lost all my mirth, forborne all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the Earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave \(^{39}\) o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, — why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. . . . What a piece of work is man! how noble is reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Rosen. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

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\(^{37}\) "I will watch you sharply." Of for on; a common usage.

\(^{38}\) Hamlet's fine sense of honour is well shown in this. He will not tempt them to any breach of confidence; and he means that, by telling them the reason, he will forestall their disclosure of it. — Mould is an old word used especially of birds when casting their feathers. So in Bacon's Natural History: "Some birds there be, that upon their moultin do turn colour; as robin-redbreasts, after their moultin, grow red again by degrees.

\(^{39}\) Here, as often, brave is grand, splendid. See vol. vii. page 14, note 2.
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said man delights not me?

Rosen. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the Clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sear; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank-verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Rosen. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

40 "Lenten entertainment" is entertainment for the season of Lent, when players were not allowed to perform in public, in London.

41 To cote is, properly, to overpass, to outstrip. So Scott, in Old Mortality, note J.: "This horse was so fleet, and its rider so expert, that they are said to have outstripped and coted, or turned, a hare upon the Bran-Law."

42 Humorous man here means a man made unhappy by his own crotchets. Humour was used for anyward, eccentric impulse causing a man to be full of ups and downs, or of flats and sharps. The melancholy Jaques in As You Like It is an instance.

43 Tickle is delicate, sensitive, easily moved. Sear is the catch of a gunlock, that holds the hammer cocked or half-cocked. Here o', that is, of, is equivalent to in respect of. The image is of a gunlock with the hammer held so lightly by the catch as to go off at the slightest pressure on the trigger; and the general idea is of persons so prone to laughter, that the least touch or gleam of wit is enough to make them explode. The same thought occurs in The Tempest, ii. 1: "I did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing." Here, as in many other places, sensible is sensitive. In the text, Hamlet is slurring the extemporized witticisms of the Clowns, by a
Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.45

Rosen. I think their innovation comes by the means of the late inhibition.46

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Rosen. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Rosen. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases,47 that cry out on the top of question,48 and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle 49

45 The London theatrical companies, when not allowed to play in the city, were wont to travel about the country, and play in the towns. This was less reputable, and also brought less pay, than playing in the city.

46 Referring, no doubt, to an order of the Privy Council, June, 1600. By this order the players were inhibited from acting in or near the city during the season of Lent, besides being very much restricted at all other seasons, and hence "chances it they travel," or stroll into the country.

47 Eyrie, from eyren, eggs, properly means a brood, but sometimes a nest. Eyases are unfledged hawks.

48 "Cry out on the top of question" means, I have no doubt, exclaim against those who are at the top of their profession, who are most talked about as having surpassed all others. Shakespeare uses cry out on, or cry on, nearly if not quite always in the sense of exclaim against, or cry down. He also often uses top, both noun and verb, in the sense of to excel or surpass. He also has question repeatedly in the sense of talk or conversation.

—For this explanation I am mainly indebted to Mr. Joseph Crosby, who remarks to me upon the whole sentence as follows: "A brood of young hawks, unfledged nestlings, that exclaim against, or lampoon, the best productions of the dramatic pen; little chits, that declaim squibs, and turn to ridicule their seniors and betters, both actors and authors, and are vociferously applauded for it."

49 To berattle is to berate, to squib. Here, again, I quote from Mr. Crosby: "It is no wonder the regular profession suffer, when children thus 'carry it away,' and are all 'the fashion'; berating the adult performers, and getting 'most tyrannically clapp'd for it'; so much so, that the well-deserving writers for the 'common stages,' grown-up men 'wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills,' (applied to the penny-a-liners for the boys,) and dare scarce come to the play-house any more."
the common stages, — so they call them, — that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.  

_Ham._ What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted?  

Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, — as it is most like, if their means are no better, — their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?  

_Rosen._ Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre  

there was for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.  

_Ham._ Is't possible?

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50 The allusion is to the children of St. Paul’s and of the Revels, whose performing of plays was much in fashion at the time this play was written. From an early date, the choir-boys of St. Paul’s, Westminster, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal, were engaged in such performances, and sometimes played at Court. The complaint here is, that these juveniles abuse “the common stages,” that is, the public theatres.

51 Escoted is paid; from the French escot, a shot or reckoning. — Quality is profession or calling; often so used. — “No longer than they can sing” means no longer than they keep the voices of boys.

52 Run down the profession to which they are themselves to succeed. This fully accords with, and approves, the explanation given in note 48. As Mr. Crosby observes, “it appears that a contest was waging between the patrons of these boy-players, who wrote their parts for them, and the writers for ‘the common stages,’ whom the children so berated and disparaged.”

53 The Poet has to-do repeatedly in the exact sense of ado. — To tarre is to set on, to incite; a word borrowed from the setting-on of dogs.

54 Not “unless the poet and the player” went to fighting each other, but unless both the writers and the actors joined together in pelting and running down the full-grown regular performers. Here, as often, argument is the subject-matter or plot of a play, and so is put for the play itself. Question, again, is, apparently, the dialogue. So that the meaning of the whole seems to be, “The public would not patronize these juvenile performances, unless both the ‘eyases’ and the ‘goosequills,’ (that is, the boy-actors and their writers,) in their dialogue, went to abusing or berating the authors and actors of the ‘common stages.’” — Crosby.
Guild. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.  
Ham. Do the boys carry it away?  
Rosen. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within.

Guild. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guild. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

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55 Bandying of wit, or pelting each other with words.
56 Carry all the world before them: perhaps an allusion to the Globe theatre, the sign of which is said to have been Hercules carrying a globe.
57 To comply with, as here used, evidently means to be formally civil or polite to, or to compliment. We have it again in the same sense, in v. 2,
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Enter Polonius.

Polo. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; — and you too; — at each ear a hearer: That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Rosen. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. — You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed. 59

Polo. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome, —

Polo. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz! 60

Polo. Upon mine honour, —

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass, —

Polo. — the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited; 61 Seneca cannot be towards the South; and the spectator may be dazzled by the Sun, and be unable to distinguish the hawk from the heron. On the other hand, when the wind is southerly, the heron flies towards the North, and it and the pursuing hawk are clearly seen by the sportsman, who then has his back to the Sun, and without difficulty knows the hawk from the hernsew. A curious reader may further observe that a wind from the precise point
too heavy, not Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Polo.* What treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,

**One fair daughter, and no more,**

**The which he loved passing well.**

*Polo.* [Aside.] Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Polo.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Polo.* What follows, then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,

**As by lot, God wot;**

and then, you know,

*It came to pass, as most like it was,*

endings *-able* or *-ible* and *-ed* used indiscriminately. In the text, *scene* and *poem* are evidently used as equivalent terms. In the Greek Tragedy there was no division into scenes; the scene continued the same, or *undivided*, all through the piece. But in the Gothic Drama, as Shakespeare found and fixed it, the changes of scene are without definite limitations. This seems to be the difference meant. Seneca was considered the best of the Roman tragic writers, and Plautus of the comic.

62 "The meaning," says Collier, "probably is, that the players were good, whether at written productions or at extemporal plays, where liberty was allowed to the performers to invent the dialogue, in imitation of the Italian commedie al improviso."

63 Hamlet is teasing the old fox, and quibbling between a logical and a
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for
look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see
ye well. Welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! thy
face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to
beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mist-
tress! By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than
when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray
God, your voice, like a piece of uncurent gold, be not
-crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome.
We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we

As by lot, God wot,
It came to passe, most like it was,
Great warrs there should be,
And who should be the chiefe but he, but he.

Chanson is something to be sung or chanted; and "the first row"
probably means the first column, or, perhaps, stanza.

Perhaps Hamlet calls the players "my abridgements" in the same
sense and for the same reason as he afterwards calls them "the abstracts
and brief chronicles of the time." He may have the further meaning of
abridging or cutting short his talk with Polonius. Or, again, he may mean
that their office is to abridge the time, or to minister pastimes.

Valanced is fringed. The player has lately grown a beard.

By'r Lady is a contraction of by our Lady, referring to the Virgin Mary.
In the Poet's time, female parts were acted by boys; and Hamlet is ad-
dressing one whom as a boy he had seen playing some heroine.

Chopine was the name of an enormously thick-soled shoe which Span-
ish and Italian ladies were in the habit of wearing, in order, as would seem,
to make themselves as tall as the men, perhaps taller; or it may have been,
to keep their long skirts from mopping the sidewalks too much. The fash-
ion is said to have been used at one time by the English.

The old gold coin was thin and liable to crack. There was a ring or
circle on it, within which the sovereign's head was stamped; if the crack
extended beyond this ring, it was rendered uncurent: it was therefore a
simile applied to any other injured object. There is some humour in ap-
plying it to a cracked voice.
see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviar to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see,—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay crouched in the ominous horse,—

70 From this it would seem that the English custom in falconry was, first to let off some bird into the air, and then to fly the hawk after it; the French, to fly the hawk at any bird that might happen to be within ken.

71 Caviar was the pickled roes of certain fish of the sturgeon kind, called in Italy caviare, and much used there and in other countries. Great quantities were prepared on the river Volga formerly. As a dish of high seasoning and peculiar flavour, it was not relished by the many.

72 Meaning, probably, were better than mine. See page 204, note 48.

73 No impertinent high-seasoning or false brilliancy, to give it an unnatural relish. Sallet is explained "a pleasant and merry word that maketh folk to laugh."—This passage shows that the Poet understood the essential poverty of "fine writing."
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules;°4 horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damnèd light
To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'ersizèd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.—

So, proceed you.

Polo. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent
and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack°5 stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region;  
Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eternè,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And howl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!

Polo. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's with your beard. — Pr'ythee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on; come to Hecuba.

1 Play. But who, O, who had seen the mobled Queen—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Polo. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. — Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head

than the sailing rack that gallops upon the wings of angry winds.” So that the heavens must be silent indeed, when "the rack stands still."

76 Region, here, is sky, or the air. So in the last speech of this scene: "I should have fatted all the region kites," &c.

77 For eternal resistance to assault. As we say shot-proof, water-proof.

78 Giga, in Italian, was a fiddle or crowd; gigaro, a fiddler, or minstrel. Hence a figure a ballad, or ditty, sung to the fiddle.
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-tem'ed loins
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up; —
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But, if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made —
Unless things mortal move them not at all —
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.\footnote{81}

Polo. Look, whèr he has not turn'd his colour, and has
tears in's eyes. — Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. —
Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do
you hear? let them be well used; for they are the abstracts
and brief chronicles of the time: \footnote{82} after your death you were
better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Polo. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins,\footnote{83} man, better! use every man
after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use
them after your own honour and dignity: the less they
deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Polo. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play to-morrow.—

[Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.
Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play The Murder
of Gonzago?]

{\footnote{81}: This is a reference to the biblical story of Job, who was afflicted by his enemies and friends, and whose suffering was not immediately punished by God, who showed him his true nature.}

{\footnote{82}: This is a reference to the short and simple accounts of the events of the day, which were used as aids to memory and recollection.}

{\footnote{83}: This is a reference to the bodykins, or the clothes and garments worn by the players.}
Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha'nt to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit 1 Player.] — My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Rosen. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God b' wi' ye! [Exeunt Rosen. and Guild.

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suitting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears; Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

84 Conceit is used by the Poet for conception or imagination.

85 The hint or prompt-word. "A prompter," says Florio, "one who keepes the booke for the players, and teacheth them their cue."

86 This John was probably distinguished as a sort of dreaming or droning
ACT III.

SCENE I. — Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter the King, the Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen-
crantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,¹
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Rosen. He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Rosen. Most like a gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosen. Most free of question,² but of our demands
Niggard in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Rosen. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught³ on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the Court ;

¹ Course of indirect, roundabout inquiry.
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

_Polo._ 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

_King._ With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined. —
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

_Rosen._ We shall, my lord. _[Execunt ROSEN. and GUILDEN._

_King._ Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely^4 sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront^5 Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th' affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

_Queen._ I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauty be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtue
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

_Ophe._ Madam, I wish it may. _[Exit Queen._

_Polo._ Ophelia, walk you here. — Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.— _[To OPHE._] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself.

King. [Aside.] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to 6 the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Polo. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub; 7
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, 8
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life; 9
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus 10 make
With a bare bodkin? who'd these fardels 11 bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But, that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns,— puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought: 13
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! — Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

9 That is, the consideration that induces us to undergo the calamity of so long a life. This use of respect is very frequent.

10 The allusion is to the term quietus est, used in settling accounts at exchequer audits. So in Sir Thomas Overbury's character of a Franklin:
SCENE I. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ophe. Good my lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Ophe. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Ophe. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophe. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Ophe. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should
admit no discourse to your beauty. 14

Ophe. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force
of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was
sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

Ophe. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

14 "Your chastity should have no conversation or acquaintance with your
beauty." This use of honesty for chastity is very frequent in Shakespeare.—
It should be noted, that in these speeches Hamlet refers, not to Ophelia
personally, but to the sex in general. So, especially, when he says, "I have
heard of your paintings too," he does not mean that Ophelia paints, but that
the use of painting is common with her sex.
Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am, myself, indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: (I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.) What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Ophe. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Ophe. [Aside.] O, help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.) Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. [Aside.] O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves an-
to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; (the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.) [Exit.

Ophe. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observed of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me,
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter the King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
tend to mistake by ignorance." Moberly, "You use ambiguous words, as if you did not know their meaning."

19 Throughout the latter part of this fine scene, Hamlet's disorder runs to a very high pitch, and he seems to take an insane delight in lacerating the gentle creature before him. Yet what keenness and volubility of wit! what energy and swiftness of discourse! the intellectual forces in a fiery gallop, while the social feelings seem totally benumbed. And when Ophelia meets his question, "Where's your father?" with the reply, "At home, my lord," how quickly he darts upon the true meaning of her presence! The sweet, innocent girl, who knows not how to word an untruth, having never tried on a lie in her life, becomes embarrassed in her part; and from her manner Hamlet instantly gathers what is on foot, and forthwith shapes his speech so as to sting the eavesdroppers.

20 This is well explained in what Lady Percy says of her lost Hotspur, in a King Henry IV., ii. 3: "By his light did all the chivalry of England move; he was indeed the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England.
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

_Polo._ It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

_King._ It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.

_SCENE II._—The Same. _A Hall in the Castle._

_Enter Hamlet and several Players._

_Ham._ Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it
to you, trippingly on the tongue: but, if you mouth it, as

1 "This dialogue of Hamlet with the players," says Coleridge, "is one of
the happiest instances of Shakespeare's power of diversifying the scene
while he is carrying on the plot."
many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipp’d for o’erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

Now, this overdone, or come tardy of, though it make the

2 The ancient theatres were far from the commodious, elegant structures which later times have seen. The pit was, truly, what its name denotes, an unfloored space in the area of the house, sunk considerably beneath the level of the stage. Hence this part of the audience were called groundlings.

8 Termagant is the name given in old romances to the tempestuous god of the Saracens. He is usually joined with Mahound, or Mahomet. John Florio calls him “Termigisto, a great boaster, quarreler, killer, tamer, or ruler of the universe; the child of the earthquake and of the thunder, the brother of death.” Hence this personage was introduced into the old Miracle-plays as a demon of outrageous and violent demeanour. The murder of the innocents was a favourite subject for a Miracle-play; and wherever Herod is introduced, he plays the part of a vaunting braggart, a tyrant of tyrants, and does indeed outdo Termagant.

4 Pressure is impression here; as when, in i. 5: Hamlet says, “I’ll wipe away all forms, all pressures past.”

5 To “come tardy of” a thing is the same as to come short of it.
unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the
censure of the which one must, in your allowance,⁶ o'erweigh
a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have
seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to
speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Chris-
tians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor Turk, have so
strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's
journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they
imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with
us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play
your Clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for
there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some
quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the
mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to
be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful
ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the King hear this piece of work?

Polo. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [Exit Polonius.]—
Will you two help to hasten them?

Rosen. } We will, my lord.

Guild. }

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!
Enter Horatio.

Horatio. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Horatio. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the King:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. 9 Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well, my lord;
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They're coming to the play; I must be idle: 10
Get you a place.

Danish march. A Flourish. Enter the King, the Queen,
Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, 'faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat
the air, promise-crammed: 11 you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. — [To Polonius.] My lord, you
played once i' the University, you say?

Polo. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good
actor.

9 Vulcan's workshop or smithy; stith being an anvil.
10 Must seem idle; must behave as if his mind were purposeless, or intent
upon nothing in particular.
11 Because the chameleon was supposed to live on air. In fact, this and
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Polo. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill’d i’ the Capitol; Brutus kill’d me.  

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. — Be the players ready?

Rosen. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother; here’s metal more attractive.

Polo. [To the King.] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?  

[LYING DOWN AT OPHELIA’S FEET.

Ophe. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Ophe. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Ophe. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That’s a fair thought to lie between maids’ legs.

Ophe. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Ophe. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within’s two hours.

Ophe. Nay, ’tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for
I'll have a suit of sabell.\(^{15}\) O Heavens! I die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there’s hope a great man’s memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r Lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.\(^{16}\)

Hautboys play. The Dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King’s ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.\(^{17}\)

[Exeunt.

\(^{15}\) Sabell is a flame-colour. A writer in The Critic for 1854, page 373, remarks that “sabell or sabelle is properly a fawn-colour a good deal heightened with red, and that the term came from the French couleur d’isabelle.” According to the Dictionary of the French Academy, isabelle is a colour “between white and yellow, but with the yellow predominating.” It is therefore a very showy, flaring colour; as far as possible from mourning.

\(^{16}\) The Hobby-horse was a part of the old Morris-dance, which was used in the May-games. It was the figure of a horse fastened round a man’s waist, the man’s legs going through the horse’s body, and enabling him to walk, but covered by a long footcloth; while false legs appeared where those of the man’s should be, astride the horse. The Puritans waged a furious war against the Morris-dance; which caused the Hobby-horse to be left out of it: hence the burden of a song, which passed into a proverb. See vol. iv, page 46, note 5.

\(^{17}\) As the King does not take fire at this Dumb-show, we may suppose him to be so engaged with some about him, that he does not mark it.
Scene II. Prince of Denmark.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they’ll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you’ll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he’ll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I’ll mark the play.

Prologue. For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

[Exit.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. ’Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman’s love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phæbus’ cart gone round Neptune’s salt wash and Tellus’ orbèd ground,

18 Miching mallecho is lurking mischief or evil-doing. To mick, for to skulk, to lurk, was an old English verb in common use in Shakespeare’s time; and mallecho or malhecho, misdeed, he borrowed from the Spanish.

19 Hamlet is running a high strain of jocularity with Ophelia, in order to hide his purpose. The wit here turns upon the fact, that an actor’s business is speaking: blunting out before the world what would else be unknown; as
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. 23 Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love hold quantity; 24
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant 25 powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wise?

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile:
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the King's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

---

30 A hermit's fare, or diet. Anchor for anchoret, an old word for hermit.
31 To blank the face is to make it white; to take the blood out of it. The proper colour of joy is ruddy.
32 Tropically is figuratively, or in the way of trope.
33 The allusion is to a horse wincing as the saddle galls his withers.
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK. 235

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are as good as a chorus,

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. — Begin, murderer; pox! leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:

The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing:

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted,
Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Ophe. The King rises!
What, frightened with false fire!
How fares my lord?
Give o'er the play.
Give me some light!—away!
Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play; 39
For some must watch while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, 40—if the rest of
my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provincial roses
on my razed shoes, 41 get me a fellowship in a cry of players,
sir? 42

Half a share. 43

89 It is said that a deer, when badly wounded, retires from the herd, and
goes apart, to weep and die. Of course, hart is the same as deer, and ungalled the opposite of strucken.

40 Alluding, probably, to a custom which the London players had in
Shakespeare's time, of flaunting it in gaudy apparel, and with plumes in
their caps, the more the better. So in Chapman's Monsieur D'Olivi, 1666,
iii. i: "Three of these goldfinches I have entertained for my followers: I
am ashamed to train 'em abroad; they say I carry a whole forest of feathers
with me." It was matter of complaint with some, that many "proud players
jet in their silks."—To turn Turk with any one was to desert or betray
him, or turn traitor to him. A common phrase of the time.

41 Provincial roses took their name from Provins, in Lower Brie, and not
from Provence. Razed shoes are most probably embroidered shoes. To
race, or rase, was to stripe.

42 "A fellowship in a cry of players" is a partnership in a company of
players. The Poet repeatedly uses cry thus for set, pack, or troop. The
word was borrowed from the chase, as hounds were selected for a pack

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SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. A whole one, ay.
   For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
       This realm dismantled was
   Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
       A very, very — pajock.  
Hora. You might have rhymed.  
Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hora. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning, —
Hora. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha! — Come, some music! come, the recorders! —
       For if the King like not the comedy,
       Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.  
Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

44 The meaning is, that Denmark was robbed of a king who had the majesty of Jove. — Hamlet calls Horatio Damon, in allusion to the famous friendship of Damon and Pythias.
45 Pajock is probably an old form of peacock. Dyce says he has "often heard the lower classes in the north of Scotland call the peacock peajock." Editors have been greatly in the dark as to the reason of the word's being used here. But a writer in The Edinburgh Review, October, 1872, shows that in the popular belief of Shakespeare's time the peacock had a very bad character, "being, in fact, the accredited representative of inordinate pride and envy, as well as of unnatural cruelty and lust." And he quotes from what was then the most popular manual of natural history: "The peacocke, as one sayth, hath the voice of a feend, the head of a serpent, and the pace of a theefe." The writer adds that "in the whole fauna of the time Hamlet
Guild. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guild. The King, sir, —
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guild. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guild. No, my lord, with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.
Guild. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.
Guild. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guild. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.
Guild. What, my lord?
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—
Rosen. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.49
Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admira-
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?
Rosen. My lord, you once did love me.
Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers. 50
Rosen. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.
Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.
Rosen. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?
Ham. Ay, sir, but, While the grass grows,—the proverb is something musty. 51 —

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. — To withdraw with you: [Takes Guild. aside.] Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil? 52
Guild. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly. 53
Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?
Guild. My lord, I cannot.
Ham. I pray you.
Guild. Believe me, I cannot.
Ham. I do beseech you.

50 This is explained by a clause in the Church Catechism: "To keep my hands from picking and stealing." — In "So I do still," so is emphatic, and strongly ironical.
51 "The musty proverb" is, "Whist grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steede."
52 "To recover the wind of me" is a term borrowed from hunting, and means to take advantage of the animal pursued, by getting to the windward of it, that it may not scent its pursuers.—Toil is snare or trap.
53 Hamlet may well say, "I do not well understand that." The meaning, however, seems to be, "If I am using an unmannerly boldness with you, it is my love that makes me do so."
Guild. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.\textsuperscript{54}

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me,\textsuperscript{55} you cannot play upon me.——

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Polo. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polo. By the Mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polo. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Polo. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.——

\textsuperscript{54} The ventages are the holes of the pipe. Stops signifies the mode of stopping the ventages so as to make the notes.

\textsuperscript{55} Hamlet keeps up the allusion to a musical instrument. The frets of a lute or guitar are the ridges crossing the finger-board, upon which the strings are pressed or stopped. A quibble is intended on fret.
[Aside.] They fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by-and-by.

Polo. I will say so. [Exit Polonius.

Ham. By-and-by is easily said. — Leave me, friends. —

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

'Tis now the very witching-time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. —
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none:
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

Scene III.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter the King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you:

56 They humour me to the full height of my inclination. Polonius has been using the method, common in the treatment of crazy people, of assenting to all that Hamlet says. This is what Hamlet refers to.

57 Churchyards yawn to let forth the ghosts, who did all their walking in the night. And the crimes which darkness so often covers might well be spoken of as caused by the nocturnal contagion of Hell.

58 Nero is aptly referred to here, as he was the murderer of his mother, Agrippina. It may be worth noting that the name of the King in this play is Claudius: and that, after the death of Domitius her husband, Agrippina married with her uncle the Emperor Claudius.

59 To shend is to injure, whether by reproof, blows, or otherwise. Shakespeare generally uses shent for reproved, threatened with angry words. "To give his words seals" is therefore to carry his punishment beyond reproof. The allusion is to the sealing of a deed to render it effective.
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guild. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Rosen. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone;¹ but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: 'tis a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rosen. We will haste us.
Guild. }
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home: ²
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. ³
Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. ⁴
Thanks, dear my lord. — [Exit Polonius.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not:
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; ⁴
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both ⁵ neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as snow? Wherefore serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? ⁶ Then I'll look up;

² Home as a general intensive, meaning thoroughly, to the utmost.

³ Speech having an advantage in that nature makes the speakers partial to each other. This favours the conclusion that the Queen was not privy and consenting to the murder of Hamlet's father. Both the King and Polonius have some distrust of her.

⁴ "Though I were not only willing but strongly inclined to pray, my guilt would prevent me." The distinction here implied is philosophically just. The inclination is the craving or the impulse to assuage his pangs of remorse; the will is the determination of the reason or judgment in a
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? *Forgive me my foul murder?*
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted 'currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. *What then? what rests?*
Try what repentance can? what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul, 8 that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. 9

Enter Hamlet. [Retires and kneels.]

*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't. — And so he goes to Heaven!
And so am I revenged? That would be scann'd: 10

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1 "What remains to be done?" or, "What else can I do?"
8 Alluding to an old mode of catching birds, by spreading upon the
twigs, where they are likely to light, a sticky substance called *bird-lime.*
See vol. iv. page 300, note 10.
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To Heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly-full of bread;
With all his crimes 11 broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save Heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought, 12
’Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season’d for his passage?
No!
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent: 13
When he is drunk-asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th’ incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in’t:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn’d and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. 14 My mother stays:

11 Crimes in the more general sense of sins. So twice before in this play:
“The foul crimes done in my days of nature”; and, “Having ever seen in
the predominate crimes the youth you breathe of.”
12 “Circumstance and course of thought” seems to mean the particular
data or circumstantial detail of things from which our thought shapes its
course and draws its conclusions.
13 Hent, both noun and verb, was used in the sense of seizure, grasp, or
hold. Here it has the kindred sense of purpose.
14 Hamlet here flies off to a sort of ideal revenge, in order to quiet his
filial feelings without crossing his reason. Yet it is a very mark-worthy
fact, that the King is taken at last in the perpetration of crimes far worse
than any that Hamlet here anticipates. But that, to be sure, is the Poet’s
ordering of the matter, and perhaps should be regarded as expressing his
sense of justice in this case; though Hamlet may well be supposed to have
a presentiment, that a man so bad, and so secure in his badness, will not
rest where he is; but will proceed to some further exploiting in crime, in
the midst of which judgment will at last overtake him.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.\textsuperscript{15} [Exit.

\textit{The King rises and advances.}

\textit{King.} My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go. [Exit.

\textbf{Scene IV. — The Queen’s Chamber.}

\textit{Enter the Queen and Polonius.}

\textit{Pol.} He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath screen’d and stood between
Much heat and him. I’ll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

\textit{Ham.} [\textit{Within.}] Mother, mother, mother!

\textit{Queen.} I’ll warrant you;
Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius goes behind the arras.

\textit{Enter Hamlet.}

\textit{Ham.} Now, mother, what’s the matter?

\textit{Queen.} Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

\textit{Ham.} Mother, you have my father much offended.

\textit{Queen.} Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.

\textit{Ham.} Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.

\textit{Queen.} Why, how now, Hamlet! what’s the matter now?
Have you forgot me?

\textit{Ham.} No, by the Rood,\textsuperscript{1} not so:
You are the Queen, your husband’s brother’s wife;
And—\textit{would it were not so!}—you are my mother.

\textit{Queen.} Nay, then I’ll set those to you that can speak.

\textsuperscript{15} \textit{This physic} refers to the reasons Hamlet has been giving for not striking now; a medicine that prolongs the King’s sickness, but does not heal it; that is, the purpose is delayed, not abandoned.

\textsuperscript{1} \textit{Rood} is an old word for \textit{cross}; often used for an oath, as here.
Scene IV.

Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. [Drawing.] How now! a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!
[Makes a pass through the arras.

Pol. [Behind.] O, I am slain! [Falls and dies.

Queen. O me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

[ Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.

Thou wretched, rash-intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brass'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words! heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

_Queen._ Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

_Ham._ Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

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3 _Contraction_ here means the _marriage contract_; of which _Hamlet holds_ religion to be the life and soul, insomuch that without this it is but as a lifeless body, and must soon become a nuisance.

4 'That is the Earth.' Hamlet in his high-wrought stress of passion, kindling as he goes on, makes the fine climax, that not only the heavenly powers burn with indignation, but even the gross beings of this world are smitten with grief and horror, as if the day of judgment were at hand.

6 The _index_, or table of contents, was formerly placed at the beginning of books. In _Othello_, ii. 1, we have, "an _index_ and obscure _prologue_ to the history of lust and foul thoughts."

6 _Counterfeit presentment_, or _counterfeit_ simply, was used for _likeness_. It is to be supposed that Hamlet wears a miniature of his father, while his
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew’d ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it’s humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex’d: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thrall’d,
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was’t
That thus hath cozen’d you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

9 The allusion is to the blasted ears of corn that destroyed the full and
good ears, in Pharaoh’s dream; Genesis, xli. 5-7.
10 To batten is to feed rankly or grossly; it is usually applied to the fat-
tening of animals.
11 There is some confusion here, owing to the different meanings with
which sense is used. The first sense is sensation; the second refers to the
mind. In our usage, the word brain would best combine those meanings,
thus: “You have brains, else you could not have motion; but, surely, your
brain is palsied.” The idea seems to be, that her mind is not merely un-
tuned, as in madness, but absolutely quenched or gone.—In “madness
would not err,” the meaning is, “madness would not so err.”
12 Sense was never so dominated by the delusions of insanity, but that it
still retained some power of choice. We have before had quantity in much
the same sense. See page 232, note 24.
13 Hoodman-blind is the old game of blindman’s-buff.
Could not so mope. 14  
O shame! where is thy blush?  Rebellious Hell,  
If thou canst mutine 15 in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire: 16 proclaim no shame  
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grainèd spots 17

14 To mope is to be dull and stupid.  
16 Mutine for mutiny. This is the old form of the verb. Shakespeare calls mutineers mutines in a subsequent scene.
18 Another instance like that of note 11; there being a confusion of the fire which is indeed the life of virtue with that which consumes her. For her own clearly refers to virtue; else the words in her own fire are much worse than useless, as having no effect but to clog or cloud the meaning; and if, as some do, we take them as referring to youth, we then have the poor platitude, "to the fire of youth let virtue be as wax, and melt in the fire of youth." Now virtue's own fire can hardly mean the fire that consumes virtue. But there is, in the moral sense, a fire that cleanses and preserves, and there is also a fire that corrupts and destroys; and the text involves a verbal identification of the two. So that we have here a very pregnant note of the Poet's, or of Hamlet's, ethical creed. For virtue is not a cold, calculating thing: she is a passion, or she is truly nothing: she must have her altar, and her vestal fire ever burning there, else she will die: as the author of Ecce Homo observes, "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." And the generous, or, if you please, the romantic, fire of young enthusiasm is truly the vestal flame in and by which virtue lives. But the case is indeed wellnigh desperate, when impurity usurps the passion that rightly belongs to purity, and when virtue perishes by the fire of her own altar. And the very pith of Hamlet's censure is, that the sacred fire of noble passion, which burns so savingly in youth, — a fire
As will not leave their tinct.

_Ham._ Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, 18
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty, —

_Queen._ O, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!

_Ham._ A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a Vice of kings; 19
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, 20
And put it in his pocket!

_Queen._ No more!

_Ham._ A king of shreds and patches,—
Enter the Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious figure?

_Queen._ Alas, he's mad!

_Ham._ Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

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18 *Enseamed* is a term borrowed from falconry. *Steam* is fat or grease. Hawks, when kept in mew, became, through inaction and high-feeding, *enseamed*, as it was called, that is, too fat or gross for flight; and, in order to fit them for use, their grossness had to be purged off by a course of scouring diet and medicine. The place where the hawks were kept during this process was apt to get very foul. It is in allusion to this that Hamlet applies the term to the moral pollution of his mother's incestuous marriage, and to the bridal couch itself as being defiled by such a union.

19 An allusion to the old Vice or lower a stereotyped character in the
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements, Start up and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern affects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

\textsuperscript{21} The sense appears to be, having failed \textit{in respect} both of time and of purpose. Or it may be, having allowed passion to cool by lapse of time.

\textsuperscript{22} Conceit again for conception, imagination. Bodies is here put for
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in. 26
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. 27 Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:

of revenge give place to tenderness, so that he will see the ministry enjoined
upon him in a false light, and go to shedding tears instead of blood.

26 The Ghost in this scene, as also in the banquet-scene of Macbeth, is
plainly what we should call a subjective ghost; that is, existing only in the
heated imagination of the beholder. As the Queen says, insanity is very
fertile in such "bodiless creations." It is not so with the apparition in the
former scenes, as the Ghost is there seen by other persons. To be sure, it
was part of the old belief, that ghosts could, if they chose, make themselves
visible only to those with whom they were to deal; but this is just what we
mean by subjective. The ancients could not take the idea of subjective
visions, as we use the term. So that the words here put into the Ghost's
mouth are to be regarded as merely the echo of Hamlet's own thoughts.
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infests unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, Courb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,\(^29\)
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a flock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either shame the Devil or throw him out\(^30\)
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.\(^31\) For this same lord,

\(^{28}\) To Courb is to bend, curve, or truckle; from the French courber.
\(^{29}\) The meaning appears to be, that, though custom is a monster that eats out all sensibility or consciousness of evil habits; yet, on the other hand, it is an angel in this respect, that it works in a manner equally favourable to
I do repent: but Heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
[Aside.] I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—

One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so!
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,

32 The pronoun their refers to Heaven, which is here used as a collective noun, and put for heavenly powers.
33 Bloat for bloated. Many preterites were formed so.
34 Mouse was a term of endearment. So in Anatomy of Melancholy:
"Pleasant names may be invented, bird, mouse, lamb, puss, pigeon."
35 Reechy and reechy are the same word, and applied to any vaporous exhalation.
36 A paddock is a toad; a gib, a cat. See vol. xi. page 16, note 17.
37 To try conclusions is the old phrase for trying experiments, or putting a thing to the proof.—The passage alludes, apparently, to some fable or story now quite forgotten. Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, refers to "the story of the jackanapes and the partridges."
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: 38 and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the Moon. O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man shall set me packing: 39
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish-prating knave.—
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, mother.  

[Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

88 Hoist for hoisted, as in note 33. — Petar, now spelt petard, is a kind of mortar used for blowing open gates and doors. — "It shall go hard," &c., means, "It must be a hard undertaking indeed, if I do not effect it."

39 A phrase from the packing-up of baggage for a march or voyage; hence having the general sense of getting ready, or of being off.
SCENE V.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter the King, the Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs: these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries A rat, a rat!
And in this brainish! apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the nith of life! Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd; O'er whom his very madness, like fine ore Among a mineral of metals base,⁴ Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away! The Sun no sooner shall the mountains touch, But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed We must, with all our majesty and skill, Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid: Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him: Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.—

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends; And let them know both what we mean to do, And what's untimely done: so, haply slander— Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank,⁵ Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name, And hit the woundless air. O, come away! My soul is full of discord and dismay. [Exeunt.

I have heard of persons dying of external cancer; yet they had kept so secret about it that their nearest friends had not suspected it.
SCENE VI. — Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.
Rosen. } [Within.] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Rosen. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Rosen. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Rosen. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge,\(^1\) what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Rosen. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the King best service in the end: he keeps them, as an ape doth nuts in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallowed: \(^2\) when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall \(^3\) be dry again.
Rosen. I understand you not, my lord.

\(^1\) That is, on being demanded by a sponge. An instance of the infinitive
Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a fool-

ish ear.⁴

Rosen. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and
go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body.⁵ The King is a thing —

Guild. A thing, my lord!

Ham. —of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all
after.⁶

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. — Another Room in the Castle.

Enter the King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yct must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of the distracted ¹ multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence.² To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem

⁴ Perhaps this is best explained by a passage in Love's Labours Lost, v. 2:
"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue
of him that makes it."

⁵ Hamlet is talking riddles, in order to tease and puzzle his questioners.
The meaning of this riddle, to the best of my guessing, is, that the King's
body is with the King, but not the King's soul: he's a king without kingli-
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. —

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall’n?
Rosen. Where the dead body is bestow’d, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Rosen. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Rosen. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where’s Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e’en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that’s the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

8 "To keep all things quiet and in order, this sudden act must seem a thing that we have paused and deliberated upon." See page 194, note 11.

4 Alluding, probably, to the Diet of Worms, which Protestants regarded as a convocation of politicians. Here, again, I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Crosby, who aptly prompts me, that there is a further allusion to the character of Polonius; meaning such worms as might naturally be bred in the carcass of a defunct old political wire-puller. And he remarks, "Had the old gentleman been conspicuous for his ambition, it would have been just like Shakespeare to call the worms bred from him aspiring worms."
King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.5

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In Heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i the other place/yourself/ But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. [To some Attendants.] Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [Exeunt Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,— Which we do tender,6 as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, Th' associates tend,7 and every thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.8 — But, come; for England! — Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
SCENE I. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you, make haste.—

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set 9
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring 10 to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. 11

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain, and Soldiers, marching.

Fortin. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish King;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. 1

9 To set formerly meant to estimate. To set much or little by a thing, is to estimate it much or little.
10 In Shakespeare's time the two senses of conjure had not acquired each
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;²
And let him know so.

_Capt._ I will do't, my lord.

_Fortin._ Go softly on.

[Enter Fortinbras and Soldiers.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

_Ham._ Good sir, whose powers are these?

_Capt._ They are of Norway, sir.

_Ham._ How purposed, sir, I pray you?

_Capt._ Against some part of Poland.

_Ham._ Who commands them, sir?

_Capt._ The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

_Ham._ Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

_Capt._ Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;³
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

_Ham._ Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

² In the Regulations for the Establishment of the Queen's Household, 1627:
"All such as doe service in the queen's eye." And in The Establishment of
Prince Henry's Household, 1610: "All such as doe service in the prince's
eye." Fortinbras means, "I will wait upon his presence, and pay my
respects to him in person."

³ The meaning is, "I would not pay five ducats for the exclusive privi-
lege of collecting all the revenue it will yield to the State." To farm or farm.
SCENE I.  PRINCE OF DENMARK.  265

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume 4 of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. — I humbly thank you, sir.

Capt. God b' wi' you, sir.  [Exit.

Rosen. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.—

[Execunt all but HAMLET.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To lust in us unused. 5 Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say This thing's to do;
Sith 6 I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition ruff'd 7
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. — How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,"
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent."
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

Scene II.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter the Queen and Horatio.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract;¹
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws;² speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection;³ they aim at it,
And botch the words-up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.⁴
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.—[Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:⁵
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

¹ Distract for distracted; just as bloat and hoist before.
² Kicks spitefully at straws. Such was the common use of spurn in the
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.*

*Ophe.* Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?
*Queen.* How now, Ophelia!

*Ophe.* [Sings.] *How should I your true-love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
*Ophe.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[Sings.] *He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia, —
*Ophe.* Pray you, mark.

[Sings.] *White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

*Enter the King.*

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Ophe.* [Sings.] —*Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

---

6 There is no part of the play more pathetic than this scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effects. In the latter case the audience supply what is wanting, and with the former they sympathize.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

7 These were the badges of pilgrims. The *cockle shell* was an emblem of their intention to go beyond sea. The habit, being held sacred, was often assumed as a disguise in love-adventures.

8 *Larded* is garnished, or ornamented.
King. How do you, pretty lady?
Ophe. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a
baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know
not what we may be. God be at your table!
King Conceit upon her father.
Ophe. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but, when
they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings.] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
    All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
    To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
    And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
    Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!
Ophe. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings.] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
    Alack, and fie for shame!

9 God yield or reward you. See vol. v. page 108, note 9.
10 There was a tradition that the Saviour went into a baker's shop and
    asked for some bread. The baker put some dough in the oven to bake for
    Him, and was rebuked by his daughter for doing so. For this wickedness
    the daughter was transformed into an owl.
11 Of course Valentine stands for a person here; and it means much the
    same as lover or sweet-heart. The old use of the name is well shown in
    Scott's Fair Maid of Perth, where Simon Glover wishes to make a match
    between his daughter Catharine and Henry Smith, the hero of the tale. He
    therefore so arranges matters, that Smith shall be the first person whom
    Catharine sees on the morning of St. Valentine's day. This makes him her
    Valentine for the year: as such, he may claim a kiss of her on the spot, and
    also as often as they meet during the year.
12 To dup is to do up, as to don is to do on.
13 This use of Gis has not been accounted for. Probably it is a corrup-
    tion, or perhaps a disguise, of the Saviour's name. Saint Charity was often
    used in this way.
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock,⁴ they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder Sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Ophé. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but
I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the
cold ground. My brother shall know of it; and so I thank
you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good night,
ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray
you.—
[Exit Horatio.

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!⁵ First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddled,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger⁶ to inter him: poor Ophelia

⁴ The origin and meaning of this oath, also, are wrapped in obscurity.
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear.\(^{17}\) O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece,\(^{18}\) in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

\(\text{[A noise within.}\)

\text{Queen.} \quad \text{Alack, what noise is this?}

\text{King.} \quad \text{Where are my Swissers?}^{19} \quad \text{Let them guard the door. —}

\text{Enter a Gentleman.}

What is the matter?

\text{Gent.} \quad \text{Save yourself, my lord:}

The ocean, overpeering of his list,\(^{20}\)
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And — as\(^{21}\) the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

\(^{17}\) "In ear and ear" is used, apparently, to give a plural sense.

\(^{18}\) A murdering-piece, or murderer, was a small piece of artillery. Case-
shot, filled with small bullets, nails, old iron, &c., was often used in these
murderers. This accounts for the raking fire attributed to them in the text.
The ratifiers and props of every word —
They cry, *Choose we: Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
*Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!*

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! —
*O,* this is counter,²² you false Danish dogs!

*King.* The doors are broke.    [Noise within.

*Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this King? —Sir, stand you all without.
*Danes.* No, let's come in.
*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.
*Danes.* We will, we will.    [They retire without the door.
*Laer.* I thank you: keep the door. — *O* thou vile King,
Give me my father!

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.
*Laer.* That drop of blood that’s calm proclaims me bas-
tard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched²³ brows
Of my true mother.

*King.* What’s the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? —
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There’s such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. — Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed: —let him go, Gertrude: —
Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?
*King.* Dead.

²² Hounds are said to run *counter* when they are upon a false scent, or
hunt by the heel, running backward and mistakes the course of the game.
²³ *Unsmirched* is *unsullied, spotless.*
SCENE II.  PRINCE OF DENMARK.  273

Queen.  But not by him.

King.  Let him demand his fill.

Laer.  How came he dead?  I'll not be juggled with:
To Hell, allegiance!  vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most throughly24 for my father.

King.  Who shall stay you?

Laer.  My will, not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King.  Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake,25 you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer.  None but his enemies.

King.  Will you know them, then?

Laer.  To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.26

King.  Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,

24 Throughly and thoroughly as also through and thorough were used
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce: 27
As day does to your eye.

_Danes._ [Within.] Let her come in.
_Laer._ How now! what noise is that?—

_Re-enter Ophelia._

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves. 28

_Ophe._ [Sings.]

_They bore him barefaced on the bier;_

_Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;_

_And on his grave rain'd many a tear.—_

Fare you well, my dove!

_Laer._ Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move me thus.

_Ophe._ You must sing, _Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a._ O, how the wheel 29 becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter. 30

27 Level, again, for direct. — Pierce, here, has the sense of penetrate, that is, go through or reach.
28 Here, as often, instance is proof, example, specimen, assurance. The precious thing which Ophelia's fineness of nature has sent after her father
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.  

Ophe. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. —I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died: they say he made a good end,—

81 He means that Ophelia's nonsense tells more, as to her condition, than speaking sense would.

82 The language of flowers is very ancient, and the old poets have many instances of it. In The Winter's Tale, iv. 3, Perdita makes herself delectable in the use of it, distributing her flowers much as Ophelia does here. Rosemary, being supposed to strengthen the memory, was held emblematic of remembrance, and in that thought was distributed at weddings and funerals. —Pansies, from the French pensees, were emblems of pensiveness, thought being here again used for grief, the same as in page 220, note 13. The next speech, "thoughts and remembrance fitted," is another instance.

83 Document, from the Latin docere, was often used in the original sense of lesson, or something taught. So in The Faerie Queen, i. 10, 19, where Fidelia takes the Redcross Knight under her tuition, and draws upon "her sacred booke."

And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach.

84 Fennel and columbine were significant of cajolery and ingratitude; so that Ophelia might fitly give them to the guileful and faithless King.

85 Rue was emblematic of sorrow or ruth, and was called herb-grace from the moral and medicinal virtues ascribed to it. —There may be some uncertainty as to Ophelia's meaning, when she says to the Queen, "you must wear your rue with a difference." Bearing a difference is an old heraldic phrase; and the difference here intended is probably best explained in Cogan's Haven of Health: "The second property is that rue abateth carnal lust, which is also confirmed by Galen." So that the difference in the Queen's case would be emblematic of her "hasty return to the nuptial state, and a severe reflection on her indecent marriage."

86 The daisy was an emblem of dissembling; the violet, of faithfulness, and is so set down in The Lover's Nosegay.
[Sings.] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, Hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

*Ophé.* [Sings.]

> And will he not come again?
> And will he not come again?
> No, no, he is dead,
> Gone to his death-bed;
> He never will come again.

> His beard was white as snow,
> All flaxen was his poll:
> He is gone, he is gone,
> And we cast away moan:
> God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. — God b' wi' ye.

*[Exit.]*

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart;
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul.
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation, 41 —
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The Same. • Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hora. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.
Hora. Let them come in. — [Exit Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.
Hora. Let Him bless thee too.
1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please Him. There's a letter
for you, sir,—it comes from the ambassador that was bound
for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know
it is.

Hor. [Reads.] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd
this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have
letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate

41 The funerals of knights and persons of rank were made with great
ceremony and ostentation formerly. Sir John Hawkins observes that "the
sword, the helmet, the gauntlet, spurs, and tabard are still hung over the
grave of every knight."
of very warlike appointment\(^1\) gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore\(^2\) of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

**Scene IV. — Another Room in the Castle.**

**Enter the King, and Laertes.**

**King.** Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal, And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath your noble father slain Pursued my life.

**Laer.** It well appears. But tell me, Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,

\(^1\) Appointment, here, is armament, or equipment. Still used thus in military language. Also in “a well-appointed house”; meaning, of course, well-furnished, or well-ordered.

\(^2\) The bore is the caliber or capacity of a gun; as a ten-pounder, or a seventy-four pounder, according to the weight of the ball.
You mainly\(^1\) were stirr'd up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they're strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be't either-which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender\(^2\) bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces;\(^3\) so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,\(^4\)
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.\(^5\)

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,\(^6\)
Stood challenger on mount of all the age\(^7\)
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think

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\(^1\) The Poet sometimes uses *mainly* for *greatly* or *strongly*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 4: "I do not call your faith in question so mainly as my merit." See vol. xi. page 57, note 25.

\(^2\) "The general gender" is the common *race* or *sort* of people; the multitude. Shakespeare has the like phrase, "one gender of herbs."
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.

[Reads.] High and mighty: You shall know I am set
naked® on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to
see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon
thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more
strange return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse,® and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked;
And in a postscript here he says, alone.
King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so, how otherwise? 10 —
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. I will, my lord,
So you will not o’errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return’d,
As checking 11 at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice, 13
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk’d of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet’s hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege. 13

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

10 That is, “how should it be either true or not true?” The thing seems incredible either way: incredible that Hamlet should have returned: in-
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:
I've seen, myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wasn't?

King. A Norman.


King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,

---

14 The Poet repeatedly has very in the sense of mere.
16 The sense of health goes with the preceding clause; the "light and careless livery" denoting health, as the black dress denotes gravity.—Weeds was used for clothes or dress in general. Here the sense of settled continues over weeds: staid or sober dress.
18 Can is here used in its original sense of ability or skill.
17 That is, in the imagination of shapes and tricks, or feats. This use of
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers\textsuperscript{20} of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with your envy\textsuperscript{21}
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

\textit{Laer.} What out of this, my lord?
\textit{King.} Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

\textit{Laer.} Why ask you this?
\textit{King.} Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time,\textsuperscript{22}
And that I see, in passages of proof,\textsuperscript{23}
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,\textsuperscript{24}
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

\textsuperscript{20} Scrimer is from the French escrimeur, which means fencer.
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,  
That hurts by easing.\(^{25}\) But, to th' quick o' the ulcer:  
Hamlet comes back: *what would you undertake,*  
'To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;\(^{26}\)  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,  
Will you do this,\(^{27}\) keep close within your chamber.  
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on\(^{28}\) those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,  
And wager on your heads. He, being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse\(^{29}\) the foils; so that, with ease  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated,\(^ {30}\) and, in a pass of practice,  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't;

\(^{25}\) It was ancienely believed that sighing consumed the blood. The Poet  
has several allusions to this. There is also a fine moral meaning in the  
figure. Jeremy Taylor speaks of certain people who take to a sentimental  
penitence, as "cozening themselves with their own tears," as if these would  
absolve them from "doing works meet for repentence." Such tears may be  
fitly said to "hurt by easing."

\(^{26}\) Murder should not have the protection or privilege of sanctuary in
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,\(^{31}\)
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm\(^{32}\) so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,\(^{33}\)
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof.\(^{34}\) Soft!—let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce;\(^{35}\) whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,\(^{36}\)

\(^{31}\) Mountebank commonly meant a quack, but is here put, apparently, for druggist or apothecary. The word seems to have been used originally of a pedlar or pretender who mounted a bench, or a bank by the wayside, and hawked off his wares or his skill.—Here, as generally in Shakespeare, mortal is deadly; that which kills.

\(^{32}\) Cataplasm is a soft plaster, or a poultice. — Simples is, properly, herbs; but was used of any medicine. See vol. vi. page 27, note 9.

\(^{33}\) "If our purpose should expose or betray itself through lack of skill in the execution."
Our purpose may hold there. —

Enter the Queen.

How now, sweet Queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. — Your sister's drown'd, Leertes.

Laertes. Drown'd! O, where? 37

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal 38 shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable 39 of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch 40 from her melodious lay

*stoccata* and *staccato*. So in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4: "He gives me the stuck-
SCENE I.    PRINCE OF DENMARK.  287

To muddy death.

_Laer._    Alas, then she is drown'd!

_Queen._    Drown'd, drown'd!

_Laer._    Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out._41_—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that _fain would_ blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

_King._    Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.

ACT V.


_Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

_1 Clown._    Is she to be buried in Christian burial that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?

_2 Clown._    I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave
straight: _1_ the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian
burial.

_1 Clown._    How can that be, unless she drowned herself
1 Clown. It must be se offendendo; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver, —

1 Clown. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, — mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 Clown. But is this law?

1 Clown. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clown. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even-Christian. — Come, my spade. — There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

3 The Clown, in undertaking to show off his legal learning, blunders offendendo for defendendo.

4 Argal is an old vulgar corruption of the Latin ergo, therefore.

5 "Will he, nill he," is will he, or will he not.

6 Hawkins thinks the Poet here meant to ridicule a case reported by Plowden. Sir James Hales had drowned himself in a fit of insanity, and the
SCENE I.  PRINCE OF DENMARK.  289

2 Clown. Was he a gentleman?
1 Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.
2 Clown. Why, he had none.
1 Clown. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digg'd: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clown. Go to.
1 Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
2 Clown. The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.
1 Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.
2 Clown. Who builds stonger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?
1 Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.7
2 Clown. Marry, now I can tell.
1 Clown. To't.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at some distance.
[He digs and sings.]

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract — O — the time, for — ah — my behave —
O — Methought there was nothing meet. 8

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horo. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clown. [Sings.]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me intil the land,
As if I had never been such. [Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not? 9

Horo. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord? This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

8 The original ballad from whence these stanzas are taken is printed in
SCENE I. PRINCE OF DENMARK. 291

_Hora._ Ay, my lord.

_Ham._ Why, e'en so; and now my Lady Worm's; chopless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

_I Clown._ [Sings.]

> A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
   For and a shrouding sheet; — O —
   A pit of clay for to be made
   For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.

_Ham._ There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and

10 The skull that was my Lord Such-a-one's is now my Lady Worm's.
11 Loggats are small logs or pieces of wood. Hence loggats was the name of an ancient rustic game, wherein a stake was fixed in the ground at which loggats were thrown; in short, a ruder kind of quoit-play.
12 "For and," says Dyce, "in the present version of the stanza, answers to And eke in that given by Percy." So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle: "Your squire doth come and with him comes the
the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

_Hora._ Not a jot more, my lord.

_Ham._ Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

_Hora._ Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

_Ham._ They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave’s this, sirrah?

_x Clown._ Mine, sir.—

[Sings.] O—A pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.

_Ham._ I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in’t.

_x Clown._ You lie out on’t, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in’t, and yet it is mine.

title. Both fines and recoveries are fictions of law, used to convert an estate tail into a fee-simple. Statutes are (not acts of parliament but) statutes merchant and staple, particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgment for securing debts, which thereby become a charge upon the party’s land. Statutes and recognizances are constantly mentioned together in the covenants of a purchase deed."

Here we have fine used in four different senses: first, in the proper Latin sense, end; second, in the legal sense, to denote certain processes in law; third, in the sense of proud, elegant, or refined; fourth, in the ordinary sense of small.

17 Indenture, conveyance, and assurance are all used here as equivalent terms, and mean what we call deeds; instruments relating to the tenure and transfer of property. They were called indentures, because two copies were written on the same sheet of parchment, which was cut in two in a toothed or indented line, to guard against counterfeits, and to prove genuineness in case of controversy. — Inheritor, in the next line, is possessor or owner. The Poet often uses the verb to inherit in the same sense.

18 A quibble is here implied upon parchment; deeds, which were always written on parchment, being in legal language “common assurances.”
Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clown. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clown. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clown. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so pick'd, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

--- 19 To speak by the card, is to speak precisely, by rule, or according to a prescribed course. It is a metaphor from the seaman's card or chart by which he guides his course.

20 Picked is curious, over-nice. See vol. x. page 13, note 21.
Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clown. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clown. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, — as we have many pocky corse now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in, — he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

1 Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [Takes the skull.] — Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand
your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that!—Pr'y-thee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

_Hora._ What's that, my lord?

_Ham._ Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

_Hora._ E'en so.

_Ham._ And smelt so? pah! [Puts down the skull.

_Hora._ E'en so, my lord.

_Ham._ To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

_Hora._ Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

_Ham._ No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither, with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel thé Winter's flaw! 29

But soft! but soft! aside! here comes the King,
The Queen, the courtiers.

_Enter_ Priests, _etc._ in _procession;_ the corté of _CUPBAT._
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.²³
Couch we awhile, and mark. [Retiring with Horatio.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards,²⁴ flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,²⁵
Her maiden strewnments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.²⁷

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

²³ Estate was a common term for persons of rank. — To fordo is to undo or destroy. See page 189, note 20.

²⁴ Shards not only means fragments of pots and tiles, but rubbish of any kind. Our version of the Bible has preserved to us pot-sherds; and bricklayers, in Surrey and Sussex, use the compounds tile-sherds, slate-sherds.

²⁵ Crants is an old word for garlands; very rare, and not used again by Shakespeare. Some mistake it for cramps, and think it 'cramps' or 'cramp' of the body.
SCENE I.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! [Scattering flowers.
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! — Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[Leaps into the grave

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Cônjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane! [Leaps into the grave.

Laer. The Devil take thy soul! [Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum. — What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him!

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou’lt do: Woo’t weep? woo’t fight? woo’t fast? woo’t tear thyself? Woo’t drink up Esill?²⁹ eat a crocodile? I’ll do’t. Dost thou come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick³⁰ with her, and so will I; And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us, till our ground, Singeing his pate against the burning zone,³¹ Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou’lt mouth, I’ll rant as well as thou.

²⁹ What particular lake, river, frith, or gulf was meant by the Poet, is something uncertain. The more common opinion is, that he had in mind the river Yesel, which, of the larger branches of the Rhine, is the one nearest to Denmark. In the maps of our time, Isef is the name of a gulf almost surrounded by land, in the Island of Zealand, not many miles west of Elsinore. Either of these names might naturally enough have been spelt and pronounced Esill or Isell by an Englishman in Shakespeare’s time. In strains of hyperbole, such figures of speech were often used by the old poets. — Woo’t is a contraction of wouldst thou, said to be common in the northern counties of England.

³⁰ Quick in its old sense of alive, as in the Nicene Creed. The Poet has it repeatedly so. See vol. vii. page 216, note 18.

³¹ “The burning zone” is no doubt the path, or seeming path, of the Sun in the celestial sphere; the Sun’s diurnal orbit.
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Queen. This is mere 33 madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed, 33
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[Exit Horatio.

[To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's
speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir; now shall you see th' other:
You do remember all the circumstance? 1

Hora. Remember it, my lord!

33 Here, as often, mere is absolute or downright.
33 The "golden couplets" are the two chicks of the dove; which, when
first hatched, are covered with a yellow down; and in her patient tenderness
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep:
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And praised be rashness for it; let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hora. That is most certain.

Ham. — Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scar'd about me, in the dark
Coped I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery! — an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,—
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—

2 Hamlet has from the first divined the King's purpose in sending him to
England. Since the close of the interlude, Hamlet knows that the King did
indeed murder his father, and he also knows that the King suspects him of
knowing it. Hence, on shipboard, he naturally has a vague, general appre-
hension of mischief, and this fills him with nervous curiosity as to the par-
ticular shape of danger which he is to encounter.

8 The bilboes were bars of iron with fetters annexed to them, by which
mutinous or disorderly sailors were linked together. To understand the
allusion, it should be known that, as these fetters connected the legs of the
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

_Hora._ Is't possible?

_Ham._ Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

_Hora._ I beseech you.

_Ham._ Being thus be-netted round with villainies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

_Hora._ Ay, good my lord.

_Ham._ An earnest conjuration from the King,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,

has _bug_ several times in that sense. See vol. vii. page 190, note 9.—_Goblins_
were a knavish sort of fairies, perhaps _ignes fatui_, and so belonged to the
genus Humbug.

_The language is obscure, though the general sense is plain enough. I
suspect _bated_ is an instance of the passive form with the active sense; no
leisure _abating_ the speed; or the haste not being lessened by any pause._

_Supervise_ is looking over, _perusal._

_An allusion to the stage, where a play was commonly introduced by a
prologue. _Hamlet_ means that his thoughts were so fiery-footed as to start
off in the play itself before he could get through the introduction._

_Statist_ is the old word for _statesman_. Blackstone says that "most of
our great men of Shakespeare's time wrote very bad hands; their secretaries,
very neat ones." It was accounted a mechanical and vulgar accom-
plishment to write a fair hand.

_In the days of archery, the English yeomanry, with their huge bows
and long arrows, were the most terrible fighters in Europe._
And stand a cement 'tween their amities;
And many such like aces of great charge, —
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debate more, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time 12 allow'd.

Hora.  How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant,
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in the form of th' other;
Subscribed it; gave't th' impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hora. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites. 13

Hora.  Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon? 14
He that hath kill'd my King, and whored my mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
SCENE II.  PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience
To quit 15 him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil? 16

Hora. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine; 17
And a man's life's no more than to say One.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see:
The portraiture of his. 18 I'll court his favours: 19
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hora. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osric. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. — [Aside to Horatio.]
Dost know this water-fly? 20

Hora. [Aside to Hamlet.] No, my good lord.

16 Here, as in many other places, to quit is to requite.
16 "Is it not a damnable sin to let this cancer of humanity proceed further in mischief and villainy?" Cancer, in one of its senses, means an eating, malignant sore, like a cancer. See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.
17 Hamlet justly looks forward to the coming of that news as the crisis of his task: it will give him a practicable twist on the King; he can then meet both him and the public with justifying proof of his guilt.
18 Hamlet and Laertes have lost each his father, and both have perhaps lost equally in Ophelia; so that their cause of sorrow is much the same.
Ham. [Aside to Horatio.] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's mess.\(^{21}\) 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osric. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osric. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osric. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osric. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, — as 'twere — I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember\(^ {22}\) —

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.

Osric. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to Court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,\(^ {23}\) of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall

\(^{21}\) This is meant as a sarcastic stroke at the King for keeping such a fin-
find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

_Ham._ Sir, his defainment suffers no perdition in you;\(^{24}\) though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory,\(^{25}\) and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.\(^{26}\) But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage,\(^{27}\) nothing more.

_Osric._ Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

_Ham._ The concernancy,\(^{26}\) sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

_Osric._ Sir?

_Hora._ Is’t not possible to understand in another tongue?\(^{29}\) You will do’t, sir, really.

\(^{24}\) "He suffers no loss in your description of him."

\(^{25}\) "To distinguish all his good parts, and make a schedule or inventory of them, would be too much for the most mathematical head." — The word _yaw_ occurs as a substantive in Massinger’s _Very Woman_: “O, the _yaws_ that she will make! Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right.” Where Gifford notes, “A _yaw_ is that unsteady motion which a ship makes in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course.” In the text, _yaw_ is a verb, and in the same construction with _dizzy_; “and yet would do nothing but _reel hither and thither_."

\(^{26}\) _In respect of_ is equivalent to _in comparison with_. So that the sense of the passage comes thus: “To discriminate the good parts of Laertes, and make a full catalogue of them, would dizzy the head of an _arithmetician_, and yet would be but a slow and staggering process, _compared to_ his swift sailing.” Hamlet is running Osric’s hyperbolical euphuism into the ground, and is purposely obscure, in order to bewilder the poor fop.

\(^{27}\) _To trace_ is to _track_, or _keep pace_ with. _Umbrage_, from the Latin _umbra_, is _shadow_. So that the meaning here is, “The only resemblance to him is in his mirror; and nothing but his shadow can keep up with him.”

\(^{29}\) That is, “Would you this know me?”
Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?
Osric. Of Laertes?
Hora. [Aside to Hamlet.] His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.
Ham. Of him, sir.
Osric. I know you are not ignorant—
Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?
Osric. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—
Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himself.30
Osric. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but, in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellow'd.31
Ham. What's his weapon?
Osric. Rapier and dagger.
Ham. That's two of his weapons; but, well?
Osric. The King, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imponed,39 as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.
Ham. What call you the carriages?

30 The meaning is, that he will not claim to appreciate the excellence of Laertes, as this would imply equal excellence in himself; on the principle that a man cannot understand that which exceeds his own measure. Hamlet goes into these subtleties on purpose to maze Osric.—The words, "but to know," mean "only to know." Ignorance or oversight of this has sometimes caused the text to be thought corrupt.
31 Unfellow'd is unequalled. Fellow for equal is very frequent.—Meed for merit; also a frequent usage. — Imputation, also, for reputation. So in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3: "Our imputation shall be oddly poised in this wild action." All used here, however, with euphuistic affectation.
32 Imponed is probably meant as an Osrican form of impawned. To impawn is to put in pledge, to stake or wager.
SCENE II.        PRINCE OF DENMARK. 307

_Hora._ [Aside to Hamlet.] I knew you must be edified by the margent 33 ere you had done.

_Osric._ The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

_Ham._ The phrase would be more germane 34 to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that’s the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imposed, as you call it?

_Osric._ The King, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer. 35

_Ham._ How if I answer no?

_Osric._ I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

_Ham._ Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his Majesty, ’tis the breathing-time 36 of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

_Osric._ Shall I re-deliver you e’en so?

_Ham._ To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

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33 "I knew you would have to be instructed by a marginal commentary."

The allusion is to the printing of comments in the margin of books. So in _Romeo and Juliet_, i. 3:

And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his own.
Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osr.] — He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for’s turn.

Hora. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.③

Ham. He did comply with his dug,④ before he suck’d it. Thus has he — and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on — only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection,⑤ which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions;⑥ and, do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osr. who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the King’s pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.⑦

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

③ Meaning that Osr. is a raw, unsledged, foolish fellow. It was a comparison for a forward fool. So in Meres’s Wits Treasury, 1598: “As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head, as soon as she is hatched.”

④ Comply is used in the same sense here as in note 57, page 206. In Fulwel’s Art of Flatterie, 1579, the same idea occurs: “The very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dug.”
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.

Hora. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will fore-stall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter the King, the Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

42 Gain-giving probably means misgiving; formed in the same way as
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

_Laer._ I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace, 45
To keep my name ungored. But, till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

_Ham._ I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils. — Come on.

_Laer._ Come, one for me.

_Ham._ I'll be your foil, Laertes: 46 in mine ignorance

45 The meaning probably is, "till some experts in the code of honour
give me the warrant of custom and usage for standing on peaceful terms
with you." Laertes thinks, or pretends to think, that the laws of honour
require him to insist on a stern vindication of his manhood. Hamlet has
before spoken of Laertes as "a very noble youth." In this part of the scene,
he has his faculties keenly on the alert against Claudius; but it were a sin
in him even to suspect Laertes of any thing so unfathomably base as the
treachery now on foot.
46 Hamlet plays on the word _foil_; which here has the sense of _contrast_,
or that which _sets off_ a thing, and makes it show to advantage; as a dark
night sets off a star, "when only one is shining in the sky."
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

_Lær._ You mock me, sir.

_Ham._ No, by this hand.

_King._ Give them the foils, young Osric. — Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

_Ham._ Very well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.47

_King._ I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But, since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.48

_Lær._ This is too heavy, let me see another.

_Ham._ This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

_[They prepare to play._

_Osric._ Ay, my good lord.

_King._ Set me the stoups of wine upon that table. —
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit 49 in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union 50 shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

*Now the King drinks to Hamlet!* — Come, begin; —

And you, the judges,\(^{51}\) bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. \(^{[They play.]}\)

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osric.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well; — again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink. — Hamlet, this pearl is thine; Here's to thy health. —

\(^{[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.]}\)

Give him the cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile. —

Come. \(^{[They play.]}\) Another hit; what say you?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's hot, and scant of breath. —

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,\(^{52}\) rub thy brows:

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam!\(^{53}\)

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. \(^{[Drinks.]}\)

*King.* \(^{[Aside.]}\) It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.\(^{54}\)
Scene II.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. [Aside.] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid you make a wanton of me. 55
Laer. Say you so? come on.
Osric. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change foils, and Hamlet wounds Laertes. 56

King. Part them; they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [The Queen falls.
Osric. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hora. They bleed on both sides. — How is it, my lord?
Osric. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,— O my dear Ham-

55 To make a wanton of a man, as the phrase is here used, is to treat him as a child, to avoid playing your best with him, or rather to play the game into his hands. — This is a quiet, but very significant stroke of delineation. Laertes is not playing his best, and it is the conscience of what is at the point of his foil that keeps him from doing so; and the effects are percepti-
The drink, the drink! — I'm poison'd.

Ham. O villainy! — Ho! let the door be lock'd! —
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life:
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The soul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd!
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too! —
Then, venom, to thy work! [Stabs the King.

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?
Follow my mother!

Laer. He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself. —
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [Dies. 58

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I'm dead, Horatio. — Wretched Queen, adieu! —
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, — as this fell sergeant, 59 death,
Is strict in his arrest, — O, I could tell you, —
But let it be. — Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Never believe it:
I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. * As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by Heaven, I'll have't.
O God, Horatio! what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [March afar off, and shot within.

What warlike noise is this?

Osric. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited —

Hora. The rest is silence:

60 To overcrow is to overcome, to subdue. The word was borrowed from
Now cracks a noble heart. — Good night, sweet Prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! —
Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fortin. Where is this sight?
Hora. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fortin. This quarry cries on 63 havoc.—O proud Death,
What feast is toward 63 in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hora. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But, since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placèd to the view;
And let me speak to th' yet-unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, 64 bloody, and unnatural acts;

62 Quarry, a term of the chase, was used for a heap of dead game. To
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause;\(^{65}\)
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall’n on th’ inventors’ heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fortin. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory\(^{66}\) in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:\(^{67}\)
But let this same be presently perform’d,
Even while men’s minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

Fortin. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T’ have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers’ music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

\[A\ dead\ march.\ Exeunt,\ bearing\ off\ the\ dead\ bodies;\]
\[after\ which\ a\ peal\ of\ ordnance\ is\ shot\ off.\]
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 148.  
As, by the same co-mart,  
And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet. — In the first of these lines, the folio has  
cov'nant instead of co-mart, which is the reading of the quartos.  
Shakespeare elsewhere uses to mart for to trade or to bargain. — In  
the second line, I give the reading of the second folio; the earlier edi-
tions having, with various spelling, designe instead of design'd. The  
confounding of final d and final e is among the commonest of misprints.

P. 149.  The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:  
So, stars with trains of fire; and dews of blood;  
Disasters in the Sun; and the moist star, &c. — This passage is  
not in the folio. The quartos have no point after streets, and they have  
"As starres with trains of fire," &c. The passage has troubled the  
commentators vastly, and a great many changes have been proposed,  
all quite unsatisfactory. Dyce pronounces it "hopelessly mutilated,"  
and I once thought so too. But it rather seems to me now that a just  
and fitting sense may be got by merely changing As to So. See foot-
note 33.

P. 150.  Unto our climature and countrymen. — So Dyce. The  
quartos have climatures. Not in the folio.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 153.  Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wiser sorrow think on him, &c. — The old copies  
have wisest instead of wiser, which I think the context fairly requires.

P. 157.  Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief, &c. — The  
old copies have moods and moods, which appear to be only old ways
of spelling modes. At all events, moods, in its present meaning, does not suit the context, as Hamlet here refers entirely to the outward marks of sadness.

P. 158. You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you.—Dr. Badham would read “And with nobility no less of love,” &c. This would give a definite object to impart, which now has no object expressed. So that the change is at least plausible. On the other hand, with this reading, nobility would have to be understood as meaning the honour of being heir-presumptive. But it may well be doubted whether Shakespeare would have used nobility with this meaning; and nobility, in the proper sense of the term, Hamlet has already by birth. If we could read “With this nobility no less of love,” &c., the sense would come right; but that would perhaps be an unwarrantable change. See foot-note 23.

P. 161. I would not hear your enemy say so.—So the quartos after that of 1603. Instead of hear, the folio has have, which some editors prefer. But surely hear accords much better with what follows.

P. 161. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear, till I deliver, &c. — The second and third quartos, and the folio, have “an attent eare” the first, fourth, and fifth quartos have attentive. All the old copies read “till I may deliver.” Pope omits may.

P. 162. In the dead vast and middle of the night.—So the first quarto, and the fifth. The other quartos and the folio have wast and waste instead of vast.

P. 162. Whilst they, distill’d
Almost to jelly with the act of fear, &c. — So the quartos. Instead of distill’d, the folio has bestil’d, which Collier’s second folio alters to bechill’d. In support of distill’d, Dyce aptly quotes from Sylvester’s Du Bartas, 1641: “Melt thee, distill thee, turne to wax or snow.” See foot-note 41.

P. 164. Let it be tenable in your silence still.—So the quartos. The folio has treble instead of tenable.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 165. For on his choice depends

The safety and the health of the whole State.—The quartos read "The safety and health"; the folio, "The sanctity and health." Probably, as Malone thought, safety was altered to sanctity merely because a trisyllable was wanted to complete the verse; the editor not perceiving that the article had dropped out before health. Hanmer reads, "The sanity and health." The reading in the text is Warburton's.

P. 166. As he in his particular act and place

May give his saying deed.—So the quartos. The folio reads "in his peculiar Sect and force."

P. 166. Th' unchariest maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the Moon.—The old copies read "The chariest maid." This gives a very weak sense, and one, it seems to me, not at all suited to the occasion or the character. "The chary maid" would be far better; but Laertes is apt to be superlative in thought and speech; and surely nothing less than unchariest would be intense enough for him here.

P. 168. And they in France of the best rank and station

Are most select and generous, chief in that.—The first quarto reads "Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that." The other quartos have "Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that"; the folio, "generous cheff in that." A great variety of changes has been made or proposed. The reading in the text is Rowe's, and is adopted by many of the best editors.

P. 169. Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. — In the second of these lines, the quartos, after 1603, have "Not of that die"; the folio, "Not of the eye." Some editors have strongly insisted on eye; whereupon Dyce asks, "though our early writers talk of 'an eye of green,' 'an eye of red,' 'an eye of blue,' &c., do they ever use eye by itself to denote colour?" — In the fourth line, again, the old copies have bonds instead of bawds, which is the reading of Theobald, Pope, and Collier's second folio. The context, and especially the word brokers, is decisive that a noun signifying persons, and not things, is required. Broker was often used as a synonym of bawd, and so it is here.

ACT 1., SCENE 4.

P. 172. By the o'ergrowth of some complexion. — All this speech, after "More honour'd in the breach than the observance," is wanting in the quarto of 1603 and the folio. The other quartos have "By their o're-grow'th"; an error which the context readily corrects.

P. 173. Their virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault; the dram of leav'n
Doth all the noble substance of 'em sour,
To his own scandal. — Not in the first quarto or the folio. In the first of these lines, the other quartos have His instead of Their; another error which the context readily corrects. In the fourth and fifth lines, the quartos of 1604 and 1605 read "the dram of eale Doth all the noble substance of a doubt." The later quartos have the same, except that they substitute ease for eale. This dreadful passage may, I think, be fairly said to have baffled all the editors and commentators. Mr. Furness, in his superb Variorum, notes some forty different readings which have been printed or proposed, all of them so unsatisfactory that he rejects them, and gives the old text, apparently regarding the corruption as hopeless. There is surely no possibility of making any sense out of it as it stands; and so far, I believe, all are agreed. Lettsom, I
CRITICAL NOTES.

two other changes I have made: in fact, the present reading was suggested to me by the passage from Bacon quoted in foot-note 11, which see. It gives a sense, I hope a natural and fitting one. And the language is in just accordance with what Hamlet says a little before,—
"that too much o'er-leavens the form of plausible manners." Nor was leaven, especially if written in the shortened form lev'n, unlikely to be corrupted into eale: at all events, we have many undoubted misprints much more emphatic than that. I was at one time minded to substitute yeast for eale; but I doubt whether yeast was ever used for leaven in Shakespeare's time: certainly he does not use it so anywhere else.

ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 177. And each particular hair to stand on end.—So the first quarto. The other old copies have "stand an end."

P. 177. List, list, O list!—So the quartos, after 1603. The folio reads "List Hamlet, oh list."

P. 177. That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.—So the quartos. The folio has rots instead of roots.

P. 178. With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts, &c.—The old copies have wits instead of wit. Corrected by Pope.

P. 179. Cut off even in the blossom of my sins.—The old copies read "the Blossomes of my sinne." Dyce conjectured blossom: the reading in the text is Mr. P. A. Daniel's. The misprinting of plurals and singulars for each other occurs very often.

P. 179. With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham.  O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; &c.—The old copies, except the first quarto, give nothing to Hamlet here, but print all three of these lines as spoken by the Ghost. The first quarto makes Hamlet exclaim "O God!" It was suggested to Johnson, by "a very learned lady," that the second line should be given to Hamlet; and Garrick is said to have adopted that arrangement on the stage. Rann first printed as in the text. And surely so it ought to be.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

P. 180. And shall I couple Hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart; &c. — So the second and third quartos. The fourth and fifth quartos and the folio omit the second hold.

P. 183. There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. — So all the quartos. The folio has our instead of your. The latter has at least as good authority, and is, I think, the better reading of the two, inasmuch as it conveys a mild sneer, which is well in keeping with Hamlet's temper and cast of mind. Of course the stress is on philosophy, not on your.

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 185. And, finding, By this encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it. — There is some doubt whether, in the last of these lines, we ought to print Than or Then. The old copies have Then; but this determines nothing, as that form was continually used in both senses. It seemed to me very clear, at one time, that we ought to read "come you more nearer; Then your particular demands," &c.; on the ground that particular inquiries would come to the point faster than general ones. If this notion be wrong, as it probably is, I am indebted to Mr. H. H. Furness for having set me right. See foot-note 3.

P. 186. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open of incontinency. — The old text reads "open to incontinency." This is nowise reconcilable with the context, and involves a contradiction too palpable, surely, to be put into the mouth of Polonius. But it is quite in character for him not to regard the thing in question as casting any dishonour, so it be managed with decorous privacy. I understand him as having in mind a state of morals where, to quote Burke's well-known saying, "vice itself loses half its evil by losing all its grossness." See foot-note 4.

P. 189. He falls to such perusal of my face As he would draw it. Long time stay'd he so. — So Pope. The old copies are without time, thus untuning the rhythm.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 197. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together

Here in the lobby.—So Hanmer and Collier's second folio.
The old copies read "walkes foure houres together."

P. 198. For, if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good
kissing carrion, &c.—So all the old copies, and rightly, I have no
doubt. Warburton substituted god for good, and the change was most
extravagantly praised by Johnson. I not only believe the old text to
be right, but can get no fitting sense out of the modern reading. The
latter, however, has been adopted by nearly all the leading editors:
even the Cambridge editors adopt it. I understand the meaning of the
old text to be, "a dead dog, which is a good carrion for the Sun to kiss,
and thus impregnate with new life." "A good kissing person" for a
person good to kiss, or good for kissing, is a very common form of
speech, and one often used by Shakespeare. See foot-note 26.

P. 201. And sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-
penny.—So Hanmer. The old copies read "too deare a halfpenny."

P. 202. What a piece of work is man!—So the quarto of 1637.
The earlier quartos have the a misplaced: "What peece of worke is a
man." The folios have the a in both places: "What a piece of work
is a man!"

P. 203. The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o'
the scar.—This is not in the quartos, and the folio has tickled instead
of tickle. The correction (and it is of the first class) was proposed by
Staunton.

P. 204. I think their innovation comes by the means of the late inhi-
bition.—In the old text, innovation and inhibition change places with
each other. Johnson notes upon the passage as follows: "Hamlet
berattle. — Of this and the six following speeches there are no traces in any of the quartos, except the first, and but slight traces there.

P. 205. *If they should grow themselves to common players, — as it is most like,* &c. — The folio reads “as it is like most.” See preceding note.

P. 208. *O Jephtha, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!*

Polo. *What treasure had he, my lord?* — So Walker. The old copies read “What a treasure had he.” Probably the a got repeated accidentally from the line above. Walker says, “What treasure, surely, for grammar’s sake.”

P. 209. *For look where my abridgements come.* — So the folio. The quartos, “my abridgement comes.”

P. 209. *You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.* — The old copies read “I am glad to see thee well.” An error which the context rectifies.

P. 210. *Nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation.* — So the folio. Instead of affectation, the quartos have affecti.on, which was sometimes used for affectation.

P. 215. *That I, the son of a dear father murder’d, &c.* — So the fourth, fifth, and sixth quartos. The other quartos and the folio omit father.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 217. *Most free of question, but of our demands*

Niggard in his reply. — The old text has Most free and Niggard transposed; which nowise accords with the course of the dialogue referred to, nor with the first speech of Guildenstern in this scene. The correction is Warburton’s, who notes upon the old reading thus: “This is given as the description of the conversation of a man whom the speaker found not forward to be sounded; and who kept aloof when they would bring him to confession. Shakespeare certainly wrote it just the other way.” It has been suggested that perhaps “a correct account of the interview” was not intended. But I can see no reason why Rosencrantz should wish to misrepresent it. See foot-note 2.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 218. And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauty be the happy cause, &c. — So Walker. Instead of beauty, the old copies have Beauties; an easy misprint when the word was written beautie.

P. 219. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. — Walker says that "slings" is undoubtedly the true reading." Perhaps he is right; but slings and arrows were often spoken of together in the language of ancient warfare. And the line, as it stands, is so much a household word, that it seems hardly well to make any change.

P. 220. The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay, &c. — So the folio. The quartos have despis'd instead of disprized. The folio reading is the stronger; for, if a love unprized be hard to bear, a love scorned must be much harder.

P. 220. When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who'd these fardels bear, &c. — The quartos read "who would fardels beare"; the folio, "who would these fardles beare." The contraction of who would to who'd is Walker's. I prefer the folio reading, because it makes what follows more continuous with what precedes; and it seems more natural that Hamlet should still keep his mind on the crosses already mentioned.

P. 221. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did. — So the folio. The quartos have "you know." The folio reading has, I think, more delicacy, and at least equal feeling.

P. 222. With more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, &c. — Collier's second folio changes beck to back, and Walker would make the same change.

P. 223. The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword. — Such is the order of the words in the first quarto. The other old copies transpose scholar's and soldier's. This naturally connects tongue with soldier, and sword with scholar; which is certainly not the meaning.

ACT III., SCENE 2.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

P. 226. Nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor Turk.—So the first quarto. Instead of Turk, the other quartos have man, and the folio Norman.

P. 226. That I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, &c. — The old copies read "had made men." Theobald conjectured them, and so Rann printed. Farmer proposed the men, which may be better, but gives the same sense. Surely, at all events, men cannot be right; for that must mean all men, or men in general; whereas the context fairly requires the meaning to be limited to the men that "imitated humanity so abominably."

P. 229. Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sabell. — The old copies read "a suit of Sables." As sable is itself a mourning-colour, the oppugnancy of the two clauses is evident. Warburton saw the discrepancy, and changed for to 'fore. This makes the meaning to be, "let the Devil put on mourning before I will." The reading in the text was proposed by a writer in The Critic, 1854, page 317. It seems to me to give just the sense wanted. See foot-note 15.

P. 234. Gonzago is the King's name. — Here, instead of King, the old copies have Duke. But in the stage-directions for the dumb-show the same person is repeatedly called King, as he also is a little after: "This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King." Probably the error crept in somehow from the first quarto, where the King and Queen of the interlude are called Duke and Duchess.

P. 235. Ophe. Still better, and worse. Ham. So you must take your husbands. — The first quarto reads "So you must take your husband"; the other quartos, "So you mistake your husbands"; the folio, "So you mistake husbands." Pope, I think, was the first to read as in the text.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 246. 
I'll sconce me even here.

Pray you be round with him. — So Hamner and Collier's second folio. The old copies, after 1603, have silence instead of sconce. The corresponding passage of the first quarto reads "I'll shrowde myselfe behinde the Arras." In The Merry Wives, iii. 3, Falstaff says, "I will ensconce me behind the arras."

P. 246. Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet! what's the matter now? Have you forgot me? — The old copies print these clauses as so many distinct speeches, assigning the second, "what's the matter now?" to Hamlet. Walker says "Perhaps all this belongs to the Queen"; whereupon Dyce notes, "I do not think so." Nevertheless I am satisfied that Walker's conjecture is right.

P. 252. Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,

Start up and stand on end. — The second and third quartos and the folio have "start up and stand"; the later quartos, "starts up and stands"; while all the old copies, except the first, where the passage is not found, have haire, instead of hairs, which is Rowe's reading.

P. 252. Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern affects. — Instead of affects, the old copies have effects. The correction is Singer's; who justly observes that "the 'piteous action' of the Ghost could not alter things effected, but might move Hamlet to a less stern mood of mind." The same error occurs elsewhere.

P. 254. That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habits evil, is angel yet in this, &c. — So Thirlby proposed, and Theobald printed. The quartos have devill instead of evil. The
third quartos read "And either the devil"; the later quartos, "And master the devil"; thus leaving both sense and metre defective. Some editors combine the two readings, — "And either master the devil"; but this, again, makes the line unmetrical. Pope and Capell read "And master even the devil"; Malone, "And either curb the devil." But the Poet seems to have intended the alternative sense of either making the Devil glad to leave or compelling him to leave. And the phrase, "shame the Devil," was part of an old proverb, which Shakespeare quotes elsewhere. So in i Henry IV., iii. 1:

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil
By telling truth; tell truth, and shame the Devil:
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 257. SCENE V. — Another Room in the Castle. — Modern editions, generally, make the fourth Act begin here. None of the old copies have any marking of the Acts and Scenes, after the second Scene of the second Act; and it seems very clear that there is no sufficient interval or pause in the action to warrant the beginning of a new Act in this place. I therefore agree with Caldecott and Elze that Act IV. ought to begin with the fourth Scene after.

P. 258. O'er whom his very madness, like fine ore
Among a mineral of metals base, &c. — So Walker. The old text has some instead of fine. As some would naturally be written with he long s, such a misprint might easily occur. Furness prints fine.

P. 258. But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. — The quartos have "this vile deed," the folio, "this wilde deed." I strongly suspect it ought to be "this wild deed"; that is, mad or crazy. The epithet wild just suits
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 258. And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, &c. — So Capell. The words so, haply, slander are wanting in all the old copies. This leaves the sentence without any subject; and some insertion is imperatively required. Theobald reads "for, haply, slander." Malone reads "So viperous slander," as the Poet has, in Cymbeline iii. 4, "the secrets of the grave this viperous slander enters." But, in the present passage the sense of viperous is given in "poison'd shot."

ACT III., SCENE 6.

P. 259. He keeps them, as an ape doth nuts in the corner of his jaw.— The words as an ape doth nuts are from the corresponding passage of the first quarto. The other quartos read "he keepes them like an apple in the corner," &c.; the folio, "He keepes them like an Ape in the corner."

ACT III., SCENE 7.

P. 263. And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.— So the folio. The quartos read "my joyes will nere begin." The change was doubtless made in the folio in order to have the scene end with a rhyme. But is the rhyme worth the breach of grammar which it costs? I should certainly read with the quartos, but that Walker, Dyce, the Cambridge editors, Singer, Staunton, and White all prefer the folio reading.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 264. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground, &c.— So Capell. The old copies lack sir in the first line. Pope reads "Truly to speak it," &c.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 267. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Queen. Let her come in.— The quartos assign all this to Horatio; the folio gives it all to the Queen. The first two lines clearly ought not to be spoken by the Queen; and there can be little doubt that, as Hanmer judged, her speech ought to begin with "Let her come in"; which of course marks her final yielding to Horatio's urgent request.
P. 268. Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers. — So Pope, and most editors since. The old copies all read “to the grave did not go”; which is manifestly against all reason both of metre and of sense.

P. 272. Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows  
Of my true mother. — Instead of brows, the old copies have browe and brow.

P. 274. It shall as level to your judgment pierce  
As day does to your eye. — So the folio. Instead of pierce, the quartos have peare, which Dyce strangely prefers, printing it ‘pear.

P. 274. Hadst thou my wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move me thus. — So Walker. The old copies are without me.

P. 276. No, no, he is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed;  
He never will come again. — So Collier’s second folio. The old copies have “go to thy Death-bed.” The correction is well approved by a similar passage in Eastward Ho, written by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman:

But now he is dead, and lain in his bed,  
And never will come again.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 281. Will you be ruled by me?  
Laer.  
I will, my lord,  
So you will not o’errule me to peace. — So Capell. Not in the folio. The quartos, except the first, read “I my lord.” I was commonly printed for the affirmative ay, as well as for the pronoun; and so modern editors generally print Ay. But this leaves an ugly gap in the metre. The probability is, that will dropped out in the printing or the transcribing.

P. 282. Upon my life, Lamond. — So Pope. The quartos have Lamord; the folio, Lamound.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 283. Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with your envy, &c.—The old copies read "with his envy"; his having probably slipped in by mistake from the line above. At all events, as Walker observes, the old text can hardly have any meaning but that "Hamlet did envenom this report"; which I cannot easily believe to have been the Poet's thought. Of course, with your, the meaning is, "this report did so envenom Hamlet with envy of you." See foot-note 21.

P. 284. And then this should be like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing.—So the quarto of 1637. The earlier quartos have "a spend-thrift's sigh." The passage is not in the folio.

P. 286. How now, sweet Queen!—So the second folio. The first omits now; accidentally, no doubt. The quartos, after 1603, have "but stay, what noyse."

P. 287. I have a speech of fire, that pain would blaze,

But that this folly drowns it.—So the quartos. Instead of drowns, the folio has doubts, which Knight changes to douts.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 294. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

This skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.—These statements, taken together with a preceding speech, infer Hamlet's age to be thirty years; which cannot well be reconciled with what Laertes and Polonius say of him in i. 3. Mr. Halliwell substitutes dozen for three-and-twenty, and quotes from the first quarto, "Here's a skull hath bin here this dozen yeare." But, as Mr. Furness observes, it is by no means certain that the Clown refers to the same skull there as here: he may have just turned up another. I cannot help suspecting that the Poet wrote "20 yeares," and "3 & 10 yeares," and that the 2 and 1 got corrupted into 3 and 2. It would be not unlike the Clown's manner, to put three-and-ten for thirteen. This, of course, would make Hamlet twenty years old; which is just about the age wanted.

P. 294. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.—So the quartos, except that they have "sir Yorick's," sir being doubtless repeated by mistake. The folio reads "This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was Yorick's Scull." What should be the use or sense of this repetition, does not appear.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

P. 296. Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewnements, &c. — So the quartos. The folio has rites instead of crants.

P. 298. Wont drink up Esull? eat a crocodile? — So read all the quartos except the first, which has vessels. The folio has Esile, printed in Italic, as if to mark it as a proper name. This would naturally infer that some stream or body of water was meant. Theobald, and some others after him, read eisel, which is an old word for vinegar. With that word, we must take drink up as simply equivalent to drink: and would Ihamlet in such a case be likely to mention such a thing as drinking vinegar? Surely not much of a feat to be coupled with eating a crocodile. So that I cannot reconcile myself to the reading eisel. See foot-note 29.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 300. Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, When our deep plots do pall. — So the second quarto. The other quartos have fall instead of pall. The folio has paule, which is probably but another spelling of pall. Pope substituted fail, and some editors have followed him. But what need of change? See foot-note 4.

P. 301. Being thus be-netted round with villainies, &c. — The old copies have villaines. Corrected by Capell.

P. 302. And stand a cement 'tween their amities. — Instead of cement, which is Hanmer's reading, the old copies have comma. The image of peace standing as a comma between two persons, to hold them friends, goes rather hard. In Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2, Cesar speaks to Antony of Octavia, as "the piece of virtue which is set betwixt us as the cement of our love, to keep it builded." Some editors, following Johnson, retain comma, on the ground that the comma is in itself "a note of connection." This seems to me a reason invented purely for the case in hand. The comma is no more a note of connection than other punctuative marks are: it is just as truly a note of division as a semicolon, a colon, or a period; the same in kind, but differing in degree. So, in writing or printing, it is often immaterial whether a comma or a semicolon be used; and some use the latter where others use the former.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 302. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon? — The quartos have thinkst thee; the folio, thinkst thee. Rowe corrected thee to thou.

P. 303. For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours. — This is not in the quartos, and the folio has count instead of court. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 305. To divide him inventorially would disy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, &c. — So the quarto of 1604. The other quartos have raw instead of yaw. The context shows yaw to be right. Dyce undertakes to help the sense by substituting it for yet; which, to my thinking, just defeats its sense. Staunton proposes to substitute wit; which would have the same effect. See foot-notes 25 and 26. — The speech is not in the folio; nor has the first quarto any traces of it.

P. 308. A kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; &c. — So the folio. The second and third quartos have “most prophane and trennowed opinions”; the later quartos the same, except that they substitute trennnowned for trennowed. Warburton changed the folio reading to “most fanned and winnowed opinions,” which several editors have adopted. But surely fond gives a natural and fitting sense, — affected or conceited; while the sense of fanned is fully expressed by winnowed. See foot-note 40.

P. 309. The readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? — So Johnson. The quartos read “The readines is all, since no man of ought he leaves, knowes what ist to leave betimes, let be.” The folio reads “The readinesse is all, since no man ha's aught of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?” Modern editors differ a good deal in their readings of the passage. The Cambridge editors print as follows: “The readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.”

P. 312. He's hot, and scant of breath. — Instead of hot, the old text has fat; which seems decidedly out of place here, as a word is required signifying something peculiar to Hamlet in his present situation or at