



THE

BRITISH THEATRE.

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THE
BRITISH THEATRE,

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

HAMLET.

KING JOHN.

KING RICHARD III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1805

COMEDY OF ERRORS



ANTIPHOLUS—PLEASE YOU TO ME, FAIR DAME.

PART II.

SCENE II.

PAINTED BY SINGLTON

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO.

ENGRAVED BY NEEDLE

THE
COMEDY OF ERRORS,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

AND ADORNED WITH COSTLY AND FINE DEVICES.

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

WITH REVISIONS

BY MISS INCHBURN.

LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, ST. MARK'S.
REVISED BY MISS INCHBURN.

REMARKS.

This play is supposed, by some commentators, to have been among Shakspeare's earliest productions; whilst others will not allow that he had any farther share in the work, than to embellish it with additional words, lines, speeches, or scenes, to gratify its original author, or the manager of the theatre, who might, perhaps, place it in his hands for the purpose of improvement.

In confirmation of this last notion, Steevens has declared "The Comedy of Errors" to be the composition of two very unequal writers; adding—"that the entire play was no work of Shakspeare's, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake."

As it is thus partly decided that the work is not wholly Shakspeare's, full liberty may be taken to find fault with it.

Of all improbable stories, this is the most so. The Ghost in "Hamlet," Witches in "Macbeth," and Monster in "The Tempest," seem all like events in

the common course of nature, when compared to those which take place in this drama. Its fable verges on impossibility, but the incidents which arise from it could never have occurred.

Granting that the two Antipholises and the two Dromios were as like, as twins often are, would their clothes, even the fashion of their habits, have been so exactly alike, that mistakes could have been carried to such extremities? Nay, one brother comes purposely to Ephesus, in search of his twin brother, his own perfect resemblance, and yet, when every accident he encounters tells him directly—that his brother being resident in that very place is the cause of them all, this is an inference he never once draws, but rather chuses to believe the people of the town are all mad, than that the person whom he hoped to find there, is actually one of its inhabitants.

But it is not so much for the impossibilities contained in this comedy, as on account of its rhyme, and, as Blackstone has termed them, "long hobbling verses," which makes it suspected of bearing the great poet's name without due cause.

Whether Shakspeare wrote the doggerel speeches of the twin attendants, and other inferior passages, must still remain in some doubt; but that he was the author of Ægeon's narrative at the beginning of the play, and the entire character of the Abbess Æmilia, can be little mistrusted; though not even in these parts are there any very powerful marks of his genius.

This drama was scarcely known on the stage for the last century, till Mr. Hull, in 1779, then deputy manager of Covent Garden theatre, curtailed, and made other judicious alterations and arrangements, by which it was rendered attractive for some nights, and afterwards placed upon the list of plays that are generally performed during every season.

In representing the pair of twin brothers on the stage, their dress is the chief part of their likeness one to the other. Thus, representation gives an additional improbability; yet it is necessary that the audience should not see with the supposed eyes of the persons of the drama, for, unless the audience could distinguish one brother from another, which their companions on the stage pretend not to do, the audience themselves would be dupes to the similarity of appearance, instead of laughing at the dupes engaged in the scene.

In most of the old comedies, there is seemingly a great deal of humour designed in the beating of servants;—this is a resource for mirth, of which modern authors are deprived, because the custom is abolished, except in the West Indies; and, even there not considered of humorous tendency. As far as the usage was ever known to produce comic effect, this play may boast of being comical.

It is suggested by a critic, that the following lines, being a translation from Plautus, in 1595, might have given to Shakspeare the general plan upon which he founded this drama.

- “ Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicell merchant had,
“ Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other ;
“ The first his father lost, a little lad ;
“ The grandsire namde the latter like his brother :
“ This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
“ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
“ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
“ That citizens there take him for the same :
“ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
“ Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS	<i>Mr. Cresswell.</i>
ÆGEON	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
DROMIO OF EPHEBUS	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
ANGELO	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>
FIRST MERCHANT	<i>Mr. Jefferies.</i>
SECOND MERCHANT	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
DOCTOR PINCH	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
BALTHAZAR	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
MESSENGER	<i>Mr. Truman.</i>
EXECUTIONER	<i>Mr. T. Blanchard.</i>
GAOLER	<i>Mr. Reeves.</i>
ABBESS	<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>
ADRIANA	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
LUCIANA	<i>Miss Norton.</i>
HERMIA	<i>Miss Bolton.</i>
LESBIA	<i>Miss Waddy.</i>
BRIDGET	<i>Miss Leserre.</i>

ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE.—*Ephesus.*

THE
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Hall.

DUKE, ÆGEON, TWO OFFICERS, GAOLER, FOUR
GUARDS, and ATTENDANTS, *discovered.*

Ægeon. Proceed, Salinus, to procure my fall,
And terminate, by this, thy rig'rous doom,
Ægeon's life and miseries together.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
The enmity and discord, which, of late,
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their blood)
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars,
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath, in solemn synods, been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
T'admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
Nay, more.—If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan maris or fairs :
Again.—If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies ;
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto an hundred marks ;
Therefore, by law, thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. This comfort, then, (the wretch's last resource)

At least, I gain from the severe decree—
My woes must finish ere the setting sun.

Duke. Yet, Syracusan, say in brief the cause,
Why thou departedst from my native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed,

Yet will I utter what my grief permits.—

In Syracuse was I born ; and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me !

With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd

By prosp'rous traffic—till my factor's death,

Drew us unwillingly to Epidamnus.

There had we not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons,

And, strange to hear, the one so like the other,

They hardly by ourselves could be distinguish'd.

That very hour, and in the self-same house,

A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.

These (for their parents were exceeding poor)

I bought, and brought up, to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of her two boys,

Made daily motions for our home return.

Unwilling I agreed.—We came aboard—
Oh, bitter recollection!

Duke. Stop thy tears——

I long, yet almost dread, to hear the rest.

Ægeon. A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey into our fearful minds
A dreadful warrant of immediate death.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast;
To him, one of the other twins was bound;
While I had been like heedful of the younger.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sea wax'd calm; and we discover'd
Two ships from far, making amain to us;
But ere they came——

Duke. Pursue thy tale, old man.

Ægeon. Being encounter'd by a mighty rock,
Our helpless raft was splitted in the midst.
Her part (poor soul!) burden'd with lesser weight,
Was carried with more speed, before the wind;
And, in our sight, they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And would have 'rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.

Duke. Relate at full

What hath befallen to them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years, became inquisitive

After his brother, and importun'd me
 That his attendant (for his case was like,
 'Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name)
 Might bear him company, in quest of him,
 Whom, while I labour'd of a love to see,
 I yielded to the loss of him I lov'd.

Since which unhappy time, no news arriving
 What course their wayward stars had hurry'd them,
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming e'en through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 But here must end the story of my life,
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon! whom the fates have
 mark'd

To bear th' extremity of dire mishap,
 Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee:
 But though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence cannot be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
 I, therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
 To seek thy life, by beneficial help;
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
 Beg thou, or borrow; to make up the sum,
 And live—if not, then art thou doom'd to die.

[Exit, with GUARDS.]

Ægeon. What friends can misery expect?
 This pity but prolongs the date of pain;
 And to a sure, though short protracted end,
 Helpless and hopeless doth Ægeon wend.

[Exit, guarded.]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, and First MERCHANT.

1 Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods be forfeit to the state.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
Dies ere the weary sun sets in the west.—
There is your money, which I had to keep.

Ant. of Syr. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we
host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till then I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For, with long travel, I am sick and weary.
Get thee away!

Dro. of Syr. Many a man would take you at your
word,
And go away, indeed, having so great
A treasure in his charge.—Of what strength do
You conceive my honesty, good master,
That you dare put it to such temptation?

Ant. of Syr. Of proof against a greater charge than
this:

Were it remiss, thy love would strengthen it:

I think thou wouldst not wrong me if thou couldst.

Dro. of Syr. I hope I should not, sir; but there is such

A thing as trusting too far.—Odds heart! 'tis

A weighty matter, and, if balanc'd in

A steelyard against my honesty,

I doubt——

Ant. of Syr. That very doubt is my security.—

No further argument, but speed away.

Dro. of Syr. Ay, but master, you know the old saying——

Ant. of Syr. Then thou hast no occasion to tell it me.—

Begone, I say.—

[*Exit DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*]

A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy,

Lightens my humour, with his merry jests.—

What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to the inn, and dine with me?

1 Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit.

I crave your pardon—but, at five o'clock,

Please you, I'll meet you here upon the mart,

And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.

My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. of Syr. Farewell till then.—I will go lose myself,

And wander up and down to view the city.

1 Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. of Syr. He, that commends me to my own content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

I, to the world, am like a drop of water,

That in the ocean seeks another drop;

Who, failing there, to find his fellow out,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In search of them, unhappy, lose myself.—

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

How now! How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. of Eph. Return'd so soon! Rather approach'd
too late—

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;—
She is so hot, because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold, because you come not home,
You come not home, because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. of Syr. Stop in your wind, sir;—tell me this,
I pray,

Where have you left the money, that I gave you?

Dro. of Eph. Money!—Oh, the money that I
had on

Wednesday last, to pay for mending my
Mistress's saddle.—The sadler had it, sir;
I kept it not.

Ant. of Syr. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not—where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. of Eph. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at
dinner—

I, from my mistress, come to you in haste.
Methinks your stomach, like mine, should be your
clock,

And send you home without a messenger.

Ant. of Syr. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are
out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.—

Where is the gold, I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. of Eph. To me, sir!—why, you gave no gold to me!

Ant. of Syr. Come, come, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd my charge.

Dro. of Eph. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart,

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. of Syr. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.

Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. of Eph. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;

Between you both, they make, perhaps, a thousand:

If I should pay your worship these again,

Perchance you will not take it patiently.

Ant. of Syr. Thy mistress' marks!—What mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. of Eph. Your worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phoenix,

She, that doth fast till you come home to dinner.

And prays that you will haste you.

Ant. of Syr. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid?—There, take you that, sir knave!

Dro. of Eph. What mean you, sir?—for Heaven's sake, hold your hands—

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit.

Ant. of Syr. Upon my life, by some device or other,

The villain has been trick'd of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage ;
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
Misguided by my hopes, in doubt I stray,
To seek what I, perchance, may never find.
May not the cruel hand of destiny,
Ere this, have render'd all my searches vain ?
If so, how wretched has my folly made me !
In luckless hour, alas ! I left my home,
And the fond comforts of a father's love,
That only bliss my fortune had in store,
For dubious pleasures on a foreign shore. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS's House.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That, in such haste, I sent to seek his master ?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant has invited him,
And, from the mart, he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is master of his liberty,
Will come, or go—therefore, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty be more than ours ?

Luc. Because their bus'ness still lies out of door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. He is the bridle of your actions, sister.

Adr. None, but an idiot, would be bridled so?

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty belongs to man,
And ill befits a woman's gentle mind.

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, and air;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged tribes,
Are their males' subjects, and at their control.
Man, more divine, the master of them all,
Indued with intellectual sense and soul,
Is master to his female—nay, her lord!

Let, then, your will attend on his commands.

Adr. This servitude makes you remain unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage state.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some rule.

Luc. Before I wed, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How, if your husband start some other where?

Luc. With all the gentle, artificial means,
That patient meekness, and domestic cares,
Could bring to my relief, I would beguile
The intervening hours, till he, tir'd out,
With empty, transient pleasures, should return
To seek content and happiness at home—
With smiles I'd welcome him, and put in practice
Each soothing art, that kindness could suggest,
To wean his mind from such delusive joys.

Adr. O, special reasoning! well may they be patient,

Who never had a cause for anger given them!
How easily we cure another's grief!

But, were we burden'd with like weight of woe,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

So thou, who hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
Wouldst comfort me, by urging helpless patience;
But shouldst thou live to see these griefs thine own,
This boasted patience would be thrown aside.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try—
Here comes your man; now is your husband near.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. of Eph. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. of Eph. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon my ear;

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it!

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not find his meaning?

Dro. of Eph. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pray thee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife!

Dro. of Eph. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad!

Luc. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. of Eph. I mean not cuckold-mad, but sure he's stark-mad!

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.

'Tis dinner time, quoth I—my gold, quoth he—

Your meat doth burn, quoth I—my gold, quoth he—

Where are the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd—my gold, quoth he—

My mistress, sir, quoth I—hang up thy mistress!

I do not know thy mistress—out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. of Eph. Quoth my master—

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders—

For, in conclusion, he did beat me hither.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. of Eph. Go back again, and be new beaten home!

For Heav'n's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. of Eph. Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That, like a foot-ball, you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

Luc. Fie! how impatience lowereth on your brow!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

While I, at home, starve for a cheerful look.

Hath homely age th'alluring beauty stole

From my poor cheek? no, he hath wasted it.

Are my discourses low? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be dull'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault—he's master of my fortunes.

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd?—Then is he the cause

Of my defeatures—my decayed beauty,

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer! he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home—poor I am left despis'd.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence.

Adr. I know his eye doth homage other-where,

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a bracelet—

Some stranger fair hath caught his truant eye,

And triumphs in the gifts design'd for me.

Such trifles yet with ease I could forego,

So I were sure he left his heart at home!

I see the jewel best enameled
Will lose its lustre—So doth Adriana,
Whom once, unwearied with continual gazing,
He fondly call'd the treasure of his life!
Now, since my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and, weeping, die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS, of Syracuse.

Ant. of Syr. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
Oh, here he comes!

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You knew no Centaur! you receiv'd no gold!
Your mistress sent, to have me home to dinner!
My house was at the Phoenix! wert thou mad,
That thus, so strangely thou didst answer me?

Dro. of Syr. What answer, sir? when spake I such
a word?

Ant. of Syr. Ev'n now, ev'n here; not half an hour
since.

Dro. of Syr. I did not see you, since you sent me
hence

Home, to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's re-
ceipt,

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st, I was displeased.

Dro. of Syr. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein;
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. of Syr. What, dost thou jeer, and flout me in
the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? there, take thou that, and that!

Dro. of Syr. Hold, sir, for Heaven's sake!—now
your jest is earnest—

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. of Syr. Because that I, familiarly, sometimes,
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, then know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks.

Dro. of Syr. I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. of Syr. Dost thou not know?

Dro. of Syr. Nothing, but that I am beaten.

Ant. of Syr. Why, first, for flouting me, and then,
for urging

It, in spite of my assertion to the contrary.

Is dinner ready?

Dro. of Syr. No, sir, I think the meat wants what
I've got.

Ant. of Syr. What's that?

Dro. of Syr. Why, basting, sir.

Ant. of Syr. No more, thou knave! for see, who
wafts us yonder,

This way they haste, and, by their gestures, seem
To point out me—what should they mean, I trow?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweeter aspect:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, would'st vov,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object, pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch were welcome to thine hand,
That never food, well savour'd to the taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged to thyself?
Thyself, I call it, being strange to me—
Oh, do not tear thyself away from me!
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence, that drop again,
As take from me thyself.

Ant. of Syr. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know
you not;

In Ephesus, I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with
you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you, by Dromio, home to dinner.

Ant. of Syr. By Dromio?

Dro. of Syr. By me!

Adr. By thee, and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me, for his wife.

Ant. of Syr. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

Dro. of Syr. I, sir? I never saw her till this moment!

Ant. of Syr. Villain, thou liest! for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. of Syr. I never spoke with her in all my life.

Ant. of Syr. How can she then thus call us by
our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
 Come, I will fasten thus upon thy arm;
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine,
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
 Shares in thy virtues, and partakes thy strength.
 If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, idle moss, or briar,
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy destruction.

Ant. of Syr. To me she speaks—she moves me for
 her theme—

What, was I married to her, in my sleep?
 Or sleep I now, and dream I hear all this?
 What error thus deceives our eyes and ears?
 Yet, that the mystery I may explore,
 I'll seem to entertain the fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. of Syr. Meaning me?

Luc. Ay, thee, thou slug!

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner?

Ant. of Syr. Am I alive? Am I Antipholis?
 Sleeping, or waking? Mad, or well-advis'd?
 Known unto these, yet to myself unknown;
 Fain would I learn from whence these wonders flow;
 But, that I almost fear to trace the source,
 So strange is every thing I see and hear.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye, and weep.
 While man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner—Dromio, keep the gate—
 Husband, I'll dine above with you, to-day,
 And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
 Come, sister—Dromio, play the porter well.

[*Exit, with LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLIS.*

Dro. of Syr. Spread for dinner ! I am afraid I shall
Be somewhat awkward, as I am not
Acquainted with the ways of the house ;
Though, I suppose they'll be so courteous
As to instruct a new comer. Ay, there they go ;—
The house with the green doors, and have taken
My master with them ; I must follow—Sure
We are in the fairy land, and converse with
'Sprites and goblins. I wish they mayn't have
Infected my poor master already ; for, even
Now, he swore to a discourse, I held with him
On the Mart : when I can swear, I was talking
To the strong box at the Centaur.—Mighty odd
All this ! However, my comfort is, that, whatsoever
Mischief we light on, the master takes place
Of the servant, and must fall into it first. [Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street, with a View of ANTIPHOLIS's House.

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS, DROMIO OF
EPHEBUS, ANGELO, and BALTHASAR.*

Ant. of Eph. Good Signor Angelo, you must excuse us ;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,

To see the making of her bracelet,
 And that, to-morrow, you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain, that would face me down,
 He met me on the Mart, and, that I beat him,
 And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
 And, that I did deny my wife and house.—
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
 this?

Dro. of Eph. Say what you will, sir, but I know
 what I know,

That you beat me at the Mart, I have the marks to
 witness.

Ant. of Eph. Silence, thou sot, or I shall sober
 thee!—

You're sad, Signor Balthasar; 'pray Heaven, our cheer
 May answer my good will, and your good welcome—
 But soft, my door is locked—Sirrah, ring the bell!

Dro. of Eph. Oh, he's a little soberer, and he does
 know his own house now! [Rings.]

Ant. of Eph. Will they not hear?

Dro. of Eph. In good truth, I think they will not—
 My mistress, sure, means to be quits with you, mas-
 ter—you denied her a while ago, and now she's de-
 termined to deny you.

Ant. of Eph. Have done, thou varlet! Call to
 them; bid them let us in.

Dro. of Eph. Maud! Bridget! Marian! Cicely,
 Gillian! Madge!

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] Mome, Malt-horse, Capon,
 Coxcomb, Idiot, Patch!—Dost thou conjure for
 wenches, that thou call'st for such store, when one is
 one too many.—Go, get thee from the gate!

Dro. of Eph. What patch is made our porter?—
 My master stays in the street.

Dro. of Syr. [Within.] Let him walk from whence
 he came, lest he catch cold in his feet.

Ant. of Eph. Who talks within there?—Hoe! open
 the door!

Dro. *Syr.* [*Within.*] ght, sir—I'll tell you when, and I'll tell me w fore.

Ant. of Eph. What art u, there, that keep'st me from mine own house?

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] The porter, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. of Eph. O villain, thou hast stole both mine office, and my name.

Bridget. [*Within.*] Why, what a coil is there!—Dromio, who are those, at the door?

Dro. of Eph. Let my master in, Bridget.

Bridget. [*Within.*] Peace, fool! thy master's here already.

Ant. of Eph. Do you hear, you minion?—you'll let us in, I trow?

Bridget. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. of Eph. Master, knock at the door hard.

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ake.

Adriana. [*Within.*] Who is at the gate, that keeps all this noise?

Ant. of Eph. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within.*] Your wife, Sir Knave!—Go, get you from the gate.

Ant. of Eph. Get from the gate! What means this saucy language?

There's something more in this!—Why, Adriana!

Adr. [*Within.*] Hence, you familiar coxcomb!—Cease your noise,

Or you shall dearly pay for all this outrage.

Dromio, be sure you keep fast the doors against them.

Ant. of Eph. Why, wife, I say!—

Dro. of Syr. [*Within.*] She's gone back to dinner, sir, to take a refreshing cup, and has no time to answer idle questions now.

Ant. of Eph. Now, on my soul, some strange mysterious guile,
Lurks underneath this unaccustom'd usage.

Some shameful minion he entertain'd—
 Shall I be thus shut forth in my own ho
 While they are revelling t ay dishonour?
 Go, fetch an instrument, and break the door,
 Shatter it all to pieces, but I'll enter.

Balt. Have patience, sir—O, let it not be thus;
 Herein you war against your reputation,
 And draw within the compass of suspect
 Th' inviolated honour of your wife.
 Your long experience of her wisdom, sir,
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
 Plead, on her part, some cause to you unknown;
 And, doubt it not, but she will well excuse
 Why, at this time, the doors are barr'd against you.

Angelo. Be rul'd by me—depart in patience,
 And let us to the Tiger, all to dinner;
 And, about evening, come yourself, alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If, by strong hand, you offer to break in,
 Now, in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed, by the common rout,
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
 For slander lives ev'n to posterity,
 For ever hous'd, when once it gets possession.

Ant. of Eph. You have prevail'd—I will depart in
 quiet,

And, in despite of wrath, try to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Pretty and witty—wild, and yet right gentle;
 There will we dine.—This woman, that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the jewel—by this, I guess, 'tis made—
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine,

For there's the house, and there will I bestow it,
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)

Upon mine hostess. Good sir, use despatch.

Angelo. I'll meet you at that place some hour, sir,
hence. [Exit.

Ant. of Eph. I thank you, sir.—And now, my dainty wife,

Checking my rage, I'll leave you to your follies
Some few short hours; enjoy them while you may,
Perchance to-morrow you may rue your jest.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Garden.

ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, ADRIANA, LUCIANA,
and HERMIA, discovered.

Adr. Why, why was I to this keen mock'ry born?
How at your hands have I deserv'd this coldness?
In sooth, you do me wrong. There was a time
When I believ'd, so fond was my credulity,
The sun was scarce so true unto the day,
As you to me.

Ant. of Syr. I would, some friendly light,
Might chase away the mist, that clouds our fancies,
And give this dream a meaning! True, I see
These beauteous bowers, in nature's fragrance, rich;
Behold the painted children of her hand,
Flaunting in gay luxuriance all around!
I see imperial Phœbus' trembling beam
Dance on the curly brook; whose gentle current
Glides imperceptibly away, scarce staying
To kiss th' embracing bank.

Adr. So glides away
Thy hasty love, (O apt illusion!)
And mocks my constant and attentive care,
That seeks, in vain, to keep it.

Luc. Dearest brother,
Why turn on me your eyes? Regard my sister,
Who with such earnest suit, solicits you
To heal her wounded peace.

Adr. It cannot be,
But that some phrensy hath possess'd his mind,
Else could he not, with cold indifference, hear
His Adriana pleading. Music's voice,
O'er such entranced dispositions,
Hath oft a magic power, and can recall
The wand'ring faculties. Good cousin, Hermia,
Assay those melting strains, wherewith, thou told'st me,
Forsaken Julia labour'd to retrieve
Lysander's truant heart.

SONG.—HERMIA.

*Stray not to those distant plains;
From thy comfort do not rove,
Tarry in these peaceful glens,
Tread the downy paths of love:
Is not this sequester'd shade
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this beauteous glade,
Tarry here, with me and love.*

*Listen to the woodlark's note,
Listen to the cooing dove,
Hark! the throstle's mellow throat,
All uniting, carol love:
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding through the varied grove;
This is passion's fairy ground,
Tarry here, with me and love.*

Adr. Sister, there is some magic in thine eye,
That hath infected his—Perchance to thee,
He may unfold the source of his distemp'rature:
For me, no longer will I sue for that,
My right may claim; loose infidelity
And lawless passion hath estrang'd his soul.
Yet think, my husband, couldst thou bear the like?
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
Wouldst thou not scoff at me, and spurn me from
thee?

Or hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow?
Yea, from my false hand, cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou wouldst, and therefore, see, thou do it;
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy crimes.
Preserve then, equal league with the fair bed;
Keep me unstain'd, thou, undishonour'd live.

[*Exit, with HERMIA.*]

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholis,
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love passion fade?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kind-
ness;

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it in secret;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty,
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.

Ant. of Syr. Now, by the air we breathe, I vow,
bright dame,

My senses are all smother'd up in wonder;
All but my sight—with that, methinks, I view
An angel pleading; and, while thus delighted,
I may peruse the graces of that brow,

I will not wish the mystery unfolded,
But to your chidings pay submissive awe,
As to an holy mandate.—Speak, speak on.

Luc. Be secret false—why need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own bad deeds?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board.
Ill deeds are doubled by an evil word.

Alas, poor women!—make us but believe
(Being compast of credit) that you love,
We, in your motions turn, are led by you,
And easily accord to what we wish.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
And call my sister, wife—comfort her—cheer her—

'Tis holy sport to be a little false,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. of Syr. Sweet mistress, let me call you by that
name,

Teach me, oh teach me how to think, and answer!

Lay open to my shallow, gross conceit,

The folded meaning of your sugar'd words.

Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown path?

Are you a goddess? would you new create me?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if I am Antipholis, I swear,

Your weeping sister is no wife to me.

Oh, no! to you alone my soul inclines;

Then train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy voice,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears!

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will doat! [*Kneels.*]

Spread o'er the silver waves thy glossy locks,

And as a bed I'll take thee, there I'll lie,

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason thus?

Ant. of Syr. Not mad—enchanted; how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. of Syr. For gazing on your dazzling beams,
fair sun.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

Ant. of Syr. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
on darkness.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. of Syr. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. of Syr. No;

It is thyself, my own self's better half,
My eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. of Syr. Call thyself sister, sweet, for thee I
mean:

Thee will I love, with thee would spend my days.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still.

I'll seek my sister, to get her consent;

If she approve, I shall accord, no doubt. [Exit.

Ant. of Syr. O subtle power! O soil too capable!
Scarce had her sun of beauty warm'd my heart,
When the gay flower of love, disclosing fragrance,
Sprung up at once, and blossom'd to perfection,
Ere well the bud was seen. Why, how now, Dromio?

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. of Syr. Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio?
Am I your man? Am I myself?

Ant. of Syr. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
thou art thyself.

Dro. of Syr. I am an ass, I am a woman's man,
and beside myself.

Ant. of Syr. What woman's man? and how beside
thyself?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. of Syr. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. of Syr. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse.

Ant. of Syr. What is she?

Dro. of Syr. A very reverend body; and though I have but lean luck in the match, yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.—Sir, she's the kitchen wench, all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light.—To conclude; this drudge laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was betrothed to her, told me what secret marks I had about me; as, the marks on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her, as a witch—and I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she would have transformed me to a cur-tail dog, and made me turn in the wheel.

Ant. of Syr. Sure, none but witches can inhabit here,

And therefore 'tis high time that we were hence.

Go, hie thee presently, post to the road,

And if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walk till thou return to me.

[Exit.]

Dro. of Syr. As from a bear, a man would run for life,

So I from her, that swears she is my wife.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, from ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS' House, meeting ANGELO, with a Bracelet.

Angelo. Master Antipholis!

Ant. of Syr. Ay, that's my name.

Angelo. I know it well, sir.—Lo, here is the bracelet!

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine,
It being unfinish'd, made my stay thus long.

Ant. of Syr. What is your will that I should do
with this?

Angelo. Ev'n what you please, sir—I have made it
for you.

Ant. of Syr. Made it for me, sir! I never once be-
spoke it.

Angelo. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal.

About your supper time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the bracelet.

Ant. of Syr. I pray you, sir, since you will force it
on me,

Receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see that or jewel more.

Angelo. You are a merry man, sir—fare you well!

[*Exit.*

Ant. of Syr. Wonder on wonder rises every moment!
What I should think of this I cannot tell;
However strange, here on my arm I'll wear it,
Preserve it safe, as fortune's happy pledge.

Off' as it strikes my eye, I'll heave a sigh,
And say, the self-same hour that gave thee to me,
Gave me to gaze on Luciana's eyes—
So will I make a profit of a chance,
And treasure up a comfort in affliction.
Unwillingly I go—my wounded soul,
(Howe'er from Ephesus my body part)
Lingers behind in Luciana's heart.

[Exit.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Mart.

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an
OFFICER.

2 *Merch.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due;

And since I have not much importun'd you.
Nor had I now, sir, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Angelo. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me from Antipholis;
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a bracelet—at five o'clock.

I shall receive the money for the same.
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Offi. That labour you may spare—see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Ant. of Eph. While I go to the goldsmith's house,
go thou

And buy a rope's end—that will I bestow
Among the base confederates of my wife,
For locking me out of my doors to-day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith—get thee gone
To buy the rope, and bring it home to me.

[Exit DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.]

A man is well holpe up, that trusts to you:
I promis'd me your presence, and the bracelet;
But neither that nor goldsmith came to me.

Angelo. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your jewel weighs, to th' utmost carat.
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Make it amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand 'debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. of Eph. I am not furnish'd with the sum
about me,

Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signor, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the bracelet.—Bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Angelo. Then you will bring the bracelet there
yourself?

Ant. of Eph. No, do you bear it, lest I come not
time enough.

Angelo. Well, sir, I will then—have you it about
you?

Ant. of Eph. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Angelo. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the
jewel,

Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. of Eph. I guess you use this dalliance to ex-
cuse

Your breach of promise at the Porcupine.

I should have chid you for not bringing it,

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

2 Mer. The hour steals on—I pray you, sir, des-
patch.

Angelo. You hear how he importunes me;—the
bracelet——

Ant. of Eph. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch
your money.

Angelo. Come, come, you know I gave it you even
now ;

Or give it me, or send me by some token.

Ant. of Eph. Fie ! now you run this humour out
of breath——

Come, where is it ?—I pray you let me see it.

2 Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance——

Good sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no ;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. of Eph. I answer you !—what should I answer
you ?

Angelo. The money that you owe me for the brace-
let.

Ant. of Eph. I owe you none, till I receive the
bracelet.

Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. of Eph. You gave me none ; you wrong me
much to say so.

Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it ;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

2 Mer. Well, Officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

Angelo. This touches me, sir, in my reputation ;
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. of Eph. Consent to pay for what I never had
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Angelo. Here is thy fee—arrest him, officer——
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, sir—you hear the suit.

Ant. of Eph. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Angelo. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard ;
Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merry wind
Blows fair from land, they stay for nought at all,
But for the owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. of Eph. How now, madman ! Why, thou pee-
vish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. of Syr. A ship you sent me to, sir, to hire
waftage.

Ant. of Eph. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for
a rope ;

And told thee to what purpose, and for whom.

Dro. of Syr. You sent me to the bay, sir, for a
bark.

Ant. of Eph. I will debate the matter at more lei-
sure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it;
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me.—I lie thee, slave, begone.
On, officer, to prison, till he comes.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHESUS, ANGELO,
MERCHANT, and OFFICER.*

Dro. of Syr. To Adriana's!—that is where we din-
ed——Go there again!—Surely my poor master's
mind is strangely altered.——But now he sent me to
seek a vessel, and swore he would not stay an hour
longer—now he denies it all, and rather seems inclin-
ed to take up his abode here; for, upon the strength
of one visit only, he has got the key of Adriana's
treasure, I see; and sends for her ducats as familiarly
as he would for his own.—Then how he should come
arrested!—I'll venture, however, to her house once
more, and get the money for him, if that Blowzabel,
who claimed me for her husband, does not set her
kitchenstuff countenance in my way, and fright me
from my purpose. [Exit,

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. What, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest? Didst thou mark,

Look'd he or pale, or red, or sad, or merry?
What observation, tell me, couldst thou make
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none—the more my wrong.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he be.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. What said he then?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love;

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move
First did he praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech you.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.

My tongue, though not my heart, must have its scope.
Oh, he is shapeless, crooked, old, and seer,
Vicious, ungente, foolish, rude, unkind,
Deform'd in person, more deform'd in soul?

Luc. Yet do not give such way to your affliction,
But call your better reason to your aid:—

Oh, did my brother's mind but mate his person,
Were but his conduct graceful as his visage,
What woman might with Adriana boast
So vast a fund of hymeneal bliss!

Trust then to time, and fault repairing wisdom,
To change his mind; nor soil, with partial breath,
A form in nature's fairest colours drest.

Adr. Oh, but I think him better than I say,
And wish him kind and fair to me alone.

Thus, lapwing like, far from my nest I cry,
To puzzle and mislead intruding eyes,
That seek to rob me of my treasur'd bliss,

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Here, go!—the desk—the purse!—
sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. of Syr. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. of Syr. No, he's in Tartar limbo—a devil hatèd
him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;

A back friend; one that commands

The passages of alleys, creeks and lanes.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know the matter, but he is
arrested.

Adr. Arrested, is he?—tell me, at whose suit?

Dro. of Syr. I do not know at whose suit he is arrested,
but arrested he is—and his suit to you is, that
you will send him Mistress Redemption, the money
in his desk.

Adr. Go, fetch it, sister.— [Exit LUCIANA.]

This I wonder at.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

Dro. of Syr. No, on the mart.—Come, 'tis time
that I were gone.

Enter LUCIANA with a Purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio, there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.

[Exit DROMIO.]

Yet wherefore bring him home, since he has lost
All token of regard, and slights the place

Where, once, he said, his ev'ry comfort dwelt?

Why should I wish him here? and yet, without him,
What is this home to me?

Luc. Some vague conceit,

The phantom of the moment, hath possess him ;
It will away as soon.

Adr. Pray, Heaven, it may ;
For till he shake it off, no mate have I,
But jealous doubt, or dark despondency. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE.

Ant. of Syr. There's not a man I meet but doth
salute me,
As if I were his well acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me,
Some offer me commodities to buy,
While others give me thanks for kindnesses.
Ev'n now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles ;
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. of Syr. Master, here's the gold you sent me
for.—What, have you got rid of the fiend ?

Ant. of Syr. What gold is this ?—What fiend dost
thou mean ?

Dro. of Syr. He that came behind you, sir, like an
evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. of Syr. Mean'st thou an officer ?

Dro. of Syr. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band—he

that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond. One that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, Heaven send you good rest!

Ant. of Syr. Well, sir, there rest your foolery!—Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we begone?

Dro. of Syr. Why, sir, I brought you word, an hour since, that the Bark, Expedition, puts forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay. Here are the angels, that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. of Syr. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusion—
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!—

Enter LESBIA.

Lesbia. Well met, well met, Master Antipholis! I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now, Is this the bracelet you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. of Syr. What, more temptations? Mistress, you do impeach your modesty, Here in the street, thus to commit yourself Into the hands of one who knows you not.

Lesbia. Not know me?—how?—Am I not Lesbia! And are not you Antipholis?—Nay, jest not; Return with me, and we will mend our cheer.

Ant. of Syr. Have you no bashfulness; no sense of shame:

No touch of modesty? Why will you tear Ungentle words from my reluctant tongue?

Lesbia. I would not do so, good Antipholis; I do but ask for what you promis'd me.

Ant. of Syr. I promis'd thee?

Lesbia. Ay, as we sat at dinner.

Ant. of Syr. I ne'er beheld thy face until this instant.

Lesbia. And told'st me that thy wife——

Ant. of Syr. My wife?—thou sorceress!

Dro. of Syr. Master, you certainly have been married,

And have forgot it.

Lesbia. Say, did you not, Antipholis?

Ant. of Syr. I tell thee, no.

Lesbia. Nor take my ring?

Ant. of Syr. No, no—nor comprehend
What thy false tongue hath utter'd.—Dromio,
Follow me to our inn—I will not stay,
Nor longer listen to thy sorceries.

[*Exit.*—*LESBIA*, offering to follow.]

Dro. of Syr. No, you don't. [*Draws.*] Here's my charm against witches.—Mistress, it is written that evil spirits appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn.—Ergo—light wenches will burn—therefore we will not trust ourselves near you. [*Exit.*]

Lesbia. Now out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same, he promis'd me a bracelet;
Both one and other he denies me now.
What then remains! what measures shall I take?
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took, perforce,
My ring away—This course I fittest chuse,
To right myself against this madman's wrong. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS and OFFICER.

Ant. of Eph. Fear me not, man! I will not break away.

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
 To warrant thee, as I'm 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
 And will not lightly trust the messenger.
 That I should be attached in Ephesus,
 I tell you will sound harshly in her ears.
 Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, with a Rope.

Ant. of Eph. How now, sir, have you that I sent you for?

Dro. of Eph. Here's that, I'll warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. of Eph. But where's the money?

Dro. of Eph. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. of Eph. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. of Eph. I'll serve you, sir, five thousand at that rate.

Ant. of Eph. To what end did I bid thee hie thee hence?

Dro. of Eph. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. of Eph. And to that end, sir, will I welcome you.

[Beats him.]

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. of Eph. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. of Eph. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. of Eph. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. of Eph. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. of Eph. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. of Eph. I am an ass, indeed, you may prove

it by my endurance. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have had nothing at his hands for my service but blows—When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go abroad, welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar does her brat—and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. of Eph. Well, we'll along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, DR. PINCH, &c.

Dro. of Eph. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end—or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware of the rope's end.

Ant. of Eph. Wilt thou still prate? art thou not quieted?

Then take thou that, and that. [Beats him.

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

Lesbia. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less;
Good Dr. Pinch, you are a skilful man,
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will pay you what you shall demand.

Luc. Alas! how fiery and how fierce he looks!

Lesbia. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. of Eph. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear! [Strikes.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers;
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

Ant. of Eph. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad!

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. of Eph. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion, with the saffron face,
Revel and feast it at my house to-day?

While upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. Ob, husband! Heaven doth know you din'd at home,

Where, would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. of Eph. Din'd at home!—Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. of Eph. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. of Eph. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. of Eph. In sooth, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. of Eph. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. of Eph. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. of Eph. And did not I, in rage, depart from thence?

Dro. of Eph. In verity you did—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Ant. of Eph. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you.
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. of Eph. Money by me!—Heart and good will
you might,
But surely, master, not a doit of money.

Ant. of Eph. Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. of Eph. Heaven, and the rope-maker, can bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd,

I know it by their pale and deadly looks;

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. of Eph. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. of Eph. And, gentle master, I received no gold;

But I can swear, sir, that we were locked out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. of Eph. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.

But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,

That would behold me in this shameful sort.

Adr. Oh, hold him, hold him! let him not come near me! [ATTENDANTS seize him.

Pinch. More company! the fiend is strong within him.

Ant. of Eph. What, will you murder me?—Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind that man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to thy house—Oh, most unhappy day!

Ant. of Eph. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

[ATTENDANTS force off ANTIPHOLIS OF
EPHESUS, DROMIO, and PINCH.]

Adr. I will discharge thee—

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor—

But say, whose suit is he arrested at?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith—do you know him?

Adr. I know the man—what is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats,

Due for a bracelet, which your husband had.

Adr. He did bespeak't for me, but had it not.

Lesbia. When, as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Straight after did I meet him with the bracelet,

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Luc. Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again!

Adr. And come with naked swords!

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF
SYRACUSE, with drawn Swords.*

Let's call more help, to have them bound again.

Offi. Away! they'll kill us?

[*Exeunt.*]

Dro. of Syr. She, that would be your wife, now ran
from you.

Ant. of Syr. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff
from thence.

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. of Syr. 'Faith, stay here this night—they will
surely do us no harm—you saw they spake us fair,

gave us gold.—Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh, who claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch myself.

Ant. of Syr. I will not stay, to-night, for all the town,

So many, and such strange events, pursue me,

'Tis madness all! and I begin to doubt,

That even love and beauty are but snares,

To plunge my soul in yet severer cares. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Street before a Priory.

Enter ANGELO and Second MERCHANT.

Angelo. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the jewel of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.

2 Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Angelo. Of very reverend estimation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives within our walls.
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

2 *Mer.* Speak softly ; yonder, as I think, he comes.

Angelo. 'Tis so, and that same bracelet on his arm,
Which he foreswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me ; I'll speak to him.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Signor Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to yourself ;
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This bracelet, which you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This jewel you had of me—Can you deny it ?

Ant. of Syr. I know I had—I never did deny it.

2 *Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir—and forswore it too.

Ant. of Syr. Who heard me to deny, or to forswear it ?

2 *Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest well, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk, where any honest men resort.

Ant. of Syr. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus :

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee, with my life, if thou dar'st stand it.

2 *Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain !

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, LESBIA, and ATTENDANTS.

Adr. Hold ! hurt him not, for Heaven's sake !—
he's mad !

Dro. of Syr. Run, master, run for Heaven's sake!
take house!

This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd!

[*Exeunt into the Priory—the rest following.*]

Adr. Pursue them, I beseech ye—bring them back.

Enter the ABBESS, from the Priory.

Abbess. Be quiet, people! wherefore throng ye
hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

2 Mer. I'm sorry now, that I did draw upon him.

Abbess. How long hath this possession held the
man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, and sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his fatal passion
Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at
sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing!—

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of them, except it be the last,
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abbess. You should, for that, have reprehended
him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abbess. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abbess. Ay, but not enough

Adr. It was the copy of our conference—
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and base.

Abbess. And therefore came it that the man was
mad.

The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman,
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth!
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
The consequence is, then, thy jealousies
Have scar'd thy husband from his better sense.

Luc. She never reprehended him but gently,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wild.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abbess. Neither—he took this place for sanctuary;
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in essaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband; be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abbess. Be patient, for I will not let him stir.
Till I have used th' approved means I know,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To bring him to his former state again.
It is a branch, and parcel of my oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here.

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abbess. Be quiet, and depart—thou shalt not have him. [Exit to the Priory.]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, then, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my prayers and tears
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take, perforce, my husband from this abbess.

2 Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five.
Anon, I'm sure the Duke himself, in person,
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death, and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Angelo. Upon what cause?

2 Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Angelo. See where they come! we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, EXECUTIONER, OFFICERS,
and GUARDS.*

Duke. Yet once again, proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous, and a reverend lady!
It cannot be that she has done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madness seiz'd him;

That desperately he hurried through the street,
 With him his bondman, all as mad he,
 Doing displeasure to the citizens,
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs, I went,
 Which here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon (I wot not by what strong escape)
 He broke from those, who had the guard of him,
 And, with his mad attendant, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and madly bent on us,
 Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them—then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
 But here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the good and grace I could.
 Go, some of ye, knock at the abbey gate,
 And bid the lady abbess come to me.
 I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Oh, mistress, mistress! haste and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose!

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,

I have not breath'd, almost, since I did see them.
Hark! hark! I hear them, mistress—fly! begone!

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Fear nothing; I'll protect you.

Adr. Ah, me! it is my husband! Witness all,
That he is borne about invisible!
Ev'n now we housed him in the abbey there,
And now he's here, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS, and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Ant. of Eph. Justice, most gracious duke! Oh,
grant me justice!

Ev'n for the service, that, long since, I did thee,
When I bestrode thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; ev'n for the blood,
Which then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,

I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

Ant. of Eph. Justice, sweet prince, against that wo-
man there,

She, whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
She hath abused and dishonoured me,
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. of Eph. This day, great duke, she shut the
doors upon me,

While she within was feasting with her minions.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou
so?

Adr. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together—so befall my soul,
As that is false, he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she doth tell your highness simple truth!

Angelo. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn;

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.

You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here

Denies that saying—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. of Eph. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the
Porcupine.

Lesbia. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that
ring.

Ant. of Eph. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of
her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Lesbia. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. This is most strange! go, call the abbess
hither. [Exit one to the ABBESS.]

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word!

Haply I see a friend, will save my life,
And pay the sum, that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Ant. of Eph. True, reverend hapless man, we are so
call'd.

Ægeon. I am sure, both of ye remember me.

Ant. of Eph. Remember you!

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

Ant. of Eph. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ægeon. Oh, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me
last!

And careful hours, with time's deforming hand,

Have written strange defeatures in my face.
But tell me yet—dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. of Eph. Neither.

Ægeon. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here, my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid,
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp, some fading glimmer left,
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholis.

Ant. of Eph. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted—but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery?

Ant. of Eph. The duke, and all that know me in
the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so.

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years,
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time, he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLIS OF SYRACUSE, and
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, from the Priory.*

Abbess. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd!

Adr. I see two husbands, or my eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other!
But of the two, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who decyphers them?

Ant. of Syr. Ægeon art thou not!
O, my dear father! who hath bound him thus?

Abbess. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man,

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,

Who bore thee, at a burden, two fair sons ;

Oh ! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia. !

Ægeon. Æmilia ! Oh, support thyself, my soul !

Till I, once more, have caught within my arms,

Their long-lost happiness !

Æmilia. Thou art Ægeon, then ? I do not dream—

My husband ! take, take the reviving heart,

Spotless and pure as when it first was thine,

Which, from the cloister of religious solitude,

No voice but thine, could ever have recall'd.

Ant. of Syr. If I not interrupt such sacred feelings,

Thus let me bend, and mingle tears of rapture.

Oh raise, my father, raise your reverend hands,

And bless your truant son !

Ægeon. My dearest boy !

This is too much—Oh, curb thy joys a moment,

And have compassion on thy father's weakness !

But, if my feeble brain deceives me not,

One anxious question yet remains to ask ;

Heart of my heart, resolve me ; where's that son,

Who floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Æmilia. By men of Epidamnium, he and I,

And the twin, Dromio, all were taken up,

But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth,

By force, took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnium.

What then became of them, I cannot tell ;

I, to this fortune which you see me in.

Ant. of Eph. And he, reserv'd to share the happier hours

Of his dear parents ; whom, till now, unknown,

He greets with nature's best and fondest feelings.
Another tie my fortune yet allots,
And thus I claim it!

Ant. of Syr. Welcome, dearest brother!

[*They embrace.*]

Both Dro. Welcome, dearest brother!

Ant. of Syr. Ne'er may we feel a separation more

Duke. Why, here begins the morning story right.

These plainly are the parents to these children,
Who thus amazingly are met together.

Emilia. Most gracious duke!

Duke. One moment's pause, and all your griefs
shall end.—

Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. of Syr. Not I, my lord; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart—I know not which is
which.

Ant. of Eph. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. of Eph. And I with him.

Ant. of Eph. Brought to this town by that right famous warrior,

Duke Minaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Angelo. That is the bracelet, sir, you had of me.

Ant. of Syr. I think it be, sir, I deny it not.

Ant. of Eph. And you, sir, for the same arrested me.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.

Dro. of Eph. No, none by me.

Ant. of Syr. This purse of ducats I receiv'd for you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me,
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And, thereupon, these errors all arose.

Dro. of Eph. You see, brother, these wise folks can't
blame us in these matters.

Dro. of Syr. Really, brother, I think not.

Ant. of Eph. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Ant. of Syr. It shall not be—I will procure his life,

To make some small amends for leaving him
Alone, and friendless.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. of Syr. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. Are you not my husband?

Ant. of Eph. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. of Syr. And so do I—yet she did call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
And, that the heart which beats alone for you,
May, now the mist of error is dispers'd,
Which made thee fearful for thy virgin fame,
Obtain a gentle hearing.

Luc. Should I find thee
Worthy, and constant, as my mind suggests,
The general joy, that smiles around, shall not
Be damp'd by any vain reserve of mine.

Abbess. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear, at large discoursed, all our fortunes;
And all, that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's errors
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And you shall have full satisfaction.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you, the kalendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast; go all with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast,
And be a cheerful witness of the blessings,

Your pious faith, and virtuous resignation,
Have drawn upon you from relenting Heaven!

Ægeon. Come, and partake
The joys, that gild the evening of our days.

Emilia. Joys past the reach of hope!—our lesson
this,

That misery past endears our present bliss;
Wherein we read with wonder and delight,
This sacred truth, "Whatever is, is right."

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

REMARKS.

The fable of this admired tragedy, however romantic it may appear, is founded on real events, which took place in Verona, at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Mr. Malone says, that "Brevol, in his travels, on strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, found, that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, in the names, characters, or other circumstances of this play."

An extraordinary and affecting story as that of Romeo and Juliet soon became the subject of poems, and other literary works, all over Italy, whence it found its way into other countries.

From this little Italian history, by Mr. Shakspeare, is supposed to have been the production whence Shakspeare formed the present

title, according to the fashion of those days, was affixed to that poem:—

Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, containing the true Example of true Constancie: with the Discourses and Practises of an old Fryer, and other persons.

Shakspeare has produced, from this "Tragical History," one of his most admirable plays: Yet, had the subject fallen to Otway's pen, though he would have treated it less excellently, he would have rendered it more affecting.

"Romeo and Juliet" is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is not so in reality. It charms the understanding, and delights the imagination, without melting, though it touches, the heart.

The reason that an auditor or reader cannot feel a powerful sympathy in the sorrows of these fervent lovers is, because they have witnessed the growth of their passion from its birth to its maturity, and do not honour it with that warmth of sentiment as they had conceived it to have been of longer duration; fixed by time, and rendered more to familiarity.

The ardour of the youthful pair, like that of children, gives high amusement, with anxiety that their wishes should be accomplished: they have been so suddenly enamoured of each other that it seems matter of doubt whether they as quickly have fallen in love a second time, or soon have become languid through satiety: the obstacles to their bliss had been removed. Shakspeare has shown himself versed in the passion beyond other dramatists, by giving it this wild yet childish tendency.

The illustrious author of this drama well knew the passion of love, in the young, is seldom as poets describe it, but fickle as violent.

knowledge of the human heart, then, he has given, in the original play, a less stable character to this soft passion than is even here described; for, in the original, Romeo commences the tragedy with sighing for Rosaline, and ends it by dying for Juliet. Such was Shakspeare's respect for the consistency of a lover.

The play is certainly made much more interesting by the alteration, which omits all mention of the beloved, and then forsaken, Rosaline; yet surely, by the exclusion of that circumstance, an incident but too natural, is lost.

As Shakspeare found these hasty, inconsiderate, lovers, unable in themselves to protect his drama, he provided ample means of support in the additional characters. In these he has combined the most varied excellence;—the mirthful elegance of Mercutio, the comic humour of the Nurse, the sage reasoning of the Friar, together with a whole group of no less natural, though less prominent, persons.

the events which he caused to arise from his the numerous and important occurrences that perpetually diversifying the scene, and aiding the of the characters and fable, united with them, drawn from his great commentator the declaration that "this play is one of the most pleasing of his performances."

with all the genuine merit of this play, it attracts an elegant audience. The company, frequent the side-boxes, will not come to a truce unless to weep in torrents—and "Romeo and

Juliet" will not draw even a copious shower of tears.

Garrick altered the play to its present state, and himself performed Romeo, but with no impressive talents. Mrs. Cibber's Juliet was held superior. Love, in Garrick's description, never seemed more than a fabulous sensation.

It is said, in the "*Roscus Anglicanus*," that James Howard, Esq. made alterations in this drama previous to Garrick's; and that, being of a compassionate disposition, he preserved the lives of both Romeo and Juliet, and ended the play happily. It is also added, that when Sir William Davenant was manager of the theatre, he had the original and the altered play alternately performed for several nights together; thus consulting the different tastes of the auditors for joy or for sorrow.

The Italian author, who first related the sad story on which this drama has been founded, gives the following account of the punishment inflicted on persons, who acted as accomplices in the unfortunate death of these lovers.

"Juliet's female attendant (Shakspear's Nurse) was banished for concealing the marriage.

"The apothecary, for selling the poison, was tortured, condemned, and hanged.

"Friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to his hermitage, near Verona, where he ended his penitence; while Romeo's servant was set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders."



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
PRINCE ESCALUS	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>	<i>Mr. Creswell.</i>
PARIS	<i>Mr. Curran.</i>	<i>Mr. Klamert.</i>
MERCUTIO	<i>Mr. Russell.</i>	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
CAPULET	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
MONTAGUE	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
ROMEO	<i>Mr. Elliston.</i>	<i>Master Betty.</i>
BENVOLIO	<i>Mr. Bartley.</i>	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>
TIBALT	<i>Mr. De Camp.</i>	<i>Mr. Clarendon.</i>
FRIAR LAWRENCE	<i>Mr. Eyer.</i>	<i>Mr. Hull.</i>
FRIAR JOHN	<i>Mr. Sparks.</i>	<i>Mr. Waddy.</i>
APOTHECARY	<i>Mr. Hewitzer.</i>	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
PAGE	<i>Master West.</i>	<i>Mr. T. Blanchard.</i>
BALTHASAR	<i>Mr. Male.</i>	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
PETER	<i>Mr. Purser.</i>	<i>Mr. Harley.</i>
AEBIAN		<i>Mr. Thomson.</i>
GREGORY		<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
SAMPSON	<i>Mr. Chatterley.</i>	<i>Mr. Wilde.</i>
LADY CAPULET	<i>Miss Edswell.</i>	<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>
JULIET	<i>Mrs. H. Siddons.</i>	<i>Miss Smith.</i>
NURSE	<i>Mrs. Sparks.</i>	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>

CITIZENS OF VERONA, MASTERS, GUARDS, WATCH, and ATTENDANTS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Street, in Verona.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY.

Sam. Gregory, I strike quickly, being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague nieves me.

Greg. Draw thy tool, then, for here come of that house.

Enter ABRAM *and* PETER.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: Quarrel, I will back thee, but——Let us take the law of our sides let them begin.

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

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they beat 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. Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?

Greg. No.

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

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

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

Abr. No better, sir.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Greg. 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.]*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords; you know
not what you do.

Enter TIBALT.

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

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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

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

As I hate hell, all Montagues and thee:

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

[Within.] Down with the Capulets, down with the
Montagues. *[Bell rings.]*

Enter OLD CAPULET, in his Gown.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my sword;
My sword, I say; old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter OLD MONTAGUE.

Mont. Thou villain, Capulet—Hold me not, let me go.

Enter the PRINCE and ATTENDANTS.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of your neighbour-stained steel—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-tamper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets:
If ever you affright our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our strictest pleasure in this case
(Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO.]

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

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city side,
So early walking did I see your son;
Tow'rd him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of a wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone,)
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him,
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;

Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

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

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

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

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends.

Ben. So please you, sir, Mercutio and myself
Are most near to him;

We will attempt upon his privacy,

And, could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure as knowledge.

Mon. 'Twill bind us to you: good Benvolio, go.

Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET and PARIS.

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

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

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

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
If she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my consent; so woo her, gentle Paris.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love, and you among the rest;
Once more, most welcome!
Come, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Wood, near Verona.**Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

Mer. See, where he steals—Told I you not, Ben-
volio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence; with his arms
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot?

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Mer. Pr'ythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

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

Ben. In love, me seems!

Mer. Alas! that love, so gentle to the view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Where shall we dine?—O me!—Cousin Ben-
volio,

What was the fray this morning with the Capulets?
Yet, tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
This love feel I; but such my froward fate,
That there I love where most I ought to hate.
Dost thou not laugh, my friend?—Oh, Juliet! Juliet!

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Mer. Tell me, in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. In sadness, then, I love a woman.

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

Rom. A right good marksman! and she's fair I love:
But knows not of my love; 'twas through my eyes,
The shaft empiere'd my heart; chance gave the wound,
Which time can never heal: no star befriends me,
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow;
And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.

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

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

Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Take thou some new infection to thy heart,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Examine other beauties.

Rom. He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Show me a mistress, that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Rememb'ring me, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Mer. I warrant thee, if thou'lt but stay to hear.
To-night there is an ancient splendid feast,
Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of Verona meet.

Rom. At Capulet's!

Mer. At Capulet's, my friend;
Go there, and with an 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 burn the heretics. All-seeing Phœbus
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

Mer. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being
by;

Herself pois'd with herself; but let be weigh'd
Your lady love against some other fair,
And she will show scant weight.

Rom. I will along, Mercutio.

Mer. 'Tis well.

Hear all, all see, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.

Rom. My mind is chang'd——
I will not go to-night.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream last night.

Mer. Ha! ha! a dream?

O, then I see Queen Mab has been with you.

She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore finger of an alderman,
Drawn with the team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash, of film;
Her waggener, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers;
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers' straight;

On doctors' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 On ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then he dreams of smelling out a suit;
 And sometimes comes she with a little pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson, as he lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice;
 Sometimes 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 ears, at which he starts, and wakes,
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that Mab——

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

Mec. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy;
 And this as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from our-
 selves;

And we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 From this night's revels——lead, gallant friends,

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Let come what may, once more I will behold
 My Juliet's eyes, drink deeper of affliction;
 I'll watch the time; and, mask'd from observation,
 Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name:
 Tho' hate and discord 'twixt our sires increase,
 Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

CAPULET'S HOUSE.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

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

Nurse. Now by my faith I bade her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid!—where's my girl? what Juliet?

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

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

Lady C. This is the matter—Nurse, give leave a while, we must talk in secret:—Nurse, come back again. I have remembered me, thou shalt hear my command. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

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

Lady C. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth, and yet to my teeth be it spoken, I have but eight, she's not eighteen. how long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Lady C. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year. Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be eighteen. Susan and she (God rest all christian souls)

Were of an age. Well, Susan is in Heaven:

She was too good for me. But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be eighteen,

That shall she; marry, I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now just fifteen years,

And she was weaned; I never shall forget it,

Of all the days in the year upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my breast,

Sitting in the sun, under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua:—

Nay, I do bear a brain.

Jul. I pray thee, peace.

Nurse. Peace, I have done, Heaven mark thee to
its grace.

Thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurs'd:

And I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

Lady C. And that same marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

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

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

Lady C. Well, think of marriage now. Younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers. By my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief,

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

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

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

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

Lady C. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;

But no more deep will I indart my eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Madam, new guests are come, and brave
ones, all in masks. You are called; my young lady
asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry; supper al-
most ready to be served up, and every thing in extre-
mity. I must hence, and wait. I beseech you, fol-
low straight.

Lady C. We follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

*The CAPULETS, LAMBS, GUESTS, and MARRIAGES
are discovered.—Music played.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet

Unlaced, go with cords, so I have a dance with you:
Whom now deny to dance? She, that makes dairy,
In your hair coms.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, &c.

Wherefore all, gentlemen? Two were the day
That I have worn a vice, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please? 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
My sight, vs. knives, and turn the tables up:
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Rom. Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady
which

Doth catch the hand of yonder gentleman?

Ben. I do.

Rom. Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn
Bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
I'll watch her to her place,

And, teaching hers, make happy my mid-land.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart!

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague,
What does the slave

Come hither, covered with an anti-face,
To hear and scorn at our solemnity?

New, by the stock and honour of my race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you thus?

Tib. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn and butt at our solemnity.

Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tib. That villain, Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a courtly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

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

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet.

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

[Exit *Tibalt*.]

Rom. If I profane, with my unworthy hand,

[To *Juliet*.]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this. [Kiss.]

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much.

For palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

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

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

Rom. Thus then, dear saint, let lips put up their
prayers. [Kiss.]

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

Mer. What is her mother?

[*To Nurse.*

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

Mer. Is she a Capulet?

Romeo. Let's begone, the sport is over.

Ben. Ay, so I fear, the more is my mishap.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to begone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it even so? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night.
More torches here—come on, then let's to supper.

[*Erit.*

Jul. Come hither, Nurse—What is your gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberias.

[*Erit BEN.*

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

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

[*Erit MER.*

Jul. What's he, that follows—

[*Erit ROMEO.*

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.

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

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now,
Of one I talk'd withal.

Nurse. Come, let's away, the strangers are all gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter BENVOLIO, *with* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,

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

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Romeo! humour! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfy'd.

Cry but ah me! couple but love and dove,

I conjure thee, by thy mistress's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip;

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

Mer. This cannot anger him:

My invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise him up.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself amongst these
trees,

To be consorted with the hum'rous night.

Mer. Romeo, good night; I'll to my truckle bed,
This field bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
It is my lady—Oh, it is my love!
Oh that she knew she were!

JULIET appears above, at a Window.

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.
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it;
I am too bold—Oh, were those eyes in Heav'n,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn:
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!
Oh, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from Heav'n,
To the upturned wondering eyes of mortals
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy?
 What's in a name? That, which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title; Romeo, quit 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, I will forswear my name,
 And never more be Romeo.

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

Rom. 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.

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

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

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

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
 And the place death, consid'ring who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these
 walls,

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

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

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

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes ;
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush 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,
And I will take thy word.—Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries
They say, Jove laughs.—Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
Or, if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo : but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And, therefore, thou may'st think my favour light.
But, trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion ; therefore, pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow,
That tips with silver all these tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon.

That monthly changes in her risèd orb,
 Les, that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear——although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night;
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
 Too like the lightning, that doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say, it lightens——Sweet, good night;
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beautiful flower, when next we meet.
 Good night, good night——As sweet repose and rest,
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

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

Rom. Would'st thou then withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

Jul. But, to be frank, and give it thee again.
 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——Good night, adieu!

Nurse. [Calls within.] Madam!

Jul. Anon, good Nurse——Sweet Montague, be true:—

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

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
 Being in night, all this happens dream-like:
 Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

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 love, throughout the world.—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Jul. I come, anon——but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

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

Rom. So thrive my soul.

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

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! O for a falchion's voice,
To lure this fassel-gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her angry tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo.

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

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail——'tis twenty years till then——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till I see some light.

Jul. I shall forget, to think that thou stand'st here,
Remembering how I love thee.

Rom. And I'll stay here, to have thee still remember
Forgetting any other home but mine.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would it were later,
And yet not farther than a bird's nest laid,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,

And with a silk thread pulls 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 morning.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast;

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

SCENE III.

A Monastery.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, *with a Basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the freshening
night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's duskness to draw,

I must fill up this osier cage of ours,

With baleful weeds, and precious-joined flowers.

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their whole faculties.

For naught so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth, some special good doth give:
Not naught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts to vice, and enables on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice, sometimes, by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower,
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each
part;

Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes 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.

Rom. [Within.] Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite,
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Enter ROMEO.

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow;
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never bide:
But where with rustuff'd brain, unbruised youth
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides;
Therefore thy carlines assureth me,
Thou art upreus'd by some distemperature.
What is the matter, son?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again:
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where, to the heart's core, one hath wounded
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help, and holy physic lie.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart

set

Our Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter,
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 But when, and where, and how,
 We met, we would, and made exchange of vows,
 I'll tell thee as we pass;—but this I beg,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is this!
 But, tell me, son, and call thy reason home,
 Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
 Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless mirth,
 Be heedful, youth, and see you stop betimes,
 Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
 O'erleaping duty, and each due regard,
 Hurry thee on, thro' short-lived, dross-bought, ~~pleas-~~
~~ures,~~

To cureless woes, and lasting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: she, whom I love,
 Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love;
 Do thou, with Heav'n, smile upon our union;
 Do not withhold thy benediction from us;
 But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Fri. Well, come, my pupil, go along with me;
 In one respect, I'll give thee my assistance;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your household rancour, to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, love stands on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.
{ *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Is it the devil should this Romeo be?
 Come to-night?

Is father's; I spoke with his man.

Mon. Why, that same pale, hardhearted wretch that
 has done this?

Mon. I am so, that he will sure run mad.

Ban. Tibalt, the chivalrous of old Capulet, hath sent
 a letter to his father's house.

Mon. A challenge, on my life.

Ban. Romeo will answer it.

Mon. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!

Ban. Dead?

Mon. Stab'd with a white woman's black eye, even
 through the ear with a love song, the very poison of his
 heart cast with the cunning cruelty of the night, and is
 in a tomb to encounter Tibalt?

Ban. What is Tibalt?

Mon. Oh, he's the courageous captain of courage;
 ever ready in his as you sing pitch, time, distance,
 and proportion; tests his ammunition, and
 puts me third in your bosom; the very counter of his
 bill buttons a duellist, a duellist; a trimm'd of the
 very first house, of the first and second house, of the
 immortal passado, the punto reverse, the lay—

Ban. The what?

Mon. The box of such antic, inspiring, whining, im-
 mediations, these new tuners of accents—
 very good blade—a very tall man—a very good
 man—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, that
 says that we should be thus afflicted with these
 strange fies, these fashion dangers, these perjuries,
 that?

Ban. Here comes Romeo.

Mon. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O
 flesh, flesh, how art thou ashamed! Now is he for the
 numbers that Petrarch flow'd in Laura to his love,
 and but a kitchen wench; marry, she had a better
 love to berhyme her: Dido a honey, Cleopatra a
 rhymer, Helen and Hero fillings and humors; Tereus
 a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.

Enter Nurse.

Sighing Romeo, *longing, Romeo, in Verona, where he
is banished.*

Nurse. Good morrow to you, sir.

Rom. You were no the countess's lady last night.

Nurse. What countess's lady give you?

Mer. The ship, sir, the ship can give you no answer.

Rom. Pardon, Mercutio, my business was good,
and in such a case as mine, a man may swim
a country.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Sen. A sail! a sail!

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Nurse. Good ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. Good ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where
I may find young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of
a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, sir,
I desire your confidence with you.

Ben. You will incite him to supper presently.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd: So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir, but a bawd. Romeo, will you
come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Fair well, ancient lady.

Re-enter Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was
that, that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear him.

and will speak more in a minute than he will come to in a month.

Juliet. I will speak any thing against me. I'll take the poison with my teeth rather than be so, and so will my friends. I'll find those that shall be my killers; I'll out-nurse of his dirty-gills; and then I'll be killed by you, and suffer every knave to use me as his measure!

[*To Paris.*]

Par. 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 for a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Juliet. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every sound becomes a torment to me. Scurvy knave! I defy you, a word! And as I told you, my young lady bid me to bid you out. What she bid me say, I will do to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye shall send her into Tullus's paradise, as they say; if 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.

Romeo. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee.

Nurse. Good heart, and thank I will tell her as much; lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? I do not mark me.

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

Romeo. Bid her devise some means to come to shaft this afternoon.

And there she shall, at Friar Lawrence's cell,
Be shriv'd and married; here is for thy pains.

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

Romeo. Go to, I say, you shall.

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

Then, full of grief, old Nurse, comfort the abbess, and
Wend thou shalt have my solemn thanks with thee,
And bring thee news that shall live a sickened star,
Which to the death may seal up my love,
Alas, my lady, in the night
Farewell to you, and I'll wash thy pains.

Nurse. Well, my mistress is the sweetest lady
Lord, lord, when I was a little prating thing—Oh,
there is a woman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay with me abroad; but she, good soul, had as
here see a road, a very road, as see him; I laugh at
sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the proper
man; but if I errant you, when I say so, she looks
as pale as my countenance in this mortal world.

Boy. Commend me to thy lady.—[Exit Boy.]

Nurse. A thousand times. Peter!

Peter. Aye.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [Exit Nurse.]

SCENE V.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the
Nurse,

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him.—That's not so—

Oh, she is lame; love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.
Therefore do nimble pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

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

Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

Enter Nurse.

O Heav'n! here she comes. O honey Nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him?

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

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee speak—Good, good
Nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice: you
know not how to chuse a man:—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—O my back, my back:
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death, with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I faith, I'm sorry that thou art so ill:
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love.

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

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within,
Where should she be? how oddly thou repliest?

“Your love says, like an honest gentleman;
“Where is your mother?”

Nurse. Oh, our lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I pray.
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your message to my ear.

Jul. Here's a civil nurse, who says you're ill.

Nurse. Have you got letters to go to your lady?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then lie you down, to your chamber.
There stays a husband, to make you a wife.
He run in your blood, I might call him my son.
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
Go, I'll to dinner, here you'll find the ladder.

Jul. He is my fortune, honest nurse, so shall I.

SCENE VI.

The Monastery.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heav'n's upon this holy act,
That utter banish'd of sorrow chairs us still!

Rom. Amen, amen; but come what sorrow will,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy.

That our short intimate gives me up to sight,
Do thou but close our hands with holy words.

Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume themselves. The law is law,
It forbids this; and in its own rebelliousness,

And in the taste condemns the appetite:
Therefore use moderately.

Rom. O, I have forgot my father's name,
Will he be so good to let me know his name?

A lover may forget the gentleman.

That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

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

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

Fri. Come, come with me;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Street.

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

Mercutio, let's retire:

[illegible]

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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Now, Come, Come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
 mood as any in Italy; and there were two such, we
 should have been shortly, for one would kill the other.
 Thou art why thou wilt quarrel with a man, thou hast
 a hair more on a hair than he has, thou hast more
 wit than wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts,
 having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel
 eyes: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing
 in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog; thou
 hast done much in the sun. Didst thou not fall out
 with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before
 me? With another, for tying his new shoes with
 old ribband? And yet thou wilt quarrel me for quar-

Then if I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, I would not stoop to buy the ke sharp of my life for an hour and a quarter.

THEIR TRAIL and THE SERVANTS.

Now, by my word, here come the Capulets.

1944-1945

“The dear old lady,” he will speak to them.

Contract, with Jan. 2 will with one of you.

And had one more with one of us.

with sanctifying, making it a way, and a

You shall find me all at right

will give the occasion

Mr. Could you say

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Mr. Sullivan, of Mass.

Her Consort

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Mer. [Laying down his fiddle stick, here's that shall make you dance. Friends! consort!

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

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

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

Enter ROMEO.

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

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Tib. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

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

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

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise:
And so, good Capulet, (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own) be satisfied. [*Exit TIBALT.*

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!—
Ha! *la stoccata* carries it away—Tibalt—you rat-
catcher.

Enter TIBALT.

Tib. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal. Will
you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears;
make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you, sir. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sit, your passed.

[*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio—draw!—draw!—draw!—
Gentle men—for shame, forbear this outrage—

Holla, Tibalt, good Mercutio—

Mer. I am hurt—

A plague of both your houses! I am hurt.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, scratch, a scratch, marry, but enough.
Go, fetch a surgeon.

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

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor wide as a
church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: I am pep-
pered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague of both
your houses!—What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat,
to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a vil-
lain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the
devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint: a plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me.

I have it, and soundly too: a plague o' both your
houses! [*Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation's stain'd

With Tibalt's slander: O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper softened valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which too untimely here did seen the earth.

Here comes the furious Tibalt back again.

Exit *Albano*? In triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to *Heaven*! respective *loudly*,
And *him* *ex'd* *far*, *be* *my* *conduct* *now*?

Enter *TIBALT*.

Now, *Tibalt*, take the villain back again,
 That late thou gav'st me for *Mercutio's* soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 And thou or I must keep him company.

[They fight, and *TIBALT* *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away, begone!
 The citizens are up, and *Tibalt* slain—
 Stand not amaz'd! the Prince will doom thee death,
 If thou art taken: hence, begone, away!

Ben. *Oh*! I am fortune's fool. *[Exit* *Romeo*.

Enter *PRINCE*, *MONTAGUE*, *CAPULET*, *CITIZENS*, &c.

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
 The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel:

There lies the man, slain by young *Romeo*,
 That slew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio*.

Cap. Unhappy sight! Alas, the blood is spill'd
 Of my dear kinsman—Now, as thou art a Prince,
 For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.

Prince. *Benvolio*, who began this fray?

Ben. *Tibalt*, here slain;
Romeo, bespake him fair, bid him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
 Your high displeasure: all this uttered
 With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,
 Could not make truce with the angry saloon
 Of *Tibalt*, deaf to peace, but that he fell
 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 swords

It back to Tibalt, whose dexterity

Refers to. Romeo, he tries 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 Tibalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tibalt 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 Tibalt slain:

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly:

This is the truth, or let Benvolio suffer.

Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montagues,

Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:

I beg for justice, justice, gracious Prince!

Romeo slew Tibalt. Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Romeo but took the forfeit life of Tibalt.

Prince. And we, for that offence, do banish him.

I have an interest in your hearty brows;

My blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wound.

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent my loss in him.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuse,

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our repeal:

Therefore use none, let Romeo go.

Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

In Apartment in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
To Faustus mansion: such a waggoner
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love performing night,
That the run-away's eyes may wink: and Romeo
Leap in these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen,
Come night, come Romeo! Come thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon the raven's back:
Give me my Romeo, night, and when he dies,
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of Heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Oh where comes my Nurse,

Enter NURSE.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, Nurse, what news?
Why dost thou wring thy hands?

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

We are undone, lady, we are undone——

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though Heaven cannot. Oh! Romeo! Romeo!

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

This torture should be read in dismal hell,
Hah! Romeo slams himself; say thou but ay,
And that bare talk wou'd shall poison more
Than the drain-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it, with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous corse,
A bloody, piteous corse, pale, pale as ashes,
I swooned at the sight.

Jul. Oh, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. Oh, Tibalt, Tibalt, the best friend I had;
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tibalt dead?

Nurse. Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished.

Jul. Banished! is Romeo banished?

Nurse. Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. Oh! Heaven! Did Romeo's hand shed Ti-
balt's blood?

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

Jul. Oh, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bow the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Oh that de-
ceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish; he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
Oh what a wretch was I to chide him so!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him, that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him, that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring:
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that 'Tibalt' would have slain,
And 'Tibalt's' dead, that would have kill'd my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worser than 'Tibalt's' death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
But, oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tibalt' is dead, and Romeo banished.
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slain ten thousand 'Tibalts'. In that word
Is father, mother, 'Tibalt', Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!—

Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

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

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears! my eyes
shall flow,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. I'll find Romeo.

To comfort you. I wot well where he is;
He is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Jul. Oh, find him, give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*The Monastery.**Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO.*

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man.

Affliction is ensham'd of thy parts ;
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the Prince's doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company ;
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the Prince's doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips :
Not death's, but banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say, death ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death : Do not say, banishment ;
'Tis death mis-term'd : calling death banishment,

Thou cut'st my head off, with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke, that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word, death, to banishment.

This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity

In garbion-fies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
But Romeo may not ; he is banished !
Oh, take, take thou no strong poison mix'd,
No sharp ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal !

Fri. Fond madman, hear me speak :
I'll give thee armour, to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy :
To comfort thee tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ? hang up philosophy :
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not ; talk no more——

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what they doest not
feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished ;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the Ground.*]

Fri. Arise, one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocks within.*]

Thou wilt be taken—stay a while—stand up ;

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

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

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse. Oh, holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. Oh, he is even in my mistress' case;
Just in her case: Oh, Juliet, Juliet!

Rom. Speak of thou of Juliet! how is it with her?
Since I've stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood,

Where is she? How does she? what says she?

Nurse. Oh, she says nothing, sir, but weeps, and
weeps.

And now lies on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tibalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. Oh tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art!
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tibalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee?

What, rouse thee, man, thy Juliet is alive;

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her!

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua.

Where thou shalt live till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

Jul. I wonder at his haste, that
Ere he, that must be husband, comes
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet.

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

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. How now? a con^{tr}ite girl? what,
tears?
Evermore showering? W^how now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decreet?

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

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Unworthy as she is) that we have wrought
So worthy gentleman to be her bridegroom?

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

Cap. Thank me no thankings,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

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

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient
wretch,

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

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

is on
a curse in having her
holding!

Heaven bless her—

to blame, my lord, to rate her so:

And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your
tongue,

rudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

I speak no treason.

Peace! you mumbling fool;

our gravity o'er a wisp's bow!

For he we need it not.

Is C. You are too

Ca. Good wife! it makes me mad—Day, night,
late, early:

At home, abroad; alone, in company;

Waking or sleeping; still my care hath been

To have her match'd; and having now provided

A gentleman of noble name,

Of fair demies, youthful, and nobly allied;

And, then, to have a wretched pining fool.

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender

To answer, I'll not wed—I cannot love—

I am too young—I play you pardon me—

But if you will not wed—look not, if I don't,

I do not use to jest—Thursday is near—

If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets;

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

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

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
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;
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be taken; let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so,
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,
I'll say, 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so.
What says my love? Let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, away, begone;
It is the lark, that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
Oh now begone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Farewell, my love; one kiss, and I'll begone.

[*ROMEO descends the Ropeladder.*]

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam,

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah, husband,
friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in love's hours there are many days.
Oh! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

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

Jul. Oh, think of them all shrou'd over such a grave!

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these words shall serve
For sweet discourses, in your time to come.

Jul. O Heaven! I have an itching to speak.
Nethinks I see thee, now thou art parting from me,
As one, dead in the bottom of a tomb!

Enter my eyes, but fails, or turns back in pain.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye as do you,
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!
Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. Ho, daughters, are you up?

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my ~~dear~~ mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her labour?

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death;

What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady C. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

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

Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn.

Enter Nurse. Tell me, for thou hast speak'd a word
That I do not like; for thou hast said, with truth,
Jul. O heavens! O Nurse, good night! and so I
will end.

Nurse. Rise; faith, here it is:
Romeo is banish'd; and here will be nothing,
What he says he'll come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it shall not be long after;
Then, since the fact is done, I'll tell it as it is;
You marry'd with the Count.

Jul. Spokest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul; and,
O dear, bestow them both.

Jul. Amen amen.
Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much:
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

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

Jul. Oh, most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord, with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with, al- compare,
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor,
Thou, and my bosom, henceforth shall be twin;
I'll to the Friar, to show his remedy;
It all this day, my soul have power to die.

[Exit Juliet.]

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ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and PARIS.

Par. On Thursday, sir, the time is very short.

Fri. My father, I suppose, will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Par. You say, you do not know the lady's mind?
Law. It is her course: I like it not.

Par. To moderate she weeps for Tibalt's death,
And, therefore, keep I little talk'd of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,

That she should give her sorrow so much sway,

And, in his wisdom, hastes her marriage,

To stop the foundation of her tears.

Now do you see the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[Aside.]

Look, sir, here comes the lady, tow'rd's my cell.

Enter JULIA.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife.

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. In answer that, were to confess to you.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

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

My love, I must entreat the time alone.

Fri. Heaven single, I should disturb devotion.

Juliet, farewell.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

Jul. Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'st my grief,

Unless thou tell me, how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this steel I'll help it presently.

Heaven's jou'd my heart and Romeo's; thou, our
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart, with treacherous revolt,

Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel, or behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody dagger

Shall play the umpire——

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

Which craves as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

It rather than to marry County Paris,

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,

Then it is likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death, to free thee from this marriage;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower

Or chain me to some steepy mountain

Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me trem-
 ble;

And I will do it, without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris; look thou lie alone;
 Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;
 And when thou art alone, take thou this phial,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but waxe idle in bed.
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To pale ashes;

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 white robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Holy Church see thee joined to him.
 And this shall free thee from this pack of slaves.

no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me. Oh, give me, tell me not of fear.

[Taking the Phial.]

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father——

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and NURSE.

Cap. What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on
her;

A peevish, self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shift, with
merry look!

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

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd,

By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon; pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

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

Jul. I'll take this part last up to measure, and then
 I'll see the youthful lord at last; and will
 And give him what becoming love I can; and
 Not stepping over the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I'm glad on't; this is well.
Nurse. Alas! here's this reverend body that
 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.

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

Cap. C. Nurse, go with her; well to church to-
 morrow. *[Exeunt JULIET and NURSE.]*

Lady C. We shall be short in our provision;
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, all things shall be well;
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
 I'll not to bed, but walk myself to Paris,
 I'll appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, these attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,
 I pray thee leave me to myself to night;
 For I have need of many ornaments,
 To move the Heav'n's to smile upon my state,
 Which well thou know'st is cross, and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What, are you sick? do you need my
 help?

Jul. No, madam, we have enough to do to-morrow.

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All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.
The County will be here with music straight,
[*Music plays.*
For so he said he would.—I hear him near,
Nurse,——wife,——what ho? what, Nurse, I say?

Enter NURSE.

Go waken Juliet, go, and trim her up.
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress, what mistress! Juliet——Fast,
I warrant her:
Why, lamb——why, lady,——Fie, you slug-a-bed——
Why, love, I say——Madam, sweetheart——why, bride——
What, not a word!
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!
Ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
Lady C. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look,———oh, heavy day!
Lady C. Oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! call help.

Enter CARVILLE.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth, her turn is come.

Nurse. She's dead: she's dead: alack the day!

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

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS.

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

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Death has embrac'd thy wife. See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, tipp'd in the bud by him!
Oh, Juliet, oh, my child, my child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Cap. Most miserable hour, that time ere saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage,

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child;

But one thing to enjoy and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Fri. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness;

Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid,

Now, Heaven hath all—dry up your fruitless tears.

Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corpse;

And, as the custom of our country is,

Convey her where her ancestors ha' tomb'd.

Cap. All things, that we ordain'd to festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral—

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Give wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;
 And bridal flowers serve for a burial corse.

Exit. The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter the Funeral Procession of JULIET, in which the following Dirge is sung.

CHORUS,

Rise, rise!
 Heartbreaking sighs,
 The woe-fraught bosom swell;
 For sighs alone,
 And dismal moan,
 Should echo Juliet's knell.

AIR.

She's gone—the sweetest flow'r of May,
 That blooming bless'd our sight;
 Those eyes, which shone like breaking day,
 Are set in endless night!

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

AIR.

*She's gone, she's gone, nor leaves behind,
 So fair a form, so pure a mind;
 How couldst thou, Death, at once destroy,
 The lover's hope, the parent's joy?*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

AIR.

*Thou spotless soul, look down below,
 Our unfeign'd sorrow see;
 Oh give us strength, to bear our woe,
 To bear the loss of thee!*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Mantua.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
 And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

Lies in the grave the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dream'd my lady came and found me dead,
And breath'd such life, with kisses, on my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona. — How now, Balthasar,
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth 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 Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me, for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! —

Bal. My lord!

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and
paper,

And hire post-horses — I will hence to-night —

Bal. Pardon me, sir. I dare not leave you thus;
You look so pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceived:

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do —

Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, good my lord.

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

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night; —

Let's see for means — O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an Apothecary,

And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I saw
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples:—meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And, in his needy shop, a tortoise hung,
An alligator, stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and, about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds;
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of soap,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting his penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a carrion witch, would sell it him.
On this same thought, did but fore-run my need,—
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho, Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apo. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speering geery
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may soon die.

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

Rom. Art thou an honest, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Rom. Be not poor; but break it, and take this.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[*Rom.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Now I'll do this in any world, thing you will,
And drink it off, and, if you had the strength
To reason, Mer, it would dispatch you straight.
Now, *TEA*, is thy gold? worse poison to man's
Than many murders in the poisonous world,
Than these *poor* compounds, that make men
Toil. If they poison, thou hast sold me want,
I'll eat, buy food, and get thee into flesh,
Thy gold, *TEA*, and not poison, go with me
To *Julius's* grave, for there *poison* lies.

SCENE II.

The Monastery at Verona.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! brother! to!

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

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

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

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; have it in again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful are they of infection.

Lat. Unhappy fortune! By my brother's aid,
The letter was not sick, but full of change;
Of dear import, and the messenger it
May do much danger.—Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Enter Brother. Brother, I'll go, and bring it thee. [Exit.]

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

SCENE IV.

*A Churchyard.—In it a Monument belonging to the
CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his PAGE with a Light.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand
aloof,

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen;
Under yon yew-tree lay thee all along,
Placing thy ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But then shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee: go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will attend.

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
strew; [Striking flowers]

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[*The Boy whistles.*

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

[*PARIS retires.*

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a Light.

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

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

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou
that;

Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this grief, I'll hide me near this place:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit*

Rom. Thou men detestable, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth!

THOU'ST THINKING THYSELF A MAN, AND THYSELF
A MAN OF RESPECT?—THYSELF A MAN WITH ROOM FOR
GROWTH?—THYSELF A MAN?—STOP THY ASSUMPTION AT ONCE,
AND HEAR ME SPEAK!

WAST THOU BORN TO TRAVEL FARTHER THAN DEATH?—
TO DISCOVER WHAT, I DO NOT KNOW, AND THEN
TO GO WITH ME, FOR THOU MUST DIE.

WAST I NOT BORN, AND THEREFORE WAST I
MORTAL?

WAST THOU, LIKE A MAN, BORN NOT A DECEITFUL MAN?
WAST THOU, LIKE A MAN, BORN NOT A MAN OF
IMPERFECTION?—THOU'ST BORN FARTHER THAN DEATH,
AND WAST BORN FARTHER STILL, AGAINST THYSELF,
TO LIVE AND DIE, BY DAY AND BY NIGHT,
AND TO BE BORN LIKE TO A FETTER HERE.

WAST THOU, LIKE A MAN, BORN NOT TO HAVE AS THOU
HAST?

THOU'ST BORN. [Then fight.] FEAR IS DEAD.

THOU'ST BORN. I AM SURE. THOU'ST BORN TO MORTALITY.

THOU'ST BORN. I AM SURE. I AM SURE. I AM SURE. I AM SURE.

THOU'ST BORN. I AM SURE. I AM SURE. I AM SURE. I AM SURE.

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THOU'ST BORN. I AM SURE. I AM SURE. I AM SURE. I AM SURE.

Rosa. Oh, I cannot!

I am too strong for you and the little old
Cupid who sits

Just behind what means my love? — the child of
mine!

Yes, yes, and something else! Don't be so small!

Here, it is yours — I thought you had not

the strength, but I see, in your face you

And see my son — yes, yes, I wish for a husband

His name is — what? — and I am sure

Was my first choice — but now the little

Daughter has my eye — I am old time to tell

I have brought you to the point of death — I have

Let me see if you can find your way

Oh, that was the last false!

Now I am free —

Enough, my dear, I have said all the truth

And you are free — I am sure you will find

And you are free — I am sure you will find

And you are free — I am sure you will find

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Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed: how oft to-night,
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! who's there?
Alack! alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

Jul. Who's there?

Fri. Ah, Juliet awake, and Romeo dead!
And Paris too!—Oh, what unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast;
They shall not tear him from me—

Fri. Patience, lady—

Jul. Who is that? O, thou cursed Friar! patience!
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me!

Fri. O, fatal error! rise, thou fair distressed,
And fly this scene of death!

Jul. Come thou not near me.

On this dagger shall quit my Romeo's death!

[Draws a Dagger.]

Fri. I wonder not, thy griefs have made thee
desperate.

What noise without? sweet Juliet, let us fly—

A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents—come, haste away,

I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,

Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question—for the watch is coming.

Come, go, good Juliet—I dare no longer stay. *[Exit.]*

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

What's here! a phial—Romeo's timeless end!

O cruel drick! all, and leave no friendly drop

To help me after!—I will kiss thy lips.

May some poison yet doth hang on them—

[Kisses him.]

adieu. *[Without.]* Lead, boy, which way—

Fri. Now away!

Then I'll be brief.—Oh, happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; there rest, and let me die.

[*Kills himself.*]

*Enter the PRINCE, BALTHASAR, and ATTENDANTS,
with the FATAL.*

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

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. What should it be, that they so stark
abroad?

The people in the street cry, Romeo!

Some, Juliet! and some, Paris! and all run

With open outcry towards our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your
ears?

Cap. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead—Juliet, thou light dead before,
Is warm, and newly kill'd—

Cap. Oh me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a paucity.

Enter MONTAGUE.

Prince. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fall'n.

Mont. Ains, my lord, my wife is dead to-night;
One of my sons came has stopp'd her breath;
What further we conspires against my age!

Prince. I am there—and see—

Mont. Oh, thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To mix before thy father in a quarrel?

Prince. Set up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And give thy tearful and head—trembling
some, no show to patience.
Bring with the parties of suspicion,
—And the truth.

Prince. Then say, at once, what thou dost know of this.

Fr. Let us retire from this dread scene of death,
And I'll unfold the whole; if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hours before its time,
Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Let Romeo's man, and let the boy attend us:
We'll hence, and farther scan these sad disasters:
Well may we mourn, my lords, (now 'tis too late)
These tragic issues of your mutual hate:
From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow!
Whatever the cause, the sure effect is woe.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE END.

HAMLET



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ENGRAVED BY HEATH