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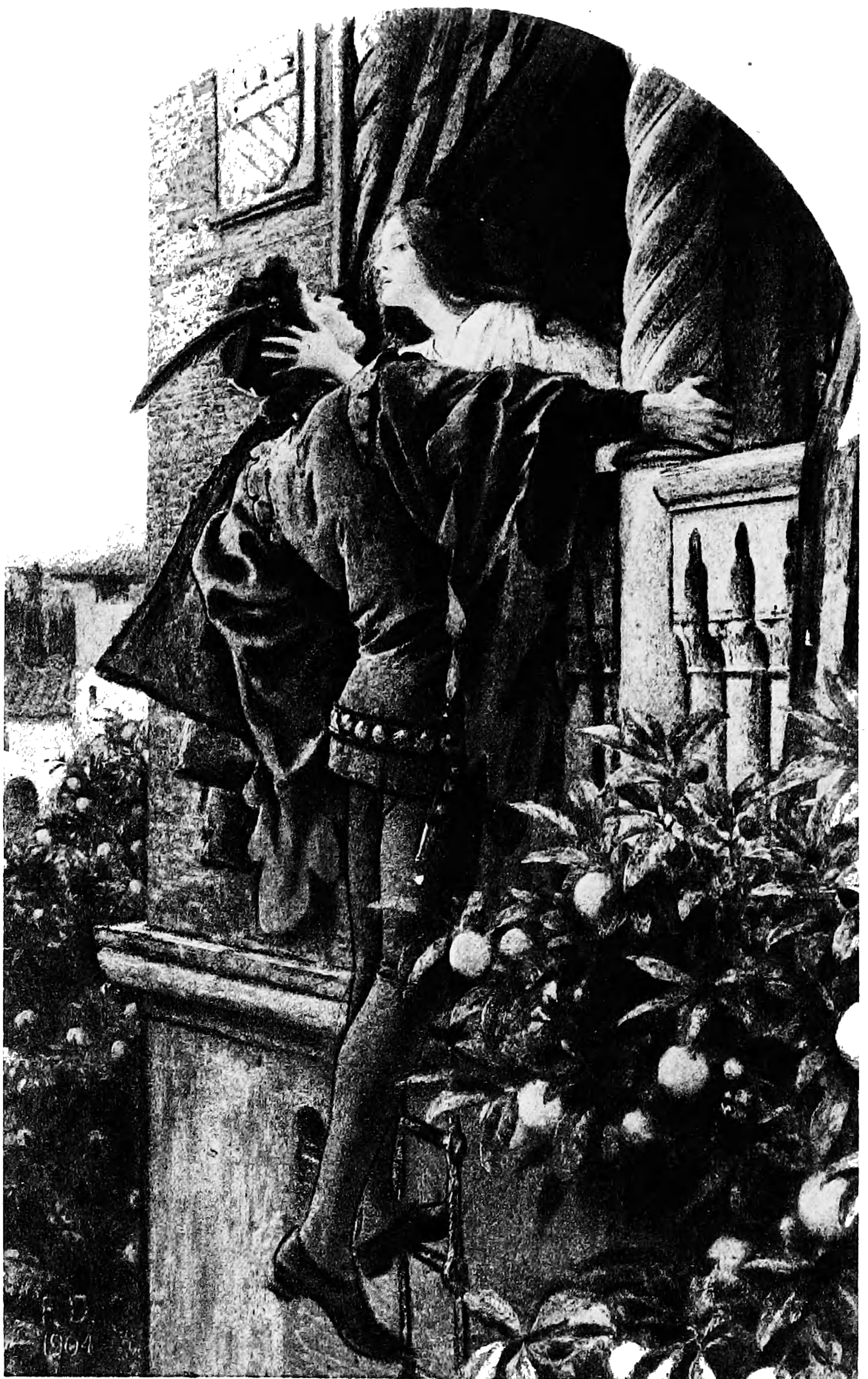
**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
IN TWENTY VOLUMES**

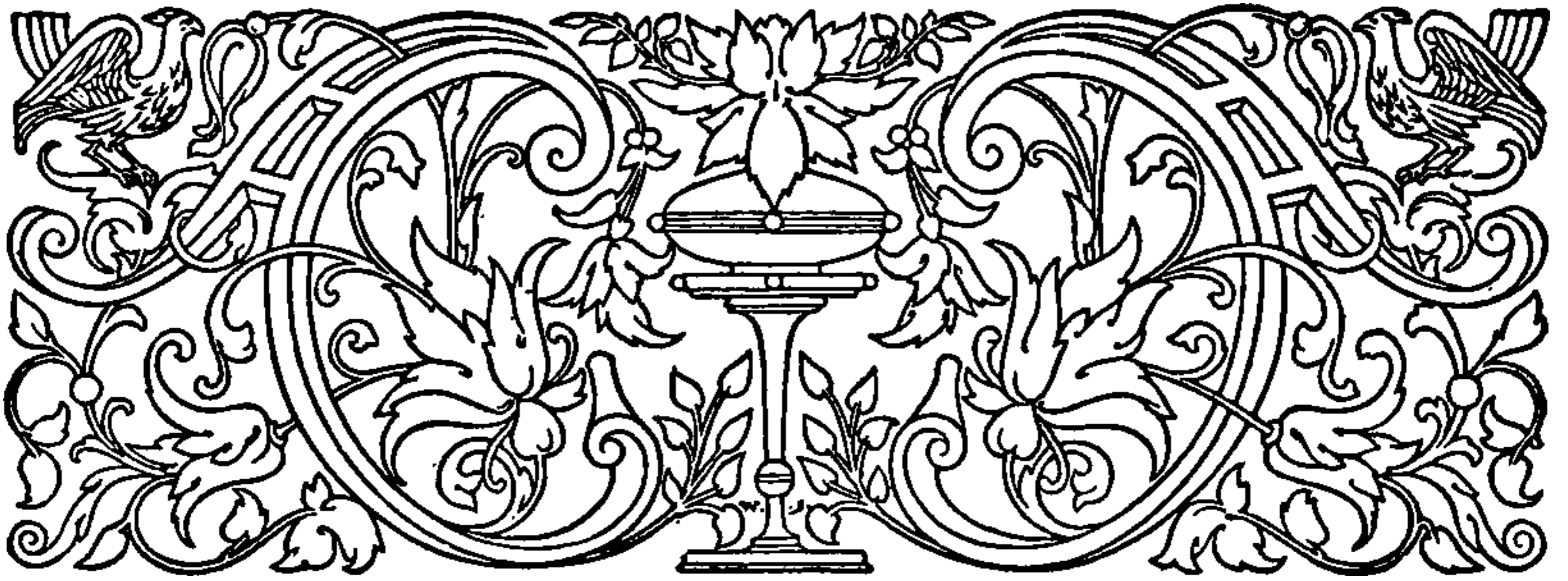
**ROMEO AND JULIET
TITUS ANDRONICUS**

VOLUME XIV

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in last volume.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition, the text of which is used in this edition.





**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

**WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE**

VOLUME XIV

ROMEO AND JULIET

**WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY J. CHURTON COLLINS
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY FRANK DICKSEE**



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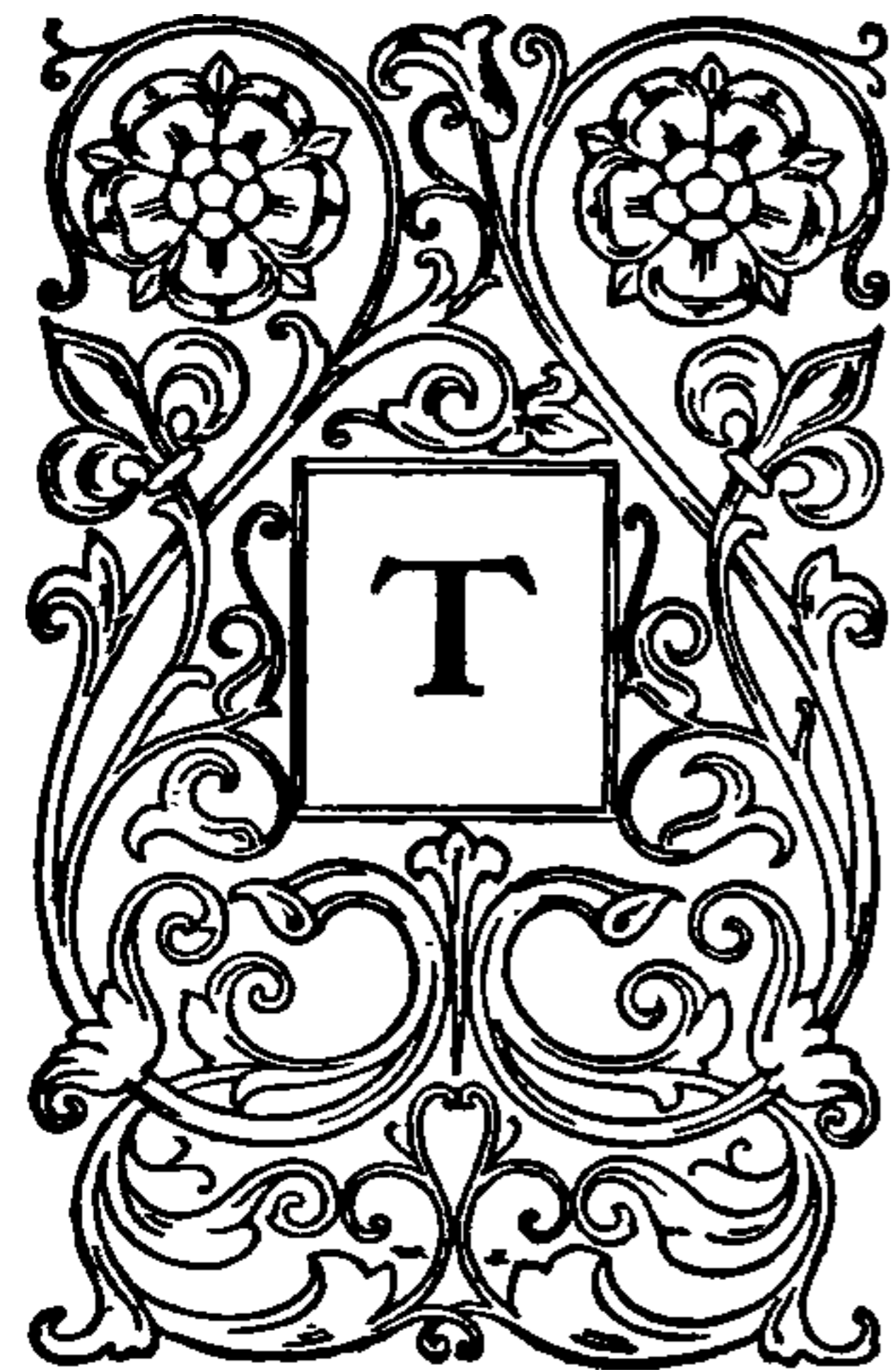
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION TO ROMEO AND JULIET BY J. CHURTON COLLINS	ix
TEXT OF THE PLAY	1



INTRODUCTION



TO the student of Shakespeare few plays have so many points of interest as "Romeo and Juliet." In the first place, it marks with singular precision the connection between the poems and the plays and enables us more exactly than any other of his extant dramas to see and understand how Shakespeare's work as a playwright and dramatist grew out of his work as a pure poet. In the second place, we are enabled more fully and with less ambiguity than is the case with anything else he has left us to trace the development of the play itself from immaturity to its final form; with the Quartos of 1597 and 1599 in our hands we are indeed admitted into the poet's workshop. In the third place, the history of its text, even after the revision of 1599, is full of instruction

ROMEO AND JULIET

on a subject of deep interest to others than mere technical critics. In the fourth place, the history of the legend on which the plot is founded — its sources, its variants, its modifications, both at the hands of the writer whom Shakespeare appears directly to have followed, and at the hands of Shakespeare himself — is full of curious interest. And lastly, the drama itself, one of the poet's most elaborately finished masterpieces, has, and always must have, whether it be approached critically or uncritically, extraordinary fascination.

One of the most interesting and important branches of Shakespearean inquiry — the process, namely, of the evolution of his genius and art — is unfortunately beset with an insuperable initial difficulty. We have no means of knowing when he began the composition either of his poems or of his plays. Till the spring of 1592 we have no record of anything produced by him; probability alone can be our guide. He calls "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593, "the first heir of my invention"; but it is certain that at and before that date he had been engaged in dramatic composition. If the points of resemblance between "Venus and Adonis" and Lodge's "Scyllas Metamorphosis," and those between "The Rape of Lucrece" and Daniel's "Complaint of Rosamund," were, as seems highly probable, the results of imitations of these poems, the first poem could not have been written before 1589 or the second before 1592, unless, as is not likely, these poems had been circulated in manuscript and to those manuscripts Shakespeare had had access. Everything seems

INTRODUCTION

to indicate that in all his earlier works Shakespeare was careful to follow the fashion, and to follow it with servile fidelity and timid deference, and that, so far as form, tone, colour, and style generally were concerned, he initiated nothing. It is of course conceivable that both "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" may have been written, or at least that the first draughts of them may have been written, some time before their supposed models appeared, and that Shakespeare brought them up with him from Stratford as early, perhaps, as 1586 or 1587. But this is pressing conjecture unduly, and is not very likely. The probability is that "Venus and Adonis" was suggested by Lodge's poem, and written perhaps in the same year as its model appeared. At all events, what seems in the highest degree probable is this, that before Shakespeare left Stratford for London he had commenced poetry, and that what chiefly occupied him was erotic poetry, a specimen of which we have in "A Lover's Complaint." What seems certain is, that in his early days in London, before he became absorbed in his work for the stage, he was principally occupied in writing erotic poetry, then immensely in vogue. With that poetry his poems and sonnets show that he was extraordinarily familiar, and to contribute to that poetry was evidently at first his chief ambition. Of all his poems, with a few trifling exceptions, love is the theme. In "Venus and Adonis" he depicted the tyranny of passion in woman, in "The Rape of Lucrece" the tyranny of passion in man. In the sonnets, the majority of which probably belong to

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INTRODUCTION

“ This bud of love, by summer’s ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet ” (II, ii).

“ O, so light a foot
Will ne’er wear out the everlasting flint ” (II, vi).

“ Come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven’s back ” (III, ii).

“ 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 ” (V, iii).

And this characteristic it has in common both with “ Love’s Labour’s Lost ” and with “ The Midsummer Night’s Dream,” plays also typical of the same stage in the poet’s career. An even nearer approximation to the poems is found in the forms of expressions employed in the drama. To say nothing of the large percentage of rhymed couplets and the frequent introduction of double rhymes, we have three sonnets, — first the prologue, next the dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in the fifth scene of the first act, then the chorus at the end of the first act. Again, the stanza in which “ Venus and Adonis ” is written is employed three times, — in Benvolio’s opening speech to Romeo (I, ii, 46–51), in Romeo’s reply to Benvolio (*id.*, 93–97), and in the lines which conclude the play.

True of course it is that we have no means of ascertaining with certainty whether the poems, either or any of them, preceded “ Romeo and Juliet,” or whether “ Romeo and Juliet ” preceded the poems. But here,

ROMEO AND JULIET

as in almost everything concerning Shakespeare, probability must be our guide. We have no evidence of the existence of the drama before the notification in the First Quarto of 1597 that it had "been often with great applause plaid publicquely by the right Honourable, the L. of Hunsdon his Serveaunts." But in the nurse's speech (I, iii, 23) we find the line "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years," which undoubtedly refers to the shock of the earthquake felt in London in April, 1580, of which we have vivid accounts both in Holinshed and in Stowe. In this topical allusion, directly appealing to the experience of his audience, — and such allusions, however anachronistic in relation to their context, are very common in Shakespeare and in the Elizabethan dramatists, — the poet was in all probability making a statement which was to be taken literally; if so, that would fix the appearance of the play in or about 1591. We have, therefore, evidence not merely intrinsic for supposing that "Romeo and Juliet" grew, so to speak, directly out of his work as a poet and is the most interesting and important of all the links between the poems and the plays.

We come now to the problem presented by the Quartos, which, if the obvious solution be the correct one, enables us to see how the play grew up under his hand. The First Quarto of 1597 was printed anonymously and surreptitiously by John Danter, probably from an acting copy, representing more or less faithfully the text of the play as the play first came from Shakespeare's hands, presumably in or about 1591, its deviations from

INTRODUCTION

that text being probably unimportant and due simply to carelessness and blunders on the part of the printers. This, however, is not the opinion of Mommsen, Collier, Grant White, the Cambridge editors, and Mr. P. A. Daniel, who in varying degrees of emphasis and modification conjecture that it was made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance. But it was very strongly the opinion of Knight, of Ulrici, of Halliwell, and, as I gather, of Dyce. In any case, the most sceptical of critics could not doubt that the Quarto of 1597, whatever may have been its source or sources, represents an earlier text, — a text very carefully revised and augmented in the Quarto of 1599. Even conceding what the critics above mentioned infer, — and certainty on such a matter is impossible, — the point of importance is not much affected. It still remains indisputable that the poet carefully revised and worked over the play, transforming the text of 1597 into the text of 1599, which is practically its present form. It was fortunate for Shakespeare's comfort that he does not appear to have been very sensitive to the tortures inflicted by printers. He must have taken immense pains with the revision of the second Quarto. But his "copy" was first mercilessly mutilated by the transcriber, who not merely imported blunders of his own into it, but took unwarrantable liberties with the text, on more than one occasion transferring verse into prose. Then followed the printer, who sowed a more abundant harvest of corruption, mispunctuation or no punctua-

ROMEO AND JULIET

tion, errors clerical, errors of omission, errors of misplacement, making the confusion of the transcriber's copy worse confounded. A third Quarto followed in 1609, printed from that of 1599, but with additional errors. The next, reprinting the third, is undated, and is remarkable as being the first which has Shakespeare's name on the title-page. It corrects some obvious blunders, but it does little else. The next Quarto, a reprint of Quarto four, appeared, printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke in 1637. Its chief feature is a careful revision of the punctuation. The text of the First Folio of 1623 is based on that of the Third Quarto, and where it differs from it, it differs generally for the worst, except only in more correct punctuation and in fuller and more correct stage-directions. The consequence of all this is that the text of this, one of the most purely beautiful of Shakespeare's compositions, remains a patchwork made up at the discretion of its editors from readings selected chiefly from the unrevised Quarto of 1597 and the revised Quarto of 1599, with occasional contributions from conjecture from the other Quartos and the Folios, — a melancholy illustration of the relation of the text as we have it now to the text as it came from his pen.

It may be well to give a few illustrations of the process by which the text of 1597 was transformed into the text of 1599. Can any one doubt, when he turns to the following passages, that we see the poet not restoring what some stenographer or stupid printer has maltreated or omitted, but revising and improving his own work, and this in the maturity of his powers, after

INTRODUCTION

an interval during which he had produced such dramas as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Merchant of Venice," "King John," and the two parts of "Henry IV"? The additions and alterations are printed in italics, except where parallel passages are given at length.

"Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes unplagud with Corns
Will have about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, welcome."
Q. 1597 (I, v).

"Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you :
Ah my mistresses, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,
She Ile swear hath Corns : am I come neare ye now ?
Welcome gentlemen, I have seene the day
That I have worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :
Such as would please : tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play."
Q. 1599.

The following lines are added in Friar Laurence's speech, II, iii :

"The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying grave, that is her wombe :
And from her wombe children of divers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde :
Many for many, vertues excellent :
None but for some, and yet all different."

ROMEO AND JULIET

And the following are added to Juliet's soliloquy, II, v :

“ Oh she is lazie, Loves heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.”

Q. 1597.

“ Oh she is lame, loves heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Driving backe shadowes over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings :
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill,
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete love.”

Q. 1599.

The fine and pathetic soliloquy of Juliet in IV, iii, is evolved out of these few meagre lines :

“ Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete againe.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie ?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should give me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage ? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man :
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the Toomb ?
Awake an houre before the appointed time :
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones.”

INTRODUCTION

Whoever will compare this with the text as it now stands, which is the text of the 1599 Quarto, will see at once that the additions represent a rewriting of the passage and not any supplement to imperfect reporting or printing; it is the poet's *development* of his own cruder work.

Take again Romeo's soliloquy in the tomb, V, iii. This in the Quarto of 1597, lines 88 to 124, is solely represented by the following:

“Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft have many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Juliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this grave?
O I beleeve that unsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my love.
Therefore will I, O heere, O ever heere,
Set up my everlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my love. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye.”

Here, as in all the former cases, there is no hiatus in the Quarto of 1597; the additions are the poet's own rich and splendid supplements and improvements. Compare again in the second scene of the second act Juliet's

“Swear not at al, though I doo joy in thee,
I have small joy in this contract to night,

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INTRODUCTION

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
Of love and joy, see see the soveraigne power."

For this is substituted in the 1599 Quarto :

"*Fri.* These violent delights have violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder :
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives, as tardie as too slowe.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the everlasting flint,
A lover may bestride the gossamours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie."

Whoever, I repeat, will consider these passages must feel that they can only represent Shakespeare's revision of his own work, and that it is in a high degree improbable that they merely restore what was deficient either in an imperfect acting copy or an imperfect transcript. It is, of course, possible that some of them may represent the restoration of "cuts" of what had been excised for the purpose of shortening the play for stage purposes, but this is not likely.

The plot is founded on a story which had been often told, and was familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries

ROMEO AND JULIET

through a long narrative poem by Arthur Brooke, entitled "The Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet," published first in 1562 and again by the same printer, Richard Tottel, in 1587, and by a prose version in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure"; there was also, as we learn from Brooke's preface, a play on the subject, his words being, "I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation than I can hope for," but of this play not a vestige remains. It was originally told in Italian by Luigi da Porto in a novel first printed in 1535, and reprinted in 1539 and again in 1553. Bandello then related it more elaborately in 1554. It then appeared in French under the title of "Histoire de deux amans dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse," a version with numerous variations of Bandello's novel by Pierre Boisteau and inserted in Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques," 1559. It was on Boisteau's version, not on Bandello's, that Brooke founded his poem, in spite of the assertion on his title-page that Bandello was his original. It is abundantly clear that Shakespeare travelled no further than Brooke's poem, unless there was some play on the subject—possibly the one referred to by Brooke not now extant. Shakespeare follows Brooke with almost servile fidelity, so far at least as the incidents are concerned, and he is indebted to him for much more besides. The feuds between the Capulets and Montagues and the brawl between the servants and their masters, with which the play opens; Romeo's infatuation for Rosaline, who is anonymous in the poem; Benvolio's taunting pleasantries;

INTRODUCTION

the feast at Capulet's house with his list of the guests ; the discovery of the presence of a Montague and the forbearance of the Capulets that the feast may not be disturbed ; the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet, and the instantaneous transference of Romeo's affections from Rosaline to Juliet ; Mercutio and the part played by him ; the nurse, who is evolved from Brooke's sketch, and the part played by her ; Juliet at her window and the interview with Romeo ; the visit to Friar Laurence ; the secret marriage ; the encounter in the streets and the death of Tybalt ; the exile of Romeo ; his violence in Friar Laurence's cell and the Friar's rebuke ; the parting of the lovers ; the plan of Capulet and his wife to marry Juliet to the County Paris and the poor girl's protests ; the visit to Friar Laurence and the poison-potion ; Juliet's agonies of fear ; the scene on the morning of the marriage ; the letter to Romeo and Friar John's miscarriage because of the plague ; the conveyance of the news of Juliet's supposed death to Romeo ; his visit to the Apothecary and the purchase of the poison by a heavy bribe ; the scene in the grave ; the death of the lovers, and the arrest and explanation of Friar Laurence, — all this is directly transferred from Brooke. Among the many touches suggested by Brooke may be cited Juliet's asking the nurse the names of other guests, that she may disguise the real object of her inquiry — Romeo — whom she places last :

“ What twayne are those quoth she that prease unto the doore,
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare two toorches light before ?
And then as eche of them had of his house-hold name,

ROMEO AND JULIET

So she him namde. Yet once agayne the yong and wyly dame : —
And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,
That yender doth in masking weede beysyde the window stand ” —

a fine touch of nature, which Shakespeare instantly seized. Occasionally he reproduces the very phrases of the poem, as when the Apothecary describes the effects of the poison, —

“Such *soon-speeding geer*
As will disperse itself through all the veins” (V, i),

which is Brooke’s

“Fayr, Syr (quoth he) be sure this is *the speeding geer.*”

So again, when in Romeo’s last soliloquy he wrote,

“Now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark” (V, iii),

he no doubt had in his memory Brooke’s

“God graunt, no dangers rock, ylurking in the dark
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.”

Lady Capulet’s remarks to Juliet about her mourning for Tybalt, III, v,

“What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst,” etc.,

echoes Brooke’s

“Tybalt your friend is dead, what meene you by your tears
To call him back againe?”

INTRODUCTION

But nothing is more interesting than to note how in the characters he develops what Brooke adumbrates, how he realises, as it were, Brooke's more or less shadowy figures. The most striking illustration of this is Friar Laurence. Brooke describes him as one who "knew the secrets in Nature's woorkes that loorke," represents him as calm, composed, philosophical, and kindly, consenting to marry the lovers because he thought that such a marriage might put an end to the feuds between the two families. The dignified rebuke which he gives to Romeo for his intemperance,

"Art thou quoth he a man? Thy shape saith, so thou art,
Thy crying and thy weping eyes denote a womans hart
For manly reason is quite out of thy minde out-chas'd

.

So that I stood in doubt

If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast,"

so impressed Shakespeare that it will be seen he simply repeats the passage, scarcely changing the words. Brooke emphasises his philosophical temper by putting long ethical speeches in his mouth. If he owed the conception of Friar Laurence to Brooke, to Brooke he was also indebted for the nurse, whose character, however, he has more elaborately developed. But her garrulous reminiscences of Juliet's babyhood and childhood, her mingled coarseness and kindness, her easy compliancy, the distrust with which Juliet plainly regards her, her affected indifference to bribes, which she greedily accepts from Romeo and probably from Paris, her depreciation

ROMEO AND JULIET

of Romeo after his banishment, and her pleading the cause of Paris as emphatically as she had pleaded that of Romeo before, — all this furnishes Shakespeare with hints for his inimitable portrait. The traits introduced by himself, for which he found no suggestion in Brooke, come out in her relations with Peter, in her attitude towards Friar Laurence, and in the scene in which Capulet so brutally lectures Juliet — her coquetry and womanly vanity — “Peter, my fan,” “Where’s my man?” her naïveté,

“O Lord, I could have stay’d here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!” (III, iii),

her touchy self-importance when she thinks Mercutio has been running her down,

“Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates” (II, iv),

and her burst of honest indignation, when her woman’s heart is touched, at old Capulet’s treatment of his daughter,

“God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so” (III, v).

To Shakespeare also belong her amusing fussiness, garrulity, bemuddlement, and “wiggle-waggle,” which make her a sort of female Polonius. Juliet’s character he directly deduces from Brooke’s poem, adding little or nothing; but Romeo is his own creation. It is not very easy to see what Coleridge meant by saying that Romeo is Hamlet in love, for if he has something of Hamlet’s morbidity and much of his melancholy he has nothing of his

INTRODUCTION

essentially philosophical temper, nothing of his critical brooding introspection and restless intellectual activity, nothing of his many-sidedness. He is little more than the incarnation of that type of character which Aristotle describes as *τοῖς πάθεσιν ἀκολουθητίκον* — obediently following the passions. He admirably describes himself as “one whom God hath made himself to mar.” Without effeminacy, for when roused he has all the courage of the most courageous, he is so completely under the thralldom of his desire that he becomes not so much its slave as its absolute possession. Consider for a moment the *intensity* of such an expression as this, — he is speaking of his banishment, —

“’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 ” (III, iii),

or of the following,

“ Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ? ” (V, iii),

and what pathos the poet has thrown round the character, how beautiful the traits, which not merely redeem Romeo from contempt, but transform contempt into affection and pity ! —

“ Villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell ; I see thou know’st me not ” (III, i),

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INTRODUCTION

precisely the same instructions as in Brooke are given to Peter —

“Take there a letter which, as soon as he shall ryse,
Present it in the morning to my loving father’s eyes.

· · · · ·
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone
See that thou get hence, and on the paine of death
I charge thee that thou come not nere while I abyde beneath.”

In this scene Shakespeare introduces incidents, and very important ones, which are not in Brooke’s poem, namely, the entrance of Paris and his interview and duel with Romeo, together with Romeo’s reflections while gazing on the body of Paris after he has killed him.

“Romeo and Juliet” is one of the most elaborately finished of Shakespeare’s plays. And this elaboration is seen in the diction and style, which have every attraction that rhetoric can give them ; nothing could possibly be more finished and perfect in expression than the many soliloquies and set speeches with which the play abounds, or than the dialogues, all of which, whatever be their tone and theme, are the perfection of composition, ranging as they do from coarse prosaic colloquy to the very heights of ornate and impassioned rhetoric. The play has all the complexity and variety of life itself, both in relation to incident and in relation to character, and it is easy to see that the poet spared no pains to secure this effect. We need go no further than its dramatis personæ, at once so studiously finished as individual portraits and so elaborately and strikingly contrasted, to illustrate this. It is indeed wonderful that in a single

INTRODUCTION

“ How oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! ” (V, iii)

is Friar Laurence’s remark just before he is to discover the dead bodies of the lovers. And lastly we have Balthasar’s dream,

“ As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him ” (V, iii).

Irony, which was to play so important a part in his later dramas, is in this play twice introduced with appallingly impressive effect, as where poor Juliet on first meeting Romeo says,

“ If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed ” (I, v),

or that more awful flash from Lady Capulet’s lips,

“ I would the fool were married to her grave ! ” (III, v).

The tremendous pace at which the action of this play, impelled by the passions of hatred and love, proceeds, —

“ Sweet as a shadow short as any dream
Brief as the lightning in the collied night
That in a spleen unfolds lost heaven and earth
And ere a man hath power to say ‘ Behold ! ’
The jaws of darkness do devour it up ” —

though difficult to reconcile with probability, has strict dramatic propriety ; and this consideration no doubt induced Shakespeare to substitute his own chronology for that of Brooke. It has been doubted whether, if

ROMEO AND JULIET

Shakespeare had not visited Italy or Spain, he could have written this drama, for its world and its atmosphere are not easily realisable in northern latitudes. The reply to this is that the poet of "Venus and Adonis," of the "Rape of Lucrece" and the "Sonnets," could with Brooke's narrative in his hands have had little difficulty in conceiving what finds embodiment in its incidents and in its characters. With those works it links itself, and is, so far as the passion suffusing it goes, simply the objective expression of what in them assumes subjective form. But Shakespeare was now an artist and dramatist rapidly approaching the fullest maturity of his powers, and if "Romeo and Juliet" is the link between his work as a poet and his work as a dramatic artist, it forms also another link. It is perhaps the earliest of his plays in which he strikes a note essentially characteristic of his mature work, namely, high seriousness. This finds expression in the weighty words placed in the mouth of Friar Laurence, in which it will be seen we have the moral key to the action of the play, —

"Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant" (II, iii),

and again in the words of Escalus at the end of the play,

INTRODUCTION

“Capulet! Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd ” (V, iii).

It is remarkable that the play opens with bringing into emphatic prominence an illustration of the anarchy resulting from the feuds between the two families, — an anarchy to which every disaster included in the action can be directly or indirectly traced, — and the impotence of the power which should have suppressed such evils. It is in this all-embracing, deep-seated sympathy and insight, and in this habitual interpretation of life, not in relation to mere phenomena or second causes, but in the light of eternal principles and of essential truth, that the greatness of Shakespeare lies.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

ROMEO AND JULIET

ROMEO AND JULIET

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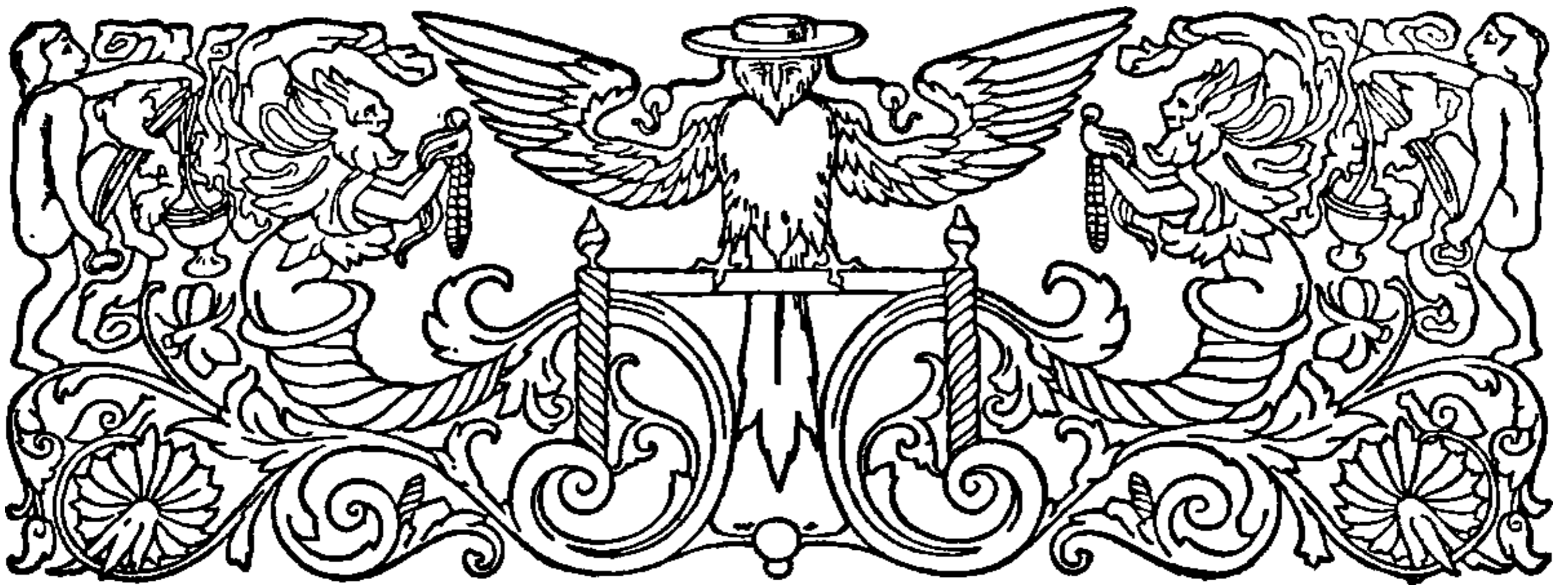
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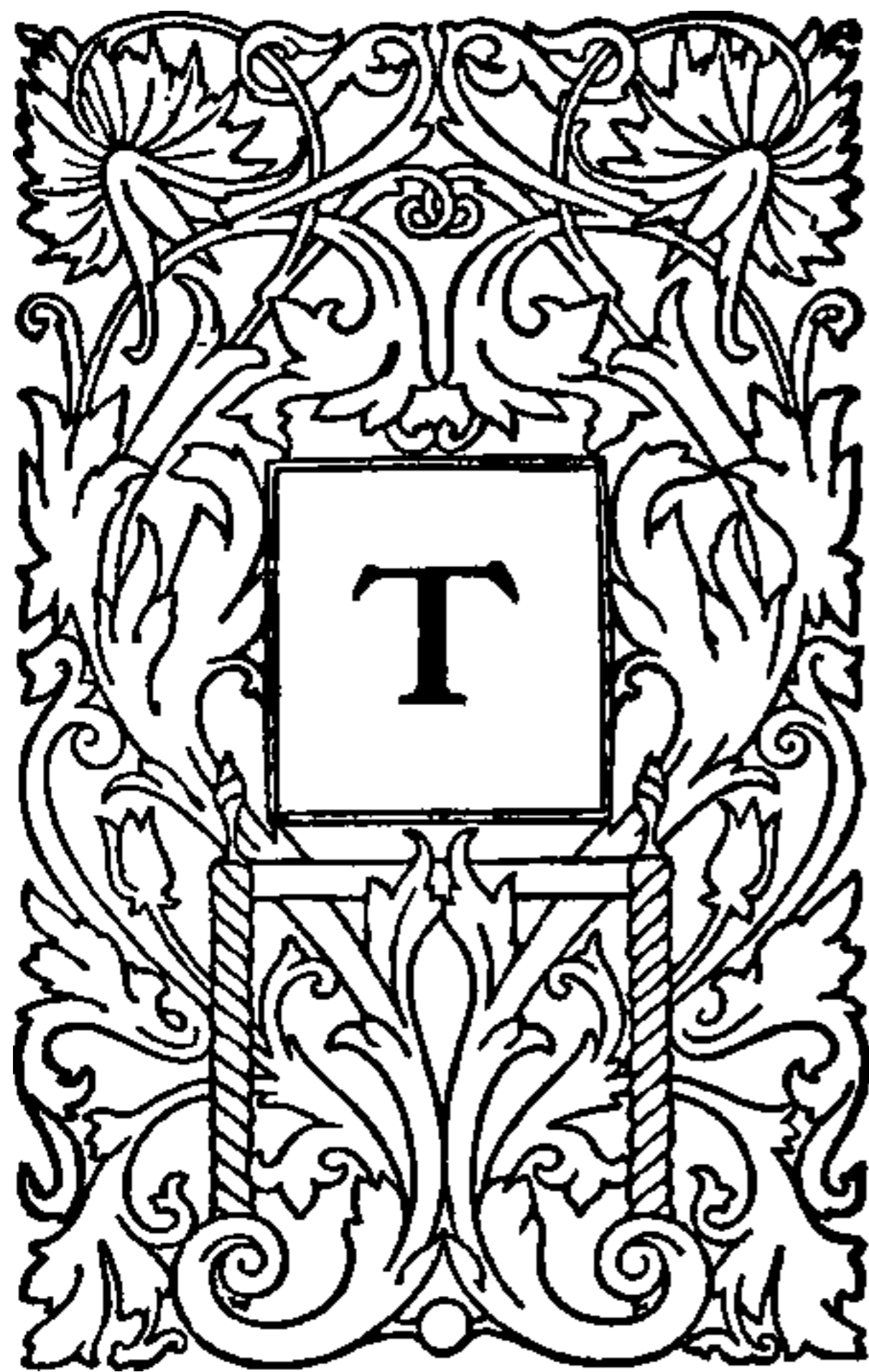




PROLOGUE

CHORUS

Enter CHORUS



TWO HOUSEHOLDS, BOTH
alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay
our scene,
From ancient grudge break to
new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil
hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of
these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers
take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous
overthrows

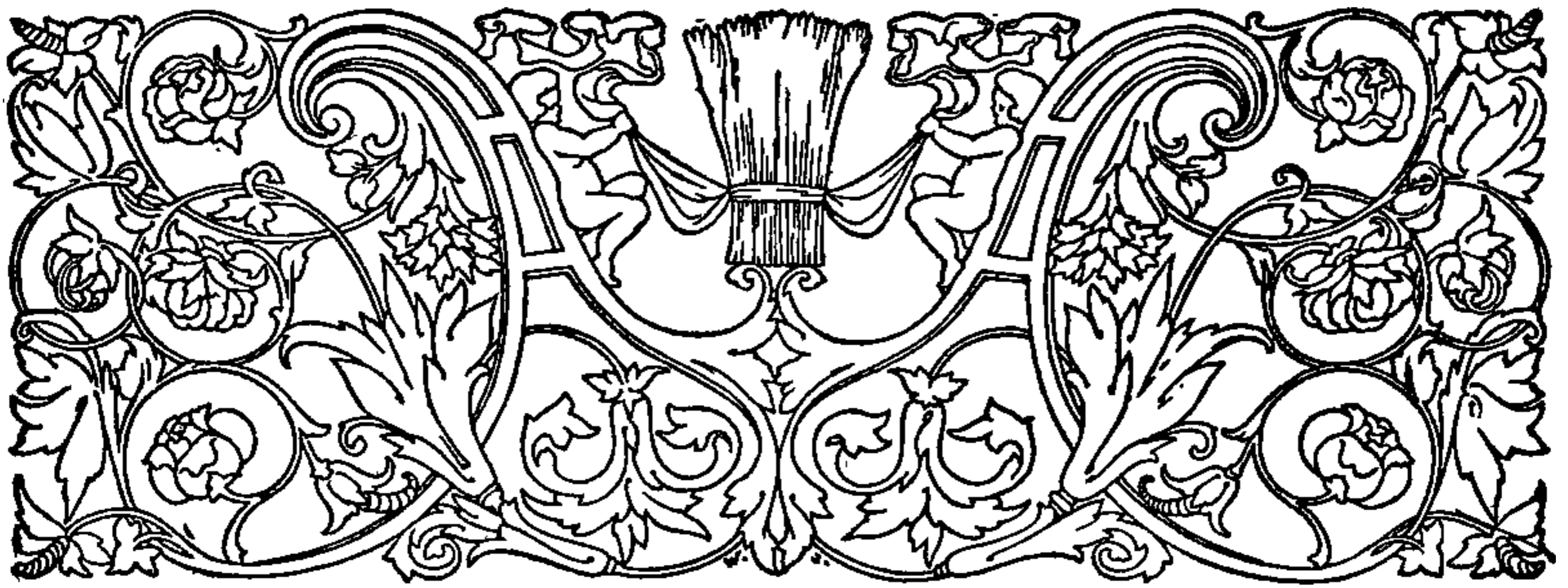
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

1-14 *Two households . . . mend*] This prologue (which is in the sonnet form) appears only in the Quartos. It is omitted from the Folios. Act II is introduced in like fashion, and the Sonnet, which forms the prologue to the second Act, appears in the Folios as well as the Quartos. The remaining Acts are without prologues.

And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
 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.

6 *star-cross'd*] an astrological allusion to adverse planetary influences;
 ill-fated, thwarted by their evil stars.

12 *two hours' traffic*] Cf. *Hen. VIII, Prol.*, lines 12, 13: "[spectators]
 may see away their shilling Richly in two short hours." Two hours
 seem to have been a conventional estimate of the length of a dramatic
 performance, but that period was probably often exceeded.



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — VERONA

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers

SAMPSON



GREGORY, ON MY WORD,
we'll not carry coals.

GRE. No, for then we should
be colliers.

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

GRE. Ay, while you live,
draw your neck out o' 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.

10

¹ *carry coals*] tamely suffer insult or humiliation. Menials who were employed to carry coals in Elizabethan houses were reckoned the most

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. 'Tis 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.

20

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

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

GRE. They must take it in sense that feel it.

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

GRE. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

32

contemptible of drudges. The expression is in its metaphorical usage common in Elizabethan literature. Cf. *Hen. V*, III, ii, 45.

2 *colliers*] a term of contempt, used like the modern "sweep."

12 *take the wall of*] get the better of.

22 *cruel*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The earliest Quartos and the Folios read *civil*, which a few modern editors seek to defend, by giving the word the meaning of "peaceful."

31 *poor John*] Dried hake, an inferior sort of cod, the staple fare of poor people.

31-32 *here comes two . . . Montagues*] The partisans of the Montagues

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

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

GRE. How! turn thy back and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry; I fear thee!

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. 40

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

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. No.

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

GRE. Do you quarrel, sir? 50

were known from a token worn in their hats. The false concord between the singular verb and the plural noun is in keeping with Gregory's mode of speech.

33 (stage direction) *Enter . . . BALTHASAR*] The old editions read *Enter two other servingmen*. To five speeches below the name ABRAM is prefixed. Rowe introduced the other name of BALTHASAR, who is mentioned as Romeo's servant, V, i, 12, *infra*.

38 *take the law of*] keep the law on.

41 *bite my thumb*] a common mode of insult. Cotgrave under the word "nique" has this entry, "Faire la nique: to threaten or defie by putting the thumb nail into the mouth and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke."

ABR. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

SAM. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

ABR. No better.

SAM. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO

GRE. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say "better": here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAM. Yes, better, sir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.* 61

BEN. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*
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 thy 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.* 70

56-57 *here comes one . . . kinsmen*] Gregory notices the approach of Tybalt, who enters after line 63.

61 *swashing*] Thus the later Quartos. The early Quartos and the Folios read *washing*, which has been defended. But *swashing*, *i. e.*, violent, overpowering, has better justification.

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens and Peace-officers, with clubs

FIRST OFF. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

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

LA. CAP. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

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

Enter old MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

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

LA. MON. Thou shalt not stir on foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his train

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —

80

71 *Clubs! . . . partisans!*] “Clubs!” was the common cry of both the actors and the onlookers in a street fray, and usually amounted to a call for the intervention of constable or watchman. “Bills” were the watchmen’s pikes; “partisans” their halberds.

73 (stage direction) *Enter old CAPULET in his gown*] Capulet, roused from sleep, comes forth in his dressing-gown.

long sword] a sword used in active warfare. The short sword was only used as an ornament.

80 *neighbour-stained*] stained with the blood of neighbours.

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SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

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

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword 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: 110
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

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

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side, 120
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,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

116 *the worshipp'd sun*] an allusion to the ritual of sun worship. Cf. *L.L.L.*,
IV, iii, 220, and note.

125 *where most . . . found*] the place where there were fewest people.

MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 130
 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. 140

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

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

BEN. Have you importuned him by any means ?

MON. Both by myself and many other friends :
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself — I will not say how true —
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, 150
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

149 *envious*] malicious, malignant.

151 *the sun*] This is Theobald's correction of the original misreading *the same*.

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

Enter ROMEO

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.]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young?

BEN. But new struck nine.

ROM. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast? 160

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! 170

168 *proof*] practical experience.

169–170 *Alas, that love . . . his will!*] Romeo laments that love, in spite of his blindness, should make his way through by-paths where his presence is not suspected (and should thus render escape from his toils well-nigh impossible).

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 create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

180

Dost thou not laugh?

BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what?

BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

174–179 *O brawling love! . . . sleep*] This conventional string of antitheses was characteristic of much current amorous poetry, in both France and Italy, as well as in England. Shakespeare's free employment of these affected conceits is probably intended to suggest the superficiality of Romeo's passion for Rosaline.

183 *Why . . . transgression*] a short line, which many editors complete by introducing *Benvolio* after *such*. But a playful retort of this kind is sometimes interpolated with irregular metrical effect.

188 *Love . . . sighs*] Lovers' sighs were poetically conceived to rise in the air and form smoke-like clouds in the sky. Cf. II, iii, 73, *infra*: "The sun not yet *thy sighs from heaven clears*."

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears : 190
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

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

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

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love ?

ROM. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

BEN. Groan ! why, no ;
 But sadly tell me who.

ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will : 200
 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 unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 210
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

189 *purged*] purged or purified of smoke.

197 *in sadness*] in all seriousness.

209 *unharm'd*] Thus the First Quarto, for which other early editions substitute *vncharmd*. The latter word some editors take to be a misprint for *encharmed*, *i. e.*, protected by a charm. But this reading gives a far-fetched meaning.

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

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

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 :

220

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 :

213-214 *only poor . . . her store*] The meaning is that Romeo's mistress is only poor in that at her death with the dissolution of her beauty, there perishes all her estate; there will be none to inherit her beauty after death. Theobald read for the last words *with her dies Beauty's Store*, which simplifies the sense. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 1019: "For he being dead, with him is beauty slain."

216-218 *She hath . . . posterity*] These lines convey the sentiment which Shakespeare elaborately develops in *Sonnets*, i-xvii. Cf. *Sonnet* iii, 7, 8: "Or who is he so fond will be the tomb Of his self-love, to stop posterity?" See also *Venus and Adonis*, 757-760.

219 *wisely too fair*] with a beauty in excess of her wisdom.

227 *To call hers, exquisite, in question more*] To declare her beauty, which

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

230

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — A STREET

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant

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

PAR. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 't is 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:

is exquisite, all the greater by talking about how it compares with that of others. The line is obscurely phrased. "Question" is constantly used in the sense of verbal inquiry, talk, or conversation.

228 *These happy masks*] The masks or veils which were habitually worn by ladies of fashion.

236 *I'll pay that doctrine*] I'll teach you that lesson.

9 *fourteen years*] Shakespeare is curiously emphatic that Juliet's age is less than fourteen (see I, iii, 13-22), where she is said to be "a fortnight and odd days" under fourteen. Earlier narrators of the story make

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When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 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:
 Which on more view, of many mine being one
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

30

[*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.

44

27 *well-apparell'd April*] Cf. *Sonnet* xcvi, 2, 3: "When proud-pied *April*,
dress'd in all his trim Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing."

32-33 *Which on more view . . . none*] These obscure lines play with
 garrulous irrelevance on an old proverbial expression that "one is
 no number." Cf. *Sonnet* cxxxvi, 8: "Among a *number one* is reck-
 on'd *none*." *Which on more view* is specially difficult to construe.
 But the antecedent of "Which" is possibly "the whole field of choice,"
 suggested by "hear *all, all* see," of line 30, and the phrase is a nomina-
 tive absolute. The general meaning would then be "All the ladies
 being more closely observed, and my daughters being one of the con-
 course, she may take priority even though, as the proverb has it, one
 does n't count."

44 *In good time*] a reference to the opportune entrance of Benvolio
 and Romeo.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BEN. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die. 50

ROM. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

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,
 Whipt and tormented and — God-den, good fellow.

SERV. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

45-50 *Tut, man . . . old will die*] This speech is in the six-lined stanza, which Shakespeare used in *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. lines 88-93, and V, iii, 12-17, and 304-309, *infra*. See *L. L. L.*, I, i, 147-158, and *ibid.* IV, iii, 210-215 for speeches in the same metre.

45 *one fire . . . burning*] Cf. *Two Gent.*, II, iv, 188: "Even as one heat another heat expels." The sentiment is proverbial.

51 *plantain-leaf*] The leaf, common plantain, was a popular remedy for fresh wounds. Costard calls for "a plain plantain" to cure his broken shin in *L. L. L.*, III, i, 68. Romeo ironically interrupts his friend's eloquence.

55-56 *Shut up . . . tormented*] This was the accepted mode of treating lunatics at the time.

56 *God-den*] a colloquial form of good e'en, good evening. Cf. III, v, 172, *infra*.

SERV. Perhaps you have learned it without book :
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see? 60

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

SERV. Ye say honestly : rest you merry.

ROM. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [Reads.

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; the lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio and the lively Helena.” 70

A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither ?

SERV. To supper ; to our house.

ROM. Whose house ?

SERV. My master’s.

ROM. Indeed, I should have ask’d you that before.

SERV. Now I’ll tell you without asking : my master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry ! [Exit. 81

66 *Mercutio*] Although a friend of Romeo (Montague), Mercutio appears from this list to have been on visiting terms with the Capulets. But as the prince’s kinsman, III, i, 142, 186, *infra*, he may have been familiar with both houses.

68 *Rosaline*] Apparently Romeo’s first love, who, like her successor Juliet, was of the rival house of Capulet.

80 *crush a cup of wine*] a colloquial phrase, like the modern expression “crack a bottle.”

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

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die, 90

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BEN. 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's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 100
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

88-93 *When the devout . . . world begun*] See lines 45-50, *supra*, and note.

90-91 *these, who . . . burnt*] There was an old belief that witches could not be drowned, and must therefore be burnt.

96 *that crystal scales*] "Scales" is commonly used as a singular noun.

97 *Your lady's love*] Thus all the early editions. Many editors read *Your lady-love*. But Shakespeare, writing elliptically, doubtless meant "the love you bear your lady compared with the attractions of some other maid."

SCENE III — A ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse

LA. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

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

Enter JULIET

JUL. How now! who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

JUL. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LA. CAP. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret: — nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. 10
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

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

LA. CAP. She's not fourteen.

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

10 *thou's*] thou shalt.

13 *She's not fourteen*] See I, ii, 9, *supra*, and note.

14 *to my teen*] to my sorrow.

16 *Lammas-tide*] August 1.

LA. CAP. A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —

Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: — but, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it —

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua: —

Nay, I do bear a brain: — but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

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

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,

24 *'T is since the earthquake now eleven years]* There was on 6 April, 1580, a severe shock of earthquake, to which the nurse may possibly make allusion. She emphasises her reference to eleven years in line 36, *infra*.

30 *I do bear a brain]* I have a good memory.

34 *Shake, quoth the dove-house]* a popular construction, meaning that the dove-house shook (owing to the earthquake).

37 *high-lone]* quite alone. Thus the First Quarto, for which later editions substitute *alone*. "High" is an intensitive prefix.

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! 40
 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 holidame,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said “Ay.”
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it: “Wilt thou not, Jule?” quoth
 he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said “Ay.”

LA. CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace. 50

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 it brow
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
 A perilous 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! 60

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

44 *holidame*] holy faith; “halidom” is a commoner form.

49 *it stinted*] it stopped weeping.

54 *cockerel*] young cock.

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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 sea; and 't is 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.

90

NURSE. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

100

Enter a Servingman

SERV. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
 you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed

86-87 *And what obscured . . . of his eyes*] Cf. note on *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, ii, 121-122: "And leads me to your *eyes*, where I o'erlook Love's stories, written in love's richest book."

88-89 *unbound . . . cover*] The figurative language here has reference to the binding of books. But "cover" makes quibbling allusion to the law-French phrase "fem[m]e co[u]ver[te]," a wife, a married woman.

90 *The fish . . . sea*] A vague remark to the effect that the fish (which is a thing of beauty) lies hidden in the sea (which is also beautiful).

99 *endart*] dart. The word is apparently of Shakespeare's invention.

in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

LA. CAP. We follow thee. [*Exit Servingman.*] Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — A STREET

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

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

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity:
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;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

105 *county*] a common variant of the title "count." Cf. III, v, 114, "The *County* Paris," III, v, 218, and IV, ii, 29, 45. Paris, at III, iv, 21, *infra*, is called "this noble earl."

3 *The date . . . prolixity*] The time is past for such long-windedness; it is out of fashion.

4 *We'll have no Cupid*] It was customary to introduce a party of masquers at an entertainment by a speech or prologue from one of the youngest of their number, who often personated Cupid. Such an episode figures in *Tim. of Ath.*, I, ii, 117, where Cupid's speech is given. A similar procedure is followed in *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 158-173.

6 *crow-keeper*] scarecrow, keeper-off of crows.

7-8 *Nor no . . . entrance*] These lines only appear in the First Quarto.

7 *without-book prologue*] a prologue learnt by heart.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

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

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

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

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

ROM. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

MER. And, to sink in it, should you burthen 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:
A visor for a visor! what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote 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

11 *Give me a torch*] Torch-bearers always accompanied a party of masquers, who performed by night.

21 *pitch*] technically a falcon's flight in hawking.

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase ;
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

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

MER. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
 word.

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

41

36 *rushes*] The floors of houses were ordinarily covered with rushes in lieu of carpets.

37-39 *For I am proverb'd . . . I am done*] Romeo applies to his own case the old proverb "The looker on sees most of the game." This he caps with a variant of another familiar adage, "Stop when the play is at its best." *Candle-holder* is often used in the sense of idle spectator.

40 *dun's the mouse*] Mercutio is punning on the word "done" (line 39), and lightly quotes this catch-phrase which seems to have meant, "There is no harm done." Cf. *Patient Grissel* (1603): "*dun is the mouse; lie still.*" There is no quite satisfactory explanation of the origin of the phrase. It may be that, since the dun-coloured mouse is invisible in the dark, the words imply that nothing can be detected, "all is safe." Cf. the similar cant phrase, *Lear*, III, vi, 45: "Pur! the cat is *gray*." "The constable's own word" is Mercutio's humorous attestation of his veracity.

41 *thou art dun . . . mire*] an allusion to another very common cant phrase, "dun is in the mire," which was also the name of a popular tune. The expression is said to be drawn from a rustic game, in which a heavy log of wood, pretended to be a dun horse, was stuck deep in mud, and the players were challenged to lift it from its place, the attempt justifying much rough-and-tumble merriment. "To draw a dun out of the mire" often meant to get a person out of a ticklish situation.

42 *sir-reverence*] *inaccororous* Usually an apologetic ejaculation before

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 60
 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night 70
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

54 *the fairies' midwife*] midwife of the fairy world, whose special function it was to deliver the brains of sleeping men of their dreams.

55 *In shape . . . agate-stone*] Little figures were often cut in relief on agate stones set in rings. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 16, where Falstaff calls the page an "agate."

57 *atomies*] creatures tiny as atoms.

59 *spinners*] spiders.

65-66 *little worm . . . maid*] It was commonly said that worms bred in idle fingers, the warning often cited by way of promoting industry.

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 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,
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 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 —

80

90

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,

78 *a suit*] a courtier's solicitation of office.

90 *bakes . . . hairs*] clots the hair in dirty and slovenly coils. Dirty matted or knotted hair was commonly called "elf-locks." Cf. *Lear*, II, iii, 10: "elf all my hair in knots."

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SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

FIRST 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 lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

SEC. SERV. Ay, boy, ready. 9

FIRST SERV. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

THIRD SERV. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. *[They retire behind.]*

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

CAP. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their
toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you:
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell 20
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

5 *joint-stools*] folding chairs.

6 *court-cupboard*] a movable open sideboard, on which plate was exhibited during a feast.

7 *marchpane*] a sweet-scented cake, made of almonds and other nuts, commonly served at dessert.

Such as would please: 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:
You are 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

30

Were in a mask?

SEC. CAP. By 'r lady, thirty years.

CAP. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

SEC. CAP. 'T is more, 't is 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 Servingman*] What lady's that, which doth
enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

40

SERV. I know not, sir.

24 *A hall, a hall!*] A common exclamation for "make room!" "clear a space!" — like the modern "a ring, a ring!"

25 *turn the tables up*] Capulet orders the turning up of the table flaps, which are made in modern tables to let down.

28 *good cousin Capulet*] Capulet is doubtless addressing "prince Capulet's uncle," who is on the list of his guests, already given. Cf. I, ii, 66, *supra*. "Cousin" was commonly used for "kinsman."

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
 It seems she 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 blessed my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

50

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 is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

60

CAP. Young Romeo is it ?

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 :

54 *antic*] Romeo is wearing a mask ; “antic” here means “grotesque.”

55 *To fleer . . . solemnity*] To laugh sneeringly and mock at our festivity.

64 *a portly gentleman*] a gentleman of good carriage.

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.

70

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-hoop! you'll be the man!

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

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

80

TYB. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

79 *set cock-a-hoop*] make a disturbance. Cotgrave, *Fr. Engl. Dict.*, gives as a synonym "to throw the house out at windows." Although the derivation is doubtful, the phrase may refer to the whooping or crowing of a cock when showing fight.

82 *to scathe you*] to injure you.

84 *a princox*] an insolent boy.

87 *Patience perforce*] Enforced patience. Cf. the old proverb "*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog."

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. [*Exit.* 90

ROM. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworhiest 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; 101
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to
 despair.

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

89-90 *this intrusion . . . gall*] Though the old editions, as here, place *Now seeming sweet* between commas, better sense is obtained if those stops be deleted, and *Now seeming sweet* be regarded as the object of *convert*. The meaning would then be "this intrusion shall convert what now seems sweet to bitterest gall." "Convert" is rarely used intransitively.

91-104 *If I profane . . . effect I take*] This passage forms a sonnet. Cf. *L. L. L.*, I, i, 80-93.

92 *fine*] Theobald's emendation of the original reading *sin*.

103-104 *prayers' . . . prayer's*] In the first instance the word is used dissyllabically, and in the second instance monosyllabically.

ROM. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine 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.

JUL. You kiss by the book.

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

ROM. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor, 110

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.

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. 120

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.

108 *by the book*] by rule, methodically.

115 *the chinks*] a colloquialism, which is still in use, for coin, money.

116 *my life . . . debt*] my life is at the mercy of my foe.

117 *the sport . . . best*] the best of the sport is over. Cf. I, iv, 39, *supra*.

120 *a . . . banquet towards*] a . . . dessert ready, at hand.

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

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

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

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

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

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

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

130

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

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

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What's this? what's this?

JUL. A rhyme I learn'd even now 140
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within "Juliet."*]

NURSE. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

124 *by my fay*] by my faith.

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Cry but "ay me!" pronounce but "love" and "dove;" 10
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
 When King Cophetua 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, 20
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

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

MER. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him

11 *gossip*] crony.

13 *Young Adam Cupid*] *Adam* is Upton's emendation of the old reading *Abraham*. The change is supported by *Much Ado*, I, i, 223-224: "he that hits me let him be . . . called *Adam*" (*i. e.*, a model marksman), in reference to the famous archer of ballad tradition, Adam Bell. *Abraham* is sometimes justified on the ground that the word was both used for the colour of "auburn" or "flaxen" hair, and was also applied to a beggarman. Both meanings might conceivably fit Cupid, but neither is relevant to the marksmanship with which he is credited here. *Adam* is probably the right reading.

trim] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *true*. But the words here are a quotation from the popular ballad of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid mentioned in the next line. That ballad has a stanza beginning with the line "The blinded boy that shoots so trim."

14 *King Cophetua . . . beggar-maid*] Shakespeare again refers to the popular ballad on this old tale in *L. L. L.*, I, ii, 106, IV, i, 64, and *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 106.

16 *The ape*] The poor fool; often used with a tender meaning.

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 to but raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consorted with the humorous night: 31
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
 Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40
 Come, shall we go?

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

31 *humorous*] humid, moist, with a play on the ordinary sense of
 "capricious."

38 *a poperin pear*] a pear brought to England from Popering, a town in
 Flanders, near Ypres. It was not reckoned of much account. Mer-
 cutio is indulging here in much indelicate quibbling.

39 *truckle-bed*] a bed on casters, ordinarily used by a page or servant, and
 kept by day beneath the bigger bed, used by the master. "Trundle-
 bed" is a common variant.

40 *field-bed*] couch in the open air.

SCENE II — 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,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

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

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

10

O, that she knew she were!

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

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

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

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat 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

20

1 *He jests . . . wound*] Romeo has overheard Mercutio's badinage.

7 *Be not her maid*] Be not votary of the moon, *i. e.*, the chaste Diana.

8 *sick and green*] pale and of an unhealthy hue. There is a reference to the green sickness, an anæmic malady of young girls.

9 *none but fools*] Professional fools wore at court a livery of white and green.

Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy 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. 50

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

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

JUL. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

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

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'er-perch these
walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

46 *owes*] owns.

61 *dislike*] displease.

69 *no let*] no hindrance.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70

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

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

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

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

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire; 80
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 90
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

78 *prorogued*] postponed.

88 *dwell on form*] observe etiquette.

92-93 *at lovers' perjuries . . . laughs*] Thus Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, i, 633:

"*Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum,*" which Marlowe translated thus: "For Jove himself sits in the azure skies And *laughs below at lovers' perjuries.*"

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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! 120
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
 mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
 And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
 love? 130

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.
 I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

ROM. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

124 *as that . . . breast*] as that (repose and rest) which are in my breast.

131 *frank*] bountiful. Cf. *Sonnet iv*, 4: "being *frank*, she [*i. e.*, Nature] lends to those are free."

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, 150
I do beseech thee —

NURSE. [*Within*] Madam!

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

ROM. So thrive my soul, —

JUL. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above

JUL. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

151 *By and by*] This moment, immediately. Cf. III, i, 167, III, iii, 76, V, iii, 283, *infra*.

152 *To cease thy suit*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The other early editions read *strife* for *suit*. The words *To cease thy suit* figure in Brooke's Poem.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud; 160
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.
 Romeo!

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: 't is twenty years till then. 170
 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.

159 *tassel-gentle*] The word is more often found in the form *tercel-gentle*, the male of the goshawk. The bird, which was credited with a gentle disposition, was held in the highest esteem among falconers.

161 *I tear the cave*]. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i, 542. "A shout that tore Hell's concave."

164 *Romeo!*] Thus the First Quarto. The word is omitted by the other early editions.

168 *My dear?*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The First reads *Madam*. The Second and Third Quartos, like the First Folio, have *My niece*. *My sweet*, which is the reading of the Second and later Folios, is perhaps better than any other.

JUL. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.* 190

SCENE III — 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;

178 *a wanton's bird*] a bird belonging to a thoughtless child.

189 *ghostly father*] spiritual father confessor. So, again, II, iii, 45. Cf.

"ghostly confessor," II, vi, 21, and III, iii, 49, *infra*.

1 *grey-eyed morn*] a reference to the bluish grey colour of the sky after dawn.

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.

30

Enter ROMEO

ROM. Good morrow, father.

FRI. L. Benedicite!

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

40

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.

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;

40 *distemperature*] indisposition, illness.

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, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

50

FRI. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

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.

60

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

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

70

51 *both our remedies*] the cure of both of us.

56 *Riddling . . . shrift*] Ambiguity in the confessional only receives ambiguous absolution.

72 *season*] preserve; the common use of salt water.

73 *The sun . . . clears*] Clouds are poetically conceived to be formed of lovers' sighs. Cf. I, i, 188, *supra*: "Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs."

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SCENE IV — A STREET

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO

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

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

MER. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

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

MER. A challenge, on my life.

BEN. Romeo will answer it.

MER. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

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

MER. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed 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,

15 *the very pin*] The bull's-eye or white mark on the target, at which the arrows were aimed, was fastened in the centre by a black pin.

16 *butt-shaft*] the arrow specially used for shooting at butts. Fashioned without a barb, it could easily be extracted.

19 *prince of cats*] Tibert or Sir Tibert was a colloquial nickname of cats,

he's the courageous captain of compliments. 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 hai!

26

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! "By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!"

the cat being so called in the old romance of "Reynard the Fox." Cf. III, i, 73-75, *infra*.

20 *the courageous captain of compliments*] the complete master of etiquette or the laws of the punctilio. *Compliments* is Rowe's alteration of the original reading *complements*. Cf. *L. L. L.*, I, i, 166: "a man of *complements*" [*i. e.*, accomplishments].

21 *prick-song*] written music.

22 *rests me . . . rest*] "me" is the ethic dative; "minim" is a musical note of slow time, equivalent to two crochets.

24 *a gentleman . . . house*] Cotgrave, in his *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, explains this phrase as "an upstart gentleman." It probably means a man who claims the highest consideration in view of his skill as a swordsman, and will fight on the smallest provocation.

25 *of the first . . . cause*] The etiquette of the duello defined with numerical precision the various grounds or causes which rendered the duel necessary. Cf. *As you like it*, V, iv, 48-49: "we met, and found the quarrel was upon *the seventh cause*."

25-26 *passado . . . punto reverso . . . hai*] forward thrust — back-handed thrust — home thrust. All are technical Italian terms in fencing. Cf. III, i, 72: "Alla stoccata," and 82, "your *passado*." "Hai" is the Italian for "thou hast [it]."

28 *fantasticoes*] coxcombs.

30 *tall man*] fine fellow.

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

35

Enter ROMEO

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers

31 *grandsire*] Mercutio playfully apostrophises his ancestors, who knew nothing of these modern fopperies.

32 *these strange flies*] Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 83, where the coxcomb Osric is called a "waterfly."

33 *perdona-mi's*] Most of the early editions read substantially *pardon mees*. The Fourth and Fifth Quartos, however, substitute *pardona-mees*, which the Cambridge editors translate into Italian. Theobald read *pardonnez-moy's*. But the English form *pardon-mes* has the best textual authority, although one might expect the affected coxcombs to clothe their apologetic catchphrase in a foreign tongue.

stand] insist.

35 *bones, their bones*] Thus all the early editions, for which Theobald substituted *bon's, their bon's*, thinking Mercutio to ridicule the gallants' use of the French exclamation, "bon!" But Mercutio may only be thinking of the contortions of their limbs incident to their affected gestures, especially if they were to sit "on the old bench."

37 *his roe*] The frivolous pun revolves about "roe" in the sense of the female deer.

38-41 *the numbers . . . be-rhyme her*] This is the sole reference that Shakespeare makes to the predominant influence which Petrarch's famous sonnets to Laura exerted on Elizabethan sonneteers. See introduction to *Elizabethan Sonnets*, 1904, ed. by Sidney Lee.

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ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flowered. 59

MER. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when a 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 ! 65

MER. Come between us, good Benvolio ; my wits faint.

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five : was I with you there for the goose ? 72

59 *then is my pump well flowered*] Romeo is feebly punning on the circumstance that the front of his shoe or pump was, in accordance with common fashion, pinked (*i. e.*, punctured with small holes) in the pattern of a flower. If the word "pink" means a flower (line 57), then a pinked shoe is a flowered shoe. The quibbling also implies a reference to the occasional custom of fastening rosettes or roses on shoes.

64 *single-soled*] commonly used in the sense of "slight," "feeble." Cotgrave gives the expression the meaning of threadbare. *singleness*] smallness, feebleness.

69 *wild-goose chase*] a race between two riders in which the one who falls behind has to pursue his leader whithersoever he go, until he pass him. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 266: "Horse races, *wild-goose chases* are the disports of great men."

72 *was I with you . . . goose?*] was I a match for you, with my quip about 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! 81

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. 90

76 *good goose, bite not*] a proverbial phrase.

77 *bitter sweeting*] a species of apple of sharp taste, used for apple sauce for a goose.

80 *wit of cheveril*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, i, 10–11: "A sentence is but a *cheveril* [*i. e.*, kid leather] glove to a good wit."

83–84 *a broad goose*] a great goose; possibly a pun on "broad" and "brood." Thus the Quartos and the Fourth Folio. The earlier Folios read *abroad goose*, which may mean "goose everywhere."

The quibbling is too strained to be keenly pointed.

88 *natural*] idiot.

89 *bauble*] a short stick carried by the professional fool, with a doll's head at one end.

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BEN. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MER. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

ROM. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER

MER. A sail, a sail!

BEN. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

100

PETER. Anon?

NURSE. My fan, Peter.

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

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den?

MER. 'T is 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!

110

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said; "for himself to

91-92 *against the hair*] against the grain.

93 *large*] licentious. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, iii, 181: "*large jests*."

97 *goodly gear*] fine stuff; Romeo catches sight of the nurse and Peter.

106 *God ye good den*] God give you good evening. Cf. III, i, 37, *infra*.

109 *the prick of noon*] the mark of noon on the face of the dial. Cf. *3 Hen.*

VI, I, iv, 34: "the noontide *prick*."

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SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

MER. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, [*singing*] “ lady, lady, lady.” [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.* 140

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

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

NURSE. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates. [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

139–140 “*lady, lady, lady*”] a tag from a popular contemporary ballad of *Constant Susanna*, which is quoted by Sir Toby Belch in *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 76, and also by Sir Hugh Evans, in *M. Wives*, III, i, 22.

142 *merchant*] fellow ; “chap,” an abbreviated form of “chapman,” is similarly used.

ropery] roguery, ribaldry. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 109–110: “*rope-tricks*.”

144 *stand to*] make good.

149 *flirt-gills*] flirts, women of loose behaviour ; “gill” is a variant spelling of “jill,” a term colloquially applied to a woman, as “Jack” is to a man. Cf. line 147, *supra*, “twenty such Jacks,” and III, i, 11, *infra*.

150 *skains-mates*] The word is unknown elsewhere in literature, though Staunton says he heard it used in Kent in the sense of “scape-graces.” It may be a malapropism for something like “stale-mates.” Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, i, 58: “Is it your will to make a *stale* of me among these *mates* ?” Some editors, on the other hand, believe the word to be formed from “skeins” and “mates,” and to mean women engaged in weaving skeins of wool or silk [*i. e.*, work-girls].

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

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her 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. 165

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

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

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me. 171

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;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
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. 180

165 *weak dealing*] the nurse's misrendering of "wicked dealing."

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

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 quit 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? 190

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

NURSE. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady —
 Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing — O,
 there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
 lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
 toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes,
 and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll
 warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any
 clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and
 Romeo begin both with a letter? 201

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

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for

183 *a tackled stair*] a rope ladder; part of a ship's tackle. The word suggests the mention in the next line of "the high top-gallant," *i. e.*, the top-gallant sail above the topsail, the summit, the pinnacle.

200 *clout*] sheet.

versal] universal; a colloquial usage.

rosemary] the emblem of remembrance. Cf. IV, v, 79, *infra*.

203 *that's the dog's name*] the letter R seems to have been onomatopœically applied to dogs on account of their growl. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Eng-*

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And his to me :

But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with PETER

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

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter. 20

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 a while,
Fie, how my bones ache ! what a jaunce 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 a while ?
Do you not see that I am out of breath ? 30

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath ?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;

26 *jaunce*] Thus the Second and Third Quartos, which also have *jauncing* in line 52. The other early editions read *jaunt* here, and *jaunting* in line 52. The two forms were used indifferently by Elizabethan writers, in the sense of "ramble" or "rush." Cf. *Rich. II*, V, v, 94: "*jauncing* Bolingbroke."

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

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, — ah, my back, my back! 50

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

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

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

JUL. Where is my mother! Why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

“Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?” 60

36 *stay the circumstance*] wait for the details. Cf. V, iii, 179–180, *infra*,
“the true ground . . . we cannot without *circumstance* descry.”

38 *simple*] silly.

52 *jauncing*] rushing; see note on line 26, *supra*.

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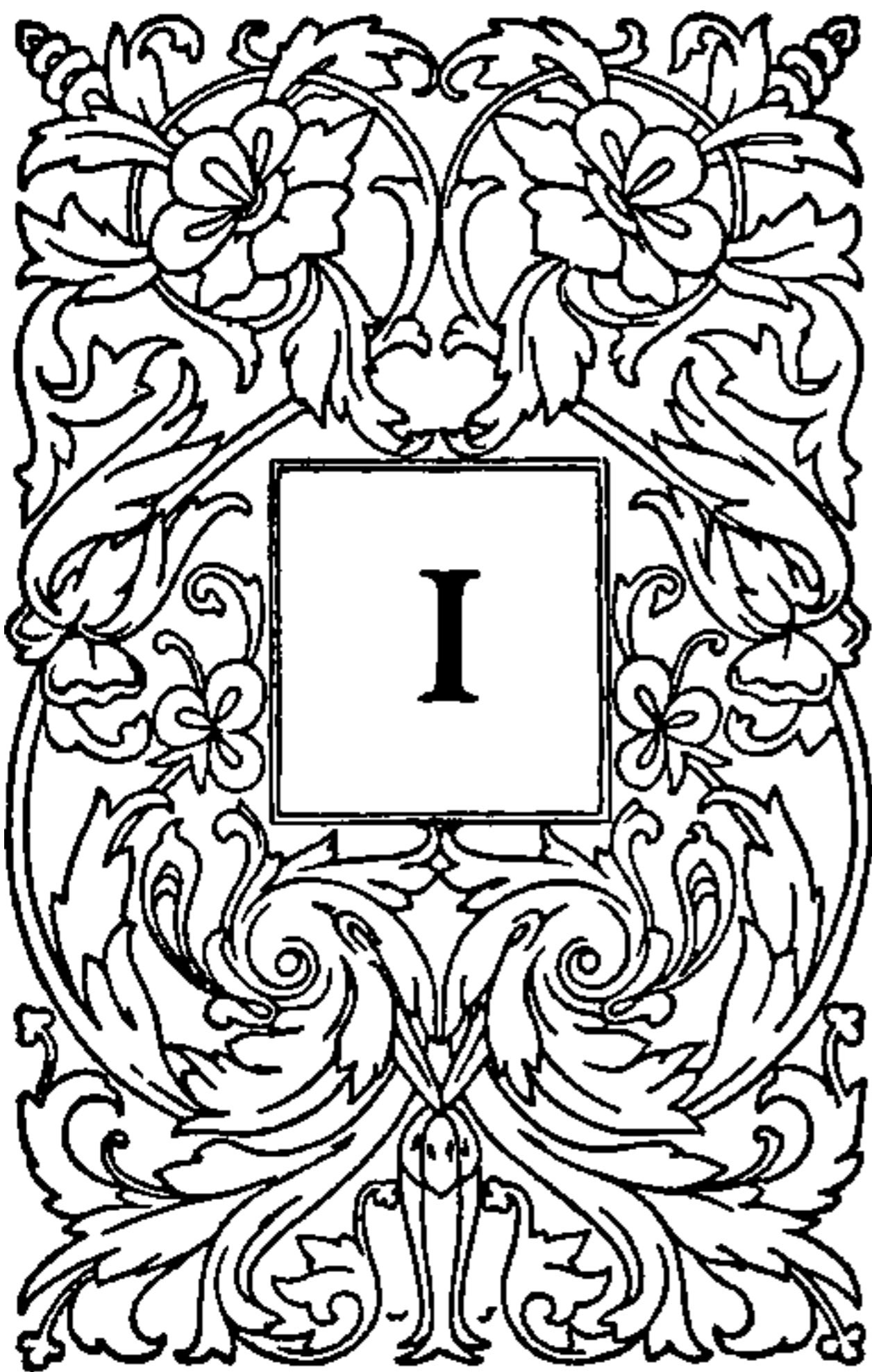


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

BENVOLIO



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.

⁸ *the operation . . . cup*] Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, IV, iii, 95; "a good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it."

BEN. Am I like such a fellow? 10

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? 14

MER. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! 20

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

MER. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

29 *tutor me from quarrelling*] instruct me how to avoid quarrelling.

31 *fee-simple*] absolute title or ownership.

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ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee 60
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 mine own, — be satisfied. 70

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What wouldst thou have with me?

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

61–62 *excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting*] account for the
absence of the rage appertaining to such a greeting.

64 *Boy*] Here a term of contempt. Cf. *Cor.*, V, vi, 101, *seq.*, where Corio-
lanus hotly resents the application by Aufidius of the term to him.

72 *Alla stoccata*] a challenge to a rapier duel, “stoccata” being the Italian
term for the forward thrust or stab.

73–75 *you rat-catcher . . . Good king of cats*] These expressions pun on
Tybalt's name, the cat being often called Tibert. Cf. II, iv, 19, *supra*.

78 *will you walk*] will you come with me?

77 *dry-beat*] thrash or cudgel without drawing blood. Cf. IV, v, 120, *infra*.

78 *pilcher*] scabbard. The word, unknown elsewhere, seems formed from
“pilch,” which means “a leathern cloak” or “jerkin.”

TYB. I am for you. [Drawing. 80

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

ROM. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

*[Tybalt under Romeo's arms stabs Mercutio
and flies with his followers.]*

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, 't is
enough. 90

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

[Exit Page.]

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

MER. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me
to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am
peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both
your houses! '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. 100

82 *passado*] forward thrust. Cf. II, iv, 25-27, *supra*, and note.

99 *by the book of arithmetic*] by the technical rules of fencing.

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SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,
and others*

PRIN. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: 140
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LA. CAP. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! 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, bid him bethink 150
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

139-140 *I can discover . . . manage*] I can disclose all the unlucky procedure.

142 *kinsman*] Cf. I, ii, 66, *supra*, and note, and line 186, *infra*.

150 *Romeo that spoke him fair*] Benvolio's account of the encounter between Tybalt and Mercutio does not follow the facts. See line 174, *infra*. Mercutio forced his own quarrel on Tybalt.

151 *nice*] trifling, unimportant. Cf. V, ii, 18, *infra*.

153 *gentle breath*] kindly words.

154 *take truce*] make peace.

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity 160
 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; 170
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LA. CAP. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, 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? 180

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 : 190
 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. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — CAPULET'S ORCHARD

Enter JULIET

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' lodging : such a waggoner
 As Phaethon would whip you to the 'west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

185 *hate's*] Thus substantially the First Quarto. Other early editions read *hearts*.

186 *My blood*] My kinsman. Cf. I, ii, 66, *supra*, and note, and V, iii, 294.

1-2 *Gallop apace . . . lodging*] Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, IV, iii, 45-48: "Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky, And dusky night, in rusty iron car. Between you both, shorten the time, I pray, That I may see that most desired day." Juliet bids the sun retire, and make way for the night.

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NURSE. Romeo can, 40
 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JUL. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "I,"
 And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not I, if there be such an I,
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer "I."
 If he be slain, say "I;" or if not, no: 50
 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 swounded 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! 60

45-46 "I" . . . "I"] "I" in the first instance stands for "ay," as was a common practice. The second "I" (line 46) puns on the word "eye" (line 47).

47 *cockatrice*] the fabled serpent with the head of a cock, which was said to kill, like the basilisk, with its glance.

51 *determine of*] decide.

53 *God save the mark!*] "God bless us all," "absit omen," a common adjuratory exclamation.

56 *swounded*] a common Elizabethan form of "swooned."

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But, O, it presses to my memory, 110
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;"
 That "banished," that one word "banished,"
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be 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? 120
 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
 "Romeo is banished:" to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished."
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
 NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
 JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall
 be spent, 130

114 *Hath slain . . . Tybalts*] Is worse than the death of ten thousand Tybalts.

117 *needly will be*] must needs be.

120 *modern lamentation*] trite, ordinary grief. Cf. *As you like it*, II, vii, 156: "modern instances."

121 *rear-ward*] Cf. *Sonnet xc*, 6: "Come in the *rear-ward* of a conquer'd woe."

126 *In that word's death*] In the death or ruin which that word "banished" can deal.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

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 judgement vanish'd from his lips, 10
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. Here from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death : then "banished" 20
Is death mis-term'd : calling death "banished,"
Thou cut'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 seest it not.

ROM. 'T is torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog 30

10 *vanish'd*] issued forth. The usage is rare. But cf. Massinger's *Renegado*, V, v: "Those lips from which those *sweet words vanish'd*."

19-21 *Hence banished . . . "banished"*] Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, i, 171, *seq.*:

"To *die* is to be *banish'd* from myself," and lines 40-43, *infra*.

25 *our law calls death*] our law proclaims to be punishable by death.

26 *rush'd aside*] brushed aside.

28 *dear*] absolute, signal.

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A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
 To mangle me with that word "banished"?

FRI. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
 word.

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. 60

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,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy
 hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[Knocking within.]

FRI. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
 thyself.

45, *supra*, "my ghostly father." Confessor is accented on the first and third syllables.

63 *dispute with thee of thy estate*] discuss thy affairs with thee. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 392: "dispute his own estate?"

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

FRI. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. — Stay awhile! — Stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will,

What simpleness is this! — I come, I come! [*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

NURSE. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRI. L.

Welcome, then.

80

Enter 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.

76 *By and by*] At once. Cf. II, ii, 151, III, i, 167, V, iii, 283, *infra*.

77 *simpleness*] stupidity.

85–86 *O woeful . . . predicament*] The old editions wrongly give these words to the nurse.

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SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: 140
 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 150
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

134 *And thou dismember'd . . . defence*] And thou torn to pieces with
 thine own weapons of defence.

137 *happy*] lucky, fortunate. So 138, 140, *infra*.

142 *Happiness*] Luck.

144 *pout'st upon*] grumblest at, pout at (with the lips). Cf. *Cor.*, V, i, 52:
 "We *pout upon* the morning."

151 *blaze*] proclaim; a term of heraldry.

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! 160

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

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

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

ROM. How well my comfort is revived by this!

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

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 170

Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 't is 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 — 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.

166 *here stands . . . state*] your whole fortune depends on this.

174 *so brief to part*] to take so hasty a farewell.

2 *move our daughter*] to propose the question to our daughter, to invite her to consider the subject.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.

'T is very late; she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LA. CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness. 11

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate 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, 20
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:

11 *mew'd up to her heaviness*] shut up, owing to her grief.

12 *desperate tender*] bold, confident offer.

21 *earl*] See note on I, iii, 105, *supra*: "county Paris."

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SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

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

ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

20

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;

This doth not so, for she divideth us:

30

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too!

13 *It is some meteor . . . exhales*] Meteors were commonly thought to be formed of vapour thrown off by the sun. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 310–311: “do you see these *meteors*? do you behold these *exhalations*?”

20 *Cynthia's brow*] the forehead of Cynthia, a classical name of the moon. Cynthia, the moon goddess, who is also identified with Diana, was commonly represented with a crescent moon on her forehead.

29 *division*] a musical term for the harmonical variation of a melody. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, III, i, 209–210: “Sung by a fair queen . . . With ravishing *division* to her lute.”

31 *Some say the lark . . . change eyes*] The ugliness of the lark's eye and the beauty of the toad's gave rise to a popular notion that the two had

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light: more dark and dark our
woes!

Enter NURSE, to the chamber

NURSE. Madam!

JUL. Nurse?

NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit. 40

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 the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROM. Farewell!

made an exchange of eyes. Had the lark changed voices with the toad, the bird, Juliet imagines, would not be the clear-toned herald of the day.

34 *hunts-up*] the réveillé or tune sounded on the trumpet to announce the opening of the hunt. Many old hunting songs began with the words "The hunt is up," and the music opened with the notes of the huntsman's réveillé.

43 *my lord, my love, my friend*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *love, Lord, ay husband, friend*.

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

50

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

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

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

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

JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LA. CAP. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JUL. Who is 't that calls? it is my lady mother!
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

54 *ill-divining*] ill-foreboding.

59 *Dry sorrow . . . blood*] Grief without tears draws its sustenance from our blood. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, IV, iv, 22: "blood-sucking sighs." It was a common belief that grief drained the heart of blood.

66 *down . . . up*] "down" here means "in bed" and "up" "out of bed." "Down" is similarly used, IV, v, 12, *infra*. Juliet asks if her mother is not in bed at so late an hour, or whether it is not very early for her to be up. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 7-8: "To be *up* after midnight and to go to bed then, is *early*: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes."

67 *procures*] brings.

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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, 100
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

LA. CAP. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
 man.

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

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

LA. CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for. 110

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

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

101 *cousin*] The second and later Folios complete the metre by reading
cousin Tybalt. The earlier editions omit the name.

111 *in happy time*] used like the French "à la bonne heure," to express
 reluctant assent; "so be it, if you will."

114 *County*] See notes on I, iii, 105, and III, iv, 21, *supra*.

JUL. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

120

LA. CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so your-
self,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

CAP. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

130

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

126 *air*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The earlier editions read *earth*, which it is difficult to accept.

127 *brother's son*] brother-in-law's son. Tybalt was apparently son of Lady Capulet's brother. Cf. III, i, 143, *supra*, where Lady Capulet speaks of "Tybalt, my cousin! O *my brother's child!*"

129 *conduit*] fountain.

LA. CAP. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave! 140

CAP. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

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

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not;”
And yet “not proud:” mistress minion, you, 151
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

141 *take me with you*] let me understand you.

148 *meant*] *sc.* to be, meant for.

149 *chop-logic*] silly sophistry.

152 *Thank me no thankings . . . prouds*] Cf. *Rich. II*, II, iii, 87: “Grace
me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.”

153 *fettle*] make ready.

156 *carrion*] a vague term of abuse; here used with a reference to Juliet's
deathly pale face. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, iii, 170: “that foolish *carrion*,
Mistress Quickly.”

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CAP. God's bread! it makes me mad:
 Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage, 180
 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. 190
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [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; 200

176-178 *God's bread . . . company*] Thus the early editions. The incoherent metre and language reflects the speaker's passionate anger.

182 *Stuff'd . . . parts*] Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 47-48: "stuffed with all honourable virtues."

185 *mammet . . . tender*] puppet, at the moment when fortune is making her a good offer.

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LA. CAP. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.]

JUL. O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems 210
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam, 220
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,

218 *county*] count. See note on I, iii, 105, *supra*.

221 *so green . . . an eye*] Eyes with a green tint in them were reckoned auspicious and attractive in 16th-century Europe. Cf. Bacon's *History of Life and Death*, p. 124: "Great eyes with a *green circle* between the white [of the pupil] and the white of the eye signify long life."

Your first is dead, or 't were as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. And from my soul too; else beshrew them
both.

JUL. Amen!

NURSE. What? 230

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 wicked 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; 240

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.*]

226 *As living here . . . use of him*] The nurse's language is not very coherent. Dr. Johnson explains "here" as "in this world." But the meaning of the line may be "Even if Romeo were living here and you had no access to him."

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

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

JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRI. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

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, 50
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,

38 *evening mass*] evening prayer. Shakespeare probably forgot that, according to a 16th-century papal decree, mass in the evening or the afternoon was forbidden. It might only be said in the morning. It is not very likely that he knew, as commentators point out, that this established practice of Roman Christendom was at times disregarded in Verona Cathedral.

40 *entreat the time alone*] beg to be left alone.

45 *past cure*] Thus the First and Fifth Quartos. Other early editions read less pointedly *past care*. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 28: "*past cure* is still *past care*," and *infra*, IV, v, 65.

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's scal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

60

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

70

54 *this knife*] Elizabethan ladies are said, without any positive evidence, to have worn knives on ordinary occasions at their girdles. Knives seem, however, to have formed part of a bride's ornaments on her wedding day. Cf. *Edward III*, II, ii, 173: "Here by my side doth hang my *wedding knives*." But the true explanation of Juliet's reference to the knife may well be that she had secreted the weapon, with which to do herself violence in case of an emergency. Cf. IV, iii, 23, *infra*.

I'll help it presently] I'll summarily cure the situation.

57 *the label to another deed*] A slip of parchment, technically called a label, attached to a legal deed the seal of the contracting parties.

62 *extremes*] desperate plight.

64 *commission*] authority.

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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, 100
 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 110
 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 nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

JUL. Give me, give me ! O, tell not me of fear !

97 *surcease*] stop, cease altogether.

110 *on the bier*] All the early editions, save the First Quarto, insert after these words an irrelevant line which is here omitted: *Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue.*

119 *no inconstant toy*] no fickle caprice. The expression is found in Brooke's Poem.

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 — HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and two Servingmen

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SEC. SERV. You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so ?

SEC. SERV. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers : therefore he that cannot lick his
fingers goes not with me.

CAP. Go, be gone. [Exit Sec. Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

10

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.

6-7 't is an ill cook . . . fingers] a familiar adage often quoted by Elizabethan writers.

14 harlotry] often used for minx, hussy, baggage.

Enter JULIET

NURSE. See where she comes from shrift with merry
look.

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, 20
To 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's cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
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?

LA. CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

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

LA. CAP. We shall be short in our provision:

26 *becomed*] becoming, fitting.

29 *county*] the count; see note on I, iii, 105, *supra*.

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Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where for this many hundred years the bones 40
 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,
 Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
 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

42 *but green in earth*] freshly buried.

47 *shrieks like mandrakes'*] The plant mandragora, which was popularly imagined from the shape of the root to resemble the human figure, was supposed when plucked from the ground to utter a shriek, which caused madness or even death in the hearer. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 14.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.]

SCENE IV — HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse

LA. CAP. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

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

Enter CAPULET

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean, go,

58 *Romeo . . . to thee*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions have the inferior reading *Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.*

2 *the pastry*] the pastry kitchen; the place where the pastry was made.

4 *The curfew-bell*] Here clearly the morning bell, the matin-bell, which only rang the "curfew" at nine o'clock at night.

5 *baked meats*] baked foods, pies.

6 *cot-quean*] The word was ordinarily applied to a man who meddled in household affairs. The nurse, a privileged old servant, is clearly on terms of almost insolent familiarity with her master. It is unnecessary, with some editors, to transfer this speech to Lady Capulet.

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SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V — JULIET'S CHAMBER

Enter Nurse

NURSE. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I
warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

1 *fast*] fast asleep.

4 *you take . . . now*] a colloquial phrase meaning "You get full value for your money."

6 *set up his rest*] an expression drawn from the popular card game of "primero" (of Spanish origin). The words meant technically "positively to declare the sum that one would finally bet on one's hand." Hence the phrase came to mean "to take a final resolution or determination."

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam !
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed ; 10
 He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ?

[Undraws the curtains.]

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

Enter LADY CAPULET

LA. CAP. What noise is here ?

NURSE. O lamentable day !

LA. CAP. What is the matter ?

NURSE. Look, look ! O heavy day !

LA. CAP. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee. 20
 Help, help ! call help.

Enter CAPULET

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

NURSE. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack the
 day !

LA. CAP. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's
 dead !

CAP. Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she's cold ;
 Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff ;

12 down again] still in bed. Cf. III, v, 66, *supra*.

16 aqua-vitæ] Cf. III, ii, 88, *supra*, and note.

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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.

80

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

90

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.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*]

FIRST 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.]

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

79 *your rosemary*] Sprigs of this plant were commonly carried by mourners at funerals, and also occasionally figured at weddings. It was emblematic of remembrance. Cf. II, iv, 200, *supra*.

Enter PETER

PET. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

FIRST MUS. Why "Heart's ease"? 102

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

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

PET. You will not then?

FIRST MUS. No.

PET. I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUS. What will you give us? 110

PET. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

100 (stage direction) *Enter* PETER] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos and the Folios. The First Quarto reads "Enter Serving man," and the Second and Third Quartos "Enter Will Kemp" — clearly the name of the well-known actor, who created this part. Will Kemp figures similarly in the original editions of *Much Ado*, Act II, Sc. ii, where he filled the part of Dogberry.

100 "*Heart's ease*"] The name of a popular melody said to be composed about 1570. It is still extant. See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

103–104 "*My heart . . . woe*"] The burden of the first stanza of "A pleasant new ballad of two lovers," an original copy of which is in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

104 *dump*] properly a mournful tune. Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, ii, 85: "a deploring *dump*."

111–112 *the gleek . . . minstrel*] "To give one the gleek" was a common phrase for "to make a jest at one's expense," "to play a trick on."

FIRST 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?

FIRST MUS. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

SEC. MUS. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PET. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

122

“When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound” —

why “silver sound”? why “music with her silver sound”? — What say you, Simon Catling?

(The verb “to gleeke” was often used by Shakespeare in the sense of “to make a jest at.”) Gleeke apparently was punningly associated by Peter with the word “glee” (*i. e.*, song). Hence he scornfully forms the phrase “give the minstrel,” *i. e.*, insult a man, by calling him a minstrel. There is no authority for the common assertion that “gleeke-men” was an Elizabethan variant of “gleemen.”

113 *give . . . serving-creature*] insult by calling you a creature in service.

115 *I will carry no crotchets*] a punning adaptation of the phrase “I’ll carry no coals,” *i. e.*, I’ll stand no insults. Cf. I, i, 1, *supra*. There is an obvious pun on “crotchets” in the double sense of “musical notes” and “whims.”

120 *dry-beat*] thrash or cudgel without drawing blood. Cf. III, i, 77, *supra*.

123–125 *When griping grief . . . sound*] This is quoted with the additional line given at line 139, *infra*, from a poem by Richard Edwards headed “In Commendation of Musique,” in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1576. The song is reprinted in Percy’s *Reliques*.

127 *Catling*] The name of a lute-string made of catgut.

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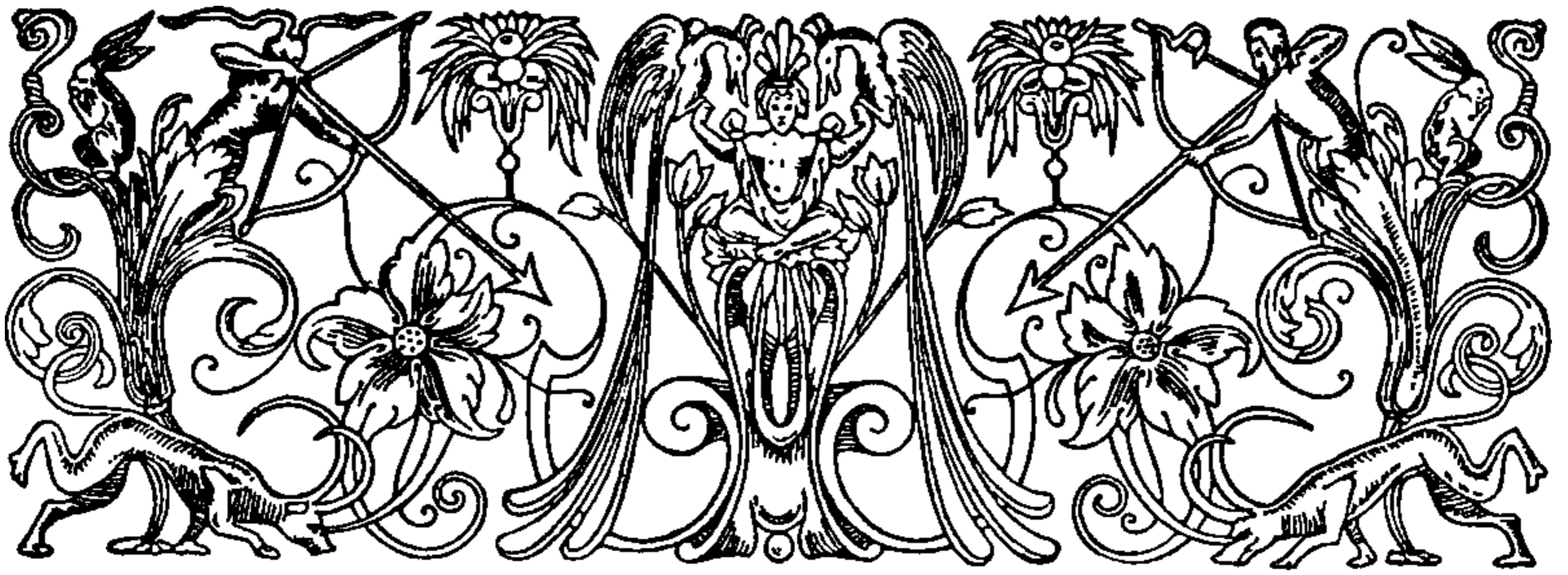
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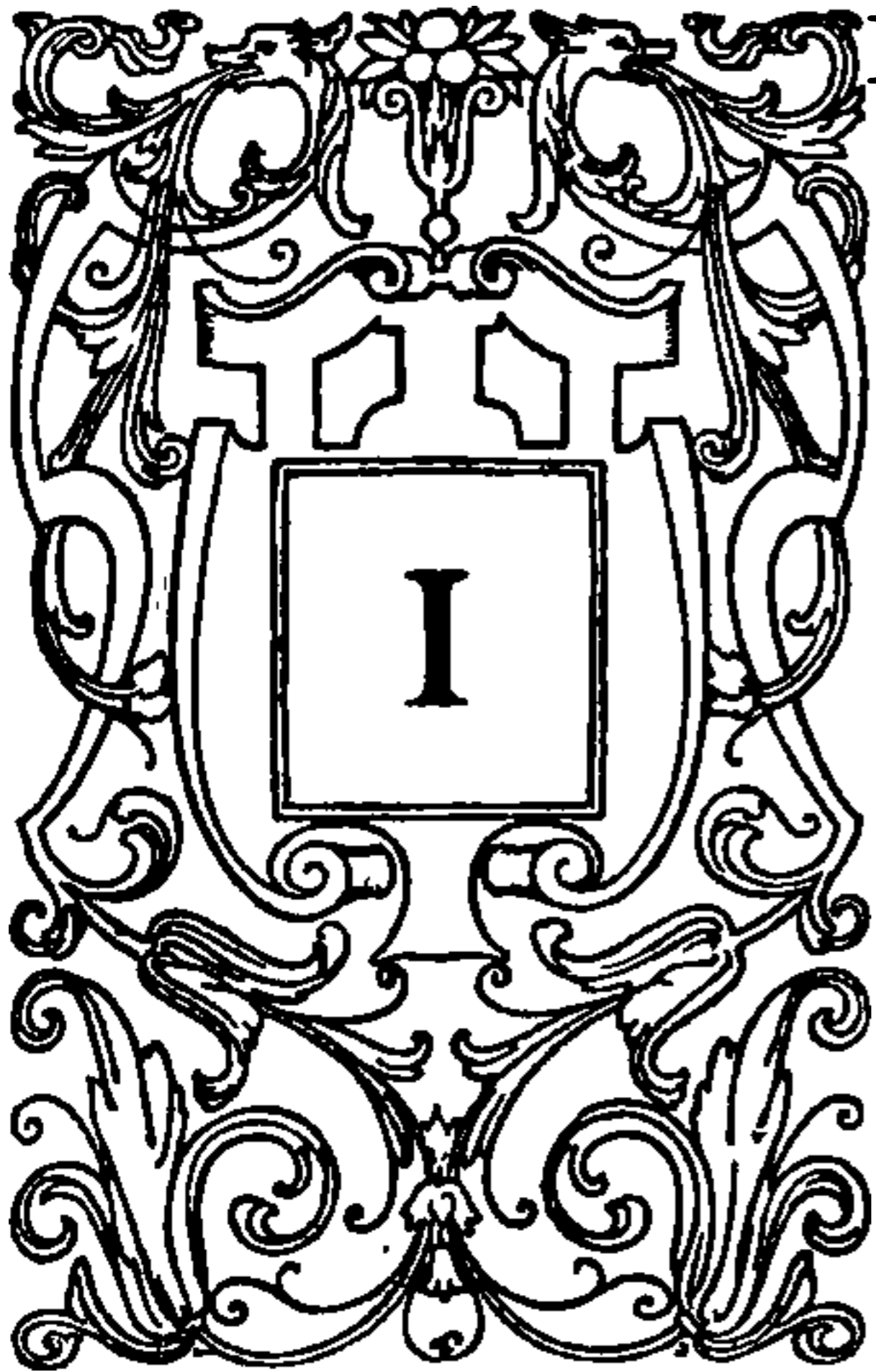


ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — MANTUA

MANTUA — A STREET

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO



IF I MAY TRUST THE
flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful
news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in
his throne,
And all this day an unaccus-
tom'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.

1 *the flattering truth of sleep*] a vision which gives the impression of truth.
Truth is the reading of all the early editions, save the First Quarto,
which gives *eye*, a somewhat simpler expression.

3 *bosom's lord*] the god of love, which dominates the heart.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, booted

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

BAL. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
 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 e'en 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. 30
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BAL. No, my good lord.

17 *she is well*] euphemism for "she is dead." Cf. IV, v, 76, *supra*.

24 *defy*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *deny*.

27 *I do beseech . . . patience*] Thus all the early editions save the First Quarto, which reads *Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus*.

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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 murder in this loathsome world, 81
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter FRIAR JOHN

FRI. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRI. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRI. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
Scal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

6 *associate*] accompany.

11 *Seal'd up the doors*] It was the duty of the constables in Elizabethan London to seal up all houses inhabited by sufferers from the plague,

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, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20
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.* 30]

SCENE III — 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.

so as to prevent the patients or their housemates from coming
abroad to spread the infection.

18 *not nice*] not unimportant, not trivial. Cf. III, i, 151, *supra*.

26 *beshrew*] blame, curse.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

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

PAGE. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10
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 cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20

What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while. [*Retires.*]

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

ROM. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

12-17 *Sweet flower . . . and weep*] These lines are in the six-line stanza
of *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. I, ii, 45-50 and note.

22 (stage direction) *Enter . . . BALTHASAR*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth
Quartos. The earlier editions substitute "Peter" for "Balthasar."
The confusion is possibly due to the fact that the two parts were filled
by the same actor.

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That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief, 50
 It is supposed, the fair creature died,
 And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[Comes forward.]

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

ROM. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
 Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone; 60
 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 bid 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. 71
 [Exit.]

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

ROM. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face

68 *conjurations*] earnest entreaties. Thus the First Quarto. The
 Second Quarto has *commiration*, and the rest of the early editions
commiseration, readings which may well be rejected.

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 ;
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

80

[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

90

84 *lantern*] used, with a punning suggestion, in the architectural sense of a turret, pierced by many windows, which in cathedrals often surmount the intersection of nave and transepts. There is a peculiarly beautiful specimen of a lantern in Ely Cathedral.

86 *a feasting presence*] a presence chamber or room of state, fit for high festival.

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 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, 110
 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 thy sea-sick weary bark.
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.* 120

110 *set up . . . rest*] An adaptation of the expression "set up one's rest."

Cf. IV, v, 6, *supra*, and note.

115 *A dateless bargain . . . death*] An everlasting bargain with death which engrosses or acquires all things. For *dateless*, cf. Sonnet xxx, 6: "death's *dateless* night."

116 *conduct*] conductor, guide. Cf. III, i, 121, *supra*, and *Tempest*, V, i, 243-244: "more than nature Was ever *conduct* of."

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Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*

JUL. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.* 150

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; I dare no longer stay.

JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160
[*Exit Fri. L.*

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

148 *comfortable*] giving comfort, comforting. Cf. *Lear*, I, iv, 305-306: "a
daughter . . . kind and *comfortable*."

162 *timeless*] untimely.

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

[*Kisses him.*]

Thy lips are warm.

FIRST 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 rust, and let
me die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

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

170

FIRST WATCH. The ground is bloody; search about
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain this two days buried.

Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:

Raise up the Montagues: some others search:

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

180

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

SEC. WATCH. Here's Romeo's man; we found him
in the churchyard.

169 *rust*] Thus all the original editions save the First Quarto, which has
the simpler reading *rest*.

179 *the true ground*] the real source, or origin.

180 *circumstance*] details, detailed information. Cf. II, v, 36, *supra*:
"stay the *circumstance*."

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

FIRST WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince
come hither.

Re-enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *and another* Watchman

THIRD 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's side.

FIRST 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 rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others*

CAP. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

LA. CAP. The people in the street cry Romeo, 190
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul mur-
der comes.

FIRST WATCH. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

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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. 220
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

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 condemned and myself excused.

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

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; 230
 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 mean
 To rid her from this second marriage, 240
 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

221 *the parties of suspicion*] the suspected parties or persons.

As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking
 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.

250

260

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

270

246 *as this dire night*] "as" is redundant. Cf. *Jul. Cæsar*, V, i, 71-72:

"This is my birthday; *as* this very day Was Cassius born."

254 *closely*] secretly.

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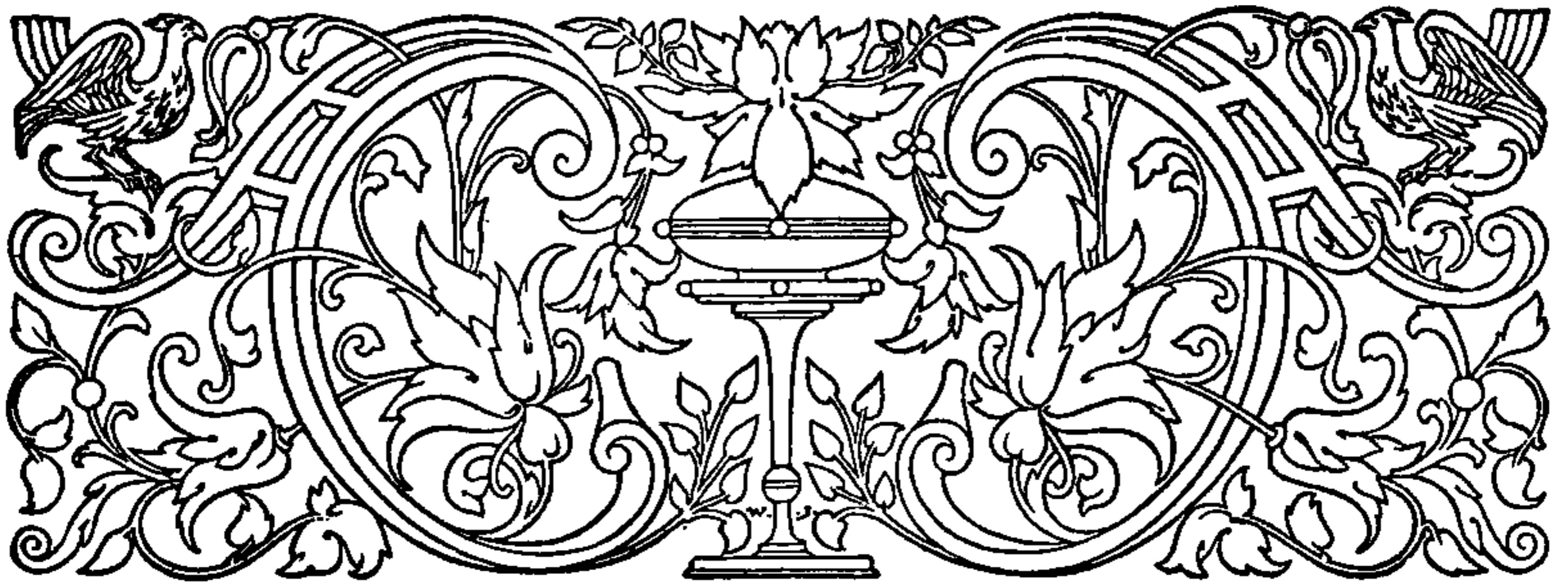
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TITUS ANDRONICUS

**WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY BRANDER MATTHEWS
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY PAUL WOODROFFE**



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION TO TITUS ANDRONICUS BY BRANDER MATTHEWS . . .	ix
TEXT OF THE PLAY	1

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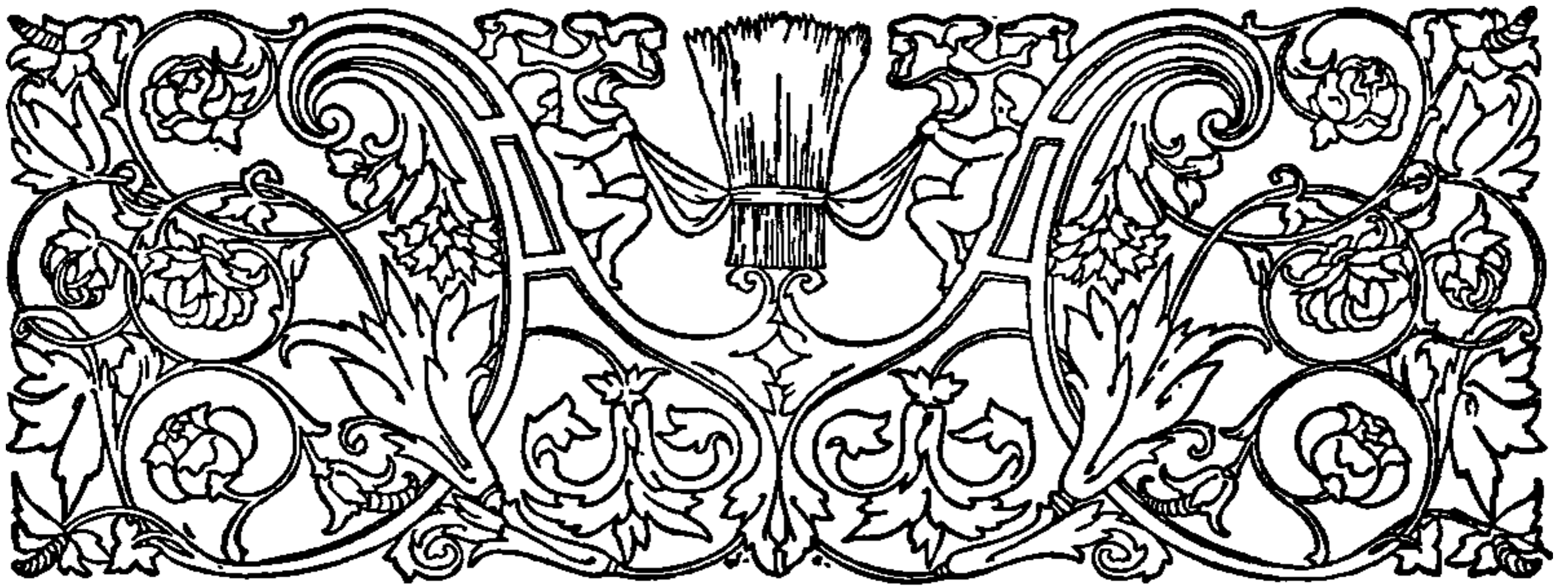
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INTRODUCTION



AS a result of recent advances in scientific method, the students of the history of the various arts have been led of late to consider more carefully the origin of species, — the *évolution des genres*, as M. Ferdinand Brunetière has termed it. In the art of literature, more particularly, we recognise now, as never so clearly before, the delimitations of the several species : and in fiction, for example, we have at last laid hold of the essential difference between the novel and the short-story, a difference not so much in mere length as in aim and in scope. So in the novel itself we now perceive several varieties, each having its own pronounced characteristics, — the picaresque romance, for one, and the novel-with-a-purpose, for another.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

In no department of literature have more distinct and easily identifiable forms been evolved than in the drama. As we study the long history of the stage, we can hardly help remarking that now and again special circumstances have brought about the development of a species of play, peculiar to the theatre of a single country and of a single century. The form having been produced by local and temporary conditions will not be discoverable elsewhere. One such species was the Greek lyrical-burlesque, which flourished exuberantly only during the early years of Aristophanes. Another was the Italian comedy-of-masks, as it had crystallised itself in the days when the young Molière was serving his apprenticeship as a playwright. For a third example, we might take the strange kind of play that failed to establish itself in the eighteenth century,—the comedy which decorously endeavoured to avoid the comic and which was known in England as sentimental-comedy and in France as *la comédie larmoyante*.

No dramatic species has more marked characteristics or is more readily recognisable than the tragedy-of-blood which sprang up in the English theatre in the spacious days of Elizabeth when the drama was beginning to burgeon forth with incomparable vigour and variety. The typical tragedy-of-blood, and the one which gained and retained the broadest popularity, was the “Spanish Tragedy” of Thomas Kyd. But the wisest, the deepest, and the most moving of Shakespeare’s plays, conformed in its earlier drafts to this type; and even in the final version of “Hamlet” the chief characteristics of the

INTRODUCTION

more primitive form are still plainly visible. In "Titus Andronicus" we have a tragedy-of-blood with all the artistic grossness of the species and with all its blatant crudity.

The tragedy-of-blood was a play which dealt with a sanguinary theme and in which the author was seeking not so much to purge the souls of the spectators with terror as to shock their nerves with horror on horror's head accumulated. It was far more atrocious in its butcheries than any raw-head-and-bloody-bones melodrama ever to be seen in even the cheapest and lowest theatres of the twentieth century. It was always a tale of revenge, — of revenge nursed as a duty, seized with delight, and gloated over in every one of its ghastly details of torture, mutilation, and murder. It was often endowed with a ghost who came again and again, either to fright the one who had wrought the wrong or to urge on to vengeance the one who was devoted to the duty of retribution. It was likely also to have at least one deeply dyed villain of wanton malignity and incomparable perversity, — a character which the Elizabethans made free to describe as "Machiavellian."

Whatever its defects of technic and its deficiencies of taste, the tragedy-of-blood was of great importance in the development of the English drama; for it was seemingly the connecting link between the loosely knit chronicle-play which probably preceded it and the full-orbed tragedy which soon followed. However inferior the tragedy-of-blood may be to the more imaginative tragedy which it made possible, there is no doubt that

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INTRODUCTION

In these imitations they ignored all the conditions of the contemporary theatre,—just as their master, the Hispano-Roman rhetorician, had chosen to ignore all the circumstances of the acted drama of his own time. These Italian imitations were as unactable as their originals; and for the most part they remained unacted and therefore without direct influence upon the actual drama of their own day. Sterility has always been the certain result of an unwillingness to accept the conditions of the contemporary theatre.

Probably it was owing to the example of the Italians that certain French and certain English poets prepared Senecan imitations in their own tongues. One or another of these dramatic poems in French and in English may have been acted by main strength, here or there, performed as an austere pleasure by valorous amateurs before sparse audiences of dilettantes. Their authors had taken no account of the existing traditions of the contemporary playhouse and cared nothing for the established expectations of the play-going public; and therefore, such performance as these poems may have had was sporadic only; it was never in a real theatre before a real audience that had paid its way in and wanted its money's worth. And yet, undramatic as were these imitations of Seneca, the "Cornélie" of Garnier in French and the "Gorboduc" of Norton and Sackville in English, it seems evident that in time they did have an indirect influence upon the actual theatre both of France and of England.

In both countries the professional playwrights, who

TITUS ANDRONICUS

had inherited all the traditions of the medieval theatre and who knew all the accepted methods of pleasing the play-goers of their own time and of setting on the stage characters that would reward the acting of the professional players for whom the plays were prepared and by whom they were paid for, — these playwrights were eager in the search for new methods and for new material for their plots. They cared little or nothing for Seneca or for the great Greeks from whom he had borrowed ; but they saw in the modern imitations sundry effects and devices which they could appropriate and which would stiffen the dramatic action of their own plays written in the manner of the time. The professional playwrights, Hardy in France and Kyd in England, perceived how they might enrich the kind of play they were in the habit of writing with a plot more strenuously grasped and with a struggle more sharply defined. Taking a hint or two from these undramatic modern imitations of the undramatic Latin poet, the professional playwrights condensed the leisurely movement of the chronicle-play, and inflated its rhetoric.

In so doing they builded better than they knew. All unconsciously, and striving only to find new ways of pleasing their contemporaries, they did give the popular drama an upward tendency which was in time to make possible the masterpieces of Corneille in France and of Shakespeare in England. Modern tragedy, both French and English, is a direct outgrowth of the chronicle-play, which in its turn had sprung out of the medieval mystery ; but it is a growth due to the cross-fertilisation

INTRODUCTION

of the popular and unliterary drama by Greek tragedy, transmitted inaccurately and indirectly through the imitators of Seneca.

Before we see signs of the influence of Seneca, the popular drama of France and of England is loose-jointed and long-winded; it is fragmentary and diffuse; it is uncertain in aim and in execution. But after the playwrights had profited by the inspiring example of the Greeks as they found it preserved in the Latin rhetorician, the popular drama, whatever its deficiencies or its faults, was at least on the right path; it was no longer groping in darkness.

In England the popular playwrights got from the Roman poet not only a glimpse of the unity and the simplicity of Greek tragedy, they took over also certain of his own personal peculiarities, far less valuable than the Grecian swiftness and directness. They borrowed from the Spanish-Latin stylist his high-flown rhetoric and his loud-sounding apothegms. From him also they came by their relish for frigid horrors, which happened to be in accord with the taste of a large part of the Elizabethan public. Indeed, it is an open question whether the play-goers of any period have ever been free from a bold delight in the contemplation of horrors. Decharme, in his book on Euripides, dwelt on the fact that the taste of the Greeks was not always so pure as we are prone to suppose and that scenes of horror were not infrequent in the Athenian theatre; and Petit de Julleville, in his study of the medieval mysteries, pointed out that the spectators who flocked to see the miracle-

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INTRODUCTION

sensational novel and of the sensational newspaper, these full-blooded and coarse-grained Elizabethans looked to the stage to supply them with the violent delights which men of the same class under our modern conditions can get more easily elsewhere. The tragedy-of-blood is obviously enough a predecessor of the most thrilling of latter-day melodramas ; but we shall fail to understand its vogue and its persistence unless we recognise in it also the sixteenth-century attempt to satisfy a debased taste for lust and gore which in the twentieth century can sate itself with the "penny dreadful" and the "yellow journal."

The applause that the "Spanish Tragedy" received echoes and re-echoes throughout the dramatic literature of half a century. Second only to Kyd's play in public favour were "Hamlet" and "Titus Andronicus," both of them successful on the stage long before Shakespeare reached out his royal hand and took them for his own. "Hamlet" (of which the original possibly had Kyd for its author) Shakespeare made over, raising it far above the level at which the tragedy-of-blood was content to exist. It was in his splendid maturity and in the plenitude of his powers that Shakespeare, seizing the very effective plot put together by his predecessor, informed it with his philosophy and gave us the "Hamlet," which is the loftiest and the deepest tragedy in any modern language. It was in his careless youth that he had to do with "Titus Andronicus"; and its grewsome theme did not tempt him to put forth his full strength. No doubt he bettered its workmanship

TITUS ANDRONICUS

more or less, but he did not lift it out of its class. He left it where he found it; and it remains a mere tragedy-of-blood, abounding in needless abominations.

So little likeness has "Titus Andronicus" to his nobler plays that many lovers of Shakespeare would prefer to deny that it is in any way his; and some of them have rashly ventured to assert that he had nothing to do with it. There is no question that scarcely any one would have been foolhardy enough to ascribe it to him if it had not been credited to him while he was alive and included in his works after his death. The story is both absurd and repulsive; and it is told with childish illogic and with a dull reliance upon the accumulation of sickening atrocities. As a whole, the play is without Shakespeare's creative force, his constructive skill, his grasp of character, his penetration into motive, his exquisite pathos, his illuminative humour. It is with fear and trembling that we risk the attempt to discover, here and there, in a chance speech or two, some vague evidence that the play at least passed through Shakespeare's hands.

Shakespeare seems to have been not so much the author of "Titus Andronicus" as its editor, — its theatrical editor, revising it for use again on the stage. It was a habit of the theatre in those days to keep on improving a play that had pleased, by the elaboration of taking speeches and by the insertion of new episodes; and additions of this sort were supplied to the "Spanish Tragedy" itself, very likely by no less a hand than Ben Jonson's. It was the custom also to pass over a play that seemed to be getting a little old-fashioned to a

INTRODUCTION

younger author that he might freshen it up. Shakespeare was reworking old stuff, worn out in stage service, when he wrote the "Taming of the Shrew" and "Hamlet," "Henry IV" and "Henry V." But in these cases, no matter where his material may have come from, Shakespeare assimilated it thoroughly and made it his own. He minted the coin anew and marked it with his own image and superscription.

When he revised "Titus Andronicus" he was younger and less expert in dramaturgic craftsmanship. Possibly he had less confidence in himself; and probably his employers did not give him so free a hand. It is absurd to assume that any manager ought already to have foreseen the surpassing dexterity of stage-craft which Shakespeare was soon to display. The work on "Titus Andronicus" was done before a succession of masterpieces had given him a position in the playhouse where he could have his own way; and it may well be that certain of the episodes and incidents most disgusting to us and seemingly least in accord with what we now suppose to be Shakespeare's own taste, were retained in his play at the behest of those who were paying him for his labour. In some cases, in "Henry V," for example, we have the play on which Shakespeare worked; and we can see for ourselves how marvellously he transfigured the shabby fabric he had to remake. Unfortunately the original of "Titus Andronicus" has not been preserved for us; and we are left to barren conjecture.

At least, this was the state of the case at the end of

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INTRODUCTION

labour of love undertaken solely to please himself; the play only was a piece of task-work done under orders from his fellow-actors. "Titus Andronicus" was first published in quarto six years later, in 1600, without Shakespeare's name, although Meres two years earlier had credited him with its authorship; and it was included after his death in the first folio edition of his plays, edited in 1623 by his comrades, Heminge and Condell. There is really no reason to doubt Shakespeare's authorship of the drama as it appeared in the quarto of 1600. In its hideous grossness and in its sickening abominations, it is not more offensive than are other examples of the tragedy-of-blood, — even if it is wholly unlike what we discover in Shakespeare's other dramas. Stuff of this sort did not again tempt him; and there is no other play properly to be ascribed to him in which he put so little of himself. He never again took an old piece to make over and failed to purify it and to enrich it.

In "Titus Andronicus" Shakespeare may have been working against the grain; he may have been uninspired by the repugnant and repulsive story; he may not have been at liberty to deal as he liked with the matter placed in his hands for improvement. But we have ample evidence that Shakespeare had ever an eye to the main chance. He was always ready to turn his hand to anything likely to be profitable professionally, and he was ambitious to please the important members of the company which was to produce the riper plays of his later years. It was probably without protest that he did the work he was called upon to undertake. Shakespeare

TITUS ANDRONICUS

may have read Seneca at school ; and he must often have acted himself in more than one tragedy-of-blood quite as obnoxious as is "Titus Andronicus." Well is it for us to remember that much which is offensive to us in the beginning of the twentieth century was not offensive to our forebears at the end of the sixteenth century.

After all, it must ever be borne in mind that Shakespeare was an Elizabethan in his feelings, as well as in his frank utilisation of the conditions of the primitive play-house modelled on the courtyard of an inn, open to the sky, without curtain or scenery. As we read the play in the earliest edition, the quarto of 1600 with its quaint stage-directions, we perceive Shakespeare's unquestioning acceptance of all the traditional devices of the Elizabethan theatre, — the bare stage, to be left empty at the end, because there was no curtain to screen the actors, — the gallery over the stage, in which various characters appear to hold colloquy with their fellows below, — the arras pendant from the edge of this gallery, now parting on the extreme right or extreme left to admit the rival pretenders to the throne, and now draped back in the centre to disclose some semblance of a tomb wherein the sons of Titus were laid at rest.

In the whole play there is no division into scenes or even into acts ; nor is there any indication of the lapse of time, save as the story itself rolled along in its puerile tumultuousness. There is, of course, no suggestion of any change of scenery, because scenery had never existed in any theatre with which Shakespeare was familiar.

INTRODUCTION

The scene of the play is laid on the stage, — frankly on the stage itself, — with no vain attempt to particularise the special places where the action is evidently passing. And if Shakespeare was ready to work in accordance with all the external conditions of the Elizabethan theatre, rude as they were and to us absurdly inartistic, there is no reason to suppose that he would shrink from exhibiting the varied horrors which Elizabethan spectators expected to have set before them when they went to see a tragedy-of-blood.

Even though Shakespeare is responsible for the revision of the play, even though he is to be accounted its editor, if not its actual author, there are few lines in the dialogue that have the true Shakespearian ring and few scenes that unroll with the true Shakespearian movement. “Titus Andronicus” is not at all Shakespearian either in structure or in style. But our ideal of what is truly Shakespearian is the result of our study of his best plays; and Shakespeare was not always at his best. Indeed, he is more unequal than Sophocles or Molière. When he girded himself and put forth all his strength, as in “Othello” and “Macbeth” and “Hamlet,” he stands before us as the greatest dramatist of all time. But he did not often choose to exert himself, knowing that so sublime an effort was not needed in the Elizabethan playhouse. So it is that not a few of the devices he uses, pleasing enough to the uncritical audiences of his own day, seem to us almost childish and pitifully inexpensive. So it is that not a few of his plays, when taken apart by a student of dramaturgic technic, are discovered

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TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus Andronicus.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON, } sons to Tamora.

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.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Rome, and the country near it*

¹ This piece was first published in 1594 in a Quarto volume which was reissued with slight change in 1600 and 1611. All copies of the 1594 Quarto have disappeared since the 17th century, save one which came to light in 1904. For its collation see *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1905, pp. 211-215. The First Folio text appears to follow the Second Quarto with small variation. The Quartos have no subdivisions into Acts or Scenes; the Folios indicate the Acts only. The list of "dramatis personæ" was first supplied by Rowe in 1709.



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — ROME

BEFORE THE CAPITOL — THE TOMB OF THE
ANDRONICI APPEARING

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter below, SATURNINUS and his Followers from one side, and BASSIANUS and his Followers from the other side, with drum and colours

SATURNINUS



NOBLE PATRICIANS, PATRONS of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause
with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving
followers,
Plead my successive title with
your swords :
I am his first-born son, that was
the last
That ware the imperial diadem
of Rome ;
Then let my father's honours
live in me,

Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BAS. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,

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He by the senate is accited home
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms. 30
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised 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,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
 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.

27 *accited*] summoned; only found elsewhere in Shakespeare in *2 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 56, and V, ii, 141.

29 *That*] He who.

35 *In coffins from the field*] Thus the Second Quarto and all later editions. The First Quarto (1594) fills up the line with the words *and at this day*, and then inserts these three lines which are omitted from all later editions:

*To the Monument of that Andronicus
 Done sacrifice of expiation,
 And slaine the noblest prisoner of the Gothes.*

41 *in the Capitol . . . right*] in the name of the Capitol and the senate's authority.

43 *abate your strength*] reduce your numbers

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

BAS. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
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.

[Exeunt 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.

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, 60
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

BAS. 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,

47 *affy*] trust.

64 CAP. *Romans, make way*] Pope makes a new scene begin here. But this division, which is followed by many editors, is not justified by the early editions.

SCENE I TITUS ANDRONICUS

Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA Queen of Goths, 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 thy mourning weeds! 70
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 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, 80
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,

77 *Thou great defender of this Capitol]* Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was consecrated.

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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, 110
 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. 120

TIT. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These 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,
 To 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 the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.]

TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

119 *Sweet mercy . . . true badge*] a slender anticipation of Portia's great appeal, *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 179–200.

121 *Patient yourself*] calm yourself, be patient. For a like use of "patient," cf. *Arden of Feversham*, V, i, 80: "Patient yourself, we cannot help it now."

125 *mark'd*] destined.

CHI. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEM. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
 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 his tent,
 May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
 When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen, 140
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter the sons of ANDRONICUS, 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.

131 *Was ever Scythia . . . barbarous*] The Scythians are instanced as the extreme type of barbarism in *Lear*, I, i, 115: "The *barbarous Scythian*."

132 *Oppose not . . . Rome*] Do not contrast Scythia with ambitious Rome, which is much more cruel.

136-138 *The self-same gods . . . tent*] a reminiscence of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xiii, 439-575, who tells how Hecuba, Queen of Troy, inveigled into "a secret place" and killed "the Thracian king" Polymnestor, who had previously slain her son Polydorus. Cf. IV, i, 20, *infra*. Ovid drew the story from Euripides' play of *Hecuba*, where Hecuba's tent is the scene of Polymnestor's murder. Theobald substituted *her tent* for *his tent* in line 138, in conformity with the Greek story. But *his tent* might easily be suggested by Ovid's version of the tale.

141 *quit*] requite, avenge.

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Than his that shakes for age and feebleness :
 What should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad 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. 200

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 Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

TIT. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee 210
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BAS. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

189 *What . . . ?*] Why? like the Latin "quid?"

192 *And set abroad . . . all*] And put you all again to the trouble of
 making a new election; augment your public responsibilities.

201 *obtain and ask*] obtain by asking.

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.

220

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!"

230

[A long flourish till they come down.]

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

221 *gratulate*] show satisfaction at, congratulate him upon.

237 *thy gentleness*] thy civility.

238 *onset*] beginning.

Thy name and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my empress,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

240

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 imperious lord:
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

250

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.

260

SAT. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:

242 *Pantheon*] the temple built in the Campus Martius at Rome by
 Agrippa, A. D. 27.

243 *motion*] proposal, proposition.

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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: 310
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. 320
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,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,

309 *that changing piece*] that fickle baggage. "Piece" is often applied to a woman contemptuously. Cf. the old play of *Leir*, "that pretty piece," and *Troil. and Cress.*, IV, i, 64: "a flat tamed piece." It is more rarely a term of compliment.

310 *flourish'd*] brandished insolently.

313 *ruffle*] swagger, behave boisterously.

316 *Phœbe*] the name applied by classical authors to Diana, chiefly in her character of goddess of the moon. "Cynthia" is a more common alternative. Ovid very occasionally calls Diana "Phœbe." Golding, in his translation of the *Metamorphoses*, uses the title far more often than the original warrants.

325 *Hymenæus*] the god of marriage, the classical form, found nowhere else in Shakespeare's plays, of the more familiar "Hymen."

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, 330
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accom-
pany
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 all but Titus.]

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? 340

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:

333 *Pantheon*] See note on line 242, *supra*.

338 *I am not bid*] I am not invited.

340 *challenged*] accused.

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MARC. 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?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, with others

SAT. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize: :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 400

BAS. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, 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-betrothed 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. 410

BAS. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

391 *these dreary dumps*] these doleful strains of melancholy.

395 *by device*] by stratagem.

399 *play'd your prize*] won your match; a term common in fencing encounters.

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.

420

TIT. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
 'T is 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.

430

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

TAM. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forbend

413 *Only thus much . . . to know*] This is sufficient information for me to impart to you.

416 *opinion*] credit.

420 *To be controll'd . . . gave*] To be checked or interfered with when offering a free gift.

424 *leave to plead my deeds*] cease making my achievements the ground of your plea.

430 *indifferently*] impartially.

433 *put it up*] put up with it.

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TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord: 460
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

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. 470
 And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
 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; 480
 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:
 Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

476 *Tendering*] Having tender regard for.

481 *look back*] reconsider.

483 *entreats*] entreaties. Cf. line 449, *supra*.

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. 490
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.*]

491 *a love-day*] a day of friendly settlement, of reconciliation.

495 *gramercy*] A French phrase for "grand merci" (*i. e.*, best thanks);
"bonjour" has much the same significance in the previous line.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I — ROME

BEFORE THE PALACE

Enter AARON

AARON



OW 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 glister-
ing coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora :

3 *Secure*] Careless or fearless.

6 *having gilt . . . beams*] This effect of sunlight is similarly described
in *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 393, and *Sonnet xxxiii*, 4.

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This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
 Holloa ! what storm is this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving

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

CHI. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30

'T is not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or 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 passions 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 by your side,

(stage direction) *braving*] wrangling, defying one another. Cf. I. 30,
infra.

26 DEM. *Chiron, thy years want wit*] Pope made a new scene (Scene ii)
 begin here.

28 *affected*] loved.

29 *thou dost over-ween in all*] thou hast an excessive opinion of thyself
 in all regards.

30 *braves*] brags, bravado.

35 *approve*] prove.

37 *Clubs, clubs!*] the common Elizabethan street cry summoning the
 watchman to stop a brawl. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 83.

38 *unadvised*] imprudently.

39 *a dancing-rapier*] a light sword worn by dancers for ornament, not for

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends? 40
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
 Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 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; 50
 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 sheathed
 My rapier in his bosom, and withal
 Thrust those 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! 60
 Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all.
 Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

use. Cf. *All's Well*, II, i, 32-33: "No sword worn but one to dance with."

41 *your lath*] your sword of lath or wood.

48 *the ground of all this grudge*] the source of all this ill feeling. Cf. line 70, *infra*.

SCENE I TITUS ANDRONICUS

It is to jet 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, the music would not please. 70

CHI. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

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 to achieve her whom I love. 80

AAR. To 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;

64 *jet*] encroach.

70 *ground*] a musical term for the simple melody on which the harmony
of a song was developed.

80 *achieve*] win.

82-83 *She is . . . be won*] Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, V, iii, 78-79: "She's beautiful
and therefore to be *woo'd*; She is a woman, therefore to be *won*," and
Rich. III, I, ii, 228-229: "Was ever woman in this humour *wood*?
Was ever woman in this humour *won*?"

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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, 130
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHI. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEM. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
 Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II—A FOREST NEAR ROME

HORNS AND CRY OF HOUNDS HEARD

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

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

126 *the house of Fame*] Cf. Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, line 164: "the spacious airy house of Fame."

133-135 *Sit fas . . . vehor*] The Latin words mean "Be it right or wrong, willy-nilly, . . . I am borne through the river Styx and through (the land of) disembodied spirits." The phrases are apparently a reminiscence of two lines in Seneca's *Hippolytus*, 1179-1180, "Et te per undas perque Tartareos lacus Per Styga per amnes igneos amens sequar." "I will follow thee in my madness through the waves of the sea, and the lakes of Hell, through the river Styx and the streams of fire."

1 *The hunt is up*] The cry of the huntsmen in starting the chase. The words open or form the burden of many early hunting songs. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, v, 34.

grey] blue grey, or blue.

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Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise; 20
 And, after conflict such as was supposed
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surprised,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may, each wreathed 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, 30
 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.

20 *yellowing*] a form of "yelling." Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *yelping*.

22 *The wandering prince and Dido*] Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, IV, 160–172 and V, iii, 80–83, *infra*. The story of Dido's relations with Æneas is fully told in Marlowe and Nashe's play, *Dido, Queen of Carthage*.

23 *happy*] opportune.

26 *golden slumber*] The epithet is conventional in poetry of earlier and later date. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iii, 38: "golden sleep."

31 *Saturn*] the planet of hate and moroseness.

32 *deadly-standing eye*] murderously glaring eye.

35 *unroll*] uncoil. Cf. line 13, *supra*.

37 *venereal*] amorous.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
 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.
 Seest 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 hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

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, whatsoe'er 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?

43 *His Philomel . . . to-day*] There are many references in this play to the classical myth of Philomel, who was ravished by Tereus, husband of her sister Progne, and had her tongue cut out, so that the secret might not be revealed. Cf. II, iv, 26, 27, 41-43, IV, i, 42-54, V, ii, 195-196, *infra*. Ovid tells the full story in *Metamorphoses*, VI, 412-676. It is also found in Pettie's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1576 (2d tale), and in Gascoigne's *Complaynt of Philomene*, 1576. Shakespeare refers to the story in *Cymbeline*, II, ii, 45-46.

49 *parcel*] part, portion.

55 BAS. *Who have we here*] Pope made a new scene (Scene v) begin here.

TAM. Saucy controller of my private steps!
 Had I the power that some say Dian had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

60

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empress,
 'T is 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!
 'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

70

BAS. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequester'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?

61-65 *Had I the power . . . as thou art!*] The story of Actæon the huntsman, who was transformed by Diana into a stag, is fully told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*, III, 138 *seq.* For other references in Shakespeare to the tale see *M. Wives*, II, i, 106, and note, and lines 70-71, *infra*.

64 *drive upon*] rush upon. Thus all the early editions. Some editors substitute *thrive*.

69 *Are singled forth*] Have sallied forth alone.

72 *Cimmerian*] The Cimmerians were a wild people of the extreme east of Europe on whose lands it was fabled that the sun never shone. Hence "Cimmerian" is commonly used as an epithet of blackness, the colour of Aaron's complexion.

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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 110
 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 ye 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.*

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

TAM. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong. 121

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 braves your mightiness:
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

110 *Goth*] "Goth" was usually pronounced like "goat." For the punning
 use of the word, cf. *As you like it*, III, iii, 6.

126 *painted hope*] specious assurance.

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. 130

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

CHI. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved 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 140
 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?

LAV. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
 Yet have I heard, — O, could I find it now! — 150
 The lion, moved with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws pared all away:

143 *learn*] teach.

149 *the raven . . . a lark*] Cf. Horace, *Odes*, IV, iv, 31, 32: "*neque imbellem feroces Progenerant aquilæ columbam*" (nor do fierce eagles breed the peaceful dove).

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. 160

TAM. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I 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 't is not life that I have begg'd so long ; 170
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

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

LAV. 'T is 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,
Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

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

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Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood 200
 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 have 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-stained hole? 210

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 220
 Was I a child to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed 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 't is he?

222 *embrewed here*] steeped in blood. Thus the Second Quarto and all later editions. The First Quarto (1594) reads *bereaud in blood*, for which an early manuscript gloss substitutes *here reau'd of lyfe*.

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
 Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
 And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: 230
 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. 240
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

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

227 *A precious ring . . . all the hole*] The gem known as the carbuncle was commonly credited with emitting light. Cf. *Hen. VIII*, II, iii, 78–79: “A gem To lighten all this isle.”

230 *ragged entrails*] rugged interior.

231 *Pyramus*] This reference to the death of Pyramus seems to come direct from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, IV, 55–166. Shakespeare parodies the legend in *Mids. N. Dr.* See also *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 42.

235 *receptacle*] accented on the first and third syllables. Cf. I, i, 92, *supra*.

236 *Cocytus*] One of the six rivers of Hades. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, VI, 323: “Cocytus stagna alta.” Cocytus is nowhere else mentioned in Shakespeare, though reference to the other rivers, Lethe and Styx (cf. I, i, 88, and II, i, 135, *supra*), are not infrequent elsewhere. Acheron, a fourth river of Hades, is mentioned as “a burning lake,” IV, iii, 43, *infra*. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 357, and note.

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SAT. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
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 fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: 300
Let them not speak a word; the 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.*]

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 't was that cut thy tongue 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.

305 *Fear not thy sons*] Have no fear about thy sons.

1 DEM. *So, now go tell*] Capell numbers this Scene v; Pope makes it
Scene ix.

5 *scrawl*] an old form of scroll or scrawl, *i. e.*, write. Thus the Quartos.
The Folios read *scowl*.

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

DEM. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHI. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

DEM. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. 10

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*]

Horns winded within. Enter MARCUS, from hunting

MAR. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

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? 20

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

6 *sweet water*] perfumed water. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, V, iii, 14.

13 *If I do dream . . . wake me*] If this be a dream, I would give all my wealth to awake from it.

26 *Tereus*] Tereus, according to Ovid, cut out the tongue of Philomela (sister of his wife Progne) after he had ravished her. See note on II, iii, 43, *supra*.

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
 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 't is so?
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee; 40
 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 hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep 50
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

31 *Titan's face*] The sun's face. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 114.

41-43 *A craftier Tereus . . . Philomel*] In the Ovidian tale the outraged and tongueless Philomela embroiders on a piece of stuff words narrating her misfortunes, and forwards it to her sister Progne.

46 *And make . . . to kiss them*] Cf. *Sonnet cxxviii*, 5-6: "I envy those jacks [*sc.* of a musical instrument] that nimble leap To kiss the tender inward of thy hand."

51 *As Cerberus . . . Thracian poet's feet*] Virgil in his *Georgics*, iv, 483

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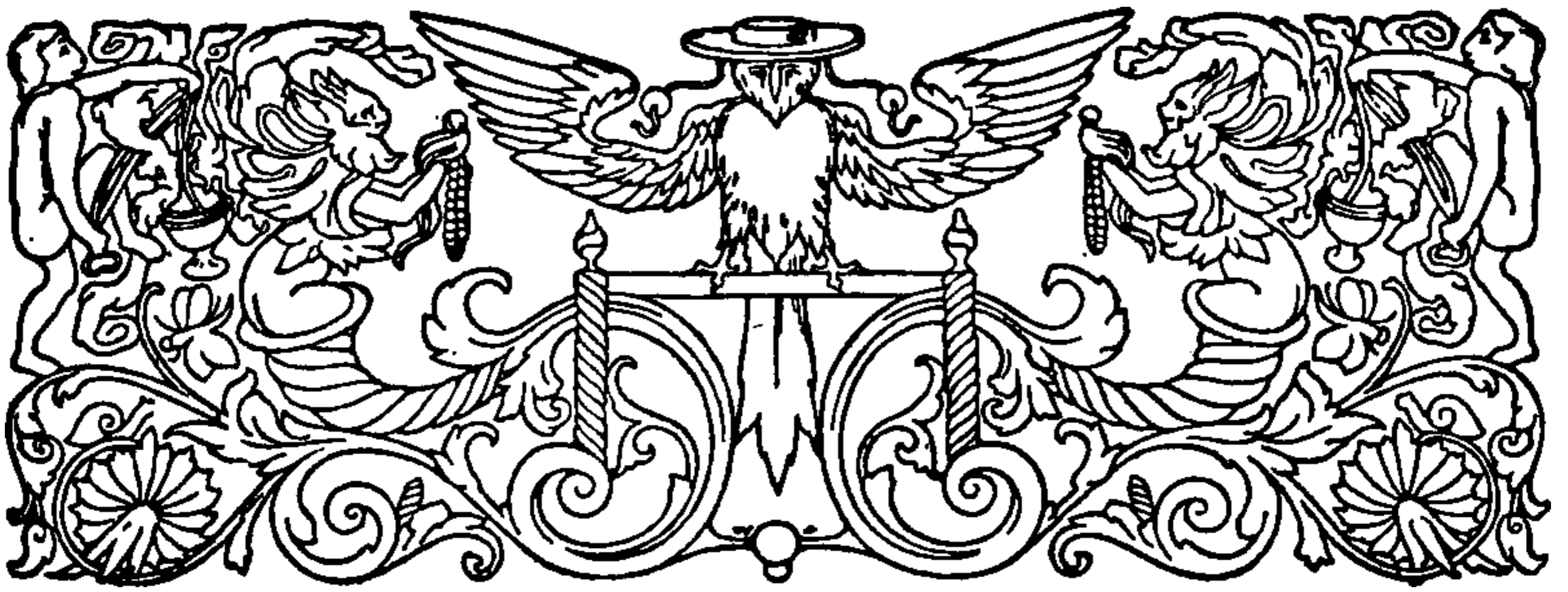
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ACT THIRD — SCENE I — ROME

A STREET

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading

TITUS



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 't is thought.

For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Lieth down; the Judges, &c., pass by him, and Exeunt.]

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil 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, 20
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn

O reverend tribunes! O 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. 30
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you, ---

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

12 *For these, tribunes]* Thus the Quartos and the First Folio. The later Folios supplied the missing syllable required to complete the metre by duplicating *these* before *tribunes*. Malone read *For these, good tribunes*.

17 *urns]* Hanmer's correction of the original reading *ruins*.

TIT. Why, 't is 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. . . .

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale: 40
 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 offendeth 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 50
 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

34-36 *or if they did . . . bootless unto them . . .*] Thus the Quartos of 1594 and 1600, save for the dots indicating missing words after *them*. These dots are due to the Cambridge editors. It is doubtful if there is any real hiatus. A short line is not without example. The 1611 Quarto omits line 35 (*They would not . . . I must*) and reads *All bootlesse* for *And bootless* in line 36. The Folios read *heare* for *mark* (line 34), and omit *yet plead I must . . . them* (line 35).

54 *a wilderness of tigers*] Cf. line 94, *infra*: "a wilderness of sea," and *Merch. of Ven.*, III, i, 106: "a wilderness of monkeys."

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'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands to do Rome service is but vain. 80

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

MARC. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 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. 90

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 : 100
 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,

82 *engine of her thoughts*] tongue. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 367: "Once more the engine of her thoughts began."

90 *unrecuring*] incurable.

91 *my dear*] a favourite pun with Shakespeare. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 231: "I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer," and *M. Wives*, V, v, 15.

It would have madded 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! 110
 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
 husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

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; 120
 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

105 *lively*] living. Cf. V, iii, 44, *infra*.

112 *the honey-dew*] the sweet sticky secretion deposited by the tiny insect, generically called aphis, on the leaves of flowers.

125 *as meadows*] The First Quarto (1594) reads *like meadows*; the Second Quarto and all other early editions substitute *in meadows*, which Rowe corrected to *like meadows* in accidental agreement with the original reading, which he had not seen. *As meadows* is Collier's emendation of *in meadows*.

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? 130
 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, 140
 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!

149 *Limbo*] A region on the borders of hell to which the fathers or patriarchs of old were believed to be consigned. The full title "*Limbus Patrum*" is more correctly quoted in *Hen. VIII*, V, iv, 61.

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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. 200

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 villany
 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.*]

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, would thou kneel with
 me? 210

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 possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow 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, 220
 Then into limits could I bind my woes:

204 *fat*] fatten. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, iii, 42: "I will feed *fat* the ancient
 grudge I bear him."

212 *breathe . . . dim*] Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, I, iii, 4: "And *dims* the
 welkin with her pitchy breath."

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: 230
 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
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand

MESS. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 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 sports, thy resolution mock'd:
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes, 240
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

MARC. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

225 *coil*] commotion.

226 *blow*], Thus the Second and later Folios. The earlier editions read *flow*.

231 *For why*] Because.

233–234 *for losers . . . tongues*] a proverbial phrase, which is quoted in *2 Hen. VI*, III, i, 185: "And well *such losers may have leave to speak*."

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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; 280
 And in this hand the other will I bear.
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
 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 all but Lucius.]

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
 The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome: 290
 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!

277 *heavy*] sad, grief-stricken.

282 *Lavinia . . . things*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads with the Quartos *And Lavinia*, but substitute *things* for the Quarto reading *arms*, a word which makes no sense.

292 *leaves*] Rowe's correction of the original reading *loues*.

But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And make proud Saturnine 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.

300

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II—A ROOM IN TITUS'S HOUSE

A BANQUET SET OUT

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy

TIT. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge those bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,

300 *a power*] an army.

1-85 TIT. *So, so . . . dazzle*] The whole of this scene is omitted from the Quartos. It only figures in the Folios.

4 *that sorrow-wreathen knot*] Marcus' folded 'arms, the posture ordinarily associated with deep melancholy.

6 *passionate*] express with passionate gesture.

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
 Then thus I thump it down.

[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, 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. 20

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;
 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. 30
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,

12 *Thou map of woe*] Cf. *Rich. II*, V, i, 12: "Thou *map* of honour."

15 *Wound it with sighing*] It was a common belief that sighs consumed
 the heart's blood. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, IV, iv, 22: "blood-sucking sighs."

20 *fool*] here a term of endearment.

27 *To bid Æneas . . . twice o'er*] Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, II, 3 *seq.*: "infandum,
 regina, jubes *renovare dolorem.*"

31 *square*] shape, regulate.

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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 and
mother?

60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings 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.

70

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!

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.

80

62 *lamenting doings*] tidings of woe. For *doings*, the original reading,
dolings and *dronings* have both been suggested.

71 *insult on him*] triumph insolently over him.

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

[Exeunt.]

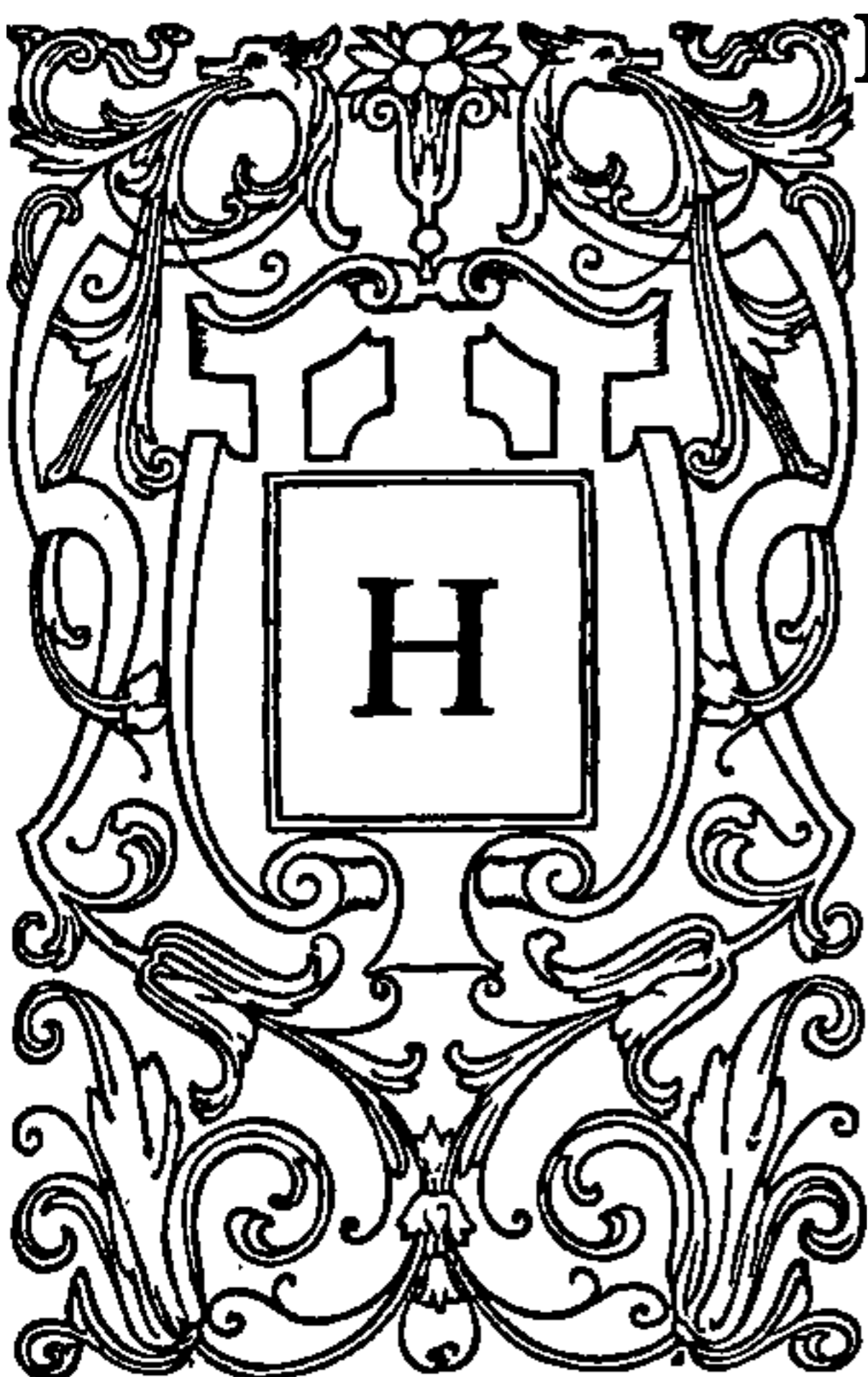


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I — ROME

TITUS'S GARDEN

Enter young LUCIUS and LAVINIA running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS

BOY



HELP, GRANDSIRE, HELP!

my aunt Lavinia

Follows me every where, 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.

BOY. 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:

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

TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl, Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? 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, 60 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, 70
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*] I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last

51 *quotes*] observes, marks.

70 *This sandy . . . plain*] This sandy plot of earth is level.

What God will have discovered 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 80
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. Magni 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 exclams.
 My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me, as, with the woful fere 90
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,

79 *Stuprum*] Latin for “violation.”

82-83 *Magni . . . vides?*] These lines are obviously drawn from Seneca's *Hippolytus*, 671-672: “Magne regnator deum, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?” (“Great ruler of the gods, dost thou hear crimes thus complacently? dost thou witness them with calmness?”)

89 *Roman Hector's hope*] The Trojan Hector's son was Astyanax.

90 *fere*] companion; here “husband.” The Fourth Folio wrongly substituted *Peer*. Shakespeare, in his poem of *Lucrece*, lines 1849-1850, describes the vow of vengeance taken by the outraged heroine's father, Lucretius; Lucretia's husband, Collatinus; and her husband's friend, Junius Brutus.

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BOY. 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?

BOY. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TIT. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house: 121
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt 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.* 130

118 *thy*] The First Quarto (1594) reads *my*, which Rowe adopted by an accidental coincidence.

125 *compassion*] pity.

126 *ecstasy*] fit of madness, frenzy. Cf. IV, iv, 21, *infra*.

130 *Revenge, ye heavens*] Johnson's emendation of the original reading, "*Revenge the heavens.*"

SCENE II — THE SAME

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS at one door; and at another door, 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.

BOY. 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?

BOY. *[Aside]* That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. — May it please you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me

10

The goodliest weapons of his armoury

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both, *[Aside]* like bloody villains.

[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.]

16 *appointed*] equipped.

DEM. What's here? A scroll, and written round
about!

Let's see:

“Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.”

CHI. O, 't is 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 sound jest: the 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 afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: 30
But let her rest in her unrest awhile. —

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

20–21 “*Integer . . . nec arcu*”] the first two lines of Horace's well-known ode, Bk. I, no. xxii. “The man of spotless life and free from guilt needs no Moorish javelins or bow” (to protect him). The accepted Latin text gives *Mauris* instead of *Mauri* in the second line. *Arcu*, the correct reading, is found in the First Quarto (1594), but is wrongly changed to *arcus* in the later Quartos and the First Folio.

23 *the grammar*] Lily's *Grammar*, a book in common use in Elizabethan grammar schools.

26 *Here's no sound jest*] This is no safe jest. This is a perilous jest.

28 *beyond their feeling*] without their perceiving it.

29 *witty*] clever.

well afoot] well recovered from childbed.

31 *let her rest in her unrest*] Cf. *Rich. III*, IV, iv, 29: “*Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.*”

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

AAR. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NUR. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace! 60
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

AAR. To whom?

NUR. I mean, she is 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. 70

AAR. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, 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.

68 *breeders*] women (who bear children). Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, II, i, 42: "You love the *breeder* [*i. e.*, the woman] better than the male."

72 *blowse*] blowsy, red-faced wench.

76 *Villain . . . mother*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios omit the line.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend !

CHI. It shall not live.

80

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.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

90

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

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!

85 *broach*] spit.

93-95 *Enceladus . . . Typhon . . . Alcides*] giants of classical mythology who warred against the gods. Alcides is Hercules. For Enceladus, cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, III, 578, and Horace, Odes, III, iv, 56. The fame of the giant Typhon was eclipsed by that of another giant named Typhœus, who is mentioned by Virgil in *Æneid*, I, 665, and IX, 716, and by Ovid in *Metamorphoses*, V, 321. Golding, in his translation of Ovid, renders the name "Typhœus" by "Typhon."

97 *sanguine*] red-complexioned.

98 *white-limed*] whitewashed. The Quartos and the first two Folios read

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Weke, weke !

So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

DEM. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst
thou this ?

AAR. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours, 150

A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no :

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one *Muliteus*, 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, 160

To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords ; you see 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.

153 *Not far, one Muliteus*] Thus all the old editions. The line is metrically and grammatically irregular. For *Muliteus* Steevens substituted *Muley lives*.

156 *Go pack*] Go and plot, contrive.

165 *gallant grooms*] strong fellows.

166 *take no longer days*] take as short a time as possible.

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 170
With secrets.

DEM. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.]

AAR. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
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 feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 180
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, and other Gentlemen (PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and CAIUS), with bows

TIT. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.

177 *puts us to our shifts*] drives us to cunning schemes.

179 *feed*] This word seems repeated from the former line in error. Hammer substituted *feast* here.

3 *draw home*] shoot with force.

Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, 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;

10

'T is 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.

20

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?

4 *Terras Astræa reliquit*] From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, 149, 150: "Victa iacet pietas, et uirgo cæde madentes Ultima cælestum terras Astræa reliquit" ("Goodness lies conquered, and the virgin Astræa, last of the immortals, has left the slaughter-stained earth"). Astræa was the goddess of justice. The allusion is expanded in lines 39, 40, *infra*. Joan of Arc is called "Astræa's daughter" in *1 Hen. VI*, I, vi, 4.

8 *Happily*] Haply, perhaps.

24 *go pipe*] go whistle.

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To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus;

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

“Ad Jovem,” that’s for you: here, “Ad Apollinem:”

“Ad Martem,” that’s 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 when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There’s not a god left unsolicited.

60

MARC. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

TIT. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,

Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo’s lap; give it Pallas.

MARC. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TIT. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus’ horns.

52 *this gear*] the business.

56 *Caius*] The early editions read *to Caius*. But Caius is clearly one of Titus’ kinsmen, whom he is addressing. Cf. V, ii, 151, *infra*, where Titus says, “Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and Valentine.”

57 *to shoot against the wind*] Cf. IV, ii, 133, *supra*.

63 *well said*] well done; a common usage.

64 *in Virgo’s lap*] as far as the constellation Virgo. Cf. Taurus (line 69) and Aries (line 71), names of other signs of the zodiac.

65 *a mile beyond the moon*] out of reach or range.

MARC. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius
shot,

70

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 tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

79

CLO. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged
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 imperial's men.

99

MARC. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for

92 *tribunal plebs*] an ignorant mispronunciation of "tribunus plebis."
take up] make up, settle.

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, 100
 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.

TIT. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely. 111

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. [Exit.]

TIT. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.]

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And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were. 20
 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 he sleep,
 He'll so awake, as he 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,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his
 heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts. [*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 in the port.

Enter Clown

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

CLO. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial. 40

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

21 *ecstasies*] fits of frenzy. Cf. IV, i, 126, *supra*.

35 *gloze with*] wheedle, cajole; like *smooth* in line 96.

37 *Thy life-blood out*] So that thy life-blood is drawn.

CLO. 'T is he. God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. *[Saturninus reads the letter.]*

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

CLO. How much money must I have?

TAM. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLO. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *[Exit, guarded.]*

SAT. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

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. 60

Enter ÆMILIUS

What news with thee, Æmilius?

ÆMIL. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

63 *gather'd head*] collected an army.

SAT. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 70
 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 heard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 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 favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me to succour him. 80

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, 90
 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:

82-86 *Is the sun dimm'd . . . melody*] These beautiful lines have incon-
 testably the Shakespearean ring.

86 *stint*] stop.

91 *honey-stalks*] sweet-clover flower, which eaten to excess kills cattle.

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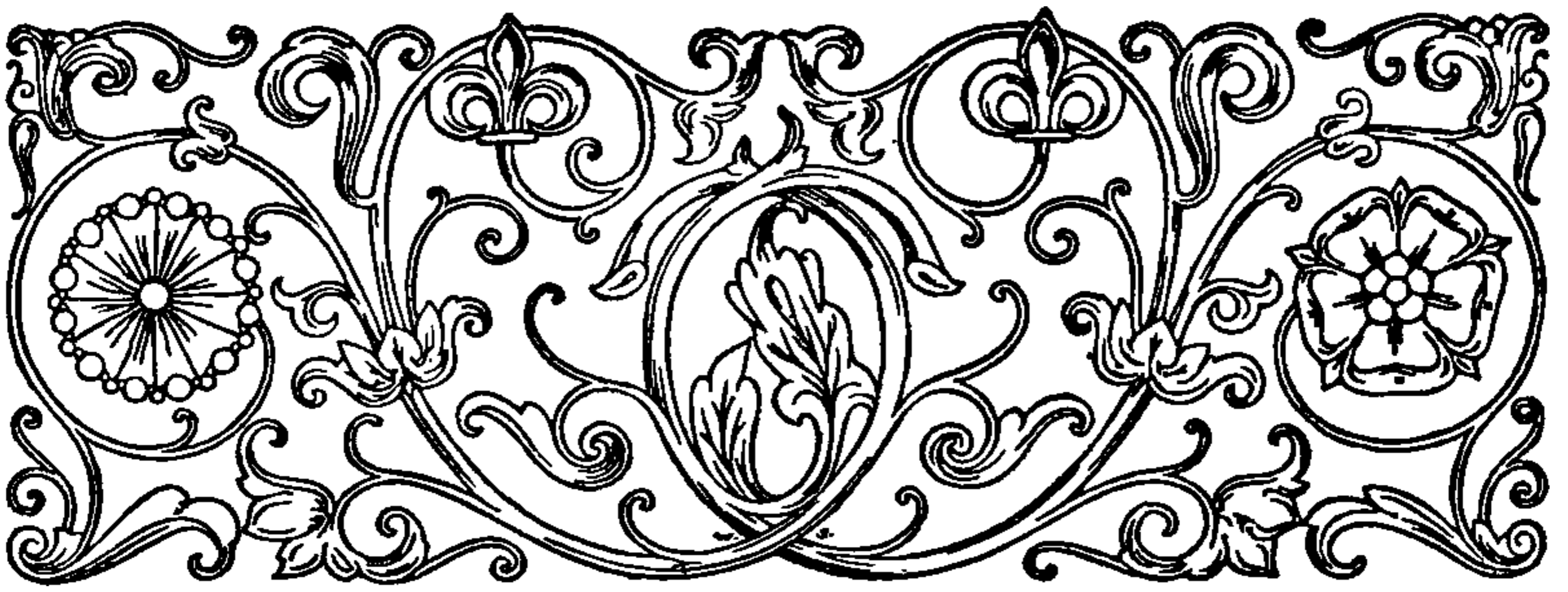
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ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

PLAINS NEAR ROME

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS and Goths, with drum and colours

LUCIUS



APPROVED WARRIORS, AND
my faithful friends,
I have received 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 scath,

Let him make treble satisfaction.

FIRST GOTH. Brave slip, sprung from the great
Andronicus,

7 scath] injury.

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; 10
 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 flowered fields,
 And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

ALL THE 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

SEC. GOTH. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
 stray'd 20

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: 30
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

13 *Be bold in us*] Have confidence in us.

20 SEC. GOTH. *Renowned Lucius*] Pope here begins a new scene (Scene ii).

21 *ruinous monastery*] These words, like "popish tricks" (line 76, *infra*), are curious anachronisms, considering the historical date of the play's action.

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 the incarnate devil

40

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?

Why dost not speak? what, deaf? 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.

50

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,

33 *villain*] a term of endearment. Cf. Leontes' address to his son Mamilius, *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 136: "sweet *villain*."

42 *This is the pearl . . . eye*] a proverbial phrase. Cf. *Two Gent.*, V, ii, 12: "Black men are *pearls* in beauteous ladies' eyes."

44 *wall-eyed*] fierce-eyed. Cf. *K. John*, IV, iii, 49: "*wall-eyed* wrath." "Wall" is apparently derived from "whall," a name of the disease glaucoma, which greatly enlarges the white of the eye.

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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'er 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.

80

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.

90

'T was 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 thou that trim-
 ming?

AAR. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and
 't was

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 coddling 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.

100

88 *luxurious*] lustful.

99 *coddling*] lecherous.

102 *a dog . . . head*] a mastiff or bull-dog, which when fighting a bull or bear was wont to rush at its head and seize its nose.

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 rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? 110
 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 pried 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 swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

FIRST 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.

104 *train'd*] drew, enticed.

119 *swoounded*] an old form of "swooned." The Quartos and the first two Folios read here *sounded*, another old form of the word. The Third and Fourth Folios read *swooned*.

122 *Ay, like a black dog . . . is*] To blush like a black dog is an old proverb, meaning that one has a brazen face, one cannot blush at all.

124-144 *Ay, that . . . ten thousand more*] This speech closely follows the lines of the Jew Barabas' confession of crime in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, Act II, Sc. ii.

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; 130
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 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 carved in Roman letters
 "Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead." 140
 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.

AAR. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue! 150

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

132 *Make . . . break their necks*] This line is metrically defective. Malone added at the end *and die*.

145 *Bring down the devil*] Bring Aaron down from the ladder; cf. l. 53, *supra*.

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I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom, 30
 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 offender quake. 40

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 stands;
 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 waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet, 50
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile footman all day long,
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east

32 *wreakful*] vengeful. Cf. IV, iii, 38, *supra*.

52 *murderers*] Capell's correction of the original reading *murder*.

56 *Hyperion's*] Here the Quartos read quite unintelligibly *Epeons*, and

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. 60

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

TAM. Rapine and Murder; therefore called 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: 70
 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,

the First Folio *Eptons*. The Second Folio made the needful correction. Hyperion here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, is loosely used as the sun-god, and is, from the classical point of view, wrongly accented. In the Greek and Latin word the stress is laid on the penultimate syllable. Cf. *Hen. V*, IV, i, 271: "Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse."

59 *Rapine*] here used for "rape"; see line 45, *supra*. The usage is not very common.

69 (stage direction) *Exit above*] Thus the Cambridge edition, following Rowe; cf. *supra*, line 8, and I, i, 1 (stage direction).

70 *closing with*] coming to terms with, humouring.

71 *fits*] Thus all the editions save the First Quarto, which reads *humours*,

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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 thine 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. 110
 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? 120

TIT. Marcus, my brother! 't is 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

106 *mayst*] Thus all the editions save the First Quarto, which reads *shalt*.

107 *up and down*] altogether.

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. 130

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 her sons*] What say you, boys? will
 you bide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor

How I have govern'd our determined jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140
 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:
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

DEM. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

TAM. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TIT. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
 [*Exit Tamora.*]

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TIT. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. 150
 Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

139 *govern'd*] managed.

140 *smooth*] flatter, cajole. Cf. IV, iv, 96, *supra*.

Enter PUBLIUS and others

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 the 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, 160
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! 170
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

167 TIT. *Come, come*] Pope here makes a new scenic division (Scene v).

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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'll play the cook,
 And see them ready against their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

SCENE III — COURT OF TITUS'S HOUSE

A BANQUET SET OUT

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner

LUC. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

FIRST GOTH. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

LUC. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:

202 *officious*] helpful.

204 *the Centaurs' feast*] Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, xii, 210 *seq.*) tells with much revolting detail the struggle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, which took place at the marriage feast of Perithous and Hippodameia, after one of the Centaurs has tried to violate the bride. There is a reference to the battle with the Centaurs in *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 44.

SCENE III] Pope makes no new scenic division here.

3 *ours with thine*] our mind agrees with thine.

And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10

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 Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS, Tribunes,
Senators, and others*

SAT. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one?

LUC. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARC. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

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.*]

13 *The venomous . . . heart*] Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, III, i, 26: "From *envious malice* of thy swelling heart."

17 SAT. *What, hath*] Pope makes a new scenic division here (Scene vi).

19 *break the parle*] begin the parley (of peace). Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 81: "break our minds," and *M. Wives*, III, iv, 22: "Break [*i. e.*, open] their talk." Others interpret, with less authority, "break off this angry discussion."

Enter TITUS, *like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and* LAVINIA *with a veil over her face, young* LUCIUS, *and others*

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus? 30

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 deflower'd?

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord? 40

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

TIT. A reason mighty, strong and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

38 *Because she was . . . deflower'd*] The writer seems to be confusing the story of Lucretia with that of Virginia, who was not violated according to the story, but was slain by her father, Virginius, in order to preserve her from the dishonour which the decemvir Appius Claudius threatened.

41 *Because the girl . . . shame*] See note on line 38.

44 *lively warrant*] warrant from real life. Cf. III, i, 105, *supra*: "thy lively body."

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MARC. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
 By uproars sever'd, as 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 court'sy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 Do shameful execution on herself.

70

But if my frosty signs and chaps 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,

80

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.

71 *mutual*] common.

73-76 *Lest . . . on herself*] These lines are given in the Quarto to a "Roman Lord" and in the Folios to a "Goth." Capell's rearrangement of the text is followed here. *Lest* is Capell's correction of the original reading *Let*.

77 *chaps*] furrows.

80 *our ancestor*] Æneas. Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, ii, *passim*. See also II, iii, 22, *supra*, and Marlowe and Nashe's tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, II, i, 121 *seq.*

86 *the fatal engine*] the Trojan horse.

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.

90

Here is a 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 cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;

And they it were that ravished our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,

100

Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

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 to embrace me as a friend.

I am the turned forth, be it known to you,

93 *Lending your kind*] Thus the Second Quarto and all later editions.

The First Quarto (1594) reads *And force you to*.

94 *Here is a captain*] Thus all the editions save the First Quarto, which reads *Her's Romes young captaine*.

95 *Your hearts will throb*] Thus all the editions save the First Quarto, which reads *While I stand by*.

96 *noble*] Thus all the editions save the First Quarto, which reads *gratious*.

97 *Demetrius*] Thus all the editions save the First Quarto, which reads *the damn'd Demetrius*.

109 *the turned forth*] the castaway.

That have preserved her welfare in my blood, 110
 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 too 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 the child:

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

Of this was Tamora delivered; 120

The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And 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, 130

The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,

124 *And*] Thus the early editions. Theobald substituted *Damn'd*.

130 *now*] Thus the Second Quarto and all later editions. The First Quarto (1594) reads *pleading*.

132 *cast us down*] Thus the Second Quarto and all later editions. The First Quarto (1594) reads *hurle our selues*.

133 *ragged*] rough, rugged.

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For nature puts me to a heavy task ; 150
 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 Titus.]

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 : 161
 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 ;

164 *matter*] Thus all editions save the First Quarto, which reads *storie*.

165–169 *Meet and agreeing . . . in grief and woe*] Thus all editions save the First Quarto, which has quite a different reading for these five lines, and transfers the last portion of this speech (lines 167–171) from Lucius to Marcus. The five lines, which have been wholly transformed in the Second Quarto and later editions, ran in the First Quarto thus:

And bid thee beare his prettie tales in minde.

And talke of them when he was dead and gone.

Marcus. How manie thousand times hath these poore lips,

When they were living warmd them selues on thine,

Oh now sweete boy, give them their latest kisse,

The First Quarto then continues Marcus's speech with *Bid him farewell*, etc., as in the later texts, which give the whole speech to Lucius.

In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so:
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; 170
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

BOY. 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

A ROMAN. 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: 180
 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. 190

166 *In that respect*] On that account.

176 A ROMAN. *You sad Andronici*] Pope here makes a new scenic division (Scene vii).

