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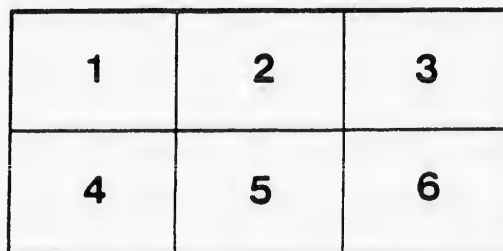
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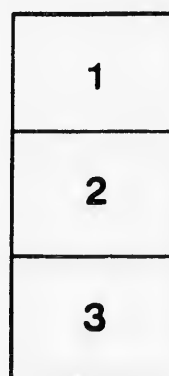
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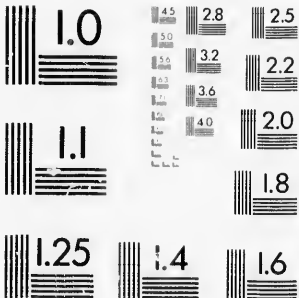
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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH
NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL
AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS,

AND
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

VOLUME VIII.



TORONTO:
THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY LIMITED.
LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN:
BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED.

PREFATORY NOTE.

My task in writing this short prefatory note to the last volume of this edition of Shakespeare is an easy one, for I have only to commend to the notice of the public the work of my friends. The writer of the Introduction and the Life—my old and valued friend, Dr. Dowden—made, many years ago, a remark which, when it came to my ears, impressed me much—"An Actor's commentary is his acting." Dr. Dowden criticises keenly, and from a very high stand-point; and in the face of such a truly critical apothegm what can I say but commend its truth, and humbly trust that the form of commentary to which I have devoted my life may have arrested the attention of some that might otherwise not have paused to grasp the lessons which the great English master of thought has spread with such free and beneficent fulness. In the years which have elapsed since we, each in his own way, took this work in hand, I have learned much, and I have to be grateful for many happy hours spent in congenial toil and in friendly communion with both the living and the dead. I am proud that my name should be associated with such a work, and with so many names illustrious in the scholarship of my time.

To those who remain of the staff who undertook and carried on the work, there is one deep, sad note in all their pleasure. The voice that cheered them on their way—the hand most resolute, most untiring in the task—the brain that sought out truth and mastered difficulties and comprehended all the vast ramifications of such a work, are now but memories; the eyes that scanned so lovingly and so jealously the growing work shall never look on its completion. From the first, Frank Marshall set himself down to the editorship of this edition of Shakespeare, as to the *magnum opus* of his life. The amount of solid, hard work which he did was almost incredible, and could only have been accomplished by an unswerving sense of duty, and an iron resolution

to keep abreast of his task. In the later days, when failing health made such stress of work impossible for him, he found loyal and loving helpers in those other men whose names are given in connection with various portions of the work. One of them, Mr. Arthur Symonds, to whose ability and care the completion of the last volume is mainly due, writes of his friend and mine as follows:—

“The death of Mr. Frank Marshall, to whom this edition of Shakespeare owes its existence, and under whose harassed but unwearying care it had all but reached completion, leaves to others than himself the duty, now a painful one, of writing ‘Finis’ at the end of a long labour. Had he lived, Mr. Marshall would, no doubt, have had much to say in that General Introduction promised in the first volume, which can now never be said; there were certain corrections, I know, that he had hoped to make, certain acknowledgments of kind help received that he would gratefully and fully have expressed. He might, also, casting a glance over the finished work, have summed up his own feeling of contentment or discouragement before the result of so much toil—of so many hopes. Probably he would have done himself less than justice. A great Shakespeare scholar, at the end of a monumental edition, told a friend that he felt as if his work were but now beginning, and himself but now fully prepared for it. The feeling is inevitable in a world where finality means only the limit of one’s own sight. And, in the case of Frank Marshall, there would have been the regret that health and circumstance had not permitted him to finish, single-handed, a work which he had once hoped to carry through without assistance. As it is, the edition remains his achievement—his in spirit, even when other hands have worked under the direction of the kindest and most considerate of editors.”

Every kind thought and just comment thus given on a man of great literary ability, I endorse most heartily. Frank Marshall was a friend of my life. We were brought together and linked by the golden bond of a common love for the Great Englishman whose work he endeavoured to worthily set forth; and from the hour we first met our friendship ripened, till in all the world I had no warmer friend.

At the beginning of this work, I had occasion to speak of Shakespeare as a playwright—as a practical dramatist—as the actor, as well as the poet who constructed plays—playwright first and man of letters afterwards; and here at the close of the work this idea must be the Omega as it was the Alpha of my theme. There is even now in existence a school of criticism, the exponents of which hold that Shakespeare's writing is not for the stage at all. I need not say more of this class here, but pass them by and leave their utterances to the calmer judgment of history. That Shakespeare found his vogue in the form which his genius took for its manifestation we cannot doubt; for it must never be forgotten that he was actor and playwright as well as poet—that even with a knowledge of the strength of the narrative and epic methods, he adhered to the dramatic form which was in great part his contribution to the standards of English poetry. There was, therefore, a peculiar fitness in Mr. Marshall's editing of his work. Until he undertook the task there never was a Shakespearean editor who was himself a playwright; and it was through his knowledge of the practical working of the stage that he was able so to realize every situation. He had a singular skill in clearing up many a difficult passage by his keen sight of the actual appearance to be presented by these characters or those, upon the stage.

Lest there should be any who may say that, in suggesting the deletion of any line of Shakespeare, I myself endeavour to improve his work, let me here say that I do so in loving reverence for his own work, which was to bring home to men by dramatic method the realities of life. Up to Shakespeare's time there was no English drama or stage in the noble form in which we understand it, and we must ever bear in mind that the conditions of life were, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, different to our own. Nay, more, we may well imagine how even the greater leisure of the Elizabethan age was prolonged to the utmost to multiply the hours of intellectual and emotional delight thus newly given to men. But the times are changed; and the hours for work and rest and recreation have to be so exactly apportioned in our less restful age, that all our duties and pleasures must conform to

them. I have, therefore, only tried to mark, for the use of students, those lines, passages, and scenes which could best be dispensed with—if such limitation were desired—without doing unnecessary injury to the thoughts and work of the poet, or to the dramatic bearings of the story of the play.

HENRY IRVING.

LONDON, *May*, 1890.



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LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

AND

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

THE life of Shakespeare has been threefold: first, the external life of good and evil fortune which he lived as a youth in Stratford, as a player and playwright in London, and again as an honoured inhabitant of his native town; secondly, the inner life of his spirit, the wide-orbing movement of his intellect and imagination of which we can read something in his marvellous series of poetical creations, and can conjecture more; and last, the life which he has lived during three hundred years in the history of the national mind of England, or rather we should say the mind of humanity, the life of posthumous influence which he has exercised, and exercises at the present day, on the generations of mankind. Of each of these it will be our endeavour to speak.

I.

"All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." So wrote Steevens a century ago, and De Quincey at a much more recent date is even briefer in his summing-up of the facts: "That he lived, and that he died, and that he was 'a little lower than the angels'—these make up pretty nearly the amount of our undisputed report." Having spoken of the perplexity which we are likely to feel on finding the materials for the biography of a transcendent writer so meagre and so few, De Quincey goes on to solve the difficulty by an elaborate argument intended to prove that the parliamentary war and the local feuds engendered by it extinguished those traditions and memorials of Shakespeare which, he says, must have been abundant up to that era. In truth there is no great cause for wonder or perplexity. More is known of Shakespeare's life than Steevens and De Quincey allege. More is known of Shakespeare's life than of the lives of many of his dramatic contemporaries. Far less has been ascertained respecting the life of Marlowe, whose fame stood so high in Elizabethan days, and whose personality was undoubtedly a striking one. Far less has been ascertained respecting the life of Webster or the life of Ford, although these dramatists flourished at a later time, and one of them was a gentleman of posi-

tion. The materials for John Fletcher's biography are of the scantiest kind; it is not certain whether he went to Cambridge; it is not certain whether he lived and died unmarried; from 1593 to 1607 his history is a complete blank. Yet Fletcher was highly honoured by his contemporaries; he survived till the opening of the reign of Charles I.; his father was the Bishop of London. The Elizabethan age was not an age of literary biography; a playwright, unless, like Ben Jonson, he were distinguished for his scholarship and classical learning, was hardly thought of as a man of letters. Our wonder as regards Shakespeare should be, not that we know so little, but that we know so much. Our acquaintance with the facts of his outward history—partly founded on tradition, partly on documents—is due to the zeal of lovers of the great dramatist, from the actor Betterton to the latest and most indefatigable of investigators, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. We cannot hope that much additional light will ever be gained. The facts which we possess are enough to assure us that the greatest of poets conducted his material life, after, perhaps, some errors of his ardent youth, wisely and well to a prosperous issue. They are enough to prove his good sense and discreet dealing in worldly affairs.

Richard Shakespeare, the poet's grandfather, was a Warwickshire farmer, renting land at Snitterfield, a village some three or four miles from Stratford-on-Avon. His son John, evidently a man of some enterprise and energy, settled at Stratford about 1551, and did business in Henley Street as a fellow-monger and glover. According to Aubrey he was a butcher, and it may be that he slaughtered the beasts whose skins he converted into gauntlets and leggings; according to Rowe he was a considerable dealer in wool, and it is certain that he had transactions in corn and in timber. In 1557 he greatly improved his position by his marriage with Mary, the youngest and the favourite daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy farmer, lately deceased, of the neighbouring hamlet of Wilmecote. That these Ardens were connected with an ancient family of gentlefolk of that name has been asserted, and may be true, but the statement cannot be proved. Mary Arden inherited from her father an estate of some sixty acres, known as Ashbies, at Wilmecote, together with the reversion to part of a larger property at Snitterfield, on which Snitterfield property her father-in-law, Richard Shakespeare, held land as a tenant. From this date John Shakespeare became a person of some importance at Stratford, and he rose year by year in the esteem of his fellow-townsmen. Appointed at first by the corporation one of the officers whose duty it was to supervise malt liquors and bread, he became in 1561 a chamberlain of the borough, in 1565 an alderman, and in 1568 he was elected to the most important official position in the town, that of high bailiff. It is true that he could not write even his name, but the accomplishment of penmanship was rare among the members of the corporation. He was certainly a successful man of business and a skilful accountant.

In the house in Henley Street towards the close of April, 1564, was born

William Shakespeare, the eldest son of his parents. Two daughters, who died in infancy, had been born before him. On April the 26th the child was baptized; a tradition of the last century, that Shakespeare died upon his birthday, would favour the popular opinion that he was born on April 23rd; but his monument states that he died in his fifty-third year. Attention was called by De Quincey to the fact that Shakespeare's only grandchild, Elizabeth Hall, was married to Thomas Nash on April 22nd, and he suggested that the day may have been chosen as the anniversary of her grandfather's birthday. The matter remains doubtful. April the 23rd, Old Style, corresponds with our present May 5th.

Stratford-on-Avon, in which Shakespeare spent his youth and to which he gladly returned in his elder years, was a town of gable-roofed, timber or timber-and-plaster houses, containing some fourteen or fifteen hundred inhabitants. Its chief buildings were the noble church hard by the river, and the Guildhall where on occasions travelling companies of actors would present their plays. Around it in Warwickshire, "the heart of England," lay the perfection of rural landscape: in the Feklon division such pasture-lands, with a wealth of wild flowers, as Shakespeare has described in *A Winter's Tale*; and in the Arden division the perfection of forest scenery, such woodland glades and streams as he has imagined in the French Arden of *As You Like It*. During the Wars of the Roses the county was divided against itself; Coventry was Lancastrian, Warwick, for a time, Yorkist. The battle of Bosworth Field was fought near its north-eastern border. Traditions of the stirring events of those times must have lived on to Shakespeare's day, and created in his imagination a sympathy with the great historical figures of that period which he has represented with such life and force in his historical dramas.

That Shakespeare was sent to the Free School at Stratford is stated by his first biographer, Rowe, and we may reasonably assume that such was the fact. Some knowledge of reading and writing was required at entrance; the usual age of pupils when admitted was seven. When duly drilled in the Latin accidence (of which we have an amusing Shakespearian reminiscence in Sir Hugh Evans' examination of William Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*), the boy began to construe from the *Sententie Pueriles*, and, if he remained long enough at school, advanced as far as Ovid, Virgil, Cicero, and the *Eclogues* of Mantuanns. Much has been written on the subject of Shakespeare's learning. From Ben Jonson's scholarly point of view he may be said to have had "small Latin and less Greek." Perhaps the Greek was nothing or next to nothing; but Aubrey was probably not wrong when he stated on the authority of a Mr. Beeston that Shakespeare "understode Latine pretty well." In later years he seems to have acquired a little knowledge of French, and possibly a little knowledge of Italian.

At what age Shakespeare was withdrawn from school we cannot tell. But we know that when he was thirteen years old his father was no longer a prosperous man, and that the fortunes of his house continued for a considerable time to

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decline. While John Shakespeare's means were first waxing and then rapidly waning, his family had increased in numbers. His son Gilbert, who afterwards became a haberdasher in London and who lived certainly to 1609, was born in 1566; Joan, who was married to William Hart, and whose name appears in the great dramatist's will, was born 1569; Anne, born in 1571, died in her eighth year; Richard, born in March 1573-74, lived to manhood, dying at Stratford in 1613; John Shakespeare's last child, Edmund, born in 1580, became an actor, died in September 1607, and on the morning of his burial at St. Saviour's, Southwark, a knell of the "great bell" of the church was rung, a mark of respect secured only by the payment of a considerable fee. Thus with younger brothers and a sister requiring sustenance and education, and with narrowing means in the household, William Shakespeare, at the age of thirteen may, as the tradition asserts, have been set to help his father in business. An old parish clerk of Stratford towards the close of the seventeenth century declared that Shakespeare was bound apprentice to a butcher; and according to Aubrey he performed the sacrificial rites with dramatic accompaniments, for "when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style and make a speech." According to another report he was a country schoolmaster, and Malone has argued from Shakespeare's frequent and exact use of law-terms that most probably he was for two or three years in the office of a Stratford attorney. We may indulge our imagination by picturing the future poet rather as a wool-stapler than as a butcher's lad.

What cannot be doubted is that his father had passed from wealth to comparative poverty. In 1578 he effected a large mortgage on the estate of Asbies; when he tendered payment in the following year it was refused until other sums due had been repaid; the money designed for the redemption of Asbies had been obtained by the sale of his wife's reversionary interest in the Snitterfield property. His taxes were lightened, nor was he always able to pay those which were still claimed. He dropped off from attendance at the town-council, and in consequence was ultimately deprived of his alderman's gown (1586). He fell into debt, and was tormented with legal proceedings. A commission appointed to inquire respecting Jesuits, priests, and recusants reported his name in 1592 among those of persons who "come not to church for fear of process for debt." It does not appear, however, that he was obliged to part with his house in Henley Street, and, as we shall see, his eldest son was careful, when prosperity came to him in his dramatic career, to restore the fallen fortunes of his father.

Before he was nineteen years old Shakespeare had a new and a powerful motive for trying to better himself in the world; he had taken to himself a wife. A bond given before the marriage, for the security of the bishop in licensing the marriage after once asking of the banns, is preserved in the registry at Worcester. It is dated November 28, 1582. The bride Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman, lately deceased, of Shottery hamlet in the parish of Strat-

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ford, was between seven and eight years older than her husband. The sureties of the bond were friends of the Hathaway family, and the seal of Anne's father was used on the occasion, whence it has been inferred that the Shottery folk rather than those of Henley Street were desirous of the match. Whether the consent of Shakespeare's parents was or was not given we have no means of ascertaining. Shakespeare's eldest child—Susanna—was baptized on May 26, 1583, just six months after the bond, preliminary to marriage, had been signed. The ceremony of wedlock may have been preceded by precontract, which according to the custom of the time and place would have been looked on as having the validity of marriage, though as yet un sanctified by ecclesiastical rites. Halliwell-Phillipps has aptly pointed out that when Shakespeare's maternal grandfather, Robert Arden, "settled part of an estate on his daughter Agnes, on July the seventeenth, 1550, he introduces her as *nunc uxor Thome Stringer, ac nuper uxor Johannis Heyens*, and yet the marriage was not solemnized until three months afterwards." It may be added that the words "wedded wife" were at this time in no way tautological; a woman duly espoused might be a wife though the priestly benediction of wedlock had not yet been bestowed.

The marriage of a boy of eighteen with a woman eight years his senior, of humbler rank than his own and probably uneducated, cannot be called prudent; but we have no evidence to prove that the union was unhappy. Shakespeare remained in Stratford with his wife until he went to seek his fortune in London. Although he did not bring her and her children to the capital, he certainly from time to time visited his home. He looked forward to returning to his native town, and living henceforth by her side, and he actually carried that contemplated purpose into effect. It may be, as Shakespeare's Sonnets seem to indicate, that for a season his heart was led astray by the intellectual fascinations of a woman who possessed all those qualities of brilliance and cultured grace which perhaps were lacking in his wife; but if so, Shakespeare perceived his error and in due time returned to the companion of his youth. In his will he leaves her only his "second best bed with the furniture," and this as an afterthought for the words occur as an interlineation; but without special bequest she was sufficiently provided for by free-bench and dower; the best bed, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps suggests, was probably that reserved for strangers, the second best may have been that of the master and mistress of the house. We cannot suppose that the wife of his early choice, the daughter of a husbandman, could have followed Shakespeare in his poetical mountings of mind or in his profound dramatic studies of character, but there is a wide field for mutual sympathy and help in the common joys and sorrows and daily tasks of household life, and the greatest of men are sometimes they who can best value the qualities of homely goodness. We cannot think of Shakespeare's marriage as a rare union of perfect accord, but we are not justified in speaking of it as unfortunate. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Lysander has a reference to love "misgraffed in respect

of years;" in *Twelfth Night* the Duke warns Viola, when disguised in the garb of a youth, against the danger of an unequal marriage:—

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.—(ii. 4. 30–32.)

Even if the lines were non-dramatic, they would prove no more than that the writer with good sense admitted as a rule that to which his own experience may have been the exception. One other passage from the plays has been cited as bearing on Shakespeare's marriage, that passage in *The Tempest* where Prospero, after he has given his daughter to Ferdinand as his future bride, cautions the Prince against "breaking her virgin-knot" before

All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd.—(iv. 1. 16, 17.)

The *Tempest* was probably written to grace some noble wedding, and Shakespeare's mature wisdom of life, uttering itself through Prospero, recognized the fact that the sanctity of marriage can hardly be guarded with too great jealousy. Having closed the series of his dramatic works, perhaps with the very play in which this passage occurs, he returned to his home to find the happiness of his elder years in company with her whom he had loved in boyhood.

For three or four years after his marriage Shakespeare continued to reside at Stratford, and in 1585 his wife gave birth to twins, a boy and girl, baptized (Feb. 2) Hamnet and Judith, doubtless after Hamnet Sadler, a baker of Stratford, and Judith his wife. For this Hamnet Sadler, presumably sponsor for the boy, who, to the grief of his father, died before he had reached the age of twelve (buried August 11, 1596), Shakespeare retained a regard to the close of his life. He is remembered in the great dramatist's will, where the name appears in the form "Hamlett" Sadler, receiving a bequest of one pound six and eightpence "to buy him a ringe."

In what employments and with what recreations these years at Stratford, growing years of early manhood, went by we can but conjecture. How they came to a close we are told by Shakespeare's first biographer, Rowe: "He had by a misfortune, common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charl-cote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, he lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London." According to Archdeacon Davies, vicar of Sapperton in the county of Gloucester, who died in

1708, Sir Thomas Luey had the young poacher "oft whipped and sometimes imprisoned," in revenge for which Shakespeare afterwards made him "his Justice Clodpate [Justice Shallow: *clodpate* meaning foolish] and calls him a great man, and that in allusion to his name bore three louses rampant for his arms." The first stanza of the ballad which Rowe speaks of as lost is given by Oldys on the authority of "a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford," and it contains the same offensive play on the name Luey—"O lowsie Lucy"—as that in the passage to which Davies refers.

We can hardly doubt that there is a kernel of truth in these traditions. Malone endeavoured to disprove the deer-stealing story by showing that Sir Thomas Lucy had no park at Charlote; but he may have had deer there; or the scene of the adventure, instead of Charlote, may have been the adjoining sequestered estate of Fnlbroke, over which Sir Thomas, as a local magnate devoted to the crown, may have kept watch and ward. It has been suggested that he may have felt some animosity against the Shakespeare family as possibly having sympathy with the old religion, for Sir Thomas was not only a game preserver but a zealous Protestant. The offense of poaching was commonly regarded at the time by those who did not suffer from it as a venial frolic of youth; "the students of Oxford, the centre of the kingdom's learning and intelligence," says Halliwell-Phillipps, "had been for many generations the most notorious poachers in all England." There can be no doubt that Shakespeare retained some ill-will against the Luey family. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Justice Shallow fumes with violent indignation against Sir John Falstaff, whom he charges with having beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge. We are informed by Slender that in the Shallow coat of arms are a "dozen white lues," translated by Evans, the Welsh parson, with unconscious humour, into "a dozen white louses" which "do become an old coat well." Sir Thomas was a member of that strong Protestant commission which reported that Shakespeare's father did not attend church in 1592 for fear of process for debt, a circumstance which might have kept the early soreness of feeling from subsiding. If it is any satisfaction to us we have some reason to believe that the barb prepared for Sir Thomas Lucy struck home, and that the family did not forget the mockery of their old coat. A copy of the 1619 Quarto edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was discovered not very long since among the family records, the only copy of any one of Shakespeare's plays in the early editions found at Charlote.

In what year Shakespeare quitted Stratford we cannot tell; it can hardly have been earlier than 1585, and may have been a year or two later. Nor can we say with certainty how he came to join himself to a company of players. From early childhood he had opportunities of seeing dramatic performances. Perhaps he inherited from his father a taste for the drama; theatrical entertainments, as has been noticed by Halliwell-Phillipps, are first heard of at Stratford-on-Avon during the year of John Shakespeare's bailiffship. While the players

declaimed in the Guildhall the boy may have looked on, standing between his father's legs, as his contemporary Willis tells us he did when he saw the "Cradle of Security" acted before the aldermen and common council of the city of Gloucester. He may have witnessed the performance of the mysteries at Coventry on the Corpus Christi festival; his phrase "out-herods Herod" is a reminiscence of the ramping and raging king by whose command the innocents of Bethlehem were slaughtered; his comparison of the flea on Bardolph's fiery nose to "a black soul burning in hell-fire" was the grotesque fancy of one who had probably watched the exhibition of the damned with their sooty faces and black and yellow garb in the pageant at Coventry. Various companies of players visited Stratford from time to time and performed under the patronage of the corporation; before Shakespeare forsook his home, says Dyce, "he had doubtless seen the best dramatic productions, such as they were, represented by the best actors then alive." He may have made acquaintance with some of the London players, but the assertion that the famous Burbage was from Warwickshire, and that Thomas Greene, an actor of James I.'s time, was a Stratford man, have been made without sufficient evidence. Leicester's players visited Stratford in 1587; it is supposed by Mr. Fleay that Shakespeare joined them during or immediately after their arrival, and during their travels received his earliest instruction in comic acting from Kempe and Pope, who soon after became noted performers.¹ But this is mere conjecture, and the early traditions do not favour the notion that Shakespeare left his native town with the design of taking to the stage. They rather lead us to believe that after his arrival in London he gradually found his way towards his future profession.

According to a tradition, which is alleged to have come down to us through Sir William D'Avenant, the first employment of Shakespeare in connection with the theatre was that of holding the horses of gentlemen who had ridden to the playhouse. The first building erected (1576) for the exhibition of dramatic performances in England was that known as "The Theatre," situated in the parish of Shoreditch. It was the property of James Burbage, father of Shakespeare's fellow-actor, the great tragedian, Richard Burbage. James Burbage kept livery-stables close by Smithfield, and it is an ingenious suggestion of Halliwell-Phillipps that, on arriving in London, Shakespeare may have sold at Smithfield the horse on which he rode up to town, may then and there have made the acquaintance of James Burbage, and may have been employed by him to take care of the horses of Burbage's Smithfield customers who visited the theatre. The tradition adds that Shakespeare made himself popular, and soon had to hire lads to assist him, who, "when Will Shakespeare was summoned were immediately to present themselves, 'I am Shakespeare's boy, sir;'" whence the young lackeys, after their master's fortune had raised him to higher employment, continued to be known as "Shakespeare's Boys." An old

¹ A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare, by F. G. Fleay, p. 8.

parish-clerk of Stratford, towards the close of the seventeenth century, informed visitors that the dramatist was first received into the playhouse as "a serviture," that is, as an attendant on the players. The stage-tradition of a hundred years ago was that he acted as the prompter's assistant, giving the performers notice to be ready when their presence was required on the stage.

It is not surprising that Shakespeare's early years in connection with the theatre should have left no record behind them. We know that he did not cut himself adrift from Stratford and his own family, for in 1587 he joined his father in an effort to assign the title of the Asbies property to John Lambert in consideration of the cancelling of the previous mortgage and the payment of £20. But beyond this fact we know nothing for certain until 1592, when he was an author and an actor, and of importance in both capacities to his dramatic company. A year before this, in 1591, was published Spenser's poem, the "Tears of the Muses," in which Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, laments the cessation from authorship of some creator of general mirth whom he names "our pleasant Willy:"

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late.

It would be pleasant to suppose that the author of the *Faerie Queene* here spoke of his great contemporary; but it is much more probable that Spenser's friend, the dramatist John Lyly, is meant.¹ If Spenser ever refers to Shakespeare, it is in his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, in lines which describe some high poet under the name of "Aetion," the eaglet (from *ἀετός*, an eagle). *Colin Clouts* was not published until 1594, but probably was written in whole or in part in 1591. The true name of "Aetion" had, says Spenser, a heroic sound, which agrees well with the name Shakespeare; the epithet "gentle" seems to be one to which our poet had almost a peculiar right:

And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
A gentler shepherd may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.

These lines, if written as early as 1591, were hardly meant for Shakespeare; they may, however, be a later insertion. But it seems not unlikely that Drayton was intended, who had written under the poetical name of "Rowland," and whose *Idea*, as some have thought, may be pointed to (though to myself the notion appears far-fetched) by the choice of the name Aetion (*ἰδέα* = *αἴτιον*).

There can be no mistake that Shakespeare is the object of Greene's attack in the pamphlet *Greenes Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*,

¹ Halliwell-Phillipps identifies "our pleasant Willy" with the comic actor Richard Tarlton (died 1588); Professor Minto supposes him to be Sir Philip Sidney.

written by the unhappy poet as he lay dying in a mean house in Dowgate, attended by a shoemaker's wife, his kind hostess and nurse. The pamphlet must have been written in August, 1592. Having warned his friends Marlowe, Peele, and "young Juvenal" (probably Lodge) against the inconstancy of the players, he proceeds: "Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." The travestied line

Oh tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,

is found in Richard, Duke of York, and also in the Third Part of Henry VI., which is founded on Richard, Duke of York. In the old play Marlowe and Greene had probably been collaborators, and it would seem that Greene bitterly resented Shakespeare's rehandling of his work, and felt indignant at the success of one whom he looked on as an unlettered rival. Greene's pamphlet was seen through the press by Henry Chettle, and in December of the same year he entered on the Stationers' Books his own prose tract *Kind-Hart's Dreame*, in the preface to which he apologizes to Shakespeare for Greene's unworthy attack. He expresses his regret for not having used his discretion in moderating the writer's warmth; he is as sorry, he says, as if the original fault were his own, "because my selfe have scene his [Shakespeare's] demeanour no less civil than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious [*i.e.* felicitous] grace in writing, that approves his Art." The word "quality" in this passage of Chettle's "Address to the Gentlemen Readers" of his pamphlet has a special reference to the profession of an actor, as it has in Hamlet's inquiry respecting the boy-performers: "Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?" We may infer from Chettle's words that Shakespeare was at least a respectable actor. According to Rowe, "the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*," a part requiring an actor of good delivery though not a great artist. There is some ground for thinking that he played the part of Old Knowell in Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, in the representation of which comedy he certainly appeared. And there is a confused tradition handed down by Oldys which makes it probable that he was the Adam of his own *As You Like It*. Whether he excelled or not in his practice as an actor, Shakespeare certainly had a cultivated knowledge of the principles of the histrionic art; the instructions given to the players by Hamlet could have come from no one who had not carefully studied the merits and the defects of the actor on the boards; the writer of the words assigned to Hamlet assuredly knew the grace of moderation and reserve in the rendering of passion, and at the same time knew the error of languor or inertness. The latest express mention of Shakespeare as having

taken a part in the performance of a play is in connection with Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, which was performed at the Globe Theatre in 1603 or 1604. But in a document of 1610 the Burbages speak of placing Shakespeare as an actor among others at Blackfriars Theatre. His name, however, does not appear in a list of the actors of *The Alchemist* (1610), where, if he were performing, he might naturally have taken a part among his fellows.

No doubt it was perceived at an early date in Shakespeare's dramatic company that he could aid them more by his pen than by his voice. As we learn from the charges and insinuations of Greene, part of Shakespeare's early work as a writer for the stage was that of revising and adapting the work of his predecessors or early contemporaries. It was an excellent way of apprenticeship to his dramatic craft. He learned to distinguish between what is effective and ineffective on the stage; he acquired the art of carrying on the action of a piece without falling into tedious speech-making, he studied the links and transitions of the dramatic events, he came to see how these should be manipulated, he learned how to develop a dramatic character, how to regulate imagery and diction so that they should never pass into the epical; and while amending the pieces of others his own genius would have enough of play to gain in strength, and enough of restraint to save it from the waste of exuberant power.

But the poet in Shakespeare could not be content with what may be justly described as in a certain degree hackwork. The poet in Shakespeare aspired to an independent existence, and apparently he did not yet perceive that through the drama alone could his genius explore the heights and depths of passion and of song. In the passage quoted from Kind-Hart's *Dreamer* the author informs his readers that "divers of worship" have reported to him Shakespeare's "facetious grace in writing." Possibly Shakespeare had already earned the good opinion and good-will of the Earl of Southampton. Early in 1593 Richard Field, the son of a Stratford tanner, himself a London printer, was carrying through the press Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, which was published in that year with a dedication to Southampton, in which the author, speaking of his young patron with graceful homage and of his poem with becoming modesty, describes it as "the first heire of my invention." Doubtless several plays of merit by Shakespeare had already appeared upon the stage; but they had not been published by the press; they formed in the eyes of Shakespeare's contemporaries hardly a part of literature proper; they could not compete in dignity with such a miniature epic as this which now appeared, and in which Shakespeare first claimed his rank as poet. *Venus and Adonis* at once became popular, and edition followed edition during a series of years. In the dedication Shakespeare promises that if his poem should please the earl, he would take advantage of all idle hours to prepare some "graver labour" for his patron's honour. This graver labour, the *Lucrece*, followed in 1594; graver because of its tragic theme, and its celebration of the wronged, yet triumphant,

purity of woman. It is dedicated to Southampton in words of loyal affection: "What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours;" and a reference to favours received proves that the regard and esteem were not on Shakespeare's side alone. "There is," says Rowe, "one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." It is supposed that the purchase was that of the large house named New Place in the centre of the town of Stratford-on-Avon, which Shakespeare bought for £60 in the spring of 1597, a gabled house of brick, resting on stone foundations, with a bay-window on the garden side. Report exaggerated the amount of Southampton's gift, but even sixty pounds in the days of Elizabeth was a very considerable sum of money.

In December, 1594, Shakespeare appeared in two comedies before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace. Two eminent actors of his company, that known as the Lord Chamberlain's servants, Richard Burbage, the tragedian, and Kemp, a popular comedian, were associated with him on this occasion.¹ The queen, who had a keen eye for merit, honoured Shakespeare and his art. Ben Jonson in his memorial lines prefixed to the First Folio speaks of those "fights" of the "Swan of Avon."

upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our Iames.

Shakespeare's company repeatedly performed before the queen at Richmond Palace, at Greenwich Palace, at Whitehall. In the Christmas holidays of 1597 her Majesty witnessed a performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* in its revised form, "newly corrected and augmented." Next Christmas three plays were given at Whitehall, among them probably *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by Elizabeth's express desire. It is a well-known tradition that the queen was so highly entertained by Falstaff, as seen in the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, that she commanded the dramatist to continue the character for one play more, and show the fat knight in love. That bright comedy of English rural life, *The Merry Wives*, is said to have been the work of a fortnight. At times, by special arrangement, Shakespeare's plays were performed for the grave lawyers of the Inns of Court in their mirth-loving hours of leisure. On Innocents' Day, 1594, the day after Shakespeare's performance before the queen at Greenwich, The

¹ Halliwell-Phillips's statement as to the companies to which Shakespeare belonged previously to his joining the Lord Chamberlain's servants deserves to be quoted: "It would appear not altogether unlikely that the poet was one of Lord Strange's actors in March, 1592; one of Lord Pembroke's a few months later; and that he joined the company of the Earl of Sussex in or before January, 1594." But on this subject see especially Mr. Fleay's "*A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare.*"

Comedy of Errors was presented before a distinguished company in the hall of Gray's Inn; there had been some confusion and disturbance in the earlier part of the evening, which ceased while the spectators watched the entanglements of the twins of Syracuse and Ephesus; ever afterwards that night of Dec. 28, 1594, was remembered as the Night of Errors. Early in February, 1601-2, the benchers of the Middle Temple witnessed in their hall (which still exists) a performance of that delightful comedy *Twelfth Night*; the law student John Manningham records the fact in his diary, and tells us of his diversion at the odd figure of the deceived Malvolio. But of these occasional performances by Shakespeare's company the most remarkable were two which took place in the preceding year. On February 8th, 1601, the Earl of Essex, accompanied by Shakespeare's patron, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland, made their rash revolt in the streets of London. On the preceding afternoon, by special arrangement between the conspirators and the Lord Chamberlain's servants, "a play of the deposing and killing of King Richard" [*i.e.* possibly Shakespeare's *King Richard II.*] was represented at the Globe Theatre.¹ It was not a new play, and the actors, to provide against loss if the attendance should be small, required that the sum of forty shillings should be added by their employers to whatever might be taken at the door. Less than two years previously, in this same Globe Theatre, Shakespeare's lines in honour of Essex, then her Majesty's representative in Ireland, had been delivered as part of the prologue to the last act of *King Henry V.* The unfortunate earl was executed on February 25. Perhaps to make an outward show of equanimity, Elizabeth spent the evening before his execution in witnessing at Richmond Palace a dramatic performance by the same company of actors who, a few days before, had been employed to prepare the minds of the Londoners for the treasonable outbreak of the doomed favourite. When the queen died, in 1603, it was noticed in print by Henry Chettle, the former editor of Greene's pamphlet, that Shakespeare did not join in the poetical lamentations of the time.

James I. had not been many days in London before he granted a license to the members of Shakespeare's company to enact plays both in town and in the provinces. In December, 1603, while the king was a visitor at Wilton, the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, they received a call to perform before the royal party. The editors of the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays (1623), in the dedication of that volume, addressing William Herbert and his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery, refer to the great favour which these patrons of art had shown both to the author of the plays and the plays themselves. When his Majesty's long-delayed state entry into London took place, Shakespeare and his fellows appeared in the king's train: "each of them was presented with four yards and a half of scarlet cloth, the usual dress allowance to players

¹ Shakespeare's play was already in print, but the earlier quartos—those published in Elizabeth's reign—do not contain the deposition scene, lines 154-318 of act iv. sc. 1. See vol. ii. p. 393.

belonging to the household. The poet and his colleagues were termed the king's servants, and took rank at court amongst the Grooms of the Chamber."¹ We have records (copied for Malone) of the performance by the king's servants at Whitehall of *Othello* (Nov. 1, 1604), of *Measure for Measure* (Dec. 26, 1604), and of *King Lear* (Dec. 26, 1606). The lines in *Measure for Measure* (ii. 4. 24-30) which describe the troubles of a king occasioned by the over-demonstrative loyalty of his admiring subjects, and those in *Macbeth* which tell of the cure of the king's evil by the royal touch, are supposed to have been meant as compliments to King James.

During the summer and early autumn months the players often itinerated. Thus in the summer of 1597 Shakespeare's company travelled through Sussex and Kent; on Sept. 3rd they acted at Dover, where, as Halliwell-Phillips has observed, the author of *Lear* might have seen the samphire gatherers on the cliff, which may have served as model for Edgar's imaginary precipice. They turned westward in that year, reached Bristol, and performed at Marlborough and Bath. In the autumn of 1605 they travelled to Barnstaple, and before returning to town acted before the mayor and corporation of Oxford. In that city of spires and colleges Shakespeare probably lodged at John D'Avenant's tavern, and knew the tavern-keeper's handsome wife. Her boy, the future dramatist, Sir William D'Avenant, born in March, 1606, was reputed to be Shakespeare's godson. The gossip which named our poet as father of the boy has no real evidence to lend it support.

The playhouse in which Shakespeare first acted, if not "*The Theatre*" which belonged to James Burbage, must have been that named "*The Curtain*," which stood not far off in a division of the parish of Shoreditch known as the Liberty of Halliwell (holy well). Here, on the edge of the great city, the country had actually begun; we read of a prentice in the year 1584 sleeping on the grass "very nere the Theatre or Curten." In 1598 *The Theatre* had ceased to be suitable for the requirements of the time, and in the winter of that year (Dec.-Jan. 1598-99) the timber of which it was built was removed to Southwark with a view to its forming part of a new and better structure. This building, known as *The Globe*, from its sign of Hercules or Atlas carrying his load, stood not far from London Bridge, a little westward, and close to the river on the Southwark side. Upon a circular substructure rose two wooden stories, which included the galleries and boxes. These, and the stage, were roofed with thatch; the pit or yard was open to the weather. In the profits of this theatre Shakespeare was a sharer. Blackfriars Theatre, with which also Shakespeare's name is associated, was converted into a building for dramatic performances from a large house purchased by the elder Burbage in 1596. The inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the privy-council without success against the establishment of the theatre, setting forth in their memorial the various dangers and annoyances to which they would

¹ Halliwell-Phillips: *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 212.

be subjected by its presence in the neighbourhood. For a time it was leased by the Burbages to one Evans for the performances of the boy-actors, Her Majesty's Children of the Chapel. When they quitted it Shakespeare's company took their place, and in the later days of his dramatic career the great poet himself may have appeared on the boards of Blackfriars. Dryden informs us that *The Tempest* was represented at this theatre and was well received.

The theatrical company which produced a play in Elizabethan days had no wish to see the work in print, its publication necessarily detracting from the novelty of the piece. But from the year 1597 onwards several of Shakespeare's dramas were placed in the hands of the booksellers, and were printed, each singly, in quarto form. The first to appear was *King Richard II.* (1597), from which the deposition scene was omitted. It was speedily followed by *King Richard III.* A pirated copy of *Romeo and Juliet*, made up from fragments of manuscript, eked out by notes taken during the performance, and by recollected lines and speeches, appeared in the same year (1597). In 1598 *King Henry IV.* and the revised version of *Love's Labour's Lost* were published. Hardly a year, indeed, passed from this date until that of Shakespeare's death without the appearance in quarto of some new tragedy, history, or comedy, or the republication of one which had already issued from the press. The popularity of Shakespeare's two chief non-dramatic poems was of remarkable continuance, as is attested by the number of successive editions. Occasionally plays or poems by other writers were foisted on the public by unscrupulous publishers with the attractive name or initials of William Shakespeare on the title-page. A list of his works, most valuable from the light it throws on their chronology, appears in a "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets," which is printed near the end of a little volume named *Palladis Tamia* by Francis Meres, a Master of Arts of both universities. The chapter was written in the summer of 1598, and it bears remarkable testimony to the high rank held by Shakespeare both as a narrative and a dramatic poet. "As the soule of Euphorbus," says Meres, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c.—As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labours wome*, his *Midsummer night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo and Juliet*.—As *Epins Stolo* said that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speake Latin; so I say that the Muses would speake with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English." The *Love's Labour's Won* which Meres names may be a lost play of Shakespeare,

or possibly, as has been conjectured, *All's Well that Ends Well* in an earlier form may have borne this title. The "sugred Sonnets among his private friends" may be some of those printed afterwards (1609) in the quarto edition of "Shakespeare's Sonnets." Two of these sonnets, with a different text, were included among the poems of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, a slender volume made up of pieces of verse, many of which are certainly not by Shakespeare, though his name is placed upon the fraudulent title-page. A theory most skilfully worked out by Mr. Tyler, with some assistance from Mr. Harrison, which identifies the young friend addressed in Shakespeare's Sonnets with William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and the raven-haired lady with Queen Elizabeth's maid of honour, Mrs. Mary Fitton, places the first acquaintance of the poet with Herbert, then a youth of eighteen, in the spring of the year 1598. While several other theories of Shakespeare's Sonnets are amusing from their absurdity, this is highly interesting from its ingenuity; and yet it seems to me to remain doubtful whether Herbert and his mistress are in any way connected with these perplexing poems, which endlessly invite the reader and endlessly baffle his attempts to read their biographical meanings clear. Whether Shakespeare formed the acquaintance of William Herbert in this year or not, we may believe that it became memorable through the beginning of another friendship, which, with some possible brief interruption, seems to have been life-long. In September, 1598, Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* was brought out by the Lord Chamberlain's company. According to Rowe the comedy was on the point of being rejected, when Shakespeare, casting his eye over the manuscript, perceived its merit, and on reading it through exerted his influence to secure its performance. "I loved the man," wrote Jonson after the death of Shakespeare, "and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." It was inevitable that Jonson, with his classical training and strict ideas on literary style, should be of the opinion that Shakespeare often wronged his genius by careless writing: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that, in his writing, whatsoever he pen'd he never blotted out line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand." The noble memorial verses by Jonson prefixed to the First Folio Shakespeare exalt our poet to a place beside his greatest predecessors in the literature of Greece and Rome, and do honour not only to his natural gifts but to his art. Of the personal relations of the two great dramatists we have a well-known and delightful record in Fuller's *Worthies*, where he tells of their many wit-combats: "Which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Hours of brilliant wit combat in the London tavern did not cause Shakespeare

to forget his Stratford home. We have seen that in the spring of 1597 he became the purchaser of New Place, a large house standing on nearly an acre of ground. The death of his son Hamnet, in August of the preceding year, left him without male issue; but his purpose to occupy a substantial position in his native town was not turned aside by this grief which, nevertheless, he must have keenly felt.¹ The draft of a grant of coat-armour to John Shakespeare, dated October, 1596, is in existence. We cannot doubt that the real mover in the matter was John Shakespeare's prosperous son; and the grant not having been made, it was again sought three years later. From 1598 onwards we are to think of the great poet as "William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," although his time was mainly spent in the metropolis or on his professional tours through the provinces. He is returned as holding ten quarters of corn in the Chapel Street Ward of Stratford, in February, 1598. He seems already to have looked forward to enjoying the pleasures of a country life. He laid out part of his garden as a fruit orchard, and at a later date it was he, according to a well-authenticated tradition, who was the first to introduce the mulberry-tree among his townfolk. An attempt was made (1597) by the family towards the recovery of the mortgaged estate of Ashbie, but, as far as we are aware, without success. Abraham Sturley of Stratford, writing to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, in London (24th Jan. 1597-98), mentions that "Mr. Shaksper is willinge to disburse some monie upon some od yarde land or other at Shotterie or near about us," and urges his correspondent to move Mr. Shakespeare "to deal in the matter of our tithes." To purchase this title-lease from the corporation would advantage both Shakespeare and his neighbours: "by the friends he can make therefor, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at;—it obtained would advance him indeed and would do us much good." "If you bargain with William Shakespeare," writes Richard Quiney's father (late in 1598 or early in 1599), "or receive money therefor, bring your money home that you may." Richard Quiney was negotiating in the metropolis matters of importance for the Stratford Corporation. The only letter addressed to Shakespeare which is known to exist—and it is doubtful whether the letter was ever delivered—is one from this Quiney, himself a well-to-do Stratford mercer (Oct. 1598), asking for a loan of thirty pounds. We learn at the same time from a letter of Sturley's (4th Nov. 1598) that Shakespeare had undertaken to negotiate an advance of money to the corporation. These details are of interest not only as evidence of Shakespeare's growing prosperity and influence, but also as showing that he kept in close relations with the men of Stratford and had a part in the public concerns of the town.

In the autumn of 1601 Shakespeare lost his father; the funeral took place

¹ Malone supposed that the lamentations of Constance in *King John* for the loss of her boy may have derived some of their intensity of expression from Shakespeare's personal grief. But *King John* was probably written before 1596.

on September 8th. His widowed mother lived for seven years more, and it was at the same season of the year, and almost to the day, that her death occurred (buried September 9, 1608). John Shakespeare, once the chief Burgess of Stratford, had the satisfaction of seeing the fallen fortunes of his family restored through the energy and prudence of his son. An important purchase of land—one hundred and seven acres near Stratford—was made in May, 1602, for which Shakespeare paid the large sum of £320, his brother Gilbert acting in the affair as his agent. A few months later, in September, he added to his possessions a cottage and garden opposite the lower grounds of New Place. His largest purchase was that of July, 1605, when for the sum of £440 he obtained the unexpired term of the moiety of a lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. Twenty acres of pasture were added to his arable land in 1610. The creator of Hamlet and King Lear evidently lived in no dream-world, but had a vigorous grasp of positive fact. A certain Philip Rogers had received bushels of malt from Mr. William Shakespeare to the value of £1, 19s. 10d., and had, moreover, borrowed from him the sum of two shillings. Six shillings had been paid back. But the poet could not see why one pound, fifteen shillings and tenpence due to him should remain in Philip Rogers' pocket, and accordingly he took proceedings (1604) to recover the balance of the debt. Again, in 1608-9 the author of the ardent idealizing Sonnets, published in the latter year, was prosecuting a suit for the recovery of a debt of £6 owed by John Addenbroke, and when a verdict was given for the debt and for costs, Addenbroke not being found within the liberty of the borough, Shakespeare pursued his cause against the debtor's bail, a person named Horneby. It is not always the case that a master in the world of ideas and of imagination is also a master of prudent husbandry in the material world.

The year 1607 was one of mingled joy and sorrow. On June the 5th Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, was married in Stratford-on-Avon to Mr. John Hall, a Master of Arts and a successful physician. The bride was twenty-five years of age; the bridegroom thirty-two. So midsummer had its rejoicings; but December closed darkly, for it was on the last day of 1607 that the great bell of St. Savionr's, Southwark, tolled for the burial of Shakespeare's brother Edmund. A few weeks later and Shakespeare had attained, before the age of forty-four, the dignity of being a grandfather; Elizabeth, the only daughter of the Halls, was born in February, 1608, and her baby presence must have cheered the few short remaining months of the life of Shakespeare's mother. It seems probable that he continued to reside in Stratford for a little while after his mother's funeral, for on October 16th he stood as godfather at the baptism of William Walker, the child of a mercer and alderman of the town; to this godchild he afterwards bequeathed "twenty shillings in gold."

At what precise date Shakespeare retired from the theatre and sold his shares in the Globe cannot be ascertained. It was probably not earlier than

1611, not later than 1613. In March, 1613, he bought for £140 a house in London near the Blackfriars Theatre, £60 of the purchase money remaining on mortgage. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips supposes that Shakespeare may have intended to convert part of the house, the ground-floor of which had been a haberdasher's shop, into his town residence, and that at the date of the purchase he was still connected with the stage. But all that we certainly know is that before his death he leased this London house to John Robinson, who, as Halliwell-Phillips notices, "was oddly enough, one of the persons who had violently opposed the establishment of the neighbouring theatre." In midsummer of the year 1613 the Globe Theatre was destroyed by fire, "while Burbage's company were acting the play of Henry VIII., and there shooting off certain chambers in the way of triumph" (T. Lorkin's letter to Sir T. Puckering). This Henry VIII. was not improbably the play which, with certain alterations, we possess among Shakespeare's works, and which is partly from his hand. It is possible that many manuscripts of dramatists—including some by Shakespeare—perished in the flames. The Globe was rebuilt in a costlier manner, and was opened in 1614; but the stage on which the greatest dramatic works in all literature had been first presented had ceased to exist, and their author, like his own wise Prospero, had broken his magic staff and put off his robes of enchantment.

We know little of Shakespeare's elder days at Stratford. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. . . . His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." Amongst his acquaintances was John Combe, who, dying in 1614, left him a legacy of £5. A satirical epitaph on Combe, said to have been produced impromptu by Shakespeare, has been handed down by tradition; but there is little evidence to show that the lines are genuine. In the autumn of the same year an attempt was made to inclose a portion of the neighbouring common-fields. It is not quite certain whether Shakespeare endeavoured to forward (as Halliwell-Phillips maintains) or to oppose the project; there is no doubt that he took measures to secure himself against loss if the inclosure should be effected.¹ An entry of 1614 in the accounts of the Stratford Chamberlain sets our fancy pleasantly to work. "Item: For one quart of sack, and one quart of clarett wine, given to a preacher at the *New Place* xxd." Stratford had grown puritanical since Shakespeare was a boy; in 1602, and again in 1612, orders against plays and interludes were made by the corporation; at last the players were paid *not* to perform. "Mrs. Hall and her husband," as I have elsewhere written, "did not forfeit the poet's regard because they were somewhat puritanically inclined. Perhaps Shakespeare's wife

¹ The words in the diary of Thomas Greene, town-clerk of Stratford, commonly printed "Mr. Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that he was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe," seem in fact to be "that I was not able, &c." Dr. Ingleby supposed that Greene wrote "1" by mistake.

had sought in religion a satisfaction which her marriage had not afforded. We can imagine the great interpreter of life listening with a serious smile to the whole truth as expounded by the preacher, and recognizing as a pleasant human foible the preacher's interest in claret and sherry sack." If there were any truth in the crab-tree legend (which, however, dates only from 1762) we should believe that Shakespeare himself, with the encouragement of his companion Ben Jonson, could for the nonce carouse "potations pottle-deep," and become somewhat more than flustered with his cups.

In February, 1616, Shakespeare saw Judith, his second daughter, married. Her husband, Thomas Quiney, a son of the Richard Quiney who had begged Shakespeare for a loan of money, was four years younger than his wife. He was certainly a fairly educated man, and during the earlier portion of his married life he occupied a good position in the town, doing business as a vintner, and becoming a member of the corporation and subsequently their chamberlain. But after a time prosperity forsook him and he drifted to London. His eldest son, named Shakespeare Quiney, died an infant; two younger sons, Richard and Thomas, reached manhood, but both died childless before their mother, who lived on through the Civil War to Restoration days. She died in 1662 in her seventy-eighth year.

Before the marriage took place—a marriage celebrated somewhat hastily without a license—Shakespeare, then in perfect health, had given instructions for his will. The draft copy was ready for engrossment, but the fair copy had not yet been made when in March, 1616, the testator was taken seriously ill. Delay in obtaining the necessary signatures was deemed inexpedient, and certain corrections having been made by interlineation the draft copy was duly signed by the sick man and the witnesses. The chief part of his property was left to his eldest daughter, but Judith received a substantial sum of money; his sister Joan Hart, who became a widow a few days before her brother's death, was considerably remembered; small sums were left to the sons of his sister; ten pounds to the poor of Stratford; nor did Shakespeare as he lay mortally ill forget his former fellows of the Globe Theatre, for to Richard Burbage, John Hemmings, and Henry Condell he left, by an interlineation, "twenty-six shillings and eight pence a-piece to buy them rings." Beside the signatures at the foot of each page the words "by me" at the close of the will are in Shakespeare's handwriting, and no other words, except his own name, remain to us in the poet's autograph. On Tuesday, April 23, 1616, the great spirit, "a little lower than the angels," passed away.²

² The name of Shakespeare is found written in a copy of Florio's Montaigne purchased for £100 by the British Museum in 1838. Its genuineness has been disputed. The words "Wilm Shakespeare, hundred and twenty pounds" are written on a paper found in the original binding of a copy of North's Plutarch, 1603, now in the Boston (U.S.A.) Public Library. There are many reasons in favour of its genuineness, but they are not decisive. It is not suggested that the volume ever belonged to Shakespeare. See "Bulletin of the Boston Public Library," vol. 8, no. 4.

The malady of which Shakespeare died is supposed to have been a fever. According to the memoranda-book written in 1662-63 by the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, it was contracted after a "merry meeting" with Drayton and Ben Jonson, at which the convivial friends "drank too hard." We may perhaps agree with Halliwell-Phillipps in finding a sufficient cause for blood-poisoning in the wretched sanitary conditions surrounding New Place. "If truth, and not romance, is to be invoked," says this careful biographer,



Bust from the Tomb at Stratford.

"were there the woodbine and sweet honeysuckle within reach of the poet's death-bed, their fragrance would have been neutralized by their vicinity to middens, fetid water-courses, mud-walls, and piggeries."

On April 25th Shakespeare's body was laid in its resting-place, the chancel of the parish church, to which position for a grave the owner of the tithes had an acknowledged right. The grave is near the north wall of the chancel. Over the spot where the body lies was placed a slab bearing the inscription, which a tradition attributes to Shakespeare himself:—

GOOD FREND FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLESTE BE THE MAN THAT SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE THAT MOVES MY BONES.

"It should be remembered," observes Halliwell-Phillipps, "that the transfer

of bones from graves to the charnel-house was then an ordinary practice at Stratford-on-Avon." Shakespeare's bones have lain more secure in their modest grave during three centuries than those of Schiller in the grand-ducal vault at Weimar.

Shakespeare's widow lived for more than seven years after her husband's death. She died on August 6th, 1623. The Halls continued to reside at New Place; the physician attained a high reputation for skill in his profession; in matters of faith he seems to have inclined more decidedly to Puritanism as the years went by. His death took place in 1635; that of his wife, Susanna Hall—who was esteemed for her goodness, piety, and bright intelligence—in 1649. Elizabeth Hall, Shakespeare's grandchild, was twice married; on April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nash, who died in 1647; and secondly, about two years after, to Sir John Barnard of Abington, in the county of Northampton. She had no child by either husband, and on her death, in February 1669-70, the lineal descent from Shakespeare came to an end.

Not long after his death, certainly before 1623, a monument was erected to Shakespeare on the northern wall of the chancel of the parish church at Stratford. It contains a life-size bust, the work either of Gerard Johnson, sculptor and "tombe-maker," a native of Amsterdam who resided in London, or of Johnson's son. The bust—a somewhat coarse piece of art—is made of a soft bluish limestone; several excellent judges are of opinion that it was cut from a death-mask as model. It presents a face powerful and full-blooded, rather than refined or subtle; the great dome of the forehead is, however, a very striking feature. Originally the bust was coloured to resemble life; the eyes a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn, the doublet scarlet, and the sleeveless gown worn over it black. The right hand holds a pen, the left rests on a sheet of paper placed upon a cushion. Underneath the cushion is the following inscription:—

IVDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MERET, OLYMPVS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST?
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST,
WITH IN THIS MONYMENT SHAKESPEARE: WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOETH DECK YS TOMBE,
FAR MORE THAN COST: SIED ALL, Y^t HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WYTT.

OBITU ANNO DOMI 1616.
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 AP.

In 1793, on the advice of Edmond Malone, the bust was painted white; and so it remained until 1861, when it was recoloured as at the first. Beside the Stratford bust there is only one unquestionable portrait of the great poet—that upon the title-page of the First Folio (1623). It was engraved by Martin Droeshout, and verses by Ben Jonson commend it as a trustworthy likeness. It is ill executed, yet it seems to me a more pleasing portrait than the bust,

while there is enough in common between the two to assure us that in each there is at least something of the substance of truth. The authenticity of the celebrated Kesselstadt death-mask is very doubtful, but we could wish to believe that this noble and refined face was indeed that of Shakespeare. The Chandos, the Felton, the Jansen, and the Stratford portraits are all of questionable pedigree; many other alleged likenesses can be proved to be forgeries. We must be content to accept certain broad facts from the bust and the Droeshout print, and supply from our imagination the spirit and the life which these unfortunately lack. And if this should leave us at the last unsatisfied we may be well content to follow the counsel of Ben Jonson:

Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

II.

Studying Shakespeare's Book of Might, as Jonson exhorts us to do, we assuredly make acquaintance with the man in the best possible way; we are constantly in contact with his mind; every side, rouses our passions, commoulds our character to finer issues, the atmosphere of mirth, benignity, fluence. And yet he hide himself be- that even while we his power and pre- if we knew him not know him aright. he who knows the speare's genius and indeed is far Shakespeare's mind meet the great poet the tiring-room of the Globe, or the inner chamber of the Mermaid Tavern, or even in the quietude of his Stratford fields and lanes.



Portrait of Shakespeare. After Droeshout.

Shakespeare was fortunate in the moment of his advent to the stage. The English people had successfully passed through a period of probation, and now stood "upon the top of happy hours." The classical culture of the Renaissance and its passionate temper had been united in the national mind with the grave thought and the moral earnestness of the Reformation. The fires of Smithfield

were extinct; the conspiracies against the queen had been defeated; the Spanish fleet had been flung from our inviolable shores. A spirit of unbounded energy was abroad, with an exultant patriotic pride and an exhilarating consciousness of power. It was a great age of action, and men through their imagination were swift to enter into all that great deeds spring from—high thoughts, ardent desires, fierce indignation, fervent love. Life in every form and aspect was infinitely interesting to them. And if they saw and felt the tragic side of things, none the less did they enjoy the comedy of human existence. Its laughter and its tears were alike near and real for them, and one of these, as they felt, could easily pass into the other.

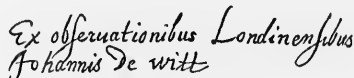
The moment was especially a fortunate one for a dramatic writer. The development of every art during its earlier stages is gradual and slow; the bud insensibly swells and matures, then suddenly some genial morning the calyx bursts, the bud becomes a blossom, and all its colour and fragrance are open to the day. So it was with the dramatic art in the later Elizabethan years. Its history from the earliest miracle-plays had been one of some centuries. The drama was not the creation of a few eminent individuals, but rather a product of the national mind distinguished by the features of the national character. In the Collective Mystery, which surveyed the history of the human race from the origin of man to the judgment-day, it had gained an epic breadth. In the Moralities it had acquired an ethical depth, a seriousness of moral purpose, and this didactic tendency had in a measure been saved from the aridity and abstractedness of mere allegory by the close connection of the Morality with historical passions, persons, and events. In both the Miracles and the Moralities scope had been found for the play of humour, sometimes deliberately sought as a relief from the poetry of edification, sometimes naively mingling with passages of grace, tenderness, or pathos, and enhancing the effect of these. Under the influence of a growing sense of art, aided by classical models, and Italian plays and tales of passion and of wit, the elder forms of the English drama passed away or were transmuted into regular tragedy, comedy, and history. The mirth was still often rude, but it began to be organized around some dramatic centre, and to find its sources not merely in ridiculous incidents, but in what is mirth-provoking in human character. The terror and pity were often coarsely stimulated by scenes of outrage and inexhaustible effusion of blood; but amid these scenes of horror figures which had in them at least great tragic possibilities sometimes appeared. Perhaps the most truly English of the several dramatic forms was the Chronicle History, allied at once with tragedy and comedy, but in some degree saved from the extravagances of each by the substantial matter of historical fact with which it dealt. When great deeds were actually accomplished by Englishmen they had a ready credence of the imagination for the heroic achievements of their ancestors as set forth in these Histories. They had even some of the elements of a true historic sense.

Shakespeare's immediate predecessors in the drama were scholar-poets, who yet, with one exception—that of John Lyly—may be said to have used popular methods, and to have made their appeal not to scholarly or courtly spectators, but to the people. As poets of the Renaissance they delighted in classical allusion and classical imagery, but these served chiefly as a colour and varnish of their art; in conception it was essentially romantic and English of the Elizabethan days. The tragedies of Marlowe in their plots are pure melodrama, but the melodrama is glorified by the genius of a poet who was a lofty idealist in art, and whose imagination hungered and thirsted after beauty. In each of his earlier plays a great protagonist stands forth who is the incarnation of some supreme passion; Tamburlaine, embodying the mere lust of sway in its crudest form; Barrabas, the passion of avarice with attendant power; Faustus, the desire of boundless knowledge with the empire that knowledge brings. In *Edward II.* the dramatist gave the model of a noble historical play, from which Shakespeare perhaps made studies in writing scenes of his own *Richard II.* Comedy owed nearly as much to Greene and Peele as tragedy owed to Marlowe. They first lifted comedy out of its mean surroundings and made it poetical. Not that they despised buffooneries and horseplay as modes of raising a laugh, but they did not rest content with these. Amid the sordid haunts and coarse excesses of his London life Greene had an imagination which delighted in the beauty and innocence of the countryside and rural pleasures, real or Arcadian; in the company of knaves and trulls he could conceive, as no other dramatist of his time, the purity and sweetness of English wife and maiden. From each of his predecessors Shakespeare gained something for his art, and he quickly surpassed them all. From Marlowe he learnt the use of that majestic measure, blank verse, first heard on a public stage in the tragedy of *Tamburlaine*; and it became ductile in his hands and capable of infinite variety. From Greene he learnt the use of the rhymed couplet, which he employed with such happy facility in his earlier plays. Kyd it may have been who instructed him in various pieces of rhetorical sleight of hand in verse, which could be adapted to the expression of dramatic passion or to the control of that expression. The prose of lively dialogue, with quick turns of wit and repartee, which we find in the first comedies of Shakespeare, was in large measure derived from Lyly.

In all that is external and mechanical the theatre was still comparatively rude. During Shakespeare's connection with the stage the buildings used for dramatic entertainments were of two classes—public theatres, and those which were called private. The private theatres were the smaller in size, and were wholly roofed in, whereas the public theatres, except over the stage and boxes, were open to the sky. In private theatres the performances commonly took place by the light of candles or cressets; in public theatres, by daylight. In both the play began in the afternoon, often at three o'clock, and ended at five or between five and six o'clock. The spectators who occupied the pit or "yard" were obliged

in public theatres to stand; in private theatres they were seated. The interior form of theatres was usually circular or oval, and the boxes or "rooms" and galleries or "scaffolds" rose above one another in tiers as they do at present. The prices for admittance to various houses and to various parts of the house ranged from one penny or twopence to two shillings or half-a-crown. In public theatres young men of rank and fashion were accommodated with stools on each side of the rush-strewn stage, where their attendants waited upon them and supplied them with their pipes of tobacco. Ladies visiting the theatre sometimes wore masks. Movable painted scenery had not yet been devised; but stage properties, some of which served as elements of scenery, were numerous; rocks and tombs, stairs and steeples, banks and bay-trees, are enumerated in an old inventory. Costumes were often rich and costly. In front of the stage ran curtains which could be drawn and withdrawn as was needful, and at the back of the stage similar curtains, named "traverses," occupied the place of our scenery, and could be used for exits and entrances of actors. When a tragedy was represented the stage was sometimes hung with black. Towards the rear of the stage rose an upper stage, from which, when it seemed suitable, part of the dialogue could be spoken. This upper stage might be imagined the walls of a besieged city as in *King John*, or a balcony as in *Romeo and Juliet*, or a stage within the stage as in the play-scene of *Hamlet*. The opening of the play was announced by three soundings or flourishes of the trumpet; during its performance a flag displayed from the roof informed the public in the streets that entertainment was provided for them within. A player wearing a black velvet cloak delivered the prologue. In the intervals of acting the band, stationed below at the side of the stage, helped to beguile the time. Occasionally an epilogue was pronounced; we find that such was the case with *As You Like It*, where the epilogue is spoken by *Rosalind* in prose, and the *Tempest*, where it is spoken by *Prospero* in verse. A prayer for the reigning monarch, recited by the actors kneeling on the stage, closed the piece. But this devout exercise was often immediately preceded or followed by the clown's "jig," a humorous or burlesque effusion in verse, often rhymed, which the merryman sang, sometimes dancing while he sang, to the accompaniment of pipe and tabor. It must be remembered as one of the most important differences between the Elizabethan stage and the stage subsequent to the Restoration of *King Charles II.*, that in the earlier period female parts were taken by boys. "By'r lady," says *Hamlet* to the growing youth who acted the Player Queen, "your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring." And among the possible indignities on which the imagination of the Egyptian queen dwells is that of being presented by the comedians on the stage, where some "squeaking *Cleopatra*" might "boy her greatness." We can well believe that Shakespeare would have rejoiced if it were possible to intrust such parts as those of *Cleo-*

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or thought its poverty an advantage to his art. In the Prologue to *King Henry V.* he apologizes for the very inadequate representation of great historical events, and appeals to the imagination of the spectators to supply the deficiencies of the stage.

A rude sketch of the interior of the Swan Theatre, London, as it was about the year 1596, was not long since brought to light in the University Library, Utrecht. It is from the hand of a learned Dutchman, Johannes de Witt, who

visited England towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth.¹ The stage, strongly supported on timber bulks, is occupied by three actors, and has for all its furniture a bench on which a female figure is seated. Neither curtains nor traverses appear. At the back of the stage, which is open to the weather, is the tiring-room, to which two doors give entrance, and above this rises a covered balcony or row of boxes occupied by spectators, but available at need for the actors. The trumpeter is seen at the door of a covered chamber near the gallery-root, and from its summit floats a flag having upon it the figure of a swan. The form of the building is oval. No other drawing of the interior of an Elizabethan theatre is known to exist.

Assuming that Shakespeare, after the alleged deer-stealing adventure, left Stratford for London in 1586 or 1587, we can hardly suppose that any of the work which has come down to us was written before 1589. He had much to learn, which could not be learnt in a day. At a considerably later date he was still a workman in his apprenticeship to the dramatic craft, engaged in rehandling the work of Greene and Marlowe. He continued to write for the stage until 1611 or perhaps 1613. Thus his entire career as a dramatist covers some twenty or at most five-and-twenty years. Various attempts have been made by Shakespeare scholars to distinguish the successive stages in the development of his genius, and to classify his plays in a series of chronological groups. The latest attempt is that of a learned French Orientalist, who is also a well-informed student of English literature, M. James Darmesteter. It is substantially identical with that which I had myself proposed, a division of the total twenty or twenty-five years of Shakespeare's authorship into four periods of unequal length, to which I had given names intended to lay hold of the student's memory, names which, without being fanciful, should be striking and easy to bear in mind. The earliest period I called "In the Workshop," meaning by this the term of apprenticeship and tentative effort; the years which immediately followed, during which Shakespeare, though a master of his art, dwelt much on the broad surface of human life, years represented by the best English histories and some of the brightest comedies, I named "In the World." To indicate the third period, that of the serious, dark, or bitter comedies, and those great tragedies in which the poet makes his searching inquisition into evil, the title "Out of the Depths" served sufficiently well. Finally, for the closing period, when the romantic comedies, at once grave and glad—*Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*—were written, I chose the name "On the Heights," signifying thereby that in these exquisite plays Shakespeare had attained an altitude from which he saw human life in a clear and solemn vision, looking down through a pellucid atmosphere upon human joys and sorrows with a certain aloofness or disengagement, yet at the same time with a tender and pathetic interest. The names adopted by M. Darmesteter may, if the reader chooses, replace those which I

¹ See "Zur Kenntnis der Altenglischen Bühne," by Karl Theodor Gaedertz (Bremen, 1888).

ventured to offer, only the reader should be on his guard against the notion that at any time either what we now term "pessimism" or what we term "optimism" formed the creed, or any portion of the creed, of Shakespeare. According to M. Darnesteter the first period extends from 1588 to 1593; he names it "*Les Années d'Apprentissage*;" it is succeeded by the "*Période d'Épanouissement*" (1593-1601); upon which follows the "*Période Pessimiste*" (1601-8); and the great career closes with the rolling away of clouds and the outbeaming of a serene sun in the "*Période Optimiste*" (1608-13).

In the study of the chronology of Shakespeare's plays the larger results may be considered as certain. Much was done long since to determine the order of the plays by Malone. The dates of the publication of the early quartos, the dates of the entries of plays in the registers of the Stationers' Company, mention of the plays, or allusion to them or quotations from them, in contemporary writings, references in the plays themselves to recent historical events or incidents of the day, quotations made by Shakespeare from books of known date—evidence of these various kinds had accumulated long since in the hands of students of the drama, and had sufficed to ascertain the Shakespearian chronology at least in outline. The internal evidence derived from the changes of the dramatist's style and diction, passing from the studious elaborateness of such a play as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* to the subtlety in swiftness of utterance in such a play as *The Tempest*, came to the aid of evidence that was wholly or in part external. If classical allusions were crowded and often inappropriate, if puns and forced conceits were frequent, if the expression of strong feeling swelled into bombast, it was easy to perceive that the play must be of an early or comparatively early date. If the structure of the play and the grouping of the characters were stiff and symmetrical, it could hardly belong to the later stages of Shakespeare's authorship. If the characterization were faint or overbroad, if the thoughts on human life were slight and superficial, if the wit was verbal and shallow, if the humour was unmingled with pathos, again we might infer that the work was one of the poet's earlier years. No one who read the *Comedy of Errors* and *Measure for Measure* could suppose that they lay near one another in point of time; no one could suppose that *Romeo and Juliet*, full of true passion and beauty as it is, could be followed without a great interval by *Antony and Cleopatra*. In recent years the study of changes which Shakespeare's versification underwent has in a striking manner confirmed the results previously attained, and perhaps has added something to them. As he grew to be a master of his craft the poet came to feel that rhyme rather interrupted than aided the expression of dramatic feeling; having employed rhyme at first freely, and then with reserve, he finally discarded it altogether. At the same time his blank verse underwent various changes, which may all be summed up in the general statement that it became less mechanical and more vital, less formally regular and more swift, subtle and complex—complex not with the intricacy of mecha-

nical arrangement but with the mystery and the movement of life. The flow of the verse became freer; it paused less frequently at the close of the line; it ran into subtly modulated periods; it adapted itself to the expression of every varying mood of feeling; it overleaped the allotted ten syllables, or gathered itself up into a narrower space as the movement of passion required; it was no longer the decorated raiment but rather the living body of the idea.

Shakespeare's years of apprenticeship produced tentative work of the most various kinds, and constantly growing in excellence of handling. Although himself no classical scholar, in the higher sense of that word, and but slightly, if at all, acquainted at first hand with Italian literature, his early plays and poems exhibit the Renaissance influences derived from classical themes, Latin models in tragedy and comedy, and the glad-coloured or sad-coloured literature of the south. "Titus Andronicus," writes an excellent critic, "in many of its characteristic features, reflects the form of Roman tragedy almost universally accepted and followed in the earlier period of the drama. . . . The Medea and Thyestes of Seneca are crowded with Pagan horrors of the most revolting kind. It is true these horrors are usually related, not represented, although in the Medea the maddened heroine kills her children on the stage. But from these tragedies the conception of the physically horrible as an element of tragedy was imported into the early English drama, and intensified by the realistic tendency which the events of the time and the taste of their ruder audiences had impressed upon the common stages." With respect to Titus Andronicus, however, we must remember that, in all probability, Shakespeare is not responsible for its horrors and shames. He may possibly have begun his worldly career as a butcher's apprentice at Stratford-on-Avon. We are not compelled to believe that his dramatic career opened in the slaughter-house. If, to aid his theatrical fellows, he retouched the old play of Titus Andronicus, he certainly took no pleasure in lopped limbs and the reek of blood. If for an hour he was brought into contact with the tragedy of gross and material horror, it was only that he might turn away from it for ever. Whether he wrote a few lines of the play here and a few lines there, or wrote them not, concerns us but little; the play taken as a whole may justly be described as of the pre-Shakespearian school.

The influence of Latin comedy is seen in the Comedy of Errors. While the main subject was derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, some hints were also taken from his *Amphitruo*. But if Seneca was too heavy for Shakespeare, Plautus was somewhat too light. Our dramatist, indeed, complicates the plot and diversifies the mirthful entanglements, making the fun fly faster by adding to the twin-brothers Antipholus their twin-attendants Dromio. But he adds also a serious background, and towards the close he rises for a little space from mirth to pathos. The ingenious construction of the play, its skilful network of incidents, its bright intricacy which never falls into confusion are remarkable, for Shakespeare is commonly credited with having paid but little attention to his plots.

Love's Labour's Lost may be earlier in date than the Comedy of Errors. It was perhaps the first independent play of Shakespeare's authorship, but, as we have received it, the work is considerably altered from the original version. Gervinus has remarked that the tone of the Italian school prevails here more than in any other play: "In the burlesque parts of Love's Labour's Lost we meet with two favourite characters or caricatures of the Italian comedy; the Pedant, that is the schoolmaster and grammarian, and the military Braggart, the Thraso of the Latin, the 'Captain Spavento' of the Italian stage." Shakespeare, however, did not merely reproduce dramatic types or stock figures; he had his eye on the affectations and mannerisms of his own day. It is as if someone of our generation were to make his debut by a theatrical satire on the so-called aesthetes of a few years since, with skits at our fashionable scientific pedantry, our woman's-rights movement, and other admired modes of the time. There is in Love's Labour's Lost an impatience of folly, dullness, and ineptitude which is a happy symptom of youth. Something of the writer's youthful philosophy also appears in the play; it is a dramatic pleading against shaping our lives by narrow rules and artificial systems. Let us not confine ourselves within a pale of petty regulations—such is Shakespeare's teaching—but rather launch forth into the world, and have faith in that broad wisdom or good sense which comes by natural methods, a wisdom won through joy and pain, through frank dealing with our fellows, through the lore of life and love. In certain speeches of Biron we seem to hear the authentic voice of the youthful Shakespeare.

The Comedy of Errors is a comedy of incidents—almost a farce; Love's Labour's Lost is a comedy of dialogue; in The Two Gentlemen of Verona Shakespeare made his first essay in what we may call romantic narrative comedy. The scene is Italy, the land of romance for the imagination of Elizabethan England. Some of the incidents seem to be derived from a Spanish pastoral romance and some from a tale by Boccaccio. Love and friendship and their mutual relations form the general theme. The play is the harbinger of some of the most exquisite of the later comedies, and contains a series of sketches which were afterwards worked up into finished pictures. Julia in her male disguise announces, as it were, the more graceful disguisers Viola and Rosalind, Portia and Imogen. The wit combats of clowns have a fascination for Shakespeare or for his audience, but in Launce appears something better—the first of those vulgar humorists who enrich the stage with so much of mirth and the wisdom of mirth, and lacking whom the garden in Illyria and the glades of Arden would appear half-desolate. The Two Gentlemen of Verona would seem to have been written with careful elaboration; the characters are arranged so as to balance each other with a somewhat artificial regularity; the imagery and versification are studiously wrought. The defects of the plot arise perhaps from the fact that it was the author's first experiment in what I have termed romantic narrative comedy. He was not yet a master in the art of construction; if the

subject favoured him the plot of a play might be excellent; if it did not favour him, the scenes might hang somewhat loosely together.

Another experiment, and in an altogether different direction, was made in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is in part a perfect piece of lyrical poetry, in part a very imperfect drama. The characterization of the lovers is faint and pale; their quarrels and reconciliations interest us little; they are indeed invented to be the sport of accident, and so cannot be strongly drawn. But the fairy poetry was a new and exquisite creation in English literature; and the English stage had previously possessed no group of humorous figures to compare with that formed by "sweet bully Bottom" and his compeers. The scene is again classic ground, and the time is that of classical antiquity; but the spirit of the play is essentially romantic. Theseus is a great mediæval knight or an Elizabethan noble; his Amazonian bride Hippolyta might as well be some gracious English *châtelaine*. Everything in the play mingles with its opposite in dream-like fashion—the modern and the antique, London and Athens, the moonlight elves and the rude mechanicals, the jests of fairyland and the vexations of mortal lovers, fancy and frolic, magnificence and grotesqueness, drollery and romance.

Of these early comedies in which Shakespeare was experimenting in various directions, no one is quite a dramatic masterpiece. Evidences of the 'prentice hand appear in each—here in tediousness of dialogue, here in artificial arrangement of the figures, here in faulty construction of the plot, here in feebleness of characterization, here in languor of style, and here in undramatic development of the imagery. But each of these plays contains something admirable, something which no writer of the time except Shakespeare could have created; taken together they make up a great achievement for a poet's early years, and give unmistakable prediction of the higher work which is to follow. It is worth noting how often in this first group of comedies the mirth is derived not from the deeper things of the spirit, but from odd surprises, mistakes of identity, disguisings, bewilderments, and confusion; in a word, from what is external and accidental rather than from what is intimately related with character.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the lyrical poet in Shakespeare more nearly overmasters the dramatist than in any other of his plays. In *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* the dramatist causes some embarrassment to the narrative poet. Shakespeare's endeavour in the earlier of the two is first to paint in the manner of an artist of the Renaissance a glowing picture of the enamoured Queen of Love; and secondly, to invent elaborate speeches for his two chief personages in that style of high-wrought fantasy which was the fashion of the time. He succeeded in his endeavour, and the poem delighted a generation of young readers. But the *Venus and Adonis* has all the errors of a poet's early work and all the vices of the Elizabethan style. It is full of florid beauties; it is infinitely sweet in its versification; but ingenuity too often replaces passion, and

the narrative is perpetually checked by elaborate exercises of fancy. The companion poem *Locrine* reverses the motive of the *Venus*; in the *Venus* feminine passion strives against boyish coldness; here male lust makes its assault on womanly chastity. Deep notes are sounded by the poet, radiant heights are touched; but he cannot in these poems transcend the manner of his age. He follows rather than leads. Having made these brilliant essays in a province not properly his own, Shakespeare, notwithstanding the popularity of both poems, seems to have recognized the fact that here his genius could not find its true sphere, and he never again attempted the miniature epic.

While engaged on his early comedies Shakespeare was also at work on historical tragedy. But here he attained artistic independence only by degrees, and at first he was manifestly in tutelage to his great predecessor Marlowe. The authorship of the first part of *Henry VI.* is not ascertained; it probably received additions from Shakespeare's hand; but we may say of this play, as we have said of *Titus Andronicus*, that it is essentially pre-Shakespearian. In the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* the work of Shakespeare is found side by side with that of Marlowe, and the pupil proved himself so apt that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to distinguish his contributions from those of the master. The younger poet had much to learn from the mighty wielder of blank verse who had poured into the English drama the life-blood of passion and an unquenchable ardour of imagination. In the tragedy of *King Richard III.* Shakespeare completed the tetralogy of the house of York, and he sustained and even developed the Marlowesque style of the earlier dramas. "This only of all Shakespeare's plays," says Mr. Swinburne, "belongs absolutely to the school of Marlowe. The influence of the elder master, and that influence alone, is perceptible from end to end. . . . It is as fiery in passion, as single in purpose, as rhetorical often though never so inflated in expression, as *Tamburlaine* itself." The protagonist, as in the tragedies of Marlowe, is thrust forward and dominates the whole play. Its opening is in the manner of Marlowe—an exordium in the form of a soliloquy.

The tetralogy of the House of Lancaster opens with *King Richard II.* Whether that play was chronologically a little earlier or a little later than *King Richard III.* we shall do well to group the three parts of *King Henry VI.* with *King Richard III.*, connected as they are by their subject, and closely related by their Marlowesque style. *King Richard II.*, it seems to me, while historically the first of the series of plays which is continued in *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.*, in point of style, and perhaps also in the date of its production, lies close to *King John*. In both plays Shakespeare has almost entirely delivered himself from the influence of Marlowe, though some scenes of *King Richard II.* were not written without a vivid recollection of passages in Marlowe's English historical drama. In both plays Shakespeare seems to be feeling after a way of his own—that manner which was perfected in *King Henry IV.*; in both plays rhyme is freely used, much more freely, however, in *King Richard II.*, which is certainly

earlier in the chronological order than King John; from both plays prose is absent. The subjects are not historically connected; King John stands apart from both the Lancastrian and the Yorkist series. But there is this in common between King John and King Richard II., that in each the dramatist studies the ruin of his country as caused by evil or incompetent rule, and in each he sounds some of those trumpet-notes of patriotic enthusiasm which must have echoed gloriously in the hearts of men who had witnessed the recent overthrow of the Armada. The poet does not often deal in mere panegyric of his native land, and he can smile humorously at the foibles of his countrymen; he doubtless felt that it is the part of a genuine patriot to make keen inquiry into the sources of national disaster and defection. But twice or three times his pride and joy in the glorious land of his birth must have an outbreak:

Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

With such a trumpet-note King John closes. And amid Gaunt's prophetic fears upon his death-bed appears the vision of England as it had been and might be again—

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This blessed spot, the earth, this realm, this England.

In King John the feebleness of foreign policy, in King Richard II. the vices of domestic government are censured. In each play individual strength and courage are honoured; in King John the hope of England centres in the person of Cœur de Lion's bastard son, a mediæval John Bull cased in armour; in King Richard II. such salvation as is possible must come from the aspiring Bolingbroke, "one still strong man in a blatant land." Not that Shakespeare justifies usurpation; the crime will surely work out its evil effects, but even the usurping Bolingbroke as compared with the sentimental Richard—a royal poseur—may be regarded as a "saviour of society."

Romantic tragedy as distinguished from historical is represented by one work of early date. Romeo and Juliet stands alone as the lyrical tragedy of youth and love and death. The poet in Shakespeare, as we have said, somewhat embarrassed the dramatist in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the dramatist embarrassed the poet in the *Rape of Lucrece*. Here, in *Romeo and Juliet*, each aids the other, and the result is a work harmonious and triumphant, in which song and speech become one or something rarer than either is born of the two. The play has no secondary action; our interest from first to last is centred upon the star-crossed lovers. Varying from his original, Shakespeare has accelerated the action of the story, so that the movement of the piece acquires a lyric swiftness and its passion a lyric intensity. Here for the first time on the English

stage the terror of tragedy became beautiful. The spectator in the presence of untimely death and all the apparatus of the grave is not overwhelmed by gross horror, but sustained by the presence of beauty and the very chivalry of young love. There are tokens of immature workmanship in some portions of the play; inopportune conceits, overstrained ingenuities, over-florid diction; but we note such errors of style only to make us feel more vividly that in *Romeo and Juliet* we have still to do with the greatest of poets in his prime, when his adult art has not yet lost all traces of its adolescence. The mastery of his material appears as much in the humorous scenes as in the tragic. When we reflect that *Mercutio* and the Nurse are but subordinate figures we obtain some measure of the writer's affluence of creative power.

But unlike "*Juliet and her Romeo*" there are lovers on whom all the stars shed favourable influence. In the *Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare makes amends for the piteousness of his tragedy by expending his finest art in making two human creatures happy. The play, as I take it, stands midway in the chronological sequence of the comedies between the earlier group of which I have spoken, and those later comedies which lie close, on either side, to the year 1600. In versification it has something in common with the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, although its blank verse is far more vigorous and dramatic. In its strength and beauty of characterization it might take a place by the side of *Much Ado about Nothing* or *Twelfth Night*. The story of the caskets and the story of the pound of flesh are skilfully intertangled. The deeper interest of the play is over with the fourth act; but in the fifth we have a delightful epilogue; a counterfeit lovers' quarrel must put an edge on the bliss of *Bassanio* and *Portia*. If any single thought presides over the double action of the comedy and reappears in a playful way in the fifth act it has reference to the moral force of bonds and promises and inherited obligations; but we must not, like the German critics, reduce the play, full as it is of life and its joys, to an abstraction. In none of the previous comedies can such breadth and strength of portraiture be found as here in the figure of *Shylock*. And even *Juliet* seems but a passionate child of the South when compared with the gracious lady of *Belmont*, so richly endowed with gifts of mind, so firm of will, so buoyant of temper, so noble in her serious moods, so charming in her play, so great a giver, yet so delicate in her art of giving.

From comedy Shakespeare returned to history; from Italy he returned to England. In the two parts of *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.* he brought his series of English historical plays to a close. The progress is great from *King Richard II.* and *King John*. The dramatist has almost escaped from the trammels of rhyme, and he has learnt all the advantages of alternating verse with prose. He knows how to ally the historical drama with comedy now, not merely by an occasional scene (like that of *Jack Cade* and his followers), but by the presence of a great humorous personage. The royal *Bolingbroke*, worn and

saddened by the weight of an usurper's crown, which yet he will not resign till death discrown him, is at once a majestic and a pathetic figure. But he is almost overshadowed by the ample figure of King Falstaff on his tavern throne. A French critic has placed Falstaff by the side of Panurge and Sancho as one of the humorous trinity created by the Renaissance imagination; but these seem compounded of simple elements when compared with the rich amalgam of comic qualities which make up Sir John. He disappears of sad yet glorious necessity before we set foot on the embattled plains of France. On the stern field of Agincourt there is no place for a champion so considerate on behalf of his own fat carcass, and therefore Jack Falstaff must needs take refuge from an ungrateful world in "Arthur's bosom."

With the reign of Henry V. and the King's laughing prophecy to his bride of a son "that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard," Shakespeare almost touches the point from which he had at first set out—the reign of Henry VI. His portraits of English kings comprise that of the pseudo-saint, a sorry plaything of circumstance, Henry VI.; the bold criminal, a warped creature of demoniac force, Richard III.; the royal voluptuary and sentimentalist, Richard II.; the usurper strong and prudent, Henry IV., master of men and events so far as they can be controlled by anxious care and firm volition; and finally Henry V., in whom a frank goodness is at one with a genius for empire and for battle. He is Shakespeare's ideal King of England, his ideal man of action. Around him as around its centre the loyalty of England, Scotland, Wales is organized. But while thus presenting a series of historical portraits Shakespeare also traces the logic of historical events, and exhibits the law of moral retribution in process from generation to generation, the abiding and living influence of good and evil deeds. We read in his plays, and with a remarkable degree of fulness and faithfulness, the ethics of English history, deduced from the day of Bolingbroke's challenge of Norfolk to the day when Richard and Elizabeth entered on their heritage of loyalty and power.

These studies in English history gave breadth to Shakespeare's view of the world; they saved him from any danger there may have been of his narrowing as dramatist into an interpreter of the mere romance of personal passion. And in shaping for artistic purposes the substantial matter of history, as he found it crudely presented in the chronicle of Holinshed, he gained strength and skill of hand; he could not here be fantastic; he could not permit himself to be misled by ingenuities and conceits; he must take his material as it was given to him, discover where it would yield and where it would resist, and so by prudent dealing mould it into dramatic form.

It was probably while he was at work on the English historical plays, but at what precise date is undetermined, that Shakespeare made his recast of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, and wrote the admirably humorous *Induction*. We have good reason for believing that the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was an offshoot from

King Henry IV. In the Shrew Shakespeare followed the lead of his dramatic predecessor; in *The Merry Wives* he worked by command, and, if we may trust the tradition, with unusual haste. The humour of both plays has something in common with that of the lower scenes of the later English histories. It would seem as if Shakespeare had carried over into comedy some of the roughness and realism of the comic part of the historical drama into which necessarily the romantic could not enter. Katherine is a very enjoyable whirlwind in petticoats; but we cannot place her by the side of Beatrice or Rosalind. English low life is presented in the miniature farce of Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, pedlar, bear-herd, card-maker, and tinker; English middle-class life in the *Fords and Pages of Windsor*, with their laughing dames, that comely English maiden sweet Anne Page, her valiant lover young Master Slender, and the learned justice Robert Shallow, of the county of Gloucester, esquire. In King Henry V. the Welshman plays his part and diverts the audience with his courageous innocence and his "prave 'orts;" there is also some pretty fooling of the Princess Katherine in her French-English. Here in *The Merry Wives* the Welsh parson displays another kind of valour from that of Fluellen with a like valorous maiming of the King's English, and is paired over against the French doctor, whose passion is so cruelly cozened at the close. From plump Jack Falstaff drinking water of Thames amid a redundancy of foul linen we piously avert our eyes.

The same buoyant temper which animates King Henry V. and gives its breezy freshness to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is sustained in the romantic comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Beatrice and Benedick are perhaps a re-incarnation, and in a finer stage of existence, of Rosaline and Biron in the early comedy, which about this time Shakespeare revised and partly rewrote. How the gayest spirits may be allied with good breeding Beatrice will show us; she is not only witty, but also brave, generous, and wise. And it is delightful to see how a being so delightfully brilliant can be beguiled, not to her destruction but to her own happiness, by the blind leadings of her heart. If cleverness and infinite vivacity need their foil in pompous dulness, we find that also in the play, for Dogberry and Goodman Verges climb to a height of sapient stupidity and majestic ineptitude which borders on the sublime.

Much Ado About Nothing was followed speedily by *As You Like It*, and probably after no long interval by *Twelfth Night*. These three are the sunniest of Shakespeare's comedies. In the woods of Arden, indeed, the sunlight is tempered by green boughs; the good Duke lives in banishment, his daughter has had to fly from the usurper's court, and in Jaques we meet for the first time in Shakespeare's plays the satirist of humanity. But the Duke turns to sweetness his light adversity; Rosalind is not afflicted as she strolls through the woodland lawns which give Orlando shelter; Jaques, the dilettante satirist, is anything but a Timon, and in fact when he rails at mankind is only indulging an idle humour; and have we not Touchstone always at hand, moralist, courtier, critic, lover, poet,

wit, to resolve wisdom's white ray into the prismatic colours of folly? In Twelfth Night all that is most mirthful and all that is most exquisite in the preceding comedies reappear with something of added mirth and grace. Malvolio would be too cruelly abused did not self-love make him his own chief deceiver, and self-importance protect him from some of the anguish of the discovery. The play has the gaiety and the good sense of the best comedies of Molière, with a tenderness and romantic beauty which lay beyond the art of the French dramatist.

In the three comedies which follow these, and which bring the series for the present to a close—*All's Well that Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida*¹—a different spirit prevails. The strong-willed heroine of *All's Well* is a figure almost suited to tragedy; the play is a serious study of the trials of heart of a woman who would strengthen and save a man above her in rank but far below her in character, one who through her aid alone can attain to moral worth and dignity. Parolles is almost too pitiful in his meanness to be a comic personage; the exposure of his cowardice is hardly worth the trouble it costs. The sunshine and frolic of *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* have disappeared; there is something forced in the laughter, or at least it is laughter which may quickly die away even if it should not turn to bitterness. *Measure for Measure* is more than grave; it would be dark were it not illuminated by the white light of Isabella's chastity. The vileness of a corrupt city is set before us with a painful realism. There are deep searchings and probings of the evil and deceitful heart of man. We are in the presence of death which is the fruit of sin, and life, the tender, florid life, shrinks back amazed and appalled from the grave and those vague vast regions to which it is the portal. But virtue stands embodied in Isabel, and providential forethought in the Duke, and therefore we are saved from despair. *Measure for Measure* is classed among the comedies, but it is a comedy which has gone astray and wandered uncertainly to the very borders of the realm of tragedy. Still more remote, however, from the true spirit of comedy is *Troilus and Cressida*. If *Measure for Measure* is dark, it is not bitter; the world which contains an Isabel is not a worthless or contemptible world. But in *Troilus and Cressida* life lies before us like an unweeded garden, "things rank and gross in nature possess it merely." I have elsewhere styled the play "the comedy of disillusion." We are introduced to heroic personages in order that we may be for ever cured of hero-worship. Troilus indeed is a gallant youth, but are we sure that he will remain as generous and ardent when he escapes from his boyish love-illusions? Ulysses is worldly wisdom embodied; but there is no ray of the heavenly to illuminate and consecrate this wisdom. The dog-like Thersites rails at all that we had supposed noble; we know that he is a dog, but is there not after all a vein of coarse plebeian truth in the railer's words? This is not a comedy gone astray, but a satire on human existence thrown into dramatic form.

¹ About the date of *Troilus*, however, there is some uncertainty.

All the indications derived from Shakespeare's writings seem to point to the conclusion that there was a period of his life when, as Hallam says, "his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience." We may take the year 1600 as a convenient date for marking the turn in Shakespeare's temper, which, however, was of course not a thing of an hour or a day. And it may be that in the obscure confessions of the Sonnets we find the key which unlocks the secrets of their writer's heart. That he passed about this time through a moral crisis seems certain. If we may trust the Sonnets, he had given away his affections to a friend who wronged him, and though in the end Shakespeare transcended his sense of injury, the pain and indignation left a deposit in his spirit. But, what was worse, he had himself chiefly to blame. He had yielded to the fascination of an unworthy love, and was betrayed by her who had played with all her art upon his passions, as a musician might play upon the strings of a lute; his pleasure, which at no time had been free from prickings of remorse, turned in the end to bitterness. These experiences left him in no fit mood for the making of mirth; but if they darkened they deepened his knowledge of the human heart and its mysteries of passion. "The memory of hours misspent," goes on Hallam, soberest of critics, "the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character—the censurer of mankind."

Mr. James Darmesteter, as I have already mentioned, names the period during which Shakespeare produced his great tragedies and the darker comedies the Pessimist period. I cannot accept the name. Shakespeare's nearest approach to what we call pessimism is not in Lear, nor even in Timon; it is in the comedy of Troilus and Cressida, which I believe preceded these. As soon as Shakespeare set himself in the tragedies to a deeper study of the human heart and a more searching inquisition of evil, he made a fresh and higher discovery of human virtue. By the side of the captive Lear stands Cordelia, whose spirit is calm with the strength of self-sacrificial love. Edgar, the true justiciary, remains victor over the fallen body of Edmund. If Timon despairs, it is because his heart was always weak, because he had lived among dreams and had never grasped the facts of life. No; Shakespeare was neither pessimist nor optimist; but a penetrating student of man's heart, who would deny neither the evil nor the good, neither the dark recesses of crime nor the illuminated heights of virtue.

Two of the tragedies, the earliest in date, seem to me to stand somewhat apart from the rest—Hamlet and Julius Caesar. I have called them "tragedies of reflection" as distinguished from the tempestuous tragedies of passion such as King Lear, Othello, and Timon. They may have preceded in the chronological order the joyless comedies of Measure for Measure and Troilus and Cressida. Neither

Hamlet nor Brutus, who is the hero of the play of Julius Caesar, is led on to destruction by his own passions; both are students, and we may say, philosophers; both are idealists; but Hamlet's ideals are laid waste and the world grows sterile to his view; Brutus, on the contrary, lives and dies fortified by the moral doctrine which shuts him in from a true knowledge of the facts of existence and the characters of men; both Hamlet and Brutus are summoned to act on great occasions, and to both ideas are more real than deeds. Brutus indeed can act, and act with energy, but he misjudges men and events. Hamlet sees things more truly, but in him the continuous energy of the will is sapped, partly by excess of reflective power, partly by a barren despair about life. The errors of each arise, in a measure at least, from a certain nobility of character. They fall, but not dishonoured; we feel that they are spirits too erect or too delicate for the world of fraud and violence in which it was their fate to move. In King Henry V. Shakespeare had presented a great man of action, a master of events. When we have given him the meed of admiration which is his due, we let him pass upon his glorious way. Hamlet, who is no master of events, who executes his purpose desperately at last and as it were by chance-medley, whose life has effected so little that, comparing it with his great endowments, we may call it a failure, interests us profoundly, and we return again and again to gaze into the shadowy precincts of his thought, and can never quite satisfy our curiosity.

Of the great tragedies of passion which follow I will not attempt to speak. Perhaps the least inadequate word ever said respecting them is that fine extravagance of Goethe in Wilhelm Meister: "They are no fictions (*Gedichte*). You would think while reading them, you stood before the unclosed awful Books of Fate, while the whirlwind of most impassioned life was howling through the leaves, and tossing them fiercely to and fro." And the speaker in Goethe's romance goes on to tell of their tenderness as well as their strength, their calm as well as their force. ("Ich bin über die Stärke und Zartheit, über die Gewalt und Ruhe so erstaunt, &c.") These terrible leaves of the Book of Fate, which we name Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Antony, and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon, are all concerned with the breaches of the law wrought by passion, the rending of the bonds of loyalty, of wedlock, of filial duty, of love of country and love of humanity; they represent man at odds with the moral order of things; they exhibit evil in its incubation and in its temporary triumph; passion in its complexity of motion, its occult movements, its outbreak and violent fluctuations. But the effect left on the spirit of the reader or spectator of these plays is not one of disorder. The laws of human life are not shaken; the pillars of the divine order stand sure. Even though Cordelia lie strangled upon the lap of Lear we do not despair: "Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense."

There are few transitions in literature more remarkable than that from Shakespeare's tragedies of passion to the romantic plays, so grave and yet so glad, of his closing years of authorship. It is the transition from tempest, with

its lightnings and thunderings, to a wide and illuminated calm. The writer of these exquisite plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, has none of the lightness of heart which is the property of youth; he knows the wrongs of life; he sees the errors of men; but he seems to have found a resting-place of faith, hope, charity. The dissonances are resolved into a harmony; the spirit of the plays is one of large benignity; they tell of the blessedness of the forgiveness of injuries; they show how broken bonds between heart and heart may be repaired and reunited; each play closes with a victory of love. In Shakespeare's part of the drama of *Pericles* several of the motives more fully developed in the later plays are introduced; it is the story of loss and recovery, through trial and sorrow, of a beloved child. In *Cymbeline* husband and wife are parted and for a while unjustly estranged, but only that the joy of reunion may be more exquisite; while, at the same moment, a royal father, after years of sorrow for their disappearance, regains his long-lost sons. In *The Winter's Tale* husband and wife are again, and more cruelly, estranged; their infant daughter is believed to have perished by a barbarous death; but at the last all Hermione's wrongs are forgiven in her silent embrace of Leontes, and are recompensed, as far as recompense is possible, by her possession of the child, now in all the bloom of early womanhood, for whose loss she had so long lamented. In *The Tempest* grievous wrong has been wrought, and now the injured Duke of Milan has all the ill-doers in his power; but he has come to feel that "the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance;" he uses his supernatural power to soften the hearts of the offenders, as far as that is possible with any of them, and then he wins back their love by his forgiveness. And here again the wisdom of those who attain through suffering is contrasted with the beautiful joy of youth which as yet has known no sorrow. Again there is a lost child restored—Ferdinand to his father the King of Naples; and again there is a rare environment of natural beauty, the strange sea and the island of enchantment, more wonderful, yet hardly more quickening to the spirit, than the stormy ocean and wide sea-coast of *Pericles*, the wild Welsh mountains of *Cymbeline*, the fields with primrose and daffodil of *The Winter's Tale*. The wrongs of life and how they may be transcended, trials of the affections; triumphs of fortitude and patience; magnanimous self-possession under suffering; love purified by grief, and in the end supreme over all; wisdom of the intellect at one with moral wisdom; the radiant joy of young and pure hearts:—these are the themes of Shakespeare's latest plays. Yet no moral is ever obtruded; the dramatist is intent only on duly presenting his characters and evolving their action. If the Shakespearian fragment *Pericles* be viewed as a kind of prologue to this group of plays, we may describe the Shakespearian fragment of *King Henry VIII.* as its epilogue. The same spirit in a great measure presides over this play, although, of course, its historical character causes that spirit to be the same with a difference. Queen Katherine is a Hermione of English history;

she has a like dignity, a like magnanimous courage in adversity. It may be, as Dr. Garnett ingeniously argues, that *The Tempest* is Shakespeare's last complete play, and we gladly accept the idea of Campbell that the great enchanter of the imaginary world of the drama bade farewell to the stage in the person of his own Prospero; with him foreswore his magic art, broke his staff of power, and sunk his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound." If this be so, we may suppose that both *The Tempest* and its author's contribution to the pageant play of King Henry VIII. were written in his retirement at Stratford, and reflect the harmonious wisdom of his years of rural leisure.

Looking back over the events of Shakespeare's life, and the series of his plays and poems, observing especially the Sonnets, where we may well believe the poet expresses his own feelings in his own person, we seem to see a man not naturally self-contained and self-possessed, but sensitive, eager, ardent, of strong passions, quick imagination, universal sympathy; at the same time a man with a central sanity of mind, and one for whom wisdom, knowledge, and self-control were constantly growing powers. So his material life, after certain errors natural to his temperament, was conducted to a prosperous issue; and his ideal life, passing through shine and shadow, touching all heights and depths of human experience, attained at the close a high table-land where the light is clear and steadfast and the finest airs of heaven are breathed by man. He sees human existence widely, calmly, with a temperate heart, with eyes purged and purified. And he sees perhaps not only the vision of life, but through it to deeper and larger things beyond. Shakespeare does not tell us what he saw when he looked beyond life with those calm experienced eyes. It was not his province to report such things to us as if he were God's spy. But assuredly he saw nothing which confused or clouded his soul; else he could not feel towards this our mortal life so purely, wisely, gently; else the great enchanter, this Prospero of ours, could not so tranquilly resign his magic robe and staff, dismiss his airy spirits, and piously accept the duties of mere manhood.¹

III.

Before passing on to speak of the growth of Shakespeare's fame a word may here be said of the doubtful plays of Shakespeare, or, as several of them may certainly be named, the pseudo-Shakespearian plays. Of these plays one early historical drama and one late romantic comedy have the best claim to contain work from Shakespeare's hand. *The Raigne of King Edward the Third* was entered on the Stationers' Register, Dec. 1, 1595, and was published in quarto in 1596. There is no external evidence to connect Shakespeare with the play,

¹ In this paragraph I have appropriated a few sentences from an article of mine entitled "Shakespeare's Wisdom of Life," which I have not reprinted since its first appearance.

but Capell in his prologues of 1760 called attention to a resemblance in style between this work and Shakespeare's "earlier performances," and to the fact that Holinshed's *Chronicles* and Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (both books having been certainly used by Shakespeare for the plots of plays) supplied the fable. Mr. Fleay believes that *Edward III.* was a play of Marlowe's which Shakespeare altered and revised. The Shakespearian part he holds to be from the entrance of King Edward in the last scene of act i. to the end of act ii. "For myself," writes Mr. Swinburne, who has made a careful study of the play, "I am, and have always been, perfectly satisfied with one single and simple piece of evidence that Shakespeare had not a finger in the concoction of *King Edward III.* He was the author of *King Henry V.*" If any man of common judgment, Mr. Swinburne adds, can be found to maintain the theory of Shakespeare's possible partnership in the composition of the play, "such a man will assuredly admit that the only discernible or imaginable touches of his hand are very slight, very few, and very early." This last statement expresses sufficiently nearly my own opinion. In the portion of *King Edward III.* ascribed to Shakespeare by Mr. Fleay, the amorous king makes an attempt upon the honour of the Countess of Salisbury, which is met by a spirited repulse. With a reference to the Roman *Lucrece* the king, now brought to his better mind, addresses her:

Arise true English lady: whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
The vain endeavours of so many pens.

It seems to me far from probable that the author of the *Rape of Lucrece* is here alluding to his own poem.

The romantic comedy *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is of a much later date, and has certainly a far stronger claim to be considered as in part the work of Shakespeare. It was first printed in 1634, eleven years after our great dramatist's death, and on the title-page it bore his name as joint author with Fletcher. Other external evidence than this there is none. The internal evidence yields a doubtful result. Several eminent critics—Coleridge, Hallam, Dyce, Sidney Walker, Mr. Swinburne, and others—have accepted the theory of Shakespeare's joint authorship, and schemes for the distribution of the acts and scenes between Fletcher and Shakespeare have been proposed.¹ But it is a remarkable fact that one of the most accomplished and careful students of the play, Professor Spalding, who in 1833 published an essay in which he endeavoured, with singular fineness of criticism, to draw the line between Shakespeare's handiwork and Fletcher's, declared in 1840 that his opinion was then "not so decided as it once was," and wrote in 1847 with increasing doubts

¹ Shakespeare's part: Act I. (except part of sc. ii.). Act II. sc. i. Act III. sc. i. ii. Act IV. sc. iii. Act V. (except sc. ii.).

that "the question of Shakespeare's share in this play is really insoluble." What happened in Spalding's case has probably happened with not a few persons, who at one time were assured that the hand of Shakespeare can be discerned in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The parts ascribed to him seem to grow less like his work in thought, feeling, and expression, as we, so to speak, live with them. The resemblance which at first impressed us so strongly seems to fade, or, if it remains, to be at most something superficial. At the present moment the drift of opinion is rather in favour of assigning the play to Fletcher and Massinger. The subject of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is the story of Palamon and Arcite (told by Chaucer in his *Knights Tale*), with which a wretched underplot, the work of Fletcher, is connected.

No intelligent reader of *Lochner*, *Mucedorus*, *The London Prodigal*, *The Puritan*, *The Life and Death of Thomas Cromwell*, *The History of Sir John Oldcastle*, *Fair Em*, *The Birth of Merlin*, can suppose that a single line was contributed to any one of these plays by Shakespeare. It is conceivable that touches from his hand may exist in *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and even in *Arden of Feversham*. But the chance that this is actually the case is exceedingly small. We may therefore set down *King Edward III.* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* as doubtful plays; the rest for which an idle claim has been made, should be named pseudo-Shakespearian.

IV.

While Shakespeare lived his poems circulated widely and received high commendation; his plays were favourites with the people, and were also esteemed by the courtly patrons of the drama. It is probable that for some years after Shakespeare's death the plays of Fletcher were more popular upon the stage than those of any other writer. Ben Jonson was looked on as the great master of the scholarly or classical school of dramatic writing; he was, however, probably more praised by the judicious than enjoyed by the ordinary spectators of the theatre. Taste was deteriorating from Elizabethan days; the manlier temper of the drama was declining; and Shakespeare's plays soon came to be regarded as somewhat old-fashioned. Yet we know that several were enacted before Charles I., and were, as Sir Henry Herbert records in his *Office Book*, "well likte by the kinge." It was one of the virtues—not too numerous—of that loyal courtier and slight poet Sir John Suckling that he knew Shakespeare well; when his portrait was painted by Vandyke he was represented as holding in his left hand a folio on the edge of which is a paper bearing the name Shakespeare. The growth of Puritanism was of course unfavourable to the influence of a dramatic writer; yet Milton, the greatest poet of Puritanism, did honour in his earlier days to Shakespeare's memory in verses which tell of the profound impression made by the dramatist's "Delphic lines," and elsewhere celebrated him in contrast with Jonson, the poet of art and erudition, for "his native

woodnotes wild." It was a grief to William Prynne, the author of *Histrio-Mastix* (1633), that "Shakspeare's Plaies are printed in the best Crowne paper, far better than most Bibles;" but that grief may have been allayed by knowledge of the fact that no "crowne paper" in folio form was used for this unworthy purpose during the period of the struggle against the bishops and the king.

In Restoration days, when the theatres were reopened and possessed the new attraction of actresses in the female parts, there was something like a Shakespearian revival; but it was accompanied with the feeling that though Shakespeare was one of the glories of the elder English stage, he belonged to an age half-barbarous in comparison with one which had been refined by the growth of general culture and by influences derived from France. Killigrew's new theatre in Drury Lane opened with *King Henry IV.* The great actor Betterton appeared in several of Shakespeare's leading characters. The dramatist D'Avenant did honour to his memory. On Oct. 11, 1660, Mr. Samuel Pepys saw the "*Moor of Venice*" at the Cockpit, and on December 5 of the same year at the New Theatre "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*." In later entries in his diary he mentions that he had been present at performances of *Romeo and Juliet*, "a play of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life;" *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, "the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life;" *Twelfth Night*, "a silly play;" *Macbeth*, "a most excellent play for variety;" and to this last he returned again and again. The altered taste of the time made it seem necessary that Shakespeare's plays, in not a few instances, should be recast and modernized, a practice which was continued—and, as may readily be conceived, often with lamentable results—during the eighteenth century. *The Tempest* was altered by D'Avenant and Dryden, with added spectacle and song, new characters, and indecent dialogue. *Antony and Cleopatra* was improved upon by Sedley, *Timon of Athens* by Shadwell, *Cymbeline* by D'Urfey. Songs were written for *Macbeth*; Shylock was introduced at supper drinking a toast to his lady Money; Grunio of the *Taming of the Shrew* became a Scotchman. Tate made Edgar a lover of Cordelia, and gave the tragedy a happy denouement. Fortunately *Hamlet* escaped revision. With this old play even the polite Mr. Pepys was mightily pleased, and above all with Betterton in the leading character, "the best part, I believe, that ever man acted."

Dryden venerated Shakespeare while he admitted (1663) that "others are now generally preferred before him." In "*An Essay on Dramatic Poets*" (1668) he ventures to assert that Shakespeare "was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul;" but Dryden was not insensible to the fact that Shakespeare did not observe the laws of the drama as laid down by the critics whose authority was dominant in the Restoration period. His own *All for Love*, a play on the subject of *Antony and Cleopatra*, was written in blank verse, and he tells us that he professed to imitate

in his style "the divine Shakespeare." "The poet *Æschylus*," he says in his essay *On the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy* (1679), "was held in the same veneration by the Athenians of after ages as Shakespeare is by us." This essay, which shows a more mature appreciation of Shakespeare's genius than appears in Dryden's earlier writings, is supposed by Dr. Johnson to have been occasioned by Thomas Rymer's "*Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined*." In this and subsequent writings the laborious compiler of the *Fœdera* applies to Shakespeare the Aristotelian rules of tragedy, and finds "in the neighing of a horse or the growling of a mastiff . . . more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare." Gildon and Dennis replied to Rymer; and Dennis, who in his better days was a far more intelligent critic than Pope's satire would lead us to believe, wrote of Shakespeare with sincere and ardent admiration. "One may say of him," writes Dennis, "as they did of Homer—that he had none to imitate, and is himself inimitable. His imaginations were often as just as they were bold and strong. He had a natural discretion which never could have been taught him, and his judgment was strong and penetrating. He seems to have wanted nothing but time and thought to have found out those rules of which he appears so ignorant." When we reach the age of Queen Anne we find the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius generally acknowledged.

The critical editions begin with that of Nicholas Rowe, 1709. The demands of the seventeenth century had been satisfied by four editions in folio, published respectively in 1623, 1632, 1663-64, and 1685; if tried by the same test the popularity of Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher appears to have been less considerable. Rowe did something to purge the text of Shakespeare from its grosser errors; he was himself a dramatic poet, and, moreover, he was a man of good sense. His corrections are not those of a collater of early editions or a student of our elder literature, but such as would occur to any cultivated and judicious reader. He was the first to attempt to write a life of Shakespeare; it is a slender production, but has a value as containing some traditions not elsewhere to be found. Pope followed Rowe in 1725 with his edition in six quarto volumes. "The minute mechanical examination which the enterprise required," writes Pope's latest biographer, Mr. Courthope, "was little suited to the broad and generalizing genius of Pope's criticism, nor did he approach his task in that spirit of sympathy with his author which just editing requires. He altered some expressions in the text because they seemed to him vulgar, and others because the versification did not conform to his ideas of harmony. Comparatively little of his labour was spent in research, but some of the conjectural emendations were happy, and the Preface to the edition, written in his best style—and his critical prose is always excellent—deserves the high commendation that Johnson bestows upon it." In this Preface indeed some admirable thoughts are admirably expressed. "Shakespeare is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature." Can more be said in fewer words?

And on one of the controversies of his own day he thus pronounces his opinion: "To judge of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country who acted under those of another." That Shakespeare was a careless writer who never blotted a line is denied by Pope, on the evidence of the varying text of the quartos; nor was he an unlearned man, unless "learning" means no more than "languages." The Shakespearian drama in comparison with the more finished and regular drama is like "an ancient majestick piece of Gothick architecture compared with a neat modern building. . . . It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments, though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncomely passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur." Finer praise than this we could not expect from the Augustan age which delighted in Cato and the translation of Homer.

Pope's rival as an editor of Shakespeare, Louis Theobald, indebted to Pope, as he says, for some "flagrant civilities," if he was a duller man than his satirist of the Dunciad, was a far better Shakespearian scholar. His method of dealing with Shakespeare was to treat his text as that of a corrupt classic; and he claims to be the first to approach any modern author in this manner. He did some scholarly collation, and was often happy in his conjectural emendations. To him we owe "a babble of green fields" in the account of Falstaff's death, and the reading, whether right or wrong, is one which alone might make an editor's reputation. His "Shakespeare Restored," in which he exposes the errors of Pope, appeared in 1726; his edition of Shakespeare in 1733.

The "Oxford Edition," in six quarto volumes, was published in 1744. The editor's name did not appear, but he was soon known to be Sir Thomas Hanmer. Collins celebrated the editor and his author in a poetical epistle, and the edition was generally received with favour. A country gentleman of literary tastes, Hanmer had amused his leisure hours, he tells us, with noting the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment restoring the genuine sense and purity of it. The emendations multiplied, and "too partial friends" persuaded him to make them public. Unfortunately he was not equipped with the scholarship essential to editorial work. "He did something to better," as Mr. Grant White has justly said, "and somewhat more to injure the text as Theobald left it." Three years later, in 1747, Warburton's edition, based on that of Pope, appeared. In his preface he extravagantly overrates the value of Pope's work as an editor, and attacks Theobald and Hanmer as having pirated his own manuscript notes. The persuasions of "dear Mr. Pope" induced Warburton to condescend to a task so much beneath his high powers as that of defending the true text of Shakespeare from the wrongs done to it by dullness of apprehension and extravagance of conjecture. "Mr. Pope was willing that *his* edition should be melted down

into mine, as it would, he said, afford him (so great is the modesty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confessing his mistakes. In memory of our friendship I have, therefore, made it our joint edition." The modesty of an ingenuous temper certainly was not a characteristic of Warburton. His arrogance repels the reader, and when he goes wrong, which happens very often, he does so with a confidence amounting to effrontery. "Among the commentators on Shakespeare," writes Hallam, with no unjust severity, "Warburton, always striving to display his own acuteness and scorn of others, deviates more than anyone else from the meaning." Yet, having before him the work of Theobald and Hanmer, whom he denounces, his text is in some respects an improvement on that of Pope. The edition drew forth severe criticism from contemporary scholars—Zachary Grey, Heath, Upton, and especially from Thomas Edwards in his satirical "Canons of Criticism." Dr. Johnson, who honoured Warburton above his deserts, describes Edwards as ridiculing the editor's errors with "airy petulance suitable enough to the levity of the controversy;" while Grey attacks them "with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or an incendiary."

In the same year in which Warburton published his edition, 1747, David Garrick pronounced at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre the lines in which Johnson, with a fine extravagance, sounded the praises of Shakespeare:—

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

The stage history of Shakespeare's plays will be found by readers of the present edition in the introductions to the several dramas. But we cannot pass on without a word of homage to Garrick as an interpreter of Shakespeare's higher meanings, incomparably more important in the history of the growth of his fame than the Hammers or the Warburtons. It is, however, of the closet, not the stage, that we have here to speak. Johnson's long-promised edition of Shakespeare was completed in 1765. He consulted the earlier texts to some extent, but was disqualified for the task of minute collation by his defective eyesight. As a conjectural emender he was not happy; he tells us that as he practised conjecture more he learned to trust it less, and after he had printed a few plays resolved to insert none of his own readings in the text. His Preface is an admirable piece of criticism, robust and common-sense, though not illuminated by imagination, or very profound in its philosophical views. "This," he writes, "is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress

of the passions." He defends Shakespeare from the censure incurred by his mingling comic with tragic scenes—here too the poet did no more than hold the mirror up to nature. Particularly noteworthy is Johnson's discussion of the doctrine of the mutabilities of time and place; the spectators "are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage;" knowing which they can make time and place, as well as any other mode of being, obsequious to the imagination. After his manner as a critic Johnson sets his items of condemnation over against his items of praise: as a moralist he is offended by Shakespeare's sacrifice of virtue to convenience, his frequent violation of poetical justice; the plots are often loosely formed; the latter part of his plays especially is often neglected; the poet has little regard to historical accuracy or local colour; his contests of wit are often marred by grossness; in tragedy he is sometimes tumid and sometimes obscure; in narrative he is often pompous and tedious; his set speeches are commonly cold and weak; a quibble has a malignant power over his mind, it is "the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation." Some of Johnson's censures are just, but it is evident that from his eighteenth century standpoint he never quite comprehended the spirit of Elizabethan poetry. His knowledge of human nature renders some of his analyses of Shakespeare's characters of peculiar value; his comment on the character of Polonius is an example of passages which at once elucidate the meaning of Shakespeare and exhibit the mind of his critic.

In the late editions of Johnson (1773 onwards) his work is connected with that of George Steevens. Steevens had previously (1766) reprinted twenty of Shakespeare's plays from the early quarto editions. He was a man of industry, learning, and acute intellect; somewhat wanting in reverence, somewhat wanting in modesty, and perhaps in that literary honesty which goes with freedom from vanity. His influence was a quickening one where dulness and stagnation are dangers; but his animation was not of the best or purest kind. The edition of Johnson and Steevens in fifteen volumes, 1793, often called "Steevens' own," is that which shows his work at its best. In his editorial work he remembered the earlier but not the closing words of the motto found in Spenser: "Be bold, be bold, be not too bold."

The most laborious Shakespearian scholars of the second half of the eighteenth century were unquestionably Capell and Malone. "If the man would have come to me," said Dr. Johnson of Capell's Preface, "I would have endeavoured to endow his purposes with words; for as it is, he doth gabble monstrously." It is true that he expressed himself with awkwardness; but he had a true conception of the scholar's duty, and the preface of which Johnson speaks in this disparaging way has been justly described by competent authorities as the most valuable contribution to Shakespearian criticism that had yet appeared. All the quartos then accessible, and with them the folios, were collated by Capell. His text con-

sequently is one of exceeding value, but unfortunately he did not assign the emendations which he adopted from other editors and critics to their individual authors. His edition is likely to disappoint a reader who comes to it for the first time, because it was issued without the valuable annotations and illustrations subsequently published in part in the year 1774, and after Capell's death in their entirety in three quarto volumes (1783) entitled *Notes, Various Readings, and the School of Shakespeare*. Valuable service was rendered by Capell in investigating the sources of Shakespeare's plots.

The work of Edmund Malone began with an Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays attributed to Shakespeare were Written, which he handed over as a contribution to Steevens. This was followed in 1780 by a Supplement to the edition of 1778, containing the Poems, the doubtful plays of the Folio of 1664, and among his Prolegomena a study of the early history of the English theatre. In 1790 he published his edition of the Plays and Poems in ten volumes. His industry was amazing; he was as honest as he was industrious; and if he was not brilliant, like his rival Steevens, he was free from the defects which sometimes accompany brilliancy in a critic. The debt of all later Shakespeare students to Malone is incalculable. His studies and annotations are perhaps best seen in the third "Variorum" edition of Shakespeare, 1821, edited by James Boswell from a copy corrected by Malone. The earlier Variorum editions, called also the fifth and sixth editions of Johnson and Steevens, appeared respectively in 1803 and 1813 under the editorship of Isaac Reed.

Malone's erudition was well employed in the exposure of the celebrated Ireland forgeries. The father, Samuel Ireland, has suffered for the misdeeds of his son, Samuel William Henry Ireland, who began his discreditable career by producing for his father's delectation a forged document bearing Shakespeare's signature. With the success of his fraud the ambition of the young conveyancer's apprentice took a higher flight. A large collection of papers and relics obtained from an invisible old gentleman came into the hands of the fortunate youth. These included a love-letter to Anne Hathaway, a lock of Shakespeare's hair, his profession of faith, and many other treasures. Those who desired to believe in the authenticity of the papers looked hard and saw what they wished to see. An ancestor, with superfluous letters in his name, William Henry Irelande had saved Shakespeare from drowning in the Thames, and what less could the grateful poet do than bequeath many papers and books to his preserver for the delight of future generations? In due time a play of the great dramatist came to light. *Vortigern* was actually presented at Drury Lane Theatre to a full house, but no second night was possible. Finally the impostor came forward in 1796 with a confession; he was still under the age of twenty. His father suffered deeply from the disgrace, and died in 1800. William Henry Ireland survived until 1835.

The critics of the eighteenth century—Grey, Upton, Heath, Ritson, Monck

Mason, and others, were in the main textual critics of greater or less ability. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* (1767) deserves special mention; in this he aims at proving that Shakespeare's knowledge of the classics was derived from translations: "He remembered," says Farmer, "perhaps enough of his *school-boy* learning to put the *Hig, hag, hog*, into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans; and might pick up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian: but his *studies* were most demonstratively confined to *nature* and *his own language*." Another essay of a different kind, Maurice Morgan's *Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff* (1777), is a genial piece of criticism, maintaining the thesis that Falstaff was no coward. Charlotte Lennox, the friend of Dr. Johnson, did something by her *Shakespeare Illustrated* (1753-54) to render the materials from which the dramatist formed his plots better known. Another lady, Mrs. Montagu, ventured to come forward with a defence of Shakespeare against the criticism of Voltaire. "When Shakespeare has got Mrs. Montagu for his defender," said Johnson, "he is in a poor state indeed." But Reynolds and Garrick were of a different opinion.

A new school of criticism illuminated the study of Shakespeare in the early years of the present century. Coleridge in his lectures conceived art in general, and the dramatic art in particular, in a truer and higher way than any preceding writer. He was neither in bondage to Aristotle nor in revolt against him. He saw that the same spirit was expressing itself through Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare, though by methods which differed with all the differences of epochs and of races. He conceived Shakespeare's work as a whole; he observed the fruit as it hung in living beauty on the tree. And each play and poem he also conceived as a living whole. He studied its parts in their vital relation to one another; he did not murder to dissect. His analyses, or rather interpretations, of the characters of the *dramatis personæ*, are the outcome of a penetrative imagination; they are new creations, as it were, of the Shakespearian personages, transposed from poetry to criticism. He does not measure them by yard and line, but winds himself into their inner being and discovers the secret of their life. Unfortunately his criticisms have reached us, for the most part, in a fragmentary form; but often a sentence of Coleridge is, as it were, a lamp and a key, with the aid of which we can open and explore the mysteries of the dramatist's art for ourselves. Hazlitt's light is not so pure, his leading is not so certain as Coleridge's; but he was ardent, and threw strong gleams upon certain parts of Shakespeare's work. Lamb, who touched nothing that he did not adorn, attempted no systematic body of criticism, but now with a loving phrase, now with a paradox, now with a quip or crank, now with a reminiscence from the stage, now with a brief analysis of character, he helps us to a truer understanding of Shakespeare. The *Tales from Shakespeare* by Lamb and his sister have served to introduce many young readers to the plays from which the narratives are derived. Among commentators of learning rather

than genius in the first thirty years of this century Francis Douce was perhaps the most eminent. His *Illustrations of Shakspeare and of Ancient Manners* (1807) is a valuable storehouse of erudite information. In 1817 appeared two quarto volumes entitled *Shakspeare and his Times*, by Nathan Drake, which in their day rendered useful service as a well-arranged compilation of facts, with agreeable comment by one who, though no original thinker, was a cultivated lover of literature.

The most important editions of Shakspeare which have been issued since the *Variorum* of 1821 are those of Singer (1826),¹ Knight (1838-43), Collier (1841-44), Dyce (1857), Stannton (1857-60), Halliwell (Folio 1853-65), and the Cambridge edition (1863-66). Into the comparative merits of these it is not necessary to enter; but the learning and sound judgment of Dyce deserve a special acknowledgment, and no less the accuracy with which the Cambridge editors have done the work of collation, and the fulness with which they have recorded the conjectural readings of earlier editors and commentators. To these we must add the edition of the German Shakspeare scholar Delius (1854-61), and the American editions of R. Grant White (1857-65), Hudson (1851-56), and Rolfe (1884). Mr. Furness's *Variorum Shakspeare* (Philadelphia, 1871-88) sums up the work of all his predecessors with respect to the plays included in the volumes which have been issued; each volume is indeed a little library in itself; but work so laborious cannot be hastened, and as yet we have received only six plays from this most judicious and learned editor.

The Shakspeare Society of England, in a series of volumes dating from 1841 to 1853, reprinted many rare and curious pieces of Elizabethan literature. In January, 1852, an eminent member of the society, J. Payne Collier, announced that three years previously he had obtained for a small sum from the bookseller Rodd a copy of the second Folio Shakspeare, containing many annotations—which he had not observed at first—in a hand of about the middle of the seventeenth century. This volume became famous as the Perkins Folio, deriving its name from the fact that it bore on the cover the inscription "Tho. Perkins his Booke." Collier supposed, or pretended to suppose, that the numerous corrections of the text, stage-directions, &c., were the work of an early owner of the volume, who through his connection with the theatre and attendance at performance of the plays had sources of trustworthy information as to the genuine text. Having previously given specimens of the "Old Corrector's" work, Collier towards the close of 1852 published a volume of "Notes and Emendations" which was alleged to include all the most important of the manuscript readings. When, in 1859, the Perkins Folio was submitted to the scrutiny of experts, the manuscript notes were declared to be modern forgeries. Pencil tracing was found to have guided the pen in its simulation of a seventeenth-

¹ The date of the first edition is given; in several instances later editions much altered and improved have appeared.

century handwriting. Collier still maintained that the annotations were genuine, and controversy waxed warm. Competent authorities, however, could not be deluded, and unfortunately evidence had accumulated to confirm the impression that this really learned and ingenious scholar in not a few instances had yielded to the temptation to win for himself by fraudulent documents a spurious fame. It seemed to be the very wantonness of literary dishonesty.

The "New Shakspeare Society," founded by Mr. Furnivall in 1874, applied itself with excellent results to the study of the peculiarities of Shakspeare's versification with a view to determining the chronology of the plays. It reprinted some of the early texts, and issued many interesting papers in illustration of Shakspeare. Indirectly it led to the most important service rendered in recent years to the student—the publication of facsimile reproductions of the early quartos. The first Folio had previously been made generally accessible by Booth's accurate reprint and Staunton's photo-zincographed facsimile. Among other aids to scholarship of recent or comparatively recent years the chief are Concordance to the Plays, due to the loving industry of Mrs. Cowden Clarke (who with her husband, Charles Cowden Clarke, the friend of Keats, was also an editor of Shakspeare's works) and the Concordance to the Poems by the late Mrs. Furness; Schmidt's Shakspeare Lexicon, a monumental work; Hunter's Illustrations of the Life and Studies of Shakspeare (1845); W. Sidney Walker's Shakspeare's Versification (1854) and his Critical Examination of the Text of Shakspeare (1859); Professor Ward's solid and judicious History of English Dramatic Literature (1875); Mr. Fleay's Life and Work of Shakspeare (1886), in which the results of much research are united with ingenious, if not always trustworthy, conjecture; and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare, a work which leaves little to be desired from a biographical point of view.

At the same time what has been called the "æsthetic" study of Shakspeare advanced from the point at which it had been left by Coleridge. No critic, indeed, could penetrate more subtly to Shakspeare's meanings than Coleridge did; but his work was fragmentary, a series of admirable but disconnected notes. It remained to attempt the great task of interpreting Shakspeare's work in its totality. To this German students have at least led the way. Around the name of Shakspeare a vast library of German criticism has accumulated, and of this library a considerable portion is neither laboriously dull nor extravagantly theoretical. In Elizabethan days several of Shakspeare's plays were performed in Germany by English companies travelling on the Continent, and adaptations or imitations of them were produced by German playwrights. But our great poet's name was first mentioned in a German book in 1682; and even as late as 1740 Bodmer seems to have known our "Saspar" (so he prints the name) only as the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. An attempt to translate Julius Cesar into rhymed Alexandrines was made in 1741 by C. W. Von Borek, a

Prussian minister of state, and seventeen years later an equally unhappy travesty of *Romeo and Juliet* was published at Basle. It was Lessing who first taught his countrymen to honour Shakespeare aright; opposing himself to the tyranny of French models on the stage, he maintained that judged even by the standards of antiquity Shakespeare, whom Voltaire had styled "le Corneille de Londres, grand fon d'ailleurs," was a higher dramatic poet than the Corneille of Paris. In 1762 appeared the first volume of Wieland's translation of twenty-two plays by Shakespeare, on which the later complete translation by Eschenburg (1775-77) was based. Garrick's acting of *Hamlet* was described to German readers by Lichenberg, and the manager of the Hamburg theatre, Schröder—a player of great eminence—put several of Shakespeare's tragedies upon the boards. Herder shared in that enthusiasm for our great dramatist which was extravagantly expressed by his younger contemporaries of the days of the *Sturm und Drang*. Goethe as a youth prepared an oration in Shakespeare's honour; in manhood he illuminated the tragedy of *Hamlet* by his admirable criticism introduced into *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*; in his elder years he declared that had he been born an Englishman, with Shakespeare's masterpieces in their full might before him, they would have overpowered his imagination, and he would not have known where to turn to find an opening for his creative instinct. Schiller adapted the tragedy of *Macbeth*, Goethe that of *Romeo and Juliet*, to the German stage. Two valuable gifts to lovers of Shakespeare came from the Romantic school—Schlegel's and Tieck's incomparable translation of the plays; and the criticism of Schlegel on dramatic art and literature, first offered in 1808 to a Viennese audience in the form of lectures. In later years three important commentaries on the complete works of Shakespeare have appeared in Germany—that of Ulrici, which errs in German fashion by reading into the dramas abstract ideas of the critic's own theoretical mind; that of Gervinus, which is thoughtful and sensible, but somewhat laboriously moralizing; and the lectures of Kreyssig, which seem to me to exhibit German Shakespearian criticism at its best. The "William Shakespeare" of Karl Elze is a work of solid erudition, and for the German student a mine of information. Since 1865 the German Shakespeare-Gesellschaft has published annually a volume of studies, and among these the scholarly articles by Delius deserve a special word of commendation. In Cotta's *Morgenblatt* of 1864, the year of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, and in the early numbers of 1865 appeared a series of "Shakespeare Studies by a Realist" which attracted the attention of a wide circle of readers; the articles were brilliant in style, and it was refreshing in the midst of Teutonic enthusiasm and Teutonic earnestness to hear the voice of a critical Mephistopheles who denied the supremacy of the English dramatist. The loyal adherents of Shakespeare directed each his lance against this unknown and profane Paynim, who before long was discovered to bear the name of Rümelin. His attack rather stimulated than checked the "Shakespeare-mania;" there is yet no diminution of

the seemingly inexhaustible stream of German studies of our poet; it is still in Germany, as when Goethe wrote, "Shakespeare und Kein Ende."

In France Voltaire called public attention to the genius of Shakespeare, whom, however, he represented as an intoxicated barbarian, "without the smallest spark of good taste or the least knowledge of the rules." When in 1762 the French Academy thanked Voltaire for his adaptation of *Julius Cæsar* they confessed that they were unable to obtain a copy of his English original. Ducis adapted several of Shakespeare's plays—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*—to the French stage. *Hamlet* in Ducis' version lives at the close of the play; with the story of the lovers of Verona the adapter entangles that of Dante's Ugolino. The versions, however, did much to make Shakespeare better known. The first French translation of all Shakespeare's plays was that of Letourneur (1776–82). The tone of his author was in some places altered to suit the taste of the age; but his enthusiasm for the English dramatist was evident. The ardent eulogy of Shakespeare by Diderot is characteristic of that great writer, who was in so many ways an initiator in criticism. Madame de Stael declared that while Shakespeare is the type of the English, or rather the Northern genius, the beauties of all countries and of all times may be found in his pages. In later years Guizot contributed to French literature a sober study of Shakespeare, and Victor Hugo a rhapsody of praise. Victor Hugo's son, François-Victor Hugo, executed an admirable translation of Shakespeare, and prefixed to each of the plays and poems an interesting essay. The best fruits of recent Shakespearian scholarship in France, besides Hugo's translation and that of M. Montégut, are the critical studies of M. Mézières, and M. Paul Stapfer whose work on "Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity" has been translated into English.¹

Among recent English studies Lady Martin's essays on "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters" have an interest as the critical interpretations of one who was a distinguished interpreter of Shakespeare on the stage; they may be read with advantage in connection with the earlier criticism of Mrs. Jameson in her *Characteristics of Women* (1832). A series of thoughtful essays by W. W. Lloyd was contributed to the 1856 edition of Singer's Shakespeare, and has since been separately published. Hudson's "Shakespeare; his Life, Art and Characters," a thoughtful and sympathetic piece of work, has achieved a deserved popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Swinburne's "A Study of Shakespeare" (1880), written with ardour and insight, characterizes the three periods of the poet's development, the lyric and fantastic period, the comic and historic, and the tragic and romantic. Mr. Richard Moulton, aiming at a popular illustration of the principles of so-called "scientific criticism," has published some excellent essays on "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" (1885).

¹ On Shakespeare in France see Lacroix's "Histoire de l'Influence de Shakespeare sur le Théâtre français" (1856).

Two annotated editions of the Sonnets have recently been published, the later, that edited by Mr. Tyler, containing the results of an ingenious endeavour to identify the persons of the "Dark Lady" and "Mr. W. H." A considerable critical literature has been called into existence by Mr. Irving's presentations of Shakespeare's plays, and the great actor has himself made some interesting contributions to Shakespearian criticism. From him and from the first of living actresses, Miss Ellen Terry, our generation has learnt that though Shakespeare's plays can be studied with admirable results in the closet, they live their highest, fullest, and most exquisite life upon the stage.

NOTE ON THE EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

FOLIOS.

The First Folio was published in 1623, "printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount." It contains thirty-six plays (Pericles not being included in the Folios until 1664), arranged as Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Shakespeare's fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, dedicate the volume to the brothers William, Earl of Pembroke [William Horbert], and Philip, Earl of Montgomery. In their address to the readers they profess to give for the first time the true text, and it is implied that they printed from Shakespeare's manuscripts. As a fact, the text abounds with errors, and in many instances they evidently print from the Quartos. In some cases the Folio gives a better text than the corresponding Quarto. It is the sole original authority for seventeen plays. The First Folio was reprinted by Uppott in 1807, and with great accuracy by Lionel Booth (1862-64). It has been reproduced with the aid of photographic processes by Staunton, and in a reduced form (under the superintendence of Halliwell-Phillips) by Chatto and Windus.

The Second Folio, 1632.—Lowndes's statement that a copy exists with the date 1631 has not been verified. The printer was Thomas Cotes, and the property was vested in five booksellers. It is a reprint from the First Folio, with some errors corrected, some faultily altered to other erroneous readings, and many new errors added.

The Third Folio, "printed for Philip Chetwinde." There are two issues, 1663 and 1664.

The copies dated 1664 add "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: Pericles, Prince of

Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy. These plays seem to have been selected because either the name of Shakespeare or the initials W. S. appear on the title-pages of the Quartos.

The Fourth Folio, 1685, includes the seven plays added in 1664.

QUARTOS.

In the following table the Quarto editions of the Poems and Plays are arranged in the order of the dates at which the first edition of each appeared. An asterisk points out the particular Quarto from which the text in the First Folio is printed.

Venus and Adonis, 1593, 1594, 1596, 1599, 1600, 1602, 1602, 1617, 1620, 1627 (at Edinburgh), 1630 ? (title-page lost), 1636.

Lucrece, 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607, 1616, 1624, 1632 (?), 1655.

Romeo and Juliet, 1597 (pirated and imperfect), 1599, *1609 ? (without date), 1637.

King Richard II., 1597, 1598, 1608, *1615, 1634.

King Richard III., 1597, 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, 1634.

King Henry IV., Part I., 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, *1613, 1622, 1632, 1639.

Love's Labour's Lost, *1598 (with Shakespeare's name on title, for the first time on any play), 1631.

The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, 1612 (called third edition on title-page, but only two extant).

King Henry V., 1600 (pirated and imperfect),
1602, 1608 (both reprinted from 1600).

King Henry IV. Part II., 1600.

Much Ado About Nothing, *1600.

A Midsummer's Night's Dream, 1600 (printed
for Fisher), *1600 (printed by Roberts).

The Merchant of Venice, 1600 (printed by
Roberts), *1600 (printed for Heyes), 1637,
1652.

Titus Andronicus (? possibly a lost quarto of
1594), 1600, *1611.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, 1619 (both
an imperfect report of the early form of the
play), 1630.

Hamlet, 1603 (imperfect report of play in first
form), 1604, 1605, 1611, ? undated, 1637.

King Lear, 1608, 1608 (both by same publisher),
1655.

Sonnets, 1609.

Troilus and Cressida, 1609, 1609.

Pericles, 1609, 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, 1635.

Othello, 1622, 1630.

The "First Part of the Contention betwixt the
two famous Houses of York and Lancaster" was
printed in 1594 and 1600; the "True Tragedy of
Richard Duke of York" in 1595 and 1600; the
"Whole Contention" (in two parts) in 1619.

TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

There are several erasures and interlineations in this document which render it difficult to convey to the reader's mind an exact idea of the original; but if he will carefully bear in mind that, in the following transcript, *all words inserted in square brackets are those which have been erased, and that all the italics represent interlineations*, he will be able to derive a tolerably clear impression of this valuable record.

Vicesimo quinto die [Januarii] Martii, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Anglie, &c. decimo quarto, et Scetie xlix^a annueque Domini 1616.

T. Wm. Shakspeare.—In the name of God, amen! I William Shakspeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warr. gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be prayesd, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, First, I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleeving, through thonele merittes of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my [sonne and] daughter Judyth one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paid unto her in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage portion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideration after the rate of twoe shillings in the pound for soo long tyme as the same shalbe unpaid unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residue thereof, upon her surrendring of, or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of to surren-

der or graunte, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my deceas, or that shee nowe hath, of, in or to, one copiehold tenemente with thappurtenaunces lyeing and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid in the said countie of Warr., being parell or holden of the manneur of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie poundes more, if shoe or anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the daie of the dato of this my will, during which tyme my execcutours to paie her consideration from my deceas according to the rate aforesaid; and if she dye within the said terme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neece Elizabeth Hall, and the fiftie poundes to be sett forth by my execcutours during the lif of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and preffitt thereof cominge shalbe payed to my said sister Jone, and after her deceas the said l.i. shall remaine amongst the children of my said sister equallie to be devidid amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the said three yeares, or anie yssue of her

bodye, then my will ys and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executors and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her soe long as she shalbe married and covert baron [by my executors and overseers]; but my will ys that she shall have the consideration yearelie paid unto her during her lief, and, after her deceas, the saied stock and consideration to bee paid to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executors or overseers she lvyng the saied terme after my deceas, Provided that if such husband, as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be married unto, or att anie after, doe sufficientlie assure unto her and thissue of her bodie landes awnsuerable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executors and overseers, then my will ys that the saied elli shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx.li. and all my wearing apparell, to be paid and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe will and devise unto her the house with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her naturall lief, under the yearelie rent of xij.d. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sons, William Harte, Hart, and Michael Harte, fyve poundes a peece, to be payed within one yeare after my deceas [to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executors, with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best proffitt untill her marriage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paid unto her.]. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto [her] the saied Elizabeth Hall all my plate *except my brod silver and gilt boie*, that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaid ten poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell esquier fyve poundes, and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warr. in the countie of Warr. gent. thirteene poundes, sixe shillings, and eight pence, to be paid within one yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to [Mr. Richard Tyler thelder] *Hambett Sadler* xxvj.s. viij.d. to buy him a ringe; to William Raymoldes, gent., xxvj.s. viij.d. to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker xx. in gold; to Anthonye Nashe gent. xxvj.s. viij.d., and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj.s. viij.d. [in gold]; and to my fellows, John Hempynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell,

xxvj.s. viij.d. a peece to buy them ringes. Item, I gyve, will, bequeath and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capitall messuago or tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, in Stratford aforesaid, called the Newe Place, wherein I nowe dwell, and two messuages or tenementes with thappurtenaunces, situat lyeing and being in Henley streete within the barough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardenes, landes, tenementes and hereditamentes whatsoever, situat lyeing and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamlettes, villages, fieldes and groundes of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishop-ton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them in the saied countie of Warr. And alsoe all that messuago or tenemente with thappurtenaunces wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situat lyeing and being in the Blackfriars in London nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, To have and to hold all and singular the saied premises with their appurtenaunces unto the saied Susanna Hall for and during the terme of her naturall lief, and after her deceas, to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied first sonne lawfullie yssueing, and for default of such issue, to the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied second sonne lawfullie yssueing, and for default of such heires, to the third sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing, and for default of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the fourth [sonne], fyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing one after another, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied fourth, fyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt ys before committed to be and remaine to the first, second and third sonns of her bodie, and to their heires males, and for default of such issue, the saied premises to be and remaine to my sayed neece Hall, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie issueing, and for default of such issue, to the right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever. Item, I gyve unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture. Item, I gyve

and bequenth to my saied daughter Judith my
broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes,
chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household
stufte whatsoever, after my dettes and legasies
paied, and my funeral expences discharged, I
gyve, devise, and bequeath to my sonne in hiwe,
John Hall gent., and my daughter Susanna, his
wief, whom I ordeine and make exeoutours of
this my last will and testament. And I doo
intrent and appoint the saied Thomas Russell

esquier and Frauncis Collins gent. to be over-
seers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and
publisho this to be my last will and testament.
In witnes whereof I have hereunto put my [seale]
hand the daie and yeare first above written.—
By me William Shakespearo.

Witness to the publishing hereof,—Fra: Cellyns;
Julius Shawe; John Robinson; Hamnet Sadler;
Robert Whattecott.

1

By me William Shakespearo

William Shakespearo²

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

- 1, From his Will in the Prerogative Office.
- 2, From a leaf in Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays,
edition of 1603, in the British Museum.
- 3, on next page, From a mortgage dated 11 March 1612.



ERRATA.

VOLUME I.

- Page 1, col. 2, line 9: for "1853" read "1857."
 Page 1, col. 2, foot-note No. 1, line 3: for "1852" read "1857."
 Page 71, col. 2, line 12: for "statute-cap" read "statute-caps."
 Page 133, col. 2, line 26: for "Bordello" read "Bardello."
 Page 203, note 27, line 10: for "18" read "8."
 Page 217, note 112: for "methodic" read "melodic."
 Page 261, col. 2, line 7: for "Theodore" read "Theophilus."
 Page 315, col. 2, note 1, lines 19 and 21: for "Gloicester" read "Exeter."
 Page 315, note 234, line 3: for "A Maymon" read "Amaymon."
 Page 312, note 234, line 7: for "Chap. II." read "Chap. III."

VOLUME II.

- Page 252, col. 2, foot-note: *Delete* "but he is evidently wrong." The actual date appears to have been March 16, 1844, Strickland playing Christopher Sly, Webster Petruchio, Mrs. Nisbett Katharina, and Emkestone Grumio. It was revived in 1847, the date given erroneously in the text as that of the original performance.
 Page 309, note 82: for "p. 122" read "p. 322."
 Page 333, col. 1, line 32: for "fifth edition" read "fourth edition."
 Page 331, col. 1, foot-note: for "See below, pp. 333, 334" read "See below, pp. 335, 336."
 Page 166, note 145: for "Kilnesa" read "Kilnsea."

VOLUME III.

- Page 3, col. 2: "the sixth Quarto is the rarest of all, only one copy being known, which is in the Capell collection."
 Mr. Marshall appears to have overlooked the fact that there are three copies in the British Museum. A facsimile of one of them, edited by Mr. P. A. Daniel, is included in Dr. Furnivall's *Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles*.
 Mr. P. A. Daniel points out that his opinion with regard to the authorship of Richard III. has been unwittingly misrepresented. The quotation (*Literary History*, page 16) from his introduction to the facsimile of Q. 1 should have been given thus: "Mr. P. A. Daniel has no doubt that this play was 'not of Shakespeare's original composition, but the work of the author or authors of the Henry VI. series of

- plays; Shakespeare's part in this, as in the 'be a mercy that of a reviser or rewriter.'"
 Page 86, col. 2, line 11: for "Sir Thomas More" read "Polydore Virgil."
 Page 98, col. 2, line 37: for "diffuse" read "defuse."
 Page 113, note 279: The first line of the quotation from F. 1 should read:
 Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford.
 Page 143, col. 1, line 2: for "oxen" read "on's."
 Page 117, col. 1, line 25: for "then which" read "then, my horse, which."
 Page 247, col. 1, foot-note: for "Heritage" read "Herritage."
 Page 290 (*Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 346): for "Pro." read "Por."

The following notes should have been signed "F. A. M.:"

- Page 392, note 41.
 " 392, " 47.
 " 392, " 48.
 " 393, " 54.
 " 394, " 55.
 " 394, " 56.
 " 395, " 63.
 " 398, " 96.

VOLUME IV.

- Page 85 (*List of Words occurring only in Henry V.*): "Cavalliers" occurs also in *Per.* iv. 6. 12.
 Page 152, note 40: In line 5 *delete* "not," and for "but" read "not."
 Page 167, col. 1, line 23: for "Printed by V. J." read "Printed by V. S."
 Page 171, col. 2, line 43: for "September" read "October."
 Page 171, col. 2, line 45: for "Quila" read "Quilek."
 Page 175, col. 1, line 44: for "1814" read "1815."
 Page 221 (*Much Ado*, v. 3. 26): for "Pebins" read "Thobus."
 Page 243, note 179: for "F. 1 reads 'than to die'" read "F. 1 for 'than die' has 'to die.'"
 Page 251, note 241: for "Greene, in his *Tu Quoque*" read "Cooke in his Greene's *Tu Quoque*."
 Page 365 (*As You Like It*, iii. 3. 54): for "Many a many" read "Many a man."
 Page 329, note 46: for "Archaic Works" read "Archale Works."
 Page 331, note 63: for "See note on *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 28" read "Cf. foot-note to *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 80. Counters are also referred to in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 28, *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 173, and *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 38."
 Page 353, col. 1, line 29: for "1766-77" read "1766-67."

VOLUME V.

Page 163, col. 2, line 12: *for* "Marrendy's" *read* "Elliston's."

Page 302 (Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 112): *for* "Mund" *read* "Minds."

Page 353, col. 2, line 29: *for* "Downes" *read* "Davies."

VOLUME VI.

Page 98, col. 1: *for* "85" (number of note) *read* "185."

Page 170 (Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 17): *read* "bid them all fly; begone."

Page 291, note 1: *for* "Lartius" *read* "Lartius."

VOLUME VII.

Page 85, col. 1, line 9: *for* "third" *read* "fourth."

Page 110 (Cymbeline, ii. 5. 17): *for* "on opposition" *read* "no opposition."

Page 314, col. 2, line 3: *for* "feed with the door" *read* "feed with the poor."

Page 317, col. 1, line 49: *for* "It does not appear to have been subsequently revived at Sadler's Wells" *read* "The part of Hermione was also played by Miss Glyn and Miss Atkinson during Phelps' management at Sadler's Wells."

Page 318, col. 2, line 43: *for* "Ginlo" *read* "Giulio."

ad "fourth."
on opposition" read
ith the door" read
not appear to have
ddler's Wells" read
so played by Miss
helps' management
read "Giulio."

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

INTRODUCTION BY F. A. MARSHALL.

NOTES BY F. A. MARSHALL¹ AND ARTHUR SYMONS.



¹ Mr. Marshall's share of the Notes ends with Act I. Scene 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.

POLONIUS, Lord-chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father

SCENE—ELSINORE; except in the fourth scene of the fourth act, where it
is a plain in Denmark.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Supposed about the end of the 9th or the beginning of the 10th century.

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Marshall (*Study of Hamlet*, 1875), has the following scheme of time:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-3.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval, about two months.

Day 3: Act II.

Day 4: Act III. and Act IV. Scenes 1-3.

Day 5: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval, about two months.

Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 5-7.—Interval, two days.

Day 7: Act V. Scene 1.

Day 8: Act V. Scene 2.

Mr. Daniel's scheme differs from this only in reducing the Interval between Days 5 and 6 to about a week; he marks no Interval between Days 6 and 7, and gives one Day only for the whole of Act V.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The Literary History of Hamlet is of such great interest, and, at the same time, so full of difficulties and of disputed points, that the most one can do, in the limited space of such an Introduction as this, is to place the chief facts clearly before one's readers, and to point out briefly the deductions which have been or may be made from these facts.

On July 26th, 1602, the Stationers' Register contains the following entry:

James Robertes. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master PASFELL and master waterson warden A booke called *'the Revenge of HAMLETT Prince [of] Denmarke' as yt was lately Acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his seruantes* vj^d

For some reason the publication was deferred; and it was not till 1603 that the first edition of the play was printed with the following title-page:

"The Tragicall Historie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke | By William Shakespeare. | As it hath bene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell. 1603." No printer's name is given. In 1604 another Quarto (Q. 2) was printed with the same title, but: "Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Copie. | AT LONDON | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleet street. 1604"

There is little doubt that I. R. is James

Roberts, who had entered the book on the Stationers' Register, 1602; though N. L. (Nicholas Ling) had, in the meantime, in conjunction with Trundell, published a surreptitious edition. This latter Quarto (Q. 2) forms, with the first Folio, the principal authority for the received text of Hamlet; Q. 1 being, as is very generally known, a very imperfect copy of the play, so much so that we cannot profess to give any but a few of the various readings which it contains.

The history of the discovery of this Quarto is a very curious one. In 1821 Sir Henry Bunbury came into possession of the library of Barton, which had belonged to Sir Thomas Hamner. Among the volumes was a shabby, ill-bound quarto, barbarously cropped, but of almost priceless value; for it contained not only this then unique copy of the early Hamlet, but also ten other Shakespeare Quartos, dated from 1598 to 1603, and The Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634. The Cambridge editors think this volume had belonged to Sir Thomas Hamner; but surely he could never have overlooked such a treasure. Sir H. Bunbury says he found it in a closet at Barton, in 1823, and that "it probably was picked up by my grandfather, Sir William Bunbury, who was an ardent collector of old dramas" (see Furness, vol. ii. p. 13). The volume was sold to the Duke of Devonshire, in whose possession it now is. This copy of the 1603 Quarto of Hamlet was long thought to be unique; but in 1856 a bookseller in Dublin, M. W. Rooney, purchased from a student of Trinity College a shabby quarto which he had brought from his home in a midland county of England in 1853. He had taken it from a bundle of old pamphlets as a memento of his family, and had tried in vain to dispose of it. On examining this pamphlet, Mr. Rooney found that it was another

HAMLET.

copy of the supposed unique Quarto of Hamlet, which, though it wanted the title-page, yet had the last leaf, which was wanting in the Duke of Devonshire's copy.¹ It was sold to Mr. Boone for £70, purchased from him for £120 by Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps), and is now in the British Museum. Other Quarto editions of Hamlet were published, one in 1605 (Q. 3) being a mere reprint of Q. 2 by J. R[oberts] for N. L[ing]. On November 19th, 1607, Nicholas Ling transferred all his copyrights to John Smithwicke, who brought out the Quarto printed in 1611 with the title-page substantially the same as that of Q. 3 (except that it is called for the first time *The Tragedy* instead of *The Tragical Historie*) and also another Quarto, without date, said to be "newly imprinted and enlarged." The Cambridge editors call the 1611 Quarto Q. 4, and the undated Quarto Q. 5; though Mr. Collier and some other authorities think that the latter was printed in 1607. For the convenience of reference we shall adopt the same order of numbering as the Cambridge editors. After the publication of the first Folio the sixth Quarto (Q. 6) was published in 1637, and at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century several players' Quartos were published, four of which—those of 1676, 1685, 1695, 1703—have been collated by the Cambridge editors. The Quarto of 1695 contains the cast of the play with Betterton as Hamlet, and the passages omitted on the stage are marked by inverted commas. I have carefully collated this copy with the received text of Hamlet, and some of the most remarkable omissions and alterations will be noticed.

Some time before 1603, as early as 1589, or even 1587 according to others, we find a reference to some play on the subject of Hamlet, in an Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities, by Thomas Nashe, prefixed to Greene's Menaphon (printed in 1589). The passage, so often quoted, contains the following sentence: "he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, Handfulls of tragical speeches." In 1594 the Lord Chamberlain's men, of whom Shakespeare was one, were acting with the

Lord Admiral's men at Newington Betts under the joint management of Henslowe, in whose diary we find the following entry on June 9th: "Rd. at hamlet . . . viiis." This seems to have been an old play; for Henslowe does not put the letters *ne* to it, as he always does in the case of new plays, and the receipts must have been very small if his share only amounted to eight shillings. As we do not find any other record of the performance of Hamlet in Henslowe's Diary, we may conclude that the play, whosoever it was, was not a very popular one; yet in Dr. Thomas Lodge's *Wits Miserie*, and the *Worlds Madnesse* discovering the Devils Incarnate of this age, 1596, we find another reference to it; one of the Devils, speaking of the author, says the Doctor is "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the visard of y^e ghost, which cried so miserably at y^e theator like an oisterwife, *Hamlet revenge*" (p. 56). Steevens mentions that he had "seen a copy of Speight's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey" with a note in the latter's handwriting: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venns and Adonis; but his Luerece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 168). Malone examined the book in question, and found that it was purchased by Harvey in 1598; but he thought the above note need not have been written until 1600. If it were written when the book was first brought out, it would prove the fact that Shakspeare's name was connected with the play of Hamlet in 1598; though, singular to state, Meres, in the often-quoted passage from *Palladis Tamia*, does not mention Hamlet amongst his tragedies. In Sir Thomas Smith's *Voiage and Entertainment in Russia*, &c. 1605, sig. K. ". . . his fathers Empire and Gouernment we find was but as the *Poeticall Furie in a Stage-action*, complot yet with horrid and wofull Tragedies: a first, but no second to any *Hamlet*; and that now *Reuenge*, inst *Reuenge* was comming with his Sworde drawne against him, his royall Mother, and dearest Sister, to fill vp those Murdering Scenes;" and lastly, Samuel Rowlands, 1620, in *The Night Raven* (Sig. D. 2) has:

¹ I take these particulars from a small pamphlet published by Mr. Roomey in 1856.

INTRODUCTION.

I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge* my greaves,
But I will call *Hang-man Revenge* on thieves.

All these passages are generally held to allude to the old play; but, though this may be true of the earlier allusions before 1600, I do not see any reason to believe that the later ones, because they happen to contain the words *Hamlet Revenge*, should not refer to Shakespeare's play. It is no uncommon thing for persons who quote from memory to make mistakes; and the words *Hamlet Revenge* may simply be a recollection of the line spoken by the Ghost, i. 5. 25:

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

This same sentence, "Hamlet Revenge," taken out of the old play, is perhaps referred to in the following passage in the Induction to *The Warning for Faire Women*, where Comedy says:

How some damn'd tyrant to obtain a crown
Stabs, hangs, impoisons, smotheres, cutteth throats:

Then, too, a filthy whining ghost,
Lapt in some foul sheet, or a leather pilch,
Comes screaming like a pig half stick't,
And cries, *Vindicta! Revenge, Revenge!*

—Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.

This last allusion is, to say the least, a doubtful one. It may have referred to one of the many ghosts in the old plays of the period before Shakespeare began to write for the stage. But these same two words, "Hamlet, Revenge," are quoted in Dekker's *Satironastix*, 1602: "my name's *Hamlet, revenge*," where the speaker, Tucca, is followed on to the stage by his boy, "with *two pictures* under his cloak;" and again in Westward Ho, 1607. We undoubtedly have a quotation as early as 1604 in Marston's *Malcontent*, iii. 3: "Ulo, ho, ho, ho! arte there, olde true penny?" (*Works*, ed. Halliwell's, vol. ii. p. 249).

We come now to the most difficult and important question, on which there has been such a great difference of opinion. What does this Quarto of 1603 represent? (1) Is it an early version of Shakespeare's play? or (2) is it a mutilated copy, disfigured by blunders of the copyist or the enterprising publisher who annexed it, of the same play from which the

Quarto of 1604 was printed? or (3) is it, as the Clarendon editors suggest in their preface, the old play partly revised and rewritten by Shakespeare? That there was an old play, founded on the prose history of Hamlet (to be mentioned hereafter), I think is almost indisputable; and though personally I venture to differ from the authorities on this point, believing that Hamlet in its first rough edition was one of Shakespeare's earliest dramatic efforts, yet it is scarcely possible to maintain that the play, referred to by Nash as one well known in 1589, could have been by Shakespeare, who was then only in his twenty-fifth year. But that Shakespeare had written a version of Hamlet some time before 1603 I firmly believe.

That the Quarto edition, surreptitiously published for N. L. (Nicholas Ling), represents this early version to a certain extent, allowing for mistakes of the copyist and printer—and, most important of all, for excisions and perhaps some interpolations made by the company or companies who had acted the tragedy—there is little doubt. Space will not allow me here to enter into an elaborate analysis of the differences between Q. 1 and Q. 2; but, after examining and re-examining, and comparing the two texts together from a literary and dramatic point of view, it seems impossible to believe that, whether obtained partly from actors' parts and partly transcribed from memory, or taken down in shorthand, the Quarto of 1603 was derived from the same version of the play as the Quarto of 1604, or from the MS. from which the play was printed in F. 1. On the other hand, there is too much of Shakespeare's Hamlet, as we know it, in the Quarto of 1603, for us to admit that it was the old play, only partly revised by him. The more and more one studies the differences, both great and small, between the two Quarto editions of the play, the more one comes to the conclusion that the first was a corrupt and incorrect copy of the play as first put together by its author. In that monumental work, Furness's *New Variorum* edition of Shakespeare, there will be found, admirably summed up, the various arguments on this point (vol. ii. pp. 14-33). No doubt

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the theory, so ably set forth by Messrs. Clark and Wright in the Clarendon Press edition, is a very plausible one; and it is quite possible that Shakespeare may have left here and there, in his earlier version of Hamlet, more lines of the old play than he thought fit to retain on maturer consideration; and, in confirmation of this, it is only fair to notice that there are more rhymed couplets in the Quarto of 1603 than in the subsequent edition. The scene between the Queen and Horatio, which is peculiar to the Quarto of 1603, and seems afterwards to have been expanded by the author into the first portion of act v. scene 2, between Hamlet and Horatio, also has the appearance of belonging to the old play; but still the presence of this scene in the first sketch may be accounted for, as being part and parcel of the design to put the Queen's character in a favourable light, which is one of the characteristics of Q. 1. In act i. scene 2 Hamlet's speech beginning:

My lord, 'tis not the subtle sile I weare;

is addressed to the King and not to his mother. In Q. 2 it commences thus:

Scenes Madam, nay it is, I know not seemes.

Again, in Hamlet's soliloquy after the interview with the ghost, act i. 5. 105, the words

O most pernicious woman

are omitted in Q. 1; and we have instead:

Murderous, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,

applied to Claudius. The fact of the names Corambis and Montano being given to Polonius and Reynaldo in Q. 1 has been noticed by every commentator; but not the difference between Rosencrafft and Gilderstone (Q. 1) and Gylldersterne and Rosencraus in Q. 2. That Q. 1 was partly made up of copies of actors' parts seems indicated by the fact that, in most cases, the cues of the various speeches are printed correctly. If any reader will examine Q. 1 carefully, he will find that the dialogue assigned to some of the characters is printed very correctly in certain portions of the play, and very incorrectly in others; which looks as if the copyist had sometimes written with the MS. before him, and sometimes from the

memory either of himself or that of others. The wretched hash that is made of some of the soliloquies may be accounted for by the fact that, in a theatre copy used by a travelling company, the text may have not have been set down in full, but only the latter portions or cues of the long speeches. Some of the alterations may have been made by the actors; and this conjecture is confirmed by an examination of the Players' Quarto of 1635, which, as I have already said, represents the version used by Betterton. If, after Hamlet had become almost a classic, an actor of Betterton's intelligence, playing before an audience containing a large number of educated persons more or less familiar with the text of Shakespeare, could venture to mutilate Shakespeare's poetry as he did in Hamlet's first soliloquy, e.g. in the following passage:

So excellent a King,
So loving to my Mother. (*sic*)
That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven
Visit her Face too roughly;

or thus, in a speech of Hamlet which occurs before:

'Tis not alone this mourning cloke could smother;

or again, to change the beautiful line,

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,

to the bald and prosaic:

I do not value my life;

or in the great soliloquy commencing: "To be, or not to be," to substitute for the lines:

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

the following:

And thus the healthful face of resolution
Shews sick and pale with thought;

if Betterton in his time venture to sanction at least, if not to invent, such mutilations of the text, what would not actors dare at a time when Shakespeare was only one of the many dramatic authors of the day, when his pre-eminence had not as yet been recognized save by a very few?

It is time, however, to set before our readers the theory as to the Quarto of 1603, which,

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after long and careful study of it, has grown up in my mind. It is, of course, mere conjecture; but then conjecture has been allowed, of late, to play such fantastic tricks with Shakespeare's very existence, that one may be excused, perhaps, if one ventures to employ it to a more practical end. I would suggest that Shakespeare, at an early period of his career, formed the idea of writing a play in which the chief character should be a person of Hamlet's disposition, through whose mouth he would have the opportunity of speaking many of the secret thoughts of his young heart; one whose lot should be cast amid the most uncongenial surroundings. Some of the speeches, such as the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," he might have sketched out roughly before he had even decided upon the plot of the play. In his youth, at Stratford-on-Avon, he must have heard a great deal of the terrible scandal relating to the Earl of Leicester's marriage with the widow of the Earl of Essex, after having, as was generally reported, poisoned her husband; and this "tragedy in private life" was surely in his mind when he was writing Hamlet. Indeed, when one comes to examine his character, Clandius with his utterly unscrupulous ambition, his nauseous plausibility, his skilful intrigues to gain popularity, his sensual bonhomie, his cunning employment of courtiers as tools for his infamous designs, is as lifelike a portrait of Robert Dudley as Shakespeare would have ventured to draw.¹

When Shakespeare was acting, with the rest of "Lords chamberlen men," under Henslowe's management, in 1594, the old play of Hamlet was represented, in which it is possible that he found the germ of a great tragedy suited to his purpose; the principal character of which could well be developed into a self-analysing hero, oppressed by the uncongeniality of his surroundings such as he had already pictured in his mind. As soon as he had leisure he took the subject in hand, and

wrote his first idea of the play. With this he was not himself satisfied; but, by some means or other, a copy of this first draft got into the hands of a travelling company, who played it with success in different towns, and the two universities of Cambridge and Oxford.² That the actors themselves ventured to make some alterations in the play is extremely probable, and when, some time in the dramatic season 1601-2, Shakespeare had elaborated his first draft into what was substantially the play as we have it in the Quarto of 1604, and had produced it with great success and with his own company, the enterprising pirate publisher stepped in, and, being unable to procure the genuine play, obtained from the travelling company the faulty MS. which they had used, and printed it, as Shakespeare's play, in 1603.

In the Stationers' Register, under date July 26th, 1602, is the entry to James Robertes, [already given above]. In his admirable Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile of the Quarto of 1603 Dr. Furnivall thinks that this entry refers to the pirated edition published in the next year; but on the title-page of the First Quarto no printer's name is given, and on that of the genuine Quarto, 1604, we have "Printed by I. R[oberts] for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunstons Church in Fleet street." It will be noticed that no address is given on the title-page by the publishers of Q. 1. Is it not possible—if my theory as to the date of Shakespeare's revision of his first draft be the right one—that Roberts had obtained the promise of the genuine MS., but that the negotiation having fallen through, N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and John Trundell meanwhile published their spurious edition; and that Shakespeare then, disgusted that such a named copy of his great work should be palmed off upon the public, consented to let Roberts have the full and correct manuscript to print from; a manuscript which contained at least one superb passage, the soliloquy in act iv. scene 4, which was not in the theatre copy as printed afterwards in the First Folio, or, if there originally, had been subsequently

¹ How deep an impression this story made upon many people of the time may be gathered from the Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, first published in 1766, and privately reprinted by Messrs. E. & G. Goldsmid, Edinburgh, 1887.

² See title-page of Quarto 1603.

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cut out? It is generally presumed that the N. L. of both the First and Second Quartos was Nicholas Ling; but it is quite possible that the transactions as to the publication of the genuine MS. may have taken place only with Roberts, in whose name, as will be seen from the entry quoted above, the book had first been entered on the Stationers' Register. In the interval between the publication of the pirated Quarto and that of the genuine one in 1604 Shakespeare may have made some further improvements and alterations in the play. But to whatever circumstances we owe its publication, I fully agree with Dr. Furnivall that we have in the Quarto of 1604 the most complete and the best text of Hamlet; and it is quite possible that, but for the dishonest action of N. L. and John Trundell, we should have had to rest content with the much inferior text of the First Folio.

According to my theory, then, we must suppose that the First Quarto (1603) represents Shakespeare's first draft of the play, *minus* the passages cut out by the actors, and *plus* the alterations they chose to make, in addition to the errors of the transcriber and printer.

This may seem to be a very far-fetched theory, and there is no doubt that it will be scouted by many Shakespeareans whose authority is worthy of the very highest respect; but I would submit that the title-page of Q. 1 is peculiar in more respects than one. It is the only title-page of any Quarto edition of Shakespeare's plays, as far as I know, which has the statement "As it hath bene dinersse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London." Now, what does this mean? Who were "his Highnesse seruants?" The Lord Chamberlain's servants we know; they were the company to which Shakespeare belonged in 1597. The First Quarto of Romeo and Juliet says that it was often played by "the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants." After 1603 or 1604 we have "by his Majesty's servants," e.g. in the entry in the Stationers' Register of King Lear of November 26th, 1607; but nowhere have we "his Highness' servants." The Quarto of Love's Labour's Lost has "As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas."

Now, it is worth remarking that we learn from Henslowe's Diary that on May 9th, 1603, "my Lord of Worsters men" played by the king's license, which must have been conceded to them by James I. before he granted one to his own company, formerly the Lord Chamberlain's and subsequently known as "his Majesty's servants," the patent of which to L. Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, and others bears date May 17th, 1603. I would venture, therefore, to suggest that the Quarto of 1603 was printed from a copy of the play which had *never been played by Shakespeare's own company*, but by another one; perhaps by "my Lord of Worsters men," or by some members of that company who had been travelling during the last five or six years preceding 1603.

As to the chief source whence the plot of this play was taken, it has undoubtedly perished with the old play; for we cannot consider that Shakespeare owed anything directly to the original history of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus, or to Belleforest's version of it from Bandello, published in 1559; much less to the English translation of Belleforest, which was published by Pavier in 1608. The title given by Belleforest to the story was: "*Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son pere Horrendile, occis par Fengon son frere, autre occurrence de son histoire.*" Pavier calls his translation—which Collier described as "bald, literal, and in many places uncouth"—simply the *Hystorie of Hamblet Prince of Denmarke* (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. Pt. 1, vol. ii. p. 215, 216). This English translation was, I firmly believe, only published in consequence of the success of the play. The incidents common to Shakespeare's play and to the English *Hystorie* of Hamblet are very few; and as to any hints for the characterization of the *Dramatis Personæ* the prose narrative is a perfect blank. No two persons can be more different than the coarse, brutal, ruffianly Hamblet and the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy. Of course the author of the old play may have followed more closely the story as given in Belleforest than Shakespeare has; but the only incidents, common to the *Hystorie* and to the play, are the fact of the King

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having murdered his brother, and afterwards contracted an incestuous marriage with his sister-in-law; the assumption of madness by Hamlet; and his killing one of the King's friends who had concealed himself during the interview between himself and his mother. The idea of using Ophelia as a means to detect whether Hamlet's madness was real or not was, no doubt, suggested by the very coarse incident in Saxo Grammaticus, which is considerably modified in Belleforest and in the English translation. The fact that one of the courtiers, who had been brought up with Amlethus, helps him to avoid the trap laid for him by means of the woman, in Saxo Grammaticus, may have suggested the character of Horatio; but it is at the best a very faint suggestion. The Danish prince is certainly sent to England, and procures, by means of counterfeit letters, that the fate, intended for him by Fengon at the hands of the King of England, should overtake the two courtiers sent with him, much in the same way as Hamlet procures the banishment of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; but we may presume that these incidents were found in the old play, and were not taken by Shakespeare direct from the *Hystorie*.

As to the question whether Pavier's *Hystorie of Hamblet* was really published earlier than 1608—as Collier confidently asserted without an atom of proof—and before the production of the play, I think that it is completely answered by Elze, an abstract of whose cogent argument will be found in vol. ii. p. 89 of Dr. Howard Furness's *New Variorum Edition of Hamlet*. There are two passages in the *History* which have been often quoted as showing that Shakespeare had, at any rate, studied this prose story. They both occur in the scene, which corresponds to the scene in the Queen's closet in the play, in which Polonius is killed, and they will be found on page 236 of Vol. II. Part I. of Hazlitt's edition of the Shakespeare Library. In the first the narrator states that "the counsellor entred secretly into the Queenes chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras." The next is that which describes Hamlet entering "like a cocke beating with his armes, (in such manner

as cockes vse to strike with their wings), vpon the hangings of the chamber, whereby feeling something stirring vnder them, he cried a rat a rat, and presently drawing his sworde thrust it into the hangings" (Hazlitt's *Shak. Lib.* vol. ii. Pt. I. p. 236). It is very remarkable that neither in Saxo Grammaticus nor in Belleforest is there any mention of arras or hangings. In Saxo Grammaticus the word used is *stramentum*, the whole passage being: "obstreptentis galli more occentum edidit, brachisque proalarum planis concensis, con(s)censo stramento¹ corpus crebris saltibus librare cepit, siquid illic clausum delitesceret, expecturus. At ubi subiectam pedibus molem persensit, ferro locum rimatus, suppositum confodit, egestumque latebra trucidavit" (Holder's ed. p. 91). The corresponding word, in Belleforest, to *stramentum* is *londier* or *lodier*, and he says that "le Conseiller entra secrettement en la chambre de la Reine, se cacha sous quelque *londier*" (Belleforest, *Histoires Tragiques*, vol. v. p. 42). As to the expression, *A rat, a rat!* there is not the slightest parallel to this either in Saxo Grammaticus or in Belleforest. It is highly improbable, to say the least, that these alterations should have been made by the translator, unless they had been suggested to him by the play. If we could discover any early copy of the translation which was published by Pavier, it would help us to determine whether these expressions were taken from the old play, or whether they were, as I think is more probable, inserted after Shakespeare's Hamlet had been represented on the stage.

It would be impossible to give here the many passages to be found in authors of the seventeenth century before the Restoration, in which portions of this play are either bodily "conveyed," or most obviously imitated. To take an early and a late one, one may fairly say that Marston's *Malcontent* (1604) would never have been written—though Giovanni Altofronto, otherwise Malevole, is

¹ I should have thought that *stramentum*, in this passage, meant the rushes or straw that are strewn on the floor; but Belleforest certainly seems to have taken it to mean "a counterpane," though the former meaning coincides better with the context of the passage in Saxo.

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but a Brimmagem imitation of Hamlet after all—if Shakespeare's play had not appeared. As a specimen of one of the later imitations of Hamlet, we may mention that little-known tragedy *The Fatal Contract*, by William Hemmings, Master of Arts at Oxford, printed in 1661, but acted before that. In that play we have an Aphelia and a Ghost in armour; and, though the story of the play is totally different, many passages from Hamlet are either adapted or closely imitated.

The Cambridge editors say that the text of Hamlet in the Folio of 1623 is derived from an independent MS., one which had evidently been curtailed for the purpose of representation. Some passages are however found in the Folio which are not found in Q. 2, or in its successors, but some of which "are found in an imperfect form in the Quarto of 1603, and therefore are not subsequent additions" (vol. viii. p. xi.). The text is, in this edition, like that of most editors, founded upon a combination of those of Q. 2 and F. 1.

STAGE HISTORY.

From the time of its first production to the present day the tragedy of Hamlet seems to have kept a firmer and more uninterrupted hold upon the stage than any other play of Shakespeare's. Except during that brief and gloomy period, when Puritanism was in the ascendant, and no rational or wholesome amusements were allowed to the English people, one may venture to say that not a single year passed without it being represented several times, not only in London, but in the provinces. It is a common saying, amongst people connected with the stage, that no actor has ever yet positively failed in Hamlet; and managers, in town and country, will tell you that you have only to put Hamlet up, even with a bad cast, and you may rely on a fairly good house. Be the reason what it may, it is certain that, for the general public, who are not afflicted with that elegant complaint known as *ennui* or boredom—generally the result of too close an intimacy with and complete subservency to one's own self,—for ordinary people who have not emasculated their minds and passions, Hamlet, even imperfectly represented, has

always had a strong interest; while, whenever an actor of talent, to say nothing of genius, attempts the chief part, he is sure to attract a numerous and attentive audience. One need not go far back in the annals of the English stage to learn that on those few occasions when an actor of real genius has arisen to throw a new light upon the complex character of Hamlet, the theatre-going public have always evinced their sympathy and interest by flocking night after night to see such a performance. This extraordinary popularity of Hamlet as an acting play is full of instruction to two classes of persons; first, to those who are never tired of declaring that the taste of the present day necessitates a total separation between literature and the drama; secondly, to those who are always sneering feebly and dyspeptically at the actor's art—persons ravenously jealous of the applause which the actor receives, but which the public ingenerously withholds from them in any of their multifarious capacities. These latter may lay to heart the undoubted fact that Hamlet, the most poetic in some respects of any of Shakespeare's plays, could not have been written by anyone but a polished actor familiar with the stage and all its ways; also this fact, scarcely less disputable, that all the reams of criticism, which have been written on the character of Hamlet, have not been able to bring home to the minds of men the real meaning of the character so clearly as a single performance of some great actor.

I have already alluded, in the *Literary History* of this play, to the peculiarity of the title-page of the first Quarto (1603). It is the only one of all the Shakespearian Quartos that contains any specific reference to performances out of London. If we are to believe that title-page, then, we know that Hamlet in its unrevised form was acted at both universities, and elsewhere in the provinces by some company, probably not Shakespeare's own. These performances may have been simultaneous with those of the revised play in London by the Lord-Chamberlain's company to which Shakespeare belonged; or they may have taken place before Shakespeare produced his revised version. At any-

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... during the lifetime of its author, Hamlet was already a popular play, and this is proved by the numerous allusions to it by contemporary writers. Of these allusions to the play as an acted play, one of the earliest and most interesting is an entry in the "journal" or log-book of Captain Keeling of the ship *Dragon*, in 1601, "September 5 [at 'Serra Leona'] I sent the interpreter, according to his desire, aboard the *Hector*, where he brooke fast, and afterwards came aboard mee, where we gave the tragicomic of Hamlett;" and again on the 31st of the same month, "I envited Captain Hawkins to a fishes dinner, and had Hamlet acted aboard," adding "which I permitt to keepe my people from idleness and unlawfull games, or sleepe" (Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse, p. 79). The next reference we find is in an elegy on "ye Death of the famous Actor Richard Burbidge," which mentions Hamlet amongst his characters:

He's gone & with him what A world are dead,
Which he reviv'd, to be reviv'd noe,
No more young Hamlett, on'd Hieronymus,
—Centurie of Prayse, p. 81.

The materials for the stage history of any play during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. are very scanty; but the two following extracts may serve to show that this play was still a very popular one. In *Anthropophagus; the Man-Eater*, 1624, p. 14, by E. S., speaking of datterers the author says: "for they are like *Hamlets ghost*, *hic et ubique*, here and there, and every where, for their owne occasion;" and in John Gee's *New Shreds of the old Snare*, 1624: "As for examples the *Ghost in Hamblet*, *Don Audreas Ghost in Hieronimus*" (*Centurie of Prayse*, p. 160).

Pepys saw Hamlet on August 24th, 1661, at the Opera—that is to say, the House in Lincoln's Inn Fields—"done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the Prince's parts beyond imagination" (vol. i. p. 342); and again, on November 28th of the same year, "very well done" (p. 382). Downes' first mention of Hamlet is in 1662, among the plays acted at the new theatre (Sir William Davenant's) in Lincoln's Inn Fields: "The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Hamlet being performed by Mr. Betterton; Sir William (having seen Mr. Taylor, of the

Black-Fryars Company, act it; who being instructed by the Author Mr. *Shakespeare*) taught Mr. Betterton in every part of it, gain'd him esteem and reputation superlative to all other plays. *Horatio* by Mr. *Harris*; the *King* by Mr. *Lillistoun*; the *Ghost* by Mr. *Richards*; (after by Mr. *Medburn*.) *Polonius*

by Mr. *Love*; *Rosencrans* by Mr. *Dixon*; *Laertes* by Mr. *Prier*; 1st. *Gravemaker*

Mr. *Paderhall*; the 2d. by Mr. *Dances*; the *Queen* by Mrs. *Davenport*; *Ophelia* by Mrs. *Saunderston*" (afterwards Mrs. Betterton): "No

succeeding Tragedy for several years got more reputation or money to the Company than this" (pp. 29, 30). This account of Downes incidentally opens the question as to who was the original representative of Hamlet, Taylor or Burbage? This is a point on which we have no decisive evidence. But whether Burbage was the original of Hamlet or not, we know that he acted the part and identified himself, to a great measure, with it, as will be seen from the funeral elegy on his death already quoted. Taylor, according to the *Historia Histrionica*, acted Hamlet again on May 28th, 1663, and on August 31st, 1668, on which latter occasion he says that he had not seen it "this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted" (vol. v. p. 347). So long as Betterton lived no one seems to have cared to dispute his supremacy in this part. In the Quarto, 1695,¹ as well as in the octavo edition,

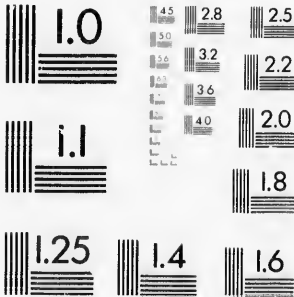
¹ The cast prefixed to this edn. shows that except Betterton and his wife there were few survivors from the cast of 1662:

<i>Claudius</i> , King of Denmark.....	Mr. <i>Crooby</i> .
<i>Hamlet</i> , Son to the former King.....	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Horatio</i> , Hamlet's Friend.....	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Marcellus</i> , an Officer.....	Mr. <i>Lee</i> .
<i>Polonius</i> , Lord Chamberlain.....	Mr. <i>Saake</i> .
<i>Laertes</i> , Son to Polonius.....	Mr. <i>Young</i> .
<i>Rosencrans</i> , } two Courtiers.....	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Guilkenstern</i> , }.....	Mr. <i>Cadenaua</i> .
<i>Fortinbrass</i> , King of Norway.....	Mr. <i>Percival</i> .
<i>Ostrick</i> , a fantastical Courtier.....	Mr. <i>Jerns</i> .
<i>Barnardo</i> , } two Centinels.....	Mr. <i>Hathbawl</i> .
<i>Francisco</i> , }.....	Mr. <i>Flapd</i> .
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father</i>	Mr. <i>Medburn</i> .
Two Grave-makers.....	Mr. <i>Cadrell</i> .
<i>Gertrude</i> , Queen of Denmark.....	Mrs. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Ophelia</i> , in love with Hamlet.....	Mrs. <i>Shadwell</i> .



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HAMLET.

1703, his name is in the cast. On December 20th, 1709, we find him at the Haymarket Theatre still acting Hamlet, though now above 70 years old, with the manner, gesture, and voice of youth. Even the crabbed Antony Aston was obliged to acknowledge that though Betterton in his old age could no longer *look* the Prince of Denmark, yet he *was* Hamlet. This must have been the last occasion on which he played the part, for on the 13th April, 1710, in the same season he made his last appearance as Melantius in the Maid's Tragedy. Rather than disappoint the public, he is said to have plunged his gouty foot into cold water in order to enable him to walk on the stage in a slipper. The result was that the disease flew to his head, and he was carried home from the theatre only to die. During Betterton's latter years Wilks and Powell both played Hamlet, but neither of them seems to have made any great impression in the part. At Drury Lane on February 14th, 1710, Miss Santlow, afterwards Mrs. Booth, played Ophelia for the first time; and after having drowned herself, apparently came to life again to speak the epilogue "in boy's clothes" (Genest, vol. ii. p. 435). Mrs. Mountford on November 6th, 1705, appeared, for the first time, as Ophelia at Drury Lane. According to an anecdote, said to have been related by Colley Cibber to the celebrated George Anne Bellamy, she subsequently became insane; but her madness not being of a violent nature, she was allowed a certain measure of freedom. One evening, learning that Hamlet was being played at the theatre, she managed to give her attendants the slip, and, to the astonishment alike of actors and audience, pushed on to the stage in the mad scene before the actress who was playing Ophelia could prevent her, when she gave what must have been one of the most touching realizations of that pathetic scene ever witnessed. This was indeed her last appearance, for death soon after put an end to her misery.

In the interval between Betterton's death and the appearance of Garrick, besides W. Powell already mentioned, Mills, Ryan, and Millward seem to have been the only representatives of Hamlet. Booth, curious to say,

never seems to have attempted this part, but contented himself with that of the Ghost, as did Boheme. Quin wisely left the young Prince of Denmark alone. He played the King to Ryan's Hamlet at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1718, 1719; and later on he appeared as the Ghost at Drury Lane, apparently for the first time, in the season 1731-32, probably to the Hamlet of Wilks. This was a part which Quin's stately style of elocution well became, and it appears to have been one of his most successful characters. A handsome young Irishman, Dennis Delane, whose physical advantages atoned, with one portion of the audience at any rate, for defects in his elocution and action, had appeared as Hamlet at Drury Lane on March 15th, 1742; having previously played the Ghost on January 26th of the same year, when Millward being unable to perform, Hamlet had to be read by Cibber, jun.; which must have been very like the tragedy with the Prince of Denmark left out. But Delane's rising fame was quite obscured by the appearance of Garrick as Hamlet for the first time in England—he had played the part in Ireland—on November 16th, 1742; on which occasion Delane, as the Ghost, had plenty of opportunities to observe his rival's triumph. The cast included Hallam as Laertes, Taswell as Polonius, and Macklin as the First Gravedigger, with Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen, and Mrs. Clive as Ophelia. In spite of his unsuitable dress and his trick chair¹ in the closet scene, Garrick's Hamlet was a great success. He played it again, for his benefit, on the 13th January, and during this season (1742-43) no less than thirteen times.

While Garrick was establishing his fame in Hamlet and other Shakespearean characters, the rival house at Covent Garden could only oppose such attractions as Ryan in Hamlet, supported by Quin as the Ghost and Mrs. Clive as Ophelia. On March 31st, 1744, the Irish actor Sheridan made his first appearance on the English stage as Hamlet, with Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen. Hamlet was one of the six characters that Garrick played in the summer of 1746 at Covent Garden, receiv-

¹ A chair so made that, when he rose from it, it fell over.

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ing £300 for the six performances. On this occasion it may be worth noticing that Shuter appeared as Osric. This was an early performance of the celebrated comedian who, later in his career, was one of the most truly comic representatives of the First Gravedigger. In the next season, at Drury Lane, appeared the most formidable rival Garrick ever had to encounter, Spranger Barry, an Irish actor, who made his first appearance as Hamlet, at Drury Lane, for Macklin's benefit on the 24th March, 1747, but was never able to eclipse Garrick in this part as he did undoubtedly in that of Othello. On March 20th, 1755, for Woodward's benefit, there was a very strong cast in Hamlet, which included besides Garrick Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen, and Mrs. Cibber as Ophelia, and the *beneficiaire* himself as Polonius, a part which did not suit him so well as that of Osric. The actor, who seems to have taken Garrick's place as Hamlet most frequently during his particularly short career on the stage, was Charles Holland, whom Churchill censures so much for his imitation of his great manager and master. Genest relates an amusing anecdote of this actor, with reference to the admirable reform introduced by Garrick in the season 1762-63, namely, the enlargement of Drury Lane so as to do away with the necessity of having members of the audience seated in a built-up amphitheatre on the stage, at benefits and other specially attractive performances. Holland was playing Hamlet for his first benefit, and the seats on the stage were filled with people from Chiswick, his native place. When the Ghost appeared, by the usual stage trick Hamlet's hat flew off, and it fell at the feet of a young damsel from Chiswick, who was a great admirer of Holland. She, with the very best intentions, picked up the hat, stole softly from her seat, and placed it on Holland's head, with the broad corner foremost as generally worn by drunken men; and Holland, unconscious of the ridiculous appearance he presented, went on with the scene, to the huge delight of the audience. At Covent Garden on April 25th, 1788, for Bensley's benefit, William Powell made his first appearance as Hamlet with, "for that night only," Mrs.

Yates as the Queen. He repeated the part three times in the following season. Had not this promising actor died at the premature age of thirty-four, it is possible he might have proved a serious rival to Garrick.

Hamlet had hitherto escaped the desecrating hand of adapters or mutilators such as Davenant, Dryden, Tait, Cibber, and others; but in an evil moment it occurred to Garrick to try and improve this matchless tragedy. Happily his version was so indifferently received that he never ventured to print it. Some of his ideas are quite unobjectionable, such as the different division into acts of the play; while one was distinctly good, namely, the restoration of the fourth scene of act iv. between Fortinbras and Hamlet. The chief alterations he made were in the last act, from which he excised bodily the Gravediggers and Osric. The Queen was not poisoned on the stage, but was led from her seat in a supposed state of insanity brought on by remorse; the King, when attacked by Hamlet, draws his sword and defends himself, and is killed in the struggle. Tate Wilkinson, unable to get a copy of Garrick's alteration, arranged a version for himself, which he published in his *Wandering Patentee*. In this he inserted passages from other plays of Shakespeare, putting into the mouth of the King the dying speech of Cardinal Beaufort from *II. Henry VI. iii. 3. 8-18*. He also saved the life of Laertes. Garrick's version was played at Drury Lane up to April 21st, 1780, when, for the benefit of Bannister, jun., "Hamlet as written by Shakespeare" was produced. After this, Garrick's version never seems to have been acted. Hamlet could not certainly have been among Jack Bannister's best characters; but, nevertheless, he did good service in restoring Shakespeare's play to the stage.

Henderson, who next to Barry was the most powerful rival against whom Garrick had to contend, made his first appearance as Hamlet at Drury Lane, September 30th, 1777; among the cast being Palmer as the Ghost, Farren as Horatio, and Mrs. Mary Robinson (*Perdita*) as Ophelia. He had made his original debut, anonymously, in this character at Bath on October 6th, 1772. His physical dis-

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qualifications for the part were many, his fencing being one of his weakest points; but in the delivery of some of the soliloquies, and in the scene with the Players, he was inferior to none of his great rivals.

A mere enumeration of the many actors who played Hamlet in London alone would occupy a considerable space; while pages might be filled with criticisms of the stately John Kemble, the scholarly Young, and the passionate Edmund Kean, whose scene with Ophelia was so infinitely touching. G. F. Cooke failed completely in Hamlet, and is said to have taken the failure much to heart. Charles Kemble looked the Prince completely, but Hamlet was not one of his greatest successes. Mrs. Siddons played the part some five or six times, but only in the country; she did not venture on the experiment in London. She is by no means the only actress who has assayed the part. Charlotte Cushman played it a few times in America, and alludes to it in her letters as the very highest effort she had ever made; and Miss Marriott played Hamlet more than once in London, at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere. Some critics have tried to prove that Hamlet really was a woman; and perhaps a female Hamlet may be less unsatisfactory than a female Romeo. Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, and numerous other actors distinguished themselves, more or less, as Hamlet in the first half of this century. The most sensational Hamlet within my recollection, in some points at least, was the late Charles Fechter, whose performance was certainly full of charm; and when we consider the great difficulties that he had to overcome, we cannot but admit that, coming from a Frenchman, it was one of the greatest tributes to the genius of Shakespeare which has been given in our time. This character has always had the strongest fascination for foreign actors. Some persons, *laudatores temporis acti*, have told me that Devrient was the greatest Hamlet they ever saw. Rouvier was seen to little advantage at the St. James's Theatre as Hamlet.

Most of the theatre-goers nowadays can remember Salvini and Ernesto Rossi as the Prince of Denmark. The former made no such

strong impression in this part as he did in Othello and Lear. His translation of the play was very indifferent; but his scene with Ophelia was full of tenderness, and his business in the fencing scene with Laertes was perhaps the best ever introduced. Rossi had made a great study of the text of Hamlet; and to the no small confusion of some of the critics, who knew Shakespeare best through the acting editions, he restored that singular passage at the end of the third act, by which, for some mysterious reason or other, Shakespeare tried to spoil one of the finest scenes in the play. Quite recently we have had a robust French Hamlet in Mounet Sully. Mr. Wilson Barrett is one of the latest exponents of the part; and he may be said to represent the modern school of elocution, which, in its desire to protest against the abuse of the art of pausing, tends, perhaps, to the other extreme of too rapid delivery. In conclusion, I may be allowed to say, without any undue desire to exalt my co-editor above his fellow-artists, that no greater tribute to the intrinsic power which Hamlet possesses over an audience has ever been shown, than in the wonderfully long run which this play had, when first produced by him at the Lyceum (October 30th, 1874), without any adventitious advantages of scenery, and with a cast in some respects not particularly strong. Since then it has been revived with every advantage that beautiful scenic accessories could give, but with scarcely greater success than it had for the two hundred consecutive nights when it was represented, in its unadorned state. Mr. Irving's Hamlet commands the profound admiration and appreciative study of scholars and the public, and Miss Terry's Ophelia may be pronounced ideal and divine.

What is believed to have been the first representation in America of Hamlet was, in spite of Quaker opposition, given in Philadelphia, 27th July, 1759, by the company under the management of Douglass.

The course as far as it can be traced, was as follows:

Hamlet = Ullam.	Laertes = Reed.
Polonius = Harman.	Horatio = Morris.
Ghost = Douglass.	King = Tomlinson.

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Grave-diggers =	Allyn.
	(Harman.)
Player King =	Scott.
Osric =	A. Hallam.
Guildenstern =	Horne.
Ophelia =	Mrs. Harman.
Queen =	Mrs. Douglass.
Player Queen =	Mrs. Love.

Since then Hamlet has been as popular in America as in England, and every tragedian of note—Booth, Wallack, Forrest, and others, whose names are scarcely less familiar here than there—has been seen as “Hamlet the Dane.”

HAMLET IN GERMANY.

I have thought it best, under the above heading, to treat a question which concerns both the Literary and Stage History of Hamlet. In his interesting work, Shakespeare in Germany, published in 1864, Mr. Cohn says: “About the year 1665, this piece was performed by the Veltheim company, but it is of a much older date than this, for we find it in the Dresden Stage-library in 1626, and even then it was no new piece, as there is every reason to believe that it had been brought to Germany by the English players as early as 1603” (part i. p. cxx). In part ii. (pp. 241–304 inclusive) he gives the German text and an English translation, side by side, of this tragedy, the full title of which is “Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark.” The German text given Mr. Cohn describes as a “late and modernized copy of a much older manuscript.” The copy bears the date “Pretz, den 27. Oktober 1710”; it is entitled TRAGÖDIE. Der bestrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dänemark (Tragedy. Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark), and appears to have been first published, in its entirety, in 1781, “in the German periodical *Olla Potrida*” (sic). It commences with a short Prologue, the speakers in which are *Nacht* (Night), and the Three Furies, *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megæra*. This Prologue is in verse, with the exception of one long prose speech of Night; and it is the only portion of the play which contains anything which can pretend to the title of poetry. The tragedy itself is a wretchedly dreary composition, written en-

tirely in prose, with the exception of one or two rhyming couplets at the end of scenes, and is remarkable for having every vestige not only of the poetry, but of the dramatic vigour of Shakespeare's play, carefully eliminated. In fact it bears about as much relation to the Tragedy of Hamlet—as we know it from the Second Quarto (1604), or the Folio, or even in the mutilated version of the Quarto of 1603—as one of Kirkman's Drolls does to the play on which it was professedly founded, whether the work of Shakespeare or of any contemporary author. Of Hamlet's wonderful soliloquies not a line remains; and even where the story does follow that of Shakespeare's tragedy, the scenes are so arranged as to destroy entirely the dramatic construction of the original. In short it is such a contemptible production, that any student or admirer of Shakespeare may be excused if he finds himself unable, from want of patience, to read the whole of it. I have been through it carefully myself, line by line, and, after making allowances for the extensive modernization the printed version may have undergone, it is impossible to believe that it represents, however remotely, any version of Hamlet written by Shakespeare. Mr. Cohn says (part i. p. cxxi): “Single passages in the German piece shew that an edition of the original must have been used which contained passages that are in the folio, but not in the first quarto, while other passages prove incontrovertibly that precisely this quarto must have been the source employed by the translator. Thus, for instance, the Ghost says to Hamlet, ‘Mark me, Hamlet, for the time draws near when I must return to whence I came,’ and concludes his speech with the words ‘Thus was I robbed of kingdom, wife and life by this foul tyrant.’ The former is evidently taken from the words which the Ghost uses in our accepted text of Hamlet:

My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself;

while the latter corresponds exactly to the order in which the Ghost mentions the same things in the original,

Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once deprived, ' etc."

But I cannot really see anything in the text of the German piece to justify these statements of Mr. Cohn. That the author, whoever he was, had seen or read Shakespeare's Hamlet, as we have it in the Folio or the Quarto of 1604, is most probable, if not certain; also that he must have had access to some copy of the Quarto of 1603, which edition, it will be remembered, was not then known to any of the English commentators of the 18th century. This, in itself, is a very interesting fact, for we may venture to infer from this that this Quarto of 1603, or something like it, had been represented on the stage in Germany, whether in English or in a German translation we have no evidence to show. On the other hand, that there are passages in the German play, which, to quote Mr. Cohn, "prove incontrovertibly that precisely this quarto must have been the source employed by the translator," I cannot see. If we found in the German version that the peculiar sequence of the scenes, for instance, in the Quarto of 1603, was followed rather than that of the Folio or the Quarto of 1604; or if there were any parallels to the one scene peculiar to the Quarto of 1603, the scene between Horatio and the Queen (see Shakspeare Quarto Facsimile of Hamlet, scene xiv. p. 53), Mr. Cohn's statement, quoted above, might be justifiable; but we find no such thing. On the other hand there seems to me no internal evidence that the author of the German piece, "Fratricide Punished," &c., need have used the Quarto of 1603 at all. He could have obtained the wretchedly bald skeleton of Hamlet, which he has dressed up in dull and shabby prose, from the Folio, or from the Quarto of 1604. Bald, and corrupt in many passages the Quarto of 1603 undoubtedly is; but it does contain the germs of three of the finest soliloquies, and many passages of beautiful poetry, all of which the German adapter succeeded in eliminating; so that it really could be only a trifle to him to have got rid of the additional poetry, and of the finer passages first given in the Quarto of 1604.

The only absolute point of resemblance between the German play and the Quarto of 1603 is that Polonius in the former is called *Corambus*, and in the latter *Corambis*; but there is no resemblance in the names of the other characters; for instance Laertes, who is called in Q. 1 Leartes, in the German play is Leonhardus; Claudius is called Erico, apparently a modified form of Eric; the Queen is called Sigrie; while Hamlet, Horatio, and Ophelia (not Ofelia as in the Quarto of 1603), and Francisco are found both in the German play and in the Quarto of 1604. In the first scene of the German play the Two Sentinels, as in the Quarto of 1603, are simply First and Second Sentinel; but the name Barnardo, which occurs in the Quarto of 1603, does not occur in the German play. Of new characters introduced into the latter we have Phantasma the Clown, who takes the place of Osric in the last act, and who is a most abominable excrement in the other scenes, principally the mad scenes of Ophelia, in which he appears. There is also Jens a Peasant, an unimportant character, who appears only in a short scene in the third act. The Principal of the Comedians is called Carl. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern do not appear; but "Two Ruffians" are introduced in their place, who accompany Hamlet on his voyage to England by the King's orders; they attempt, in a ridiculous scene in the fourth act, to shoot Hamlet. From a careful examination of the German text I can only discover one passage which could hardly have been written, unless the author had seen either the Quarto of 1604 or the Folio, and that is in act i. scene 7 of the German piece, which commences with the speech corresponding to that of the King in Shakespeare's play:

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death.
—Act i. sc. 2.

In the German version the beginning of that speech is thus rendered: "Obschon unsers Herrn Bruders Tod noch in frischem Gedächtniss bey jedermann ist, und uns gebietet, alle Solemnitäten einzustellen, werden wir doch anjetzo genöthiget, unsere schwarze Tranerkleider in Carmosin, Purpur und Scharlach zu verändern." The English translation given

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in Cohn's book is slightly misleading; it runs thus: "Though yet of our dear brother's death the memory is *green* to all and it begetteth us to suspend all joyous demonstrations, yet from this time 't is meet we change our *suits* of *solemn* back to crimson, purple, and scarlet" (part ii. p. 256). Literally it should be translated thus: "Although our brother's death still is in fresh remembrance with every one, and it befits us to defer all [state] solemnities, yet are we from this time compelled to change our black mourning clothes into crimson, purple, and scarlet." In many places the translator has, very naturally, paraphrased the German text in the language of Shakespeare, even where the latter does not literally render the words of the former.

As to any actual evidence of the representation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, or of any other play on the same subject as early as 1603 or 1604, we can find none in Mr. Cohn's work. In the collection of so-called English Comedies and Tragedies, published in 1620¹ (see Cohn, part i. pp. cvii-exi), Hamlet does not occur. The first mention of its representation appears to be in a very interesting catalogue of plays, written in an almanac by an officer of the Dresden Court in 1626, in which we find that on the 24th June of that year, *Tragedia von Hamlet einen printzen in Denemarck* (Tragedy of Hamlet, a Prince of Denmark) was represented. The other Shakespearean plays contained in the list are Julius Cæsar, Lear, and Romeo and Juliet, which alone appears to have been acted more than once (see Cohn, part i. pp. cxv, cxvi). Marlowe's tragedy of "Barrabas the Jew of Malta" was acted twice, and so was a comedy called "Joseph the Jew of Venice," which may have been partly taken from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, and partly from Marlowe's play. There is nothing to show that the Hamlet in this list was not Shakespeare's tragedy as we have it in the Folio.

But now we come to a second very interesting question, namely, was this wretched version of Hamlet, the modernized text of which is given in Cohn, really taken from an old

German play, founded, not on Shakespeare's Hamlet, but on the old play of that name mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under the year 1594? The bald way in which this story is treated, the introduction of incongruous comic characters and scenes, and, perhaps, the fact that the German play is preceded by a prologue, which is written in a serious vein and in somewhat poetical language, all lead us to infer that such may have been the case; but, of course, till we have discovered, if we ever do, the text of the old play of Hamlet, this question must remain undecided. But, at least, we may say this, that it is much more likely that the German play had for its original an old-fashioned tragedy, written before Shakespeare's time, than that the author took the trouble to connect such a wretched unpoetical and dull piece of work from any one of the versions of Shakespeare's Hamlet which have come down to us.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The extraordinary popularity of this tragedy, not only on the stage and in the study of the scholar and poet, but amongst the people who read anything at all, is probably not exceeded, even if it be equalled, by any other literary work in our language, and certainly not by any dramatic work ever written. Hamlet has enriched our language even more than any other work of Shakespeare's with popular and familiar expressions, which indeed have become household words. Wherever the English language is spoken men and women will be found, not always consciously, perhaps, clothing their ideas—ideas common to all humanity—in the language of Hamlet. The enormous amount of intellectual activity, which this play of Shakespeare has produced, may be seen in the formidable list of works written on the subject, given in Furness's New Variorum edition of Hamlet, vol. ii.; nor is the bulk of this literature mere polemical writing. Those who have made a study of the whole play, or of the single character of Hamlet, have, in the course of that study, generally been brought to think about subjects on which they might otherwise have bestowed very little consideration. As for its popularity as an acting play,

¹ A second edition with exactly the same contents was published in 1624, *ut supra*, p. cix.

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I have spoken of that already. When we come to ask ourselves how is it that this tragedy and its strange philosophic, weak, irresolute hero has taken such a hold on the minds and hearts of the people, it is not very easy at first sight to give an answer. Many more sympathetic stories have been dramatized; for, after all, the main motive of Hamlet, filial love, is not so popular as sexual love. Again, the story has many features in it which can appeal but little to general sympathy. Incestuous marriages, performed in such indecent haste as that of Gertrude and Claudius, are not common; while in the fitful energy with which he carries out his task of vengeance, Hamlet does things which cannot but alienate our sympathies.

Indeed some critics have denounced Hamlet as an immoral and almost contemptible character. They have had no difficulty in pointing out instances of his deplorable weakness, and of his cowardly inaction at those decisive moments in his life which demand firm decision and prompt action. But, perhaps, it is the very weakness of Hamlet which inspires our sympathy; he is no hero cast in a semi-divine mould. His imperfections, his errors, no less than his affections and his passions, are intensely human. They appeal to the great heart of mankind; his intellectual superiority to those around him, which he feels himself no less than we do, is never allowed to dominate his character so as to paralyse his emotions, or to fetter his impulses. His philosophy is not of that kind which sets him up on an eminence, whence he looks down with calm and rational contempt on the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. His scepticism is of the most superficial nature. It is a mere film, so to speak, over his heart, which throbs with the tenderest affection and the warmest passion.

As to Hamlet's love for his father, which is evidently the strongest affection in his nature, we feel that it was something far beyond the habitual respect or submission which so often does duty for filial devotion. This love is founded not on the false basis of family pride, nor on a mere blind admiration of his father's talents and virtues, but on a keen appreciation

of all his nobler qualities; qualities with which Hamlet sympathizes, not from the point of view of a mere outside admirer—if one may use the expression—who felt that they were quite beyond his own reach, but with the earnest veneration of one who kept them always before his eyes as an example to be imitated; who was sensible that these qualities were the real source of that feeling of genial companionship, which raises the love of a son for his father so far beyond the sterile region of duty.

The close sympathy that existed between the elder Hamlet and his son, which is so insisted on by the dramatist, directs our attention to what is the key-note to the whole play, which may in some respects be called the Tragedy of Uncongeniality. When Hamlet first appears upon the scene, one cannot fail to be struck by the painful moral isolation of his position. Not one single soul of all those around him seems to share the least in the great sorrow which weighs him down. Not two months have elapsed since the sudden death of his father; of the king whom all his subjects appeared to love and honour; of the generous open-hearted brother, the chivalrous, tender, devoted husband; yet on no face, save on that of his son, is there any shade of sadness. Hamlet looks to the throne, and he sees there his uncle with a smile of smug self-satisfaction on his sensual face. He listens to him pouring forth sentence after sentence of plausible platitudes with an unctuous hypocrisy, which must have been unspeakably nauseous to the son of that murdered brother whose throne he had, morally if not legally, usurped. And by that uncle's side what does he see? His mother; who was scarcely a widow before she was again a bride; a mother from whose loving sympathy he had looked to find his greatest consolation in his sorrow, on whose sobbing breast he had thought to pour forth all the anguish of his soul. But—horrible disillusion—he had found that breast disturbed by nothing but the throbs of an incestuous passion; and those tears, the worthless tribute of conventional hypocrisy, to the memory of her dead husband, dried by her lover's kisses. If those who were bound by the nearest

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and dearest ties to his lost father, were so shamelessly forgetful of his death, what could he expect of the courtiers around him? They might well be forgiven if, in their anxiety to curry favour with the new king, they forgot even that decent affection of regret for the loss of their late master, however kind and gracious he had been, which they may have thought themselves bound to cast off with the court mourning. So the young prince sits there, the one dark spot on the gay scene; his head bowed down with grief, his heart quivering, his brain reeling from the shock he had received; while he listens to that mother whom he had seen hanging on her late husband's neck, as if she would grow there, exhorting him in placid tones to cast off his "inky cloak," and to look cheerful; an effort which could not but have been rendered much easier by the admirable exhortation from the crowned adulterer, who reminded him that everyone must die some time or other, and that the father, whose death Hamlet showed such bad taste in not forgetting, had at some distant period lost his father. One person there was who longed to throw her arms around his neck, and tell him how she shared his grief and his painful bewilderment at the jarring merriment around him. But she dared not show the secret of her heart; for she was bound, hand and foot, by the trammels of conventionality, and forced to keep silence by the filial awe she felt for her worldly time-serving father, supported as he was by her still more worldly and time-serving brother.

It is important to notice the condition of Hamlet's mind before Horatio describes to him the appearance of his father's ghost. Half stupefied by the shock which his mother's marriage has given him, he had begun, unconsciously, to piece together in his mind the suspicious circumstances of his father's death; and the accusation which he had but half framed against his uncle is suddenly and supernaturally confirmed by the revelation of the ghost. All the tenderest feelings of his nature are wrung by the pathetic story of his father's end which is now revealed to him. He has to bear, in addition, the overwhelm-

ing burden of that solemn duty of revenge enjoined on him by his supernatural visitant. Small wonder if, under this severe strain on his emotional and mental faculties, his reason for a short time totters on its throne; and when his friends rejoin him after the interview with the Ghost, his wild and agitated manner might well induce them to believe that the announcement of his intention to put on an "antic manner" was a conscious anticipation of the madness that he felt to be coming on him. Repeated study of Hamlet only confirms me in the opinion, which I ventured to express fourteen years ago,¹ that Hamlet's intention of assuming insanity is not only inspired by the idea that he would thus be able to accomplish his task of vengeance more easily, but by the clear consciousness of the fact that, unless his overtaxed mind can have the relief of eccentricity, the assumption must become, sooner or later, a reality. I will again quote that sentence from Coleridge, which is worth all the remarks that German æstheticism or mysticism has perpetrated on this subject: "Hamlet plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being what he acts." That Hamlet is not absolutely mad, even at this most critical moment of his life, is clear from the beautiful speech which concludes the first act.

In the interval supposed to elapse before the action of the play recommences Hamlet has taken one most important practical step towards the fulfilment of the solemn charge imposed on him by his father's spirit. The terrible disillusion, as regards his mother's real nature, which he has undergone, has swept away all that holy confidence, and nearly all that still holier love between them, which now would have been his greatest consolation. Instinctively Hamlet feels that he must deny himself also that other great consolation which seems within his reach, the sympathetic love of Ophelia. If the great task enjoined him—of his own unfitness for which by nature he is well aware—is ever to be accomplished, he must put aside all temp-

¹ See *A Study of Hamlet* (Longmans, 1875), p. 22.

tation to tread "the path of dalliance" by the side of her whom he loves. Shakespeare only allows us a glimpse—but what a vivid one it is—of the fearful struggle that must have gone on in Hamlet's mind before he resolved to give up his love, in that beautiful description which Ophelia gives her father of Hamlet's strange visit to her. He could not, it seems, trust himself to speak a word, but his actions, as she describes them, tell us all that we need know. In the future which lies before him there is no room for love or marriage. Whether he succeeds or whether he fails in the duty supernaturally enjoined him, he will succeed or fail alone. Ophelia must have clearly understood that this strange silent interview was meant by Hamlet to be their last; and she may well be forgiven for lending herself—as she undoubtedly does in the first scene of the third act, however some commentators may try to deny the fact—to an innocent deception, which she believes may aid in at once restoring her lover to reason and to her. It is absolutely necessary, in order to understand that scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, to recognize this fact; that, suspicious as he then is of all around him, Hamlet is convinced, on evidence which would be sufficient even for a more dispassionate mind, that Ophelia has sought that interview, not of her own accord, but at the instigation of those whom Hamlet naturally looks upon as his worst enemies. Thus there comes to him the second great disillusion of his life, more terrible if possible than that which shattered the image of his mother cherished from childhood. For he now learns that she, whom he loved with a love which inspired that bitter cry by the side of her grave (see v. 1. 292-294), is leagued with his enemies, at least so far that she does not scruple to lend herself as an instrument of deception, and as the bait of a trap which they have laid for him. Henceforth there is one being, and one only, in all the world whom Hamlet feels that he can trust, namely, Horatio; and in him his trust remains unshaken to the end.

In the great soliloquy, which concludes the second act, Hamlet shows how clearly he is sensible of his own weakness. He distrusts

even his father's ghost, and, for a short time at least, entertains the idea that the spirit he has seen "may be the devil," who has imposed upon his weakness and his melancholy disposition. One expression in this soliloquy is very remarkable, and that is where Hamlet, comparing his inactivity with the emotion shown by the player in reciting the sufferings of Hecuba, does not say "I can *do* nothing," but "I can *say* nothing." Even now he shrinks from any action, till the Ghost's word has been confirmed by the device of the play. After the success of that experiment he declares that he has no longer any doubt; yet the very next moment he has an opportunity of killing the king when on his knees and unprepared for any attack. The reasons, which Hamlet assigns for not killing Claudius then, are couched in what one cannot but call repulsive language; but the fact is that they are not his real reasons at all. His nature shrinks from the wild justice of revenge; to him an assassination is always an assassination; and therefore he spares Claudius at that moment; though, scarce half an hour afterwards, he does not hesitate to stab him, as he believes, through the arras behind which he thinks that his uncle is concealed. He has worked himself up to such a state of mental exaltation that when he finds his mistake, and that it is Polonius and not Claudius whom he has killed, he does not at the moment feel any remorse; his energies are all concentrated on the first real action which he is about to take in obedience to the command of his father's spirit. This action, if it can be called so, is to be performed by words rather than by deeds. He has resolved to make a bold attempt to awaken his mother's conscience; and the reappearance of the Ghost, while he is engaged in this, serves to confirm him in the idea, of which he has shown some trace in the scene with Ophelia, that he is appointed by heaven as an instrument of vengeance. After the excitement of the scene with his mother, reaction sets in. He weeps over the body of Polonius; and submits without a struggle to the King's command which sends him away to England; though by doing so it would seem, at first sight, that he puts it for ever out of

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his power to punish his father's murderer. It was, perhaps, because Shakespeare felt this that he introduced the final part of act iii. scene 4 (lines 177-217). For there Hamlet distinctly states to his mother (lines 200-210), that he *knew* there was some plot against him in sending him to England. This affected knowledge of his uncle's intended treachery may have been only suspicion; but there is another reason for Hamlet falling in with his uncle's plan; if he remained in Denmark he might have to answer for the death of Polonius.¹ The careful reader will observe that, after his interview with his mother, his conduct is much more outrageous towards Claudius. His assumption of insanity is more marked, and he is quite reckless as to what language he uses towards the King. It is also most noticeable that from this time, especially after his interview with the captain of Fortinbras's "lawless resolutes," much of the irresolution of his character disappears. The remarkable soliloquy, suggested by the sight of the young Norwegian prince's force on its march, ends with the words

O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
—iv. 4. 65, 66.

This resolution Hamlet certainly fulfils. He loses no time, according to the account he gives Horatio, in securing himself against the treachery of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and providing, most cleverly, for their substitution in his place as victims of the king's treachery. When the pirates take possession of the ship, instead of philosophizing in the background, Hamlet is in the very front of the action, and so is taken prisoner. When Horatio tells him that the king must soon learn from England the trick that has been played him, Hamlet's answer is, "The interval is mine." In fact, from being a man of mere words, he has now become a man of action. No doubt Shakespeare was indebted more or

less to the old history of Hamlet, whether in the form of a play or i. e. that of a story, for the incidents in the latter part of his own tragedy; but still we are justified in supposing that he adopted those incidents deliberately; for the design of the play shows far too much thought and care to admit of the theory that the character of Hamlet was not presented to his mind as a consistent whole, consistent in its very inconsistencies. It is true that Hamlet allows an interval, as it were, to take place in the fencing bout with Laertes; and that he treats Claudius, both in the hypocritical letter he sends him after being set on shore by the pirates, and throughout what may be called the prologue to the fencing scene, with an almost exaggerated courtesy. His innate aversion to open violence, which, as shown by his conduct to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, has been overcome so far that he does not mind shedding human blood by proxy, might have caused him still to delay his vengeance against his father's murderer, had not the treachery practised towards himself driven him into sudden action.

As to the objections which are so freely advanced against the slaughter-house aspect of the stage at the end of the play, I cannot but think that they are somewhat superficial; for surely the many deaths which are the result, partly of the crime of Claudius and Gertrude, and partly of Hamlet's own irresolution, point sternly and appropriately the moral of the tragedy. Had Hamlet proceeded directly to the task imposed on him by his father's spirit, many of the lives forfeited would have been spared, and he himself might have succeeded to the throne of Denmark; but it is the very essence of crimes, such as are portrayed in this play, that their consequences are far-reaching, and involve the lives of the innocent, as well as those of the guilty.

The other characters of the play, with the exception of Polonius and Laertes, have not very much individuality, but they serve admirably as contrasts or foils to Hamlet. His great fault is that he is too introspective; he is always trying to take himself to pieces as it were, and to examine the moral machinery

¹ Perhaps the real meaning of line 211 in that scene, "This man shall set me packing," is that Hamlet recognizes the fact that his rashness, in killing Polonius, has left him no choice as to his going to England.

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of his nature; to dissect his own soul, to trace every nerve and fibre of its inner and spiritual nature; but those around him in the court of Denmark cannot be accused of holding over-much converse with their consciences. They take the world just as it comes, and do what those around them do, without ever troubling themselves whether it is right or wrong. Hamlet the elder was a courageous and noble king; his nature, perhaps, was a little too high to be quite appreciated by them, still they appear to have detected that the metal of Claudius had a good deal of alloy in it. But then the latter is king, and, after all, he is a good sort of fellow; he entertains, and does not stint his hospitality; therefore they do not trouble themselves how it was that he came to find himself on his brother's throne and in his brother's bed. Polonius no doubt was a very good servant to the elder brother; but he is not much troubled by the fact that Claudius does not keep the court in mourning quite as long as etiquette, to say nothing of decency, demanded. He serves the younger brother with precisely the amount of laborious vacuity, and short-sighted penetration, which he devoted to the service of the elder. As for Laertes, once the favourite companion and playfellow of the young Hamlet, he is a thorough contrast to his prince. He is essentially a young man of the period, and finds the society of Paris gayer than that of Elsinore. He has any amount of theoretical morality; with amazing self-confidence he can read his sister lectures upon prudence and chastity, but to the practical exposition of such precepts he evidently does not devote much of his time or energy. At any rate, his moral principles do not rest on a very firm basis; and when Claudius proposes to him to take advantage of an apparently friendly contest with Hamlet, and so assassinate him, he is in no way shocked at the proposition; but, with admirable presence of mind, remembers that he has a poison, with which to make his treacherous work more certain. But still he was, from a certain point of view, not a bad sort of son and brother; and had he been in Hamlet's place he would, doubtless, have fulfilled the Ghost's injunctions with greater alacrity,

and the tragedy would have been in one or two, instead of in five acts. Horatio is quite a different type of man, poor, and, though brought up in the atmosphere of a court, no sycophant; devoid almost, as it would seem, even of ambition, but loyal to the bottom of his heart; one who knew how to respect his prince without servility, and to love his friend without adulation. Of the other male characters Fortinbras is a mere sketch. He serves as a contrast, suggested more than carried out, to Hamlet, representing as he does the restless active nature that never weighs the consequences of any action. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are admirable portraits of the conventional courtier. They are as like one another as two pieces of Italian paste cut out by the same stamp. They are loyal to the king for the time being, whoever he may be; and are always ready to give proof of their loyalty by doing promptly any dirty action that royalty may bid them do.

With regard to the female characters, the Queen is an excellent type of those women who are wax in the hands of any strong-minded man, but whose honour rests upon a foundation of sand that a passing puff of passion can overthrow; kind-hearted, averse to cruelty, and affectionate enough if they can only make up their minds where their affection is to be placed. Such women drift into crime, because they never look inside themselves, but always at the outside. Ophelia¹ has been shamefully maligned by some critics, who, following Goethe's utterly false and sensuous picture of her, have failed to see the beautiful picture of purity that Shakespeare has drawn in her character. It is only necessary to read what Shakespeare has written about her, and not what some critics may say he has written, to perceive that, though there may be traces of weakness about her, she has not lost her honour; but that she was justly entitled to her "virgin crants," and to the reverence that such a simple, innocent, and loving nature should inspire in a man.

¹ Any reader, who wishes to see the whole question of Ophelia's chastity argued at length, may be referred to my Study of Hamlet.—See Appendix D, pp. 123-151.

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THE RELATIONS OF HAMLET AND OPHELIA.¹

There is one deep note in this play of "Hamlet" which sounds through all the discords of fate, love, and ambition. This note is Hamlet's profound affection for his father. In no literature is there any filial devotion which surpasses that. It is outraged by the beloved father's murder and by the mother's frailty; it is tortured by doubt and irresolution; it is the motive and the cue for the passion which wrecks Ophelia's hopes and ruins her life.

If we do not bear this in mind, Hamlet's conduct in the last interview with the unhappy girl becomes inexplicable, and may easily be assigned to that insanity which is the simplest but most unsatisfactory solution of the problem. In this scene, perhaps, the actor has the most difficult task in the whole range of the drama. He has to present the conflict in Hamlet's soul so clearly that it shall connect itself in the minds of the audience with the whole train of thought which precedes it, instead of seeming the brutal outbreak of a mere madman. So grave is the difficulty of interpretation that I am anxious, in the interests of any young actor who may undertake it, that playgoers should think out the story before they see the tragedy.

Let us remember that the terrible duty which has been laid upon Hamlet by the spirit of his dead father forces him to wipe away from the tablets of his brain all "trivial, fond records," for in a soul doomed to be the avenger of "a dear father murdered," there is no room for the love of woman. Was it not a woman, too, who was the cause of this appalling crime? What crime? "What evidence," reasons Hamlet with himself, "what evidence have I to sustain my story? The testimony of a visitor from another world! With a disclosure made only to me—for nobody else heard it. Who will believe it? Who will believe such witness to the justice of my

vengeance?" Should Hamlet revenge himself upon his father's murderer, he will appear to the people of Denmark just what he charges Claudius with being—a murderer—and the people will wreak their vengeance upon him. Distracted by doubt, he is actually contemplating suicide when he is disturbed by the approach of Ophelia, and on this innocent victim of destiny, who had been the idol of this sweet prince's heart—by a process familiar in human experience—all the elements in his mental struggle are at once concentrated with overwhelming force, spurred, too, by the suspicion that she is privy to the eaves-dropping of her father and Claudius.

In all Hamlet's assumptions of mental wandering he is greatly aided by the excitability of his temperament. His emotions are always ready to carry him away, and his wild imaginings easily lend themselves to the maddest disguises of speech. A flash of volition may often be the exponent of a chain of thought, and perhaps the action of Hamlet's mind was somewhat after this manner: He feels the woe of Ophelia and his own. He writhes under the stigma of heartlessness which he cannot but incur. How remove it? How wipe away the stain? It is impossible. Cursed then be the cause. His whole nature surges up against it—the incestuousness of this king; the havoc of illicit passion, which has killed his noble father, wrecked his fairest hopes, stolen from him his mother's love—nay, robbed him even of the maternal idea, which remains to many a man in unblemished purity and even sweetness, long after a breach has taken place between his mother and himself. His (Hamlet's) mother was once fair and honest, honest as Ophelia now. *Is Ophelia honest?* Impossible to think otherwise. But it were a mad quip to ask her, and let the after dialogue take its own course. Take what course it will, it must dwell on the one subject which will harden Hamlet's heart, and give rigour to his nature. Thus comes the paradox:—

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophelia. My lord!

Hamlet. Are you fair?

¹ From the President's Annual Address to the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, delivered by Henry Irving, 19th February, 1890.

HAMLET.

Ophelia. What means your lordship?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophelia. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Hamlet. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.

Hamlet's mother's beauty had been her snare. Her honesty had fallen a victim to her beauty. Let beauty and honesty therefore—here was the stroke of mad exaggeration—have no discourse.

Hamlet. I did love you once.

Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it.

The thought underlying this is one of almost peevish aggravation of the root-grievance cankering in the speaker's mind: "I am nothing but vicious. You should not have believed me. My old stock—that is, the vice I had from my mother—would so contaminate all that was honest in my nature, or all the good I might have got through my intercourse with you, would be so polluted by the overpowering bad impulses in me that you had better not have known me—infinity better not have loved me." And then with a wild "bolt," as it were, he utters the words that may most sharply end all—"I loved you not." This is the surgeon's knife for such complaints, and many a man has used it coolly and callously. But such men were not Hamlets. He uses it more in frenzy than in judgment, in an agony of pain, amid a thousand fond remembrances, but dominated by the one conviction that he must break with Ophelia, cost what it may. His instincts were accurate, though his temperament was not calculating, and the impetus of necessity drove him, in that moment of miserable stress, to use words which could not have been more ruthlessly and effectually chosen by the most cold-blooded of deceivers.

There is nothing more pitiable, tender, or forlorn, in the whole range of the drama, than Ophelia's reply: "I was the more deceived."

These are her last voluntary words, except her ejaculations of prayer that Heaven may help and restore her lover; but these do not come till further wild and whirling words have convinced her that it is with a madman she is talking. For the moment it is enough that she is abandoned, and the past repudiated. Her heart is wrecked. She incoherently answers the one question Hamlet puts to her—"Where's your father?"—and gazes and listens in frozen horror to the tirades which he has now worked himself up to deliver.

But his words are not devoid of sequence, nor is their harshness untouched with sympathy. "Get thee to a nunnery." Where else, but in such a sanctuary, should so pure a being be sheltered? Where else could Ophelia so well escape the contamination on which her lover's mind was still running? The next lines, violent, self-accusing, cynical, almost gross in their libel of humanity, are probably uttered in desperate and yet restrained anxiety to snatch at and throw to the heart-pit a maiden some strange, morbid consolation, out without giving her any faint shadow of the one solace which he so well knows would be all-sufficing. It is neither necessary nor possible to suppose that all this was deliberately thought out by Hamlet. At such moments as he was passing through, the high pressure of a forcible mind carries it over the difficulties in its course, and as truly so when the leaps and bounds seem without system as when the progress is more regular. But for any purpose of comfort, how utterly is this without effect! Mute is Ophelia, and after his burst of self-condemning, man-condemning fury, her lover is mute also.

Let us imagine them thus together, when suddenly Hamlet remembers—there is no need for him to have any reminder—the hidden presence of the king. He sharply asks Ophelia, "Where's your father?" How shall we interpret her reply?

Her words are, "At home, my lord." How comes she to say this? If she had known her father and the king were behind the arras, as you know in this play they are supposed to be, she might still have made the same

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reply, so wrapt in her thoughts that all recollection of the king's and Polonius's presence might have left her: in short, the words might have been spoken in mere vacancy. If she did not know the king and her father were watching, of course the words were simple sincerity and truth; or, taken by surprise by the question, and feeling herself to be an unwilling instrument in something that was going on, while, though her own motive was pure, she was at a loss how to explain it, she may have given a reply which she knew to be false in the desire to clear herself of complicity in what Hamlet would certainly think mean and despicable. This or worse is probably Hamlet's opinion for the moment, but that he banishes the thought is curiously proved by the tender passage which follows; for, after sternly rebuking Polonius, Hamlet may be said to excuse himself by implication, and to ask pardon indirectly for the seeming reproach. "Be thou as chaste," he says, "as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

And now Hamlet's excitement reaches its greatest height. Goaded within and without, nay, dragged even by his own feelings in two opposite directions, in each of which he sus-

pects he may have gone too far under the eyes of malignant witnesses, he is maddened by the thought that they are still observing him, and as usual, half in wild exaltation, half by design, begins to pour forth more and more extravagant reproaches on his kind. He must not commit himself to his love, nor unbosom his hate, nor has he a moment's pause in which to set in order a contrived display of random lunacy. As usual passion, and preconceived gloomy broodings abundantly supply him with declamation which may indicate a deep meaning or be mere madness according to the ears that hear it, while through all his bitter ravings there is visible the anguish of a lover forced to be cruel, and of a destined avenger almost beside himself with the horrors of his provocation and his task. The shafts fly wildly, and are tipped with cynic poison; the bow from which they are sped is a strong and constant though anxious nature, steadily, though with infinite excitement, bent upon the one great purpose fate has imposed upon it. The fitful excesses of his closing speech are the twangings of the bow from which the arrow of avenging destiny shall one day fly straight to the mark.



SCEN

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Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!—(Act i. l. 40.)

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle. Midnight.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. The clock strikes twelve.*
Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.¹

Ber. 'Tis now² struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

*If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals³ of my watch, bid them make haste.*

*Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho!
Who is there?*

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.⁴

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you⁵ good night.

*Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?*

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you⁵ good night. [Exit.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

*Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good
Marcellus.*

*Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again
to-night?*

Ber. I have seen nothing.

*Mar. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along*

¹ Upon your hour, i.e. exactly at your hour.

² Now=just now.

³ Rivals, i.e. partners.

⁴ Ground, i.e. country.

⁵ Give you, i.e. God give you.

With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Hush, tush, 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears, 31
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from
the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it
comes again! 40

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's
dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,
Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrows¹ me with fear
and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time
of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge
thee, speak! 49

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee,
speak! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and
look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this
believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

¹ Harrows, afflicts, tortures; or, perhaps, figuratively =
tears, lacerates.

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on 60
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,²
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump³ at this
dead hour;

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I
know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

[*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
that knows, 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward,⁴ that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the
day: 75

Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dard to the combat: in which our valiant

Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd
him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd
compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of⁵ to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent⁶ 90

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-
mart,

² Parle, parley.

³ Jump, exactly.

⁴ Toward, at hand.

⁵ Seiz'd of, possessed of.

⁶ Competent, corresponding.

And carriage of the article design'd, 94
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved¹ mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise 99
That hath a stomach² in't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage³ in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the
king 110
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,⁴
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fiece events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates, 122
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter GHOST.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done, 130
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily,⁵ foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

¹ Unimproved, untutored.

² Stomach, i.e. courage.

³ The moist star, i.e. the moon.

⁴ Romage, disturbance.

⁵ Happily, haply.

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in
death,

Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*Cock crows.*]

Stop it, Marcellus. 139

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!

Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show of violence;

[For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.]

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, 149
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant⁶ and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike, 162

No fairy takes,⁷ nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part be-
lieve it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life, 170
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
[Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do 't, I pray; and I this mor-
ning know

Where we shall find him most convenient.] [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ Extravagant, wandering.

⁷ Takes, bewitches.

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the castle.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,— 10
[With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—]
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
[Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands¹ of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
[Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles² allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
[You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg,

Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the month,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?]

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, 52

To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled³ lids 70

¹ Bands, bonds.

² Dilated articles, articles set out at large.

³ Veiled, lowered.

Seek for thy noble father in the dust; 71
Thou know'st 't is common,—all that live must
die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know
not "seems."

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor
bound 90

In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious¹ sorrow: but to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschoold:
[For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault agains^t the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so."] We pray you, throw to
earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
[And with no less nobility of love 110
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent

¹ *Obsequious*, mourning (i.e. referring to "obsequies").

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,]
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,

Hamlet: 118

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unford accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away,

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
melt,

Thaw, and resolve² itself into a dew! 130
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not
two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this, 139
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem³ the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is
woman!—

A little month, or e'er those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with
my uncle, 151
My father's brother, but no more like my father

² *Resolve*, i.e. dissolve.

³ *Beteem*, permit.

Than I to Hercules: within a month; 153
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. [O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity¹ to incestuous sheets.]
 It is not nor it cannot come to good:

But break, my heart, for I must hold my
 tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:



Ham.

For God's love, let me hear.—(Act i. 2. 195.)

Horatio,—or I do forget myself. 161

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Bernardo*] Good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not have your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
 To make it trustor of your own report 172
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
 bak'd meats 180

Did colly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

¹ *Dexterity*, i.e. swiftness.

ACT I. Scene 2.

hold my

BERNARDO.

you well:



olence

port 172

no truant.

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you depart,

our father's

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wedding.

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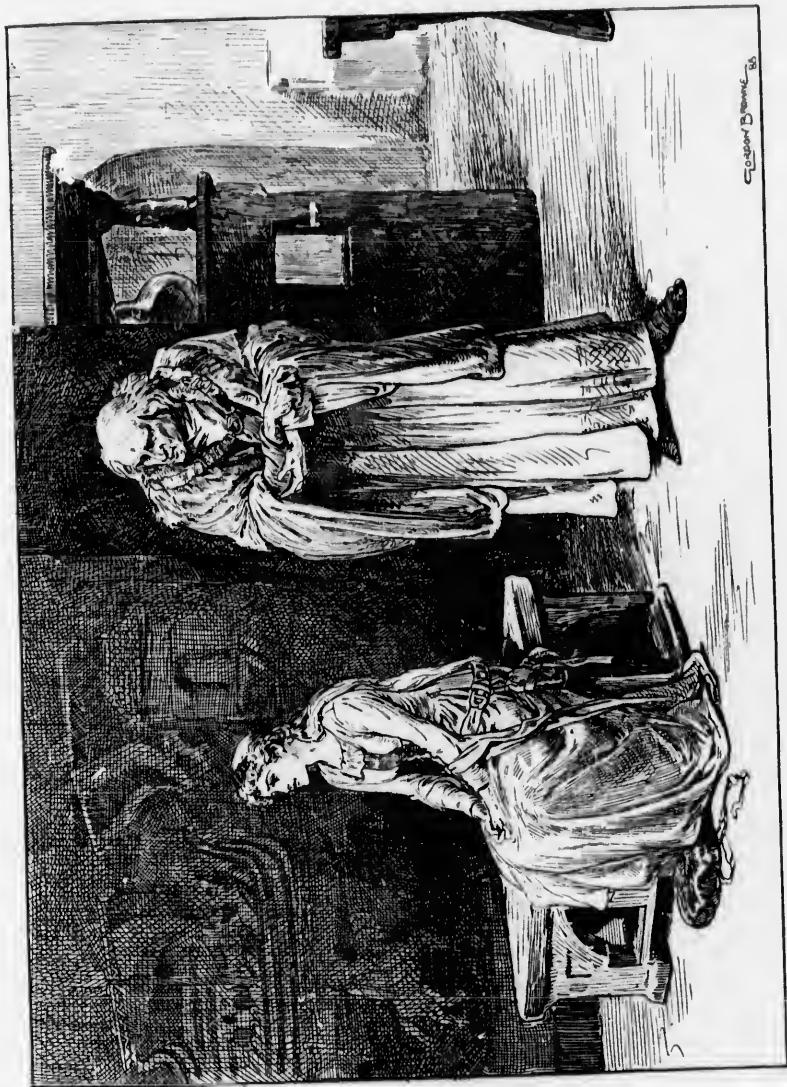
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Ham.

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Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.

Hor. O, where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who? 190

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,¹
Upon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentle-
men,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your
father,

Arm'd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé, 200
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,
distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the
watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and
good 210

The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it. 223

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arise, say you?

Mar. Ber. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. [*Abruptly*] Then saw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver² up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly? 231

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in
anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night; 242

Perchance 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 250

I will requite your loves. So fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

¹ Deliver, relate.

² Beaver, the front part of the helmet.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul; foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd: fare-
well:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy¹ in blood,
[A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute; 9
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cantel² doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth: 19
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
[And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.]
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent³ ear you list his songs; 30

¹ Toy, caprice.

² Credent, i.e. credulous.

² Cantel, craft.

[Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.] 32

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

[Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons⁴ be disclos'd; 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.]

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my
brother,

Do not, as some migracious pastors do, 47
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing
with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any disproportion'd thought his act. 50
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.

⁴ Buttons, buds (Fr. boutons).

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. so
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.¹



Oph. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. —(Act I. 3. 46-51.)

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the
Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought: 90
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous:
If it be so,—as so 't is put on me,²

And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
tenders

Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green
girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself
a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay.

¹ Tend, wait, ² Put on me, urged on me.

Which are not sterling. Tender¹ yourself
more dearly;

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with
love 110

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call 't; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—

You must not take for fire. [From this time
Be something scunter of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments² at a higher rate 122

Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet.

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,³

Not of that dye which their investments⁴ show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits, 129

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,

The better to beguile.] This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time
forth,

Have you so slander⁵ any moment's leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The platform before
the castle.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager⁶ air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws
near the season

¹ Tender, regard.

² Entreatments, solicitations.

³ Brokers, hawds.

⁴ Investments, vestitures.

⁵ Slander, misuse.

⁶ Eager, sharp.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and
takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish
down, 10

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the obser-
vance.

[*This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe⁷ us drunkards, and with swinish
phrase*

Soil our addition;⁸ and, indeed, it takes 20
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chanceth in particular men,

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin,—

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens

The form of plausible manners;—that these
men,— 30

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—

Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo—

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault: the dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt

To his own scandal.]

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter GHOST.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
us!

⁷ Clepe, call.

⁸ Addition, title.

Be thou a s
Bring with
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Thou com's
That I will
King, fath



That thou
Revisit'st
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So horrid
With thou
Say, why i

Hor. It
As if it so
To you al
Hor. I

¹ A spirit

² Question

³ Caution

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ed, it comes!

grace defeud

tion, title.

Be thou a spirit of health¹ or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts
from hell, 41

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,²
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones³ hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepul-
chre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws 50
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,



Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee.—(Act i. 4. 78, 79.)

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action 60

It waves⁴ you to a more removed ground: 61
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord,

¹ A spirit of health, i.e. a saved spirit.

² Questionable shape, i.e. shape inviting question.

³ Canoniz'd bones, bones buried with due funeral rites.

⁴ Waves, beckons

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of
reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys¹ of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee. 79

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen;

[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets²
me:

I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after.³ To what issue will this
come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark. 90

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A more remote part of
the platform.*

Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit; 9

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:⁴ 20

But this eternal blazon⁵ must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldest thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'T is given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
mark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

¹ Toys, trunks.

² Lets, hinders.

³ Have after, follow.

⁴ Porpentine, porcupine.

⁵ Eternal blazon, revelation of eternity.

ACT I. Scene 5.

Ham.

O my prophetic soul!

My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
gifts,—Of wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lustThe will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline¹
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine![But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.]But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,Upon my *séjour*² hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager³ droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
[And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.]Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:⁴
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd,⁵ disappointed,⁶ unanell'd;⁷
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark beA couch for luxury⁸ and damned incest. 83
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's ought: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge*Ham.* Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.—(Act I. 5. 95-97.)To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire: 90
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*]*Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth!
what else?And shall I couple hell?—Hold, hold, my
heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

¹ *Decline*, turn aside.² *Séjour*, unsuspicious.³ *Eager*, sour.⁴ *Dispatch'd*, deprived.⁵ *Unhousell'd*, without the sacrament.⁶ *Disappointed*, unprepared.⁷ *Unanell'd*, without extreme unction.⁸ *Luxury*, lust.

But bear me stillly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond¹ records, 90
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me." 111
I have sworn 't.

Hor. [Within] My lord, my lord!

Mar. [Within] Lord Hamlet!

Hor. [Within] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Illo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS,

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of
man once think it?— 121

But you'll be secret?

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in
all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come
from the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you're 't the right;
And so, without more circumstance² at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:

You, as your business and desire shall point
you;

For every man hath business and desire, 130
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision
here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is between us,
Ofermaster 't as you may. And now, good
friends, 140

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have
seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou
there, true-penny?— 150

Come on; you hear this fellow in the cellarage;
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our
ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword. 160

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'
the earth so fast?

¹ Fond, foolish. ² Circumstance, circumlocution.

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desire, 120
oor part,
ring words,
n, heartily;
ce, my lord.
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In faith,

in faith.

ord, already,
indeed.

so? art thou
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he cellarage:

th, my lord.
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ny sword:
ave heard,
160

nst work i'

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good
163
friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it
welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,— 172
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an
if we would,"

Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if
they might,"
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and merey at your most need help you,
Swear. 181
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They
swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t'express his love and friending to
you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-
gether;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! 190
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Reg. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvell's wisely, good
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reg. My lord, I did intend it.

[*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said. Look
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where
they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer 11

Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge
of him;

As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him;" do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Reg. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. "And in part him; but," you may say,
"not well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;" and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that; 21
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Reg. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing: you may go so far.

Reg. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency; 30
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults
so quaintly¹

That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed² blood,
Of general assault.

¹ Quaintly, artfully.

² Unreclaimed, untamed.

Reg. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Reg. Ay, my lord,
 I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here 's my drift;
 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant;¹
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,
 As 't were a thing a little soild i' the working,
 Mark you, 41
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,



Pol. Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.
 —(Act ii. 1. 63.)

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence;
 "Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"
 According to the phrase or the addition²
 Of man and country.

Reg. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
 What was I about to say? By the mass, I
 was about to say something: where did I leave?

Reg. At "closes in the consequence," at
 "friend or so," and "gentleman." 53

Pol. At "closes in the consequence,"—ay,
 marry;

He closes with you thus: "I know the gentle-
 man;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
 Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as
 you say,

There was he gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
 There falling out at tennis;" or perchance,
 "I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60
 Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,³
 With windlasses⁴ and with assays of bias,⁵
 By indirections find directions out:
 So, by my former lecture and advice,
 Shall you my son. You have me, have you
 not?

Reg. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you! fare you well.

Reg. Good my lord! 70

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Reg. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Reg. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [Exit Reynaldo.]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. O my lord, my lord, I have been so
 affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my cham-
 ber,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrae'd;
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved⁶ to his ancle;
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each
 other, 81

And with a look so piteous in purp'ort

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

³ Of reach, i.e. far-sighted.

⁴ Windlasses, roundabout ways.

⁵ Assays of bias, indirect attempts.

⁶ Down-gyved, i.e. hanging about his ankles like gyves
 or fetters.

¹ Fetch of warrant, warranted device.

² Addition, title.

the gentle-

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in's rouse,
chance,
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p of truth:
rench,³
of bias,⁵

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yourself.

l, my lord.
Reynaldo.

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not know;

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des like gyves

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such pèrusal of my face 90

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,¹



Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard. — (Act ii. 1. 87.)

And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king. 101

This is the very ecstasy² of love;
Whose violent property fordoes³ itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

¹ Bulk, breast.

² Ecstasy, madness.

³ Fordoes, destroys.

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied 109
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.—
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted⁴ him: [I fear'd he did but
trifle,
And, out to wreck thee; but, beshrew my
jealousy!⁵
By heaven, it is as proper to our age

⁴ Quoted, observed.

⁵ Jealousy, suspicion.

'To east¹ beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.] Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath
put him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, ¹⁰
That, being of so young days brought up with
him,

And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and
humour,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you; ¹⁹

And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry² and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey, ²⁹

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,¹
To lay our service freely at your feet, ³¹
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz;

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen.

Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my
good lord, ⁴⁰
Are joyfull; return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of
good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my
good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to
hear. ⁵⁰

[*Pol.* Give first admittance to th' ambassa-
dors;

My news shall be the fruit⁴ to that great feast
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in. [*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;⁵
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and
CORNELIUS.*

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

¹ East, plan.

² Gentry, courtesy.

³ Bent, inclination.

⁴ The fruit; i.e. the dessert.

⁵ The main, i.e. the main source.

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.⁶⁰

'Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,¹ sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in time,
Makes vow before his uncle never more⁷⁰
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
(Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

(Gives a paper.)

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance⁷⁰
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took
labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Pol. This business is well ended.¹
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate²
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,³
And tediousness the limbs and outward flour-
ishes,⁹¹

I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;

And pity 'tis 't is true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remain us
That we find out the cause of this effect:¹⁰¹
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective proves by cause
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.⁴

I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[Reads.]

"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beau-
tiful Ophelia,"—¹¹⁰

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—"beau-
tiful" is a vile phrase: but you shall hear.
Thus: *[Reads.]*

"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be
faithful. *[Reads.]*

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have
not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee
best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown
me:

And more above, hath his sollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
you think,¹³¹

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;

¹ Borne in hand, deluded.

² Expostulate, discuss in full.

³ Wit, i.e. understanding.

⁴ Perpend, consider.

What might you think? No, I went round¹
to work, 139
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be;" and then I prescripts gave
her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch,² thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness,³ and, by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves 150
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain
know that—

That I have positively said "T is so,"
When it prov'd otherwise!

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take
this from this, if this be otherwise;

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four
hours together 160

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter
to him:

Be you and I be'nd an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor
wretch comes reading. 165

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

Enter HAMLET, reading.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

¹ Round, i.e. roundly, directly.

² Watch, sleeplessness. ³ Lightness, lightheadedness.

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord. 180

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a
dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,¹—Have
you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: concep-
tion is a blessing; but not as your daughter
may conceive:—friend, look to't.

Pol. [*Aside*] Howsay you by that? Still harp-
ing on my daughter: yet he knew me not at
first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far
gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suf-
fered much extremity for love; very near this.
I'll speak to him again.—What do you read,
my lord? 193

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my
lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue
says here, that old men have gray beards, that
their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging
thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they
have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most
weak hams: all which, sir, though I most
powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it
not honesty to have it thus set down; for you
yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a
crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet
there is method in't.—Will you walk out of
the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave? 210

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside*]
He is pregnant sometimes his replies are! a
happ'ness that often madness hits on, which
reason and sanity could not so prosperously
be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly
contrive the means of meeting between him

¹ A good kissing carrion, i.e. carrion good for kissing.

and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, —except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir!

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!



Pol. [*Aside*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
Ham. Into my grave?—(Act II. 2. 208-210.)

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz!

Good lads, how do ye both?

[*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

[*Ros.* Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.]

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you: for

there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind. 259

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow. 268

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore? 278

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 291

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even¹ and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guildenstern*] What say you? 300

¹ Even, straightforward.

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of² you.—If you love me, hold not off. 302

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted³ with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust! man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts. 325

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said “man delights not me”?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted⁴ them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man⁵ shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they? 340

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

² Of, on. ³ Fretted, adorned. ⁴ Coted, overtook and passed.

⁵ The humorous man, i.e. the man of “humours” or fantastic caprices.

[*Ros.* I means of t

Ham. they did w followed?

Ros. No

[*Ham.* I

Ros. Na

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¹ Euphu

[*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.]

[*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed? 350

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

[*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an acry of children, little eyases,¹ that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,

their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession. 368

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them² to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too. 379

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'S blood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 385

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: [let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent³

to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours.] You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord? 395

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily⁴ he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,— 410

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men. 421

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

“One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [Aside] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 431

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

⁴ *Happily*, haply.

¹ *Eyases*, nestlings.

² *Tarre them*, set them on.

³ *Extent*, condescension.

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

439

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.

O, my old friend! why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress; By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.¹ [Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.]—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

452

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general; but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets² in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection;³ but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was *Aeneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see:

471

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'t is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
[Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd⁴
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light 482
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized⁵ with congregate gore,]
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So, proceed you.

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. "Anon he finds him 460
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. [Then senseless Hiam,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head 500
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick;
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.]

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack⁶ stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region;⁷ so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arous'd vengeance sets him new a-work; 510
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! [All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellys from her wheel,
And bow the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!"]

Pol. This is too long. 520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithce, say on; [He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on:] come to Hecuba.

First Play. "But who, O, who had seen the
mobled⁸ queen—"

¹ Chopine, high shoe.

² Sallets, salads.

³ Affection, i.e. affection.

50

⁴ Trick'd, traced, coloured (in heraldry).

⁵ Over-sized, covered as with glue.

⁶ The rack, the vaporous upper clouds.

⁷ The region, i.e. the air.

⁸ Mobled, veiled.

Ham. "The mobled queen"?

Pol. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

First Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames

With bisson¹ rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe, 530
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods." 541

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. 551

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in. 559

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[*Exit Polonius with all the Players except the First.*]

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not? 569

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*]

¹ Bisson, blinding.

My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore. 573

Roz. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so God be wi' ye.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!



Ham. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing.—(Act II. 2. 563-566.)

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspèct, 581
A broken voice, and his whole function² suiting
With forms to his conceit³ and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,

² His whole function, i.e. all his faculties.

³ Conceit, conception.

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free, 500
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,¹
Like John-a-dreams, impregnated of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat² was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat, 601

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?
'S wounds, I should take it; for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites,
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless³
villain!

O, vengeance! 610
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave.
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About,⁵ my brain! Hum,
I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene 619
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their mafeactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent⁶ him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have
seen

May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses⁷ me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative⁸ than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circum-
stance,⁴

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself dis-
tracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some con-
fession 9
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposi-
tion.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain
players

¹ Peak, mope.

² Defeat, destruction.

³ Kindless, unnatural.

⁴ Drift of circumstance, roundabout method.

⁵ About, i.e. to work.

⁶ Tent, probe.

⁷ Abuses, deludes.

⁸ Relative, i.e. to the purpose.

We o'er-raught¹ on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order²⁰
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely² sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here³⁰
Affront³ Ophelia:

Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your
virtues⁴⁰

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so
please you,

We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] Read
on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's
visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 't is too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my
conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering
art,
Is not more ugly to⁴ the thing that helps it



Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
—(Act iii. i. 5, 6.)

Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw,
my lord. [*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

¹ O'er-raught, overtook.

² Closely, secretly.

³ Affront, confront.

⁴ To, i.e. compared to.

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks

That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect¹
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus² make
With a bare bodkin³; who would fardels⁴ bear,
To grunt⁵ and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native Lac of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons⁶
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right
well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath
 compos'd

As made the things more rich: their perfume
lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind¹⁰⁰
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?⁶

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your
honesty should admit no discourse to your
beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better
commerce than with honesty?¹¹⁰

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty
will sooner transform honesty from what it is
to a bawd than the force of honesty can trans-
late beauty into his likeness: this was some-
time a paradox, but now the time gives it
proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me be-
lieve so.

Ham. You should not have believed me;
for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock
but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.¹²¹

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself
indifferent⁷ honest: but yet I could accuse me
of such things, that it were better my mother
had not borne me: I am very proud, revenge-
ful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagina-
tion to give them shape, or time to act them in.
What should such fellows as I do crawling
between heaven and earth? We are arrant
knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways
to a nunnery. Where's your father?¹³³

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that
he may play the fool no where but in his own
house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee
this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste
as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape

¹ Respect, consideration.

² Quietus, discharge.

³ Fardels, burdens.

⁴ Bodkin, dagger.

⁵ Grunt, groan.

⁶ Honest, i. e. virtuous.

⁷ Indifferent, fairly.

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edumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell.
Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool:
for wise men know well enough what monsters
you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and
quickly too. Farewell. 146

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too,

well enough; God has given you one face, and
you make yourselves another: you jig, you
amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's
creatures, and make your wantonness your
ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath
made me mad. I say, we will have no more
marriages: those that are married already, all



Oph. Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.—(Act III. 1. 100-102.)

but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they
are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'er-
thrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state, 160
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth

Blasted with ecstasy:¹ O, woe is me
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way
tend; 170

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a
little,

¹ *Ecstasy, madness.*

Was not like madness. There's something in
his soul, 172

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
[And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:] he shall with speed to
England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel 180
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Spring from neglected love. How now,
Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play, 189
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find¹ him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so: 190
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET and several Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue:
but if you mouth it, as many of your players
do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.
Nor do not saw the air too much with your
hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very
torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirl-
wind of passion, you must acquire and beget
a temperance that may give it smoothness.
O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,
to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,
who, for the most part, are capable of nothing
but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I

would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-
doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray
you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour. 17

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your
own discretion be your tutor: suit the action
to the word, the word to the action; with this
special observance, that you o'erstep not the
modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone
is from² the purpose of playing, whose end,
both at the first and now, was and is, to hold,
as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show
virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,
and the very age and body of the time his
form and pressure.³ Now, this overdone, or
come tardy off, though it make the unskilful
laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve;
the censure⁴ of the which one must, in your
allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.
O, there be players that I have seen play, and
heard others praise, and that highly, not to
speak it profanely, that neither having the
accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian,
pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed,
that I have thought some of nature's journey-
men had made men, and not made them well,
they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that
indifferently with us, sir. 41

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let
those that play your clowns speak no more
than is set down for them: for there be of
them that will themselves laugh, to set on
some quantity of barren spectators to laugh
too, though in the meantime some necessary
question of the play be then to be considered:
that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful
ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make
you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

[*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
STERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this
piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit*
Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them?

² From, apart from, contrary to.

³ Pressure, impression, stamp.

⁴ Censure, judgment.

¹ Find, i.e. find out.

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asten them?

Ros. Guild. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.¹ 60

Hor. O, n ; dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the
poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are
those 73

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that
man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear
him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king; 80

One scene of it comes near the circumstance

Which I have told thee of my father's death:

I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe my uncle: if his occulted² guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy.³ Give him heedful note:

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 90

And after we will both our judgments join

In censure⁴ of his seeming.

¹ Cop'd withal, encountered with.

² Occulted, concealed.

³ Stithy, i. e. forge.

⁴ Censure, judgment.

Hor.

Well, my lord:

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They're coming to the play; I must
be idle.⁵

Get you a place.



Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.—(Act iii. 2. 59, 60.)

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,
POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUIL-
DENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's
dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you
cannot feed capons so. 100

⁵ Idle, crazy.

King. I have nothing with this answer,
Hamlet; these words are not mine. 102

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My
lord, you played i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted
a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar; I was killed
i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me. 109

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so
capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your
patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit
by me.

Ham. No, good mother; here's metal more
attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

[*Oph.* No, my lord. 120

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country
matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.]

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I? 130

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What
should a man do but be merry? for, look you,
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father
died within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil
wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O
heavens! die two months ago, and not for-
gotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's
memory may outlive his life half a year: but,
by'r lady, he must build churches, then; for
else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the
hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for,
O, the hobby-horse is forgot." 145

Hamboys play. The dumb-show enters.

*Enter a KING and a QUEEN very lovingly; the QUEEN
embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes*

*show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and
declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon
a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him.
Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it,
and pours poison in the KING's ears, and exit. The
QUEEN returns; finds the KING dead, and makes
passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or
three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with
her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner
wrecks the QUEEN with gifts: she seems loth and un-
willing awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho; it
means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument
of the play. 150

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: [the
players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show
him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not
shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll
mark the play.]

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency, 160
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy¹ of a
ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a KING and a QUEEN.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart²
gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and
moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
[For women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.]

¹ Posy, i. e. a rhymed motto.

² Cart, chariot.

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² Cart, chariot.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is seiz'd, my fear is so: 180
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]

P. King. Fith, I must leave thee, love, and
shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave¹ to do
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

L. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second but who kill'd the first. 190

Ham. [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood.

[*P. Queen.* The instances² that second marriage
move

Are base respects³ of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.]

P. King. I do believe you think what now you
speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.
[Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:⁴

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree, 200
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is that we forget

To pay ourselves love to ourselves is debt:]
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

[The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange 210
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,

Whether⁵ love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons⁶ him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun, 220
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:]
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven
light!

¹ Leave, leave off, cease. ² Instances, inducements.

³ Respects, considerations. ⁴ Validity, efficacy.

⁵ Whether, pronounced (as it was often written) *wh'er*.

⁶ Seasons, i.e. brings to maturity in his true character.

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!

[To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's⁷ cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite,⁸ that blanks⁹ the face of joy, 230
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!]

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here
awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much,
methinks. 240

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is
there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in
jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tro-
pically. This play is the image of a murder
done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name;

his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a
knavish piece of work; but what a' that? your
majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches
us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers
are unprung. 253

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorn, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and
your love, if I could see the pppets dallying.

[*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.]

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take
off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.]
Begin, murderer; [pox,] leave thy damnable
faces, and begin. Come: "the croaking raven
doth bellow for revenge."

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and
time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

⁷ Anchor's i.e. anchorite's, hermit's.

⁸ Opposit, obstacle.

⁹ Blanks, blanches, pales.

With Heate's¹ ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property 270
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his
estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is
extant, and writ in choice Italian; you shall
see anon how the murderer gets the love of
Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away! 280

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some
must sleep;

So runs the world away.

[Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,
—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with
me,—with two Provincial roses on my razed
shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry² of players,
sir?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.]

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come,
the recorders!³

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,— 310

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-
tempered.⁴

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more
richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me
to put him to his purgation⁵ would perhaps
plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into
some frame, and start not so wildly from my
affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is
not of the right breed. If it shall please you
to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your
mother's commandment: if not, your pardon,⁶
and my return shall be the end of my busi-
ness. 320

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my
wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can
make, you shall command; or, rather, as you
say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the
matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour
hath struck her into amazement and admira-
tion.⁷ 330

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so aston-
ish a mother! But is there no sequel at the
heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her
closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times
our mother. Have you any further trade⁸
with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and
stealers. 340

⁴ *Distempered*, discomposed (used also of bodily dis-
order).

⁵ *Purgation*, a play upon the legal and medical senses
of the word.

⁶ *Your pardon*, i.e. your leave to go.

⁷ *Amazement and admiration*, i.e. surprise and wonder.

⁸ *Trade*, business.

¹ *Hecate*, pronounced Hecat.

² *Cry*, company (from a *cry* of hounds).

³ *Recorders*, musical instruments.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"¹ the proverb is something musty. 359

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me,² as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot. 370

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages³ with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill. 375

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Tis blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret⁴ me, you cannot play upon me.

¹ "While the grass grows the steed starves."

² To recover the wind of me, i.e., in hunting, to get to windward of the game, that it may be driven into the toil without seeing it.

³ These ventages, the stops.

⁴ Fret, a quibble; the frets are the stops of an instrument.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir! 390

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale. 399

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent.⁵ I will come by and by.⁶

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*—Leave me, friends.

[*Exit Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,*

Horatio, and Players.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yaww, and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink
hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother. 410

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

[My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

How in my words shee'er she be shent,⁷

To give thee seals⁸ never, my soul, consent!]

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. A room in the same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe
with us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare
you;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

⁵ Bent, tension, as of a bent bow.

⁶ By and by, immediately.

⁷ Shent, confounded, put to shame.

⁸ To give them seals, i.e., to put them in execution.

And he to England shall along with you:
 [The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Inanities.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
 Most holy and religions fear it is
 To keep those many many bodies safe
 That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind
 To keep itself from noyance;¹ but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and
 rests

The lives of many. The cease² of majesty
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,



Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.—(Act III. 3. 73.)

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
 things 19
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.]

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
 voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil.

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
 closet:

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax
 him home: 20

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a
 mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
 hear

¹ Noyance, injury.

² Cease, extinction.

The speed
 hege:

I'll call up
 And tell y
King.

O, my offe
 It hath th
 A brother
 Though in
 My strong
 And, like
 I stand in
 And both
 Were thic
 Is there n
 To wash i
 mere;

But to co
 And what
 To be for
 Or pardon
 My fault
 Can serve
 murd
 That can
 Of those
 My crown
 May one
 In the co
 Offence's
 And oft
 Buys out
 There is
 In his tru
 Even to
 To give
 Try what
 Yet what
 O wretch
 O lined
 Art mor
 assay
 Bow, st
 of st
 Be soft
 All may

¹ Of rant
 - Rods, r
² Empty

life is bound,
our of the mind
out much more
depends and

of majesty
doth draw
massy wheel,



his mother's
myself,
ant she'll tax
as it said,
dience than a
I, should o'er-

The speech, of vantage.¹ Fare you well, my
liege: 33

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will: 39
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin.
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 49
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul
murder?"

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above; 60
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?²
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O lined³ soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engag'd.⁴ Help, angels! Make
assay!

Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings
of steel, 70
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

¹ *Of vantage*, i.e. from a point of vantage.

² *Rests*, remains. ³ *Lined*, caught with bird-lime.

⁴ *Engag'd*, entangled.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is
praying;

And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would⁵ be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread, 80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush⁶ as
May;

And how his audit stands who knows save
heaven?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

No.

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid
hent:

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
[Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed:] 90
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven,

And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*]

[*The King rises and advances.*]

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another room in the same.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay
home to him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad⁷ to
bear with,

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
between

⁵ *Would*, i.e. requires to.

⁶ *Flush*, full of vigour.

⁷ *Broad*, unrestrained.

Much heat and him. I'll sence me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much
offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an
idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife;

And—would it were not so!—you are my
mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that
can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you
shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass¹⁰
Where you may see the innmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not
murder me? Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat! Dead,
for a ducat, dead!

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain!

[*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is
this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.

[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy in some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.¹

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act⁴⁰

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction² plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face loth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,³⁰
Is thought-sick³ at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station¹ like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,⁶⁰
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what
follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten⁵ on this moor? Ha! have you
eyes?

¹ Sense, feeling.

² Contraction, i.e. marriage contract.

³ Thought-sick, sick with anxiety.

⁴ Station, attitude in standing.

⁵ Batten, grow fat.

You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what
judgment 70
Would step from this to this? [Sense, sure,
you have,
Else could you not have motion:¹ but sure
that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity² of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?³
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans⁴ all.
Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80



Ham. Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better.—(Act iii. 4. 31, 32.)

Could not so mope.]
Oshame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained⁵ spots
As will not leave their tinct.

[Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed⁶ bed, 92
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making
love
Over the nasty sty,—]

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent⁷ lord; a vice of kings;⁸
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

¹ Motion, emotion. ² Quantity, portion.
³ Hoodman-blind, blindman's-buff.
⁴ Sans, without. ⁵ Grained, dyed in grain.

⁶ Enseamed, defiled.
⁷ Precedent, former.
⁸ A vice of kings, i.e. a buffoon king.

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more! 101

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your
gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important¹ acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation 110
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit² in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
[And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded³ hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end.] O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
stones,

Would make them capable.⁴ Do not look
upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for
blood. 130

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it
steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the
portal! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy⁵
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep
time, 140

And makes as healthful music: 't is not mad-
ness

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
[And do not spread the compost⁶ on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my
virtue; 152

For in the fatness of these pury times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb⁷ and woo for leave to do him good.]

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160

[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,

That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,

That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either lay the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good
night:] 170

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,

¹ Important, urgent.

² Conceit, imagination.

³ Bedded, matted.

⁴ Capable, susceptible.

⁵ Ecstasy, madness.

⁶ Compost, manure.

⁷ Curb (Fr. *courber*), bow.

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[Exit Ghost.
e of your brain:

perately keep
140
: 't is not mad-

to the test,
which madness
or love of grace,
n to your soul,
madness speaks:
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I sense doth eat,
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and good
very,

n to-night,
easiness
ext more easy;
tamp of nature,
row him out
nce more, good
170;

be bless'd,
this same lord,
ing to Polonius.
pleas'd it so,

To punish me with this, and this with me
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well 176
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
[One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid
you do: 181
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his
mouse;¹
And let him, for a pair of reechy² kisses,



Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?—(Act iii 4, 103, 104.)

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd
fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him
know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,³ from a bat, a gib,⁴
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy, 192
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,⁵ in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made
of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 't is so concluded on. 201
Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two
schoolfellows,

¹ Mouse, a term of endearment.

² Reechy, dirty.

³ Paddock, toad.

⁴ Gib, tomeet.

⁵ Conclusions, experiments.

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar:¹ and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most
sweet

When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing:²
I'll hug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.]
[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these
profound heaves;
You must translate; 't is fit we understand
them.

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,
who exeunt.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"³
And, in this brainish³ apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man,

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will we laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short,⁴ restrain'd and out of
haunt,

This mad young man: but so much was our
love,

We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath
kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore⁵
Among a mineral⁶ of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guilden-
stern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further
aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,⁷
As level as the cannon to his blank,⁷
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our
name,

And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Petar*, petard.

² *Packing*, plotting (as well as in its present sense).

³ *Brainish*, brainsick. ⁴ *Kept short*, under control.

⁵ *Ore*, probably = gold.

⁶ *Mineral*, lode.

⁷ *Blank*, mark.

rectly meet.
2
our room.
his counsellor
and most grave,
ing knave.
and with you.

ingin Polonia.

it feed 22
ere is he gone?
body he hath

like some ore⁵
base,
r what is done.
ay!

contains touch,
and this vile deed
and skill, 21
Ho, Guilden-

GUILDENSTERN.
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s diameter, 41
blank,⁷
—may miss our

o, come away!
dismay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. Guil. [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,¹ his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw: first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again. 23

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing— 30

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

¹ Countenance, favour.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;



Queen. Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.—(Act IV. 1. 9-12.)

And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd, 10
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know
 your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is
 eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms
 are e'en at him. Your worm is your only
 emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to
 fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your
 fat king and your lean beggar is but variable
 service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's
 the end.

King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that
 hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that
 hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king
 may go a progress through the guts of a
 beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if
 your messenger find him not there, seek him
 i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you
 find him not within this month, you shall nose
 him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.
[To some Attendants.]
Ham. He will stay till ye come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
 safety,—
 Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
 For that which thou hast done,—must send
 thee hence
 With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
 The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
 The associates tend,¹ and everything is bent
 For England.

Ham. For England!
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.

¹ Tend, attend, wait.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But,
 come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Ham. My mother: father and mother is
 man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and
 so, my mother. Come, for England! *[Exit.]*
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with
 speed aboard;
 Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
 Away! for everything is seal'd and done
 That else leans on the affair: pray you, make
 haste.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]
*[And, England, if my love thou hold'st at
 aught,—*
 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe,
 Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set²
 Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
 By letters congruing to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,
 How'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.]
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

*[Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Forces,
 marching.]*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish
 king;
 Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his majesty would ought with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye;³
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.
For. Go softly⁴ on.

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
 and others.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

² Coldly set, regard with indifference.

³ In his eye, in his presence.

⁴ Softly, slowly.

Cap. 't
Ham.
Cap.
Ham.
Cap.
Ham.
 Or for so
Cap.
 We go t
 That ha
 To pay
 Nor wil
 A ranke
Ham.
 defend i
Cap.
Ham.
 sun
 Will no
 This is
 pear
 That in
 Why th
Cap.
Ros.
Ham.
 bef
 How ad
 And sp
 If his e
 Be but
 Sure, he
 Looking
 That en
 To fust
 Bestial
 Of thin
 A thou
 pa
 And ev
 Why y
 Sith⁵
 an
 To do 't
 Witnes
 led by

⁵ The
⁶ Imp
⁷ Disce
⁸ Fust

st our purposes.
ees them. But,
ll, dear mother.
anlet. 52
and mother is
is one flesh; and
ngland! [*Exit.*
tempt him with

nice to-night:
d and done
pray you, make

nd Guildenstern.
thou hold'st at

give thee sense,
aw and red
thy free awe,

st not coldly set?
imports at full
fect,

Do it, England;
d he rages, 68
know 't is done,
e ne'er begun.]
[*Exit.*

Denmark.

in, and Forces,

reet the Danish

ortinbras
ouis'd march
the rendezvous.
ht with us,
his eye;³

do 't, my lord.

as and Forces.}]

GUILDENSTERN,

ers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir. 10
Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Does it against the main¹ of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole 21
A ranker² rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then, the Polack never will
defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thou-
sand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume³ of much wealth and
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little
before. [*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me, 32
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,⁴

Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason

To fast⁵ in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one

part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do;"
Sith⁶ I have cause, and will, and strength,

and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

¹ The main, the chief power.

² Ranker, richer.

³ Imposthume, abscess.

⁴ Discourse, reasoning faculty.

⁵ Fast, grow stale.

⁶ Sith, since.

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I,
then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame 61
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent?⁷
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. [What would she have?
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says
she hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and
beats her heart;

Spurns enviously⁸ at straws; speaks things
in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is
nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection;⁹ they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own

thoughts; 10
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures
yield them,

Indced would make one think there might be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. [*Aside.*] 'Twere good she were spoken
with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.]

⁷ Continent, i.e. that which contains.

⁸ Enviously, angrily.

⁹ Collection, inference.

Let her come in. *[Exit Horatio.]*
 To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;¹
 So full of artless jealousy² is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *[Sings]*
 How should I your true love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle hat³ and staff,
 And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[Sings] He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone. 30

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings] White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *[Sings]*
 Larded⁴ with sweet flowers;
 Which bewept to the grave did go
 With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady? 40

Oph. Well, God 'ild you!⁵ They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
 All in the morning betime,
 And I a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine. 50
*[Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
 And dupp'd⁶ the chamber-door;*

¹ Amiss, misfortune. ² Jealousy, suspicion.
³ Cockle hat, badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea. ⁴ Larded, garnished.
⁵ God 'ild you, God yield you (i.e. God bless you).
⁶ Dupp'd, opened (dup=do up, i.e. lift the latch).

Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.]

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings] By Gis⁷ and by Saint Charity,
 Alack, and fie for shame!
 Young men will do't, if they come to't;
 By cock,⁸ they are to blame.
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promis'd me to wed.
 So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
 An thou hadst not come to my bed.] 60

King. How long hath she been thus? 67

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. *[Exit.]*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. *[Exit Horatio.]*

O, this is⁹ the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions! *[First, her father slain:]*
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent
 anther 80

Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
 Thiek and unwholesome in their thoughts
 and whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done
 but greenly,

In hugger-mugger¹⁰ to inter him: poor
 Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere
 beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France,
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick ony person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

⁷ Gis, i.e. Jesus. ⁸ Cock, a vulgarism for God.
⁹ This is, pronounce this'.
¹⁰ In hugger-mugger, secretly.

'Like to a murdering-piece,¹ in many places
Gives me superfluous death.] [*A noise within.*]

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them
guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,²
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,³
Overbears your officers. The rabble call him
lord;

[And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,]
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the
clouds,

"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail
they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Dances following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you
all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou
vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm pro-
claims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unmixed
brows

Of my true mother.]

King. What's the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd: let him go, Ger-
trude:

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be
juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! [vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation:] to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
[If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend
and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll
ope my arms,

And, like the kind life-rendering pelican
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

¹ A murdering-piece, a cannon loaded with case-shot.

² List, boundary.

³ Head, armed force.

O heavens! is't possible a young maid's
wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life? 160
Nature is fine¹ in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-
suade revenge,
It could not move thus.



Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. (Act iv. 5. 175, 176.)

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you
call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel becomes
it! It is the false steward, that stole his
master's daughter. 173

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray you, love, remember; and there
is pansies,² that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document³ in madness; thoughts
and remembrance fitted. 179

Oph. There's fennel for you, and colum-

bines; there's rue for you; and here's some
for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sun-
days: O, you must wear your rue with a dif-
ference. There's a daisy: I would give you
some violets, but they withered all when my
father died;—they say he made a good
end,—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell
itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*]

And will be not come again?
And will he not come again?

190

¹ Fine, delicate, tender.

² Pansies, Fr. *pensées*, thoughts.

³ Document, instruction.

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away morn;
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God,—God
be wi' ye. *[Exit.]*

Laer. Do you see this, O God? 201

King. Laertes, I must commune with your
grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
me;

If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not, 203

Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, or his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to
earth,

That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the
same.*

Enter HORATIO and a Serrant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with
me?

Serr. Sea-faring men, sir; they say they
have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. *[Exit Serrant.]*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him.
There 's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from
the ambassador that was bound for England,
if your name be Horatio, as I am let to
know it is. 11

Hor. [Reads.] "Horatio, when thou shalt have
overlooked this, give these fellows some means¹ to
the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were
two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appoint-
ment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of
sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple
I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our
ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have
dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew
what they did; I am to do a good turn for them.
Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair
thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly
death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make
thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore
of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee
where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold
their course for England; of them I have much to
tell thee. Farewell. 30

"He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will make you way for these your
letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another room in the
same.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquit-
tance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: [But tell me]
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-
sinew'd, 10
And yet to me they are strong. The queen
his mother

¹ Means, i.e. means of access.

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive¹ to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public comit I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender² bear
him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.]

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections; but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you
must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with
danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more:

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet;
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them
not:

They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd
them

Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads*] "High and mighty, You shall know I
am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I
beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first
asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion
of my sudden and more strange return.

"HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest
come back?

Or is it some abuse,³ and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked!"
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him
come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus didst thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,—

As how should it be so! how otherwise!—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now
return'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge⁴ the
practice,⁵

And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;

The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel
much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.⁶

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months
since,

³ Abuse, deception.

⁴ Uncharge, make no accusation against.

⁵ Practice, stratagem.

⁶ Unworthiest siege, lowest rank.

¹ Conjunctive, closely united.

² General gender, common race.

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:— 83
[I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the
French,

And they can well on horseback: but this
gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorps'd¹ and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd² my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90
Came short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch,³
indeed,

And gent of all the nation.]

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers⁴ of their
nation, 101

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

[*King.* Not that I think you did not love
your father; 111

But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,⁵

Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this
"would" changes, 120

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift
sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'
the ulcer:

Hamlet comes back:] what would you under-
take,

To show yourself your father's son indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To ent his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder
sanctuarize;⁶

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your
chamber. 130

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come
home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine
together

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,⁷
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword, unbated,⁸ and, in a pass of practice,⁹
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't: 140

And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,¹⁰

So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm¹¹ so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from

death

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my
point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death

King. Let's further think of this;

King. Let's further think of this;

⁶ Sanctuarize, afford sanctuary to; probably a self-
coined verb. ⁷ Remiss, careless.

⁸ Unbated, unblunted.

⁹ A pass of practice, a treacherous thrust.

¹⁰ Mountebank, quack-doctor. ¹¹ Cataplasm, salve.

[Weigh what convenience both of time and means
150

May fit us to our shape; if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad
performance,

'T were better not assay'd: therefore this
project

Should have a back or second, that might
hold,

If this should blast in proof.¹ Soft! let me
see:]

We'll make a solemn wager on your cummings;
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—

And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd
him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
160



Queen. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up. — (Act iv. 7, 176, 177.)

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,²
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what
noise!

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where!

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crows-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
purples,
170

[That liberal³ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:]

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambling to hang, an envious sliver⁴ broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide,

And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable⁵ of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pul'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

³ *Liberal*, free-spoken.

⁴ *Sliver*, a branch stripped from the tree.

⁵ *Incapable*, insensible.

¹ *Blast in proof*, i.e. in proving, like badly-tempered
cannon.

² *Stuck*, i.e. thrust.

Soft! let me

our enmings;

ot and dry,—

to that end,—

ave prepar'd

100

but sipping,



crosser name,
s fingers call

oronetweeds
liver¹ broke;
und herself
lothes spread

ore her up;
of old tunes,
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u'd

180

ould not be
a their drink,
melodious lay

he tree.

Leer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd. 185

Leer. Too much of water hast thou, poor

Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick;¹ nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are
gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord: 190

I have a speech of fire that fain would

blaze,

But that this folly douts it.² [*Exit.*

King.

Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian
burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore
make her grave straight;³ the crowner hath
sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she
drown'd herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 't is found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo*;⁴ it can-
not be else. For here lies the point: if I
drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and
an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do,
to perform: argal,⁵ she drown'd herself wittingly. 13

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman
delver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the
water; good: here stands the man; good: if
the man go to this water and drown himself,
it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that;
but if the water come to him and drown him,
he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not
guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law? 23

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest
law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' t'he truth on't? If
this had not been a gentlewoman, she should
have been buried out of Christian burial.

¹ Trick, habit.

² Douts it, puts it out.

³ Straight, straightway.

⁴ *Se offendendo*, i. e. *se defendendo*, a finding of the jury
in justifiable homicide.

⁵ Argal, the Clown's form of *ergo*.

First Clo. Why, there thou sayst: and the
more pity that great folk should have counten-
ance in this world to drown or hang them-
selves, more than their even Christian.⁶ Come,
my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but
gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they
hold up⁷ Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore
arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none. 39

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost
thou understand the Scripture? The Scrip-
ture says, Adam digg'd: could he dig without
arms? I'll put another question to thee: if
thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess
thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger
than either the mason, the shipwright, or the
carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame
outlives a thousand tenants. 50

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith:
the gallows does well; but how does it well?
it does well to those that do ill; now, thou
dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger
than the church: argal, the gallows may do
well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec. Clo. "Who builds stronger than a
mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell. 60

First Clo. To't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

⁶ Even Christian, fellow Christian. ⁷ Hold up, maintain.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at some distance.

First Clo. Cndgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker:" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor.

*[Exit Sec. Clown.
He digs, and sings.*

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet, 79
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. *[Sings]*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician,¹ which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord. 89

[Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard² with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't.] Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't. 101

First Clo. *[Sings]*

A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding-sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits³ now, his quillets,⁴ his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? *[Hum!]* This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,⁵ his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 121

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance⁶ in that.] I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. 130

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you. 140

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

³ Quiddits, equivocations. ⁴ Quillets, nice distinctions.

⁵ Statutes, mortgages.

⁶ Assurance, a play on the legal meaning, a conveyance of lands or tenements by deed.

¹ Politician, schemer.

² Mazzard, skull.

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but,
rest her soul, she's dead. 147

Ham. How absolute¹ the knave is! we
must speak by the card, or equivocation will
undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three
years I have taken note of it; the age is grown
so pick'd,² that the toe of the peasant comes
so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his

kibe.³ How long hast thou been a grave-
maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came
to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'er-
came Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since? 153

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool
can tell that: it was the very day that young



Ham. I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.—(Act v. 1. 203, 204.)

Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent
into England. 162

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into
England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he
shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not,
it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there;
there the men are as mad as he. 170

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have
been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth
ere he rot? 179

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before
he die,—[as we have many pocky corses now-
a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,—]
he will last you some eight year or nine year:
a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned

¹ Absolute, positive.
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² Picked, smart.

³ Kibe, chilblain.

with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your [whoreson] dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a pon'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This!

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning! quite chap-fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour! she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithce, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? *poth!*

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make

loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious² Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that that earth which kept the world in awe Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!³ But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following;

KING, QUEEN, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow!

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate.

Conch! we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranty: her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,⁵ Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requiem, and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

¹ Favour, complexion.

² Imperious, imperlat.

⁴ Conch, lie close.

³ Flaw, blast of wind.

⁵ Crants, garland.

Queen. Sweets to the sweet; farewell! 266
 [Scattering flowers.]
 I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
 wife;
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd,
 sweet maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woes
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 270
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious¹ sense
 Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms;
 [Leaps into the grave.]
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,



Ham. What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis?—(Act v. 1. 277, 278.)

Till of this flat a mountain you have made
 T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *[Advancing.]* What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of
 sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars and makes them
 stand 279

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
 Hamlet the Dane. *[Leaps into the grave.]*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thon pray'st not well.
 I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
 For, though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they

come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this

theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 280

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand bro-

thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

¹ *Ingenious*, keen in apprehension.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'S wounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't
tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine? 300
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove 309
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him.— [*Exit Horatio.*]

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.¹
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; 321
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you
see the other;

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines² in the bilboes,³
Rashly,⁴—

¹ *Present push*, instant test. ² *Mutines*, mutineers.

³ *Bilboes*, fetters used on board ship.

⁴ *Rashly*, hastily.

And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do fail; and that should
teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found,

Horatio,—

O royal knavery!—an exact command,— 19
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's
too,

With, ho! such bugs⁵ and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,⁶
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with vil-
lanies,— 29

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the
king,—

As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might
flourish, 40

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like "as'es" of great charge,—

⁵ *Bugs*, bugbears.

⁶ *No leisure bated*, i.e. without any abatement or inter-
mission of time.

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordi-
nant.

I had my father's signet in my purse, 49
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it
safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next
day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Both by their own insinuation grow: 59

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.¹

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

[*Ham.* Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me
now upon?²—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my
mother;

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect
conscience

To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be
damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come
In³ further evil?]

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say "one."

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery⁴ of his grief did put me
into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osr.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back
to Denmark. 82

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. [*Aside to
Horatio*] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. [*Aside to Hamlet*] No, my good lord.

Ham. [*Aside to Horatio*] Thy state is the
more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him.

[*He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast
be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at
the king's mess: 't is a chough, but, as I say,
spacious in the possession of dirt.*]

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from
his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all dili-
gence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right
use; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the
wind is northerly. 99

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry
and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sul-
try,—as't were,—I cannot tell how. But, my
lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that
he has laid a great wager on your head: sir,
this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember— 108

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court
Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences,⁵ of very soft
society and great showing; indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card or ealendar of
gentry,⁶ for you shall find in him the contin-
ent of what part a gentleman would see.

[*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perli-
tion in you; though, I know, to divide him
inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of

¹ Opposites, opponents.

² Does it not, stand me upon, i.e. is it not imperative
on me?

³ In, into.

⁴ Bravery, ostentatious display.

⁵ Differences, distinctions from others; probably an
allusion to the term in heraldry.

⁶ Gentry, gentility.

memory, and yet but yaw¹ neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion² of such dearth³ and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace⁴ him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir! 130

Ham. Is't not possible to know more of him? another tongue? You will do him wrong, if you say so.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes!

Ham. [*Aside to Hamlet*] His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant — 139

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.⁵ Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is —

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; [but in the imputation⁶ laid on him by them, in his deed he's unfollowed.] 150

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imposed,⁷ as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,⁸ and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.⁹ 160

Ham. What call you the carriages?

¹ Yaw, to move unsteadily (nautical term).

² Infusion, essential qualities. ³ Dearth, dearthness.

⁴ Trace, follow. ⁵ Approve me, be to my credit.

⁶ Imputation, repute.

⁷ Imposed, staked (perhaps, impawned).

⁸ Hangers, straps by which the sword was attached to the girdle. ⁹ Liberal conceit, lavish ornamentation.

[*Hor.* [*Aside to Hamlet*] I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: [I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imposed," as you call it?] 171

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial. 179

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 't is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn. 192

[*Hor.* This lapwing run away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply¹⁰ with his dug, before he sucked it. This has he, and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 202

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him

¹⁰ Comply, use ceremony

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mended him

to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure; if his fitness speak mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.¹

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving² as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 220

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Ent. KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, *Lords*, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

[*This presence knows,*

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd 210

With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour, and exception³ Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 250

Sir, in this audience.] Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge; but in my terms of honour I stand aloof, and will no recompilment Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, 260 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Consim Hamlet, 270

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord: Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both: But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Osric. Ay, my good lord.

¹ In happy time, à la bonne heure
² Gain-giving, misgiving.

³ Exception, objection. the phrase "to take exception."

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et speak,
thout,



common shot

cup.
; set it by

; what say

nfess.

t of breath.

the drum.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,¹ rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. [Drinks.]

King. [Aside] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. 300

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [Aside] And yet it is almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310

Laer. Say you so? come on. [They play.]

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [The Queen falls.]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrise;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,— 320

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies.]

Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd;

Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie, 320
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work. [Stabs the King.]

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous damned Dane,

Drink off this potion: is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [King dies.]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself. 330

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! [Dies.]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—

But let it be. Horatio, I am dead; 340

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-

hind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.

[March at some distance, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland, 361

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows² my spirit;

² O'er-crows, triumphs over (as a cock over his beaten antagonist).

¹ Napkin, handkerchief.

I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,¹ more and less,
Which have solicited²—The rest is silence.

[Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good
night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[Why does the drum come hither?

[March within.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry³ cries on havoc. O proud
Death,

What feast is toward⁴ in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late;
The ears are senseless that should give us
hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead;
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump⁵ upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from
England,

¹ Occurrents, occurrence.

² Solicited, prompted, brought on.

³ Quarry, the game killed.

⁴ Toward, at hand

⁵ Jump, exactly

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to
speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more;

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more
mischance,

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his pas-
sage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war—
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much
amiss,—

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march. *Evenant, bearing off the
dead bodies: after which a peal of
ordnance is shot off.*]

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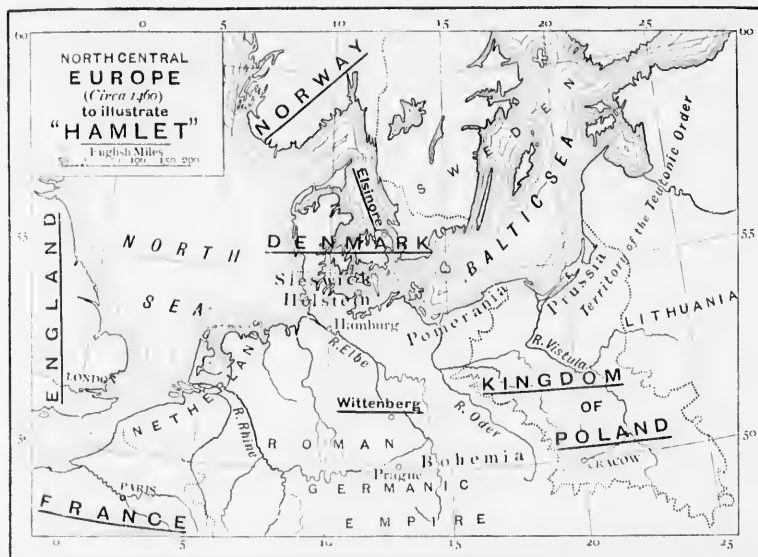
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NOTES TO HAMLET.

PREFATORY NOTE.

In the notes to this play, which is considerably the longest of Shakespeare's plays,¹ all the minute differences of reading will not be given, but only the more important ones; Q. 2 and F. 1 being taken as the two chief authorities for the text. Where the reading of any other text, or any emendation, is adopted, it will be stated in the notes. In quoting the Qq. we have adopted the same principle as the ed. of the Cambridge Shakespeare, that is to say, the letter Qq. does not include Q. 1 (1608) unless it is expressly so stated.

NOTE ON THE DIVISION INTO ACTS AND SCENES.

This play is not divided into acts and scenes at all in the Quarto, and in the Folio only as far as the second

¹ The longest plays of Shakespeare seem to be Hamlet, Richard III., Cymbeline, Othello, and Antony and Cleopatra. According to the Globe edition the number of lines contained in each of the six plays respectively is as follows: 3228, 3506, 3407, 3342, 3493.

² It must be remembered that Richard III. has no prose in it, while Cymbeline has a good deal; so that the latter play is probably, as far as words go, the next longest play to Hamlet.

scene of act ii. The modern divisions are therefore perfectly arbitrary, except in as far as they are taken from the divisions in what are called the Players' Quartos, the earliest of which was printed in 1676; but these, judging from the Quarto of 1615, are divided only into acts and not into scenes. As to the manner in which the acts are divided, it is pretty clear that act ii. should terminate with the soliloquy of Hamlet; but commentators are not agreed as to where act iii. should end. As the play is acted, it always terminates with what is called the Closet Scene between the Queen and Hamlet; but it seems clear, according to both Q. 2 and F. 1, that the author did not intend the act to terminate there. The events which occur in the last scene of act iii. (as at present arranged), and in the first and second scenes of act iv., take place, evidently, on the same night. In F. 1, after the stage-direction *Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius*, we have *Enter King*, which shows that the next scene is merely a continuation of the one before. It is only in Q. 2 that we have the stage-direction after Hamlet's exit *Enter King and Queen with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*; but it will be noticed that there is no *Exeunt* marked, even in Q. 2. At the end of the scene between Hamlet and his mother in Q. 1, the stage-direction, after Hamlet's exit with the dead body, is *Enter King and Lords*, when the King in-

identally addresses Gertrude. There is no doubt that, in that version at least, the two scenes were continuous; and if we look at scene 2 of act iv. (according to the general division of the scenes), we shall see that, evidently, Hamlet has just returned from stowing away the body of Polonius; so that this scene must take place on the same night as the interview with his mother and the accidental killing of Polonius. The same is true of scene 3, act iv., in which the King is waiting for the return of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with Hamlet, to fetch whom the King has sent them; nor between scenes 3 and 4 can there be an interval of any length; for the King says in his speech, act iv. scene 3, "Follow him;" and therefore when Hamlet meets Fortinbras it is on the same night as, or rather in the early morning after, the interview with his mother. But after scene 4, act iv. there must be a considerable interval, during which Laertes has had time to get from Paris to Elshere, and Hamlet has evidently been away for several days, during which he was captured by the pirates, with whom he appears to have remained some little time. When this tragedy is played on the stage, and any portions of scenes 1, 2, 3, 4 of act iv. are retained, we cannot help being struck by the abruptness of Ophelia's madness, and the remarkable expedition with which Laertes has reached Denmark from Paris; nor can we help wondering how, in an age when news travelled slowly, he could possibly have heard of his father's death in so short a time. In fact the modern division into acts and scenes—at least as far as acts iii. and iv. are concerned—is a very lame one. But as act iii. is, even at present, of preposterous length, it would be impossible to divide the play, consistently with probability, without making it in six acts. It may be interesting to see which of the tragedies in F. I. are divided into acts and scenes; we therefore give a list of them in the order in which they are printed, showing how far they are so divided:

- Troilus and Cressida (Q. and F.); not divided into acts and scenes.
- Coriolanus (F.); divided into acts only.
- Titus Andronicus (Q. and F.); no division in Q.; divided into acts only in F.
- Romeo and Juliet (Q. and F.); act i. scene 1; no other division.
- Timon of Athens (F.); not divided into acts and scenes.
- Julius Caesar (F.); divided into acts only.
- Macbeth (F.); divided into acts and scenes.
- Lear (Q. and F.); no division in Q.; divided into acts and scenes in F.
- Othello (Q. and F.); in Q. the only divisions marked are acts ii. iv. and v.; divided into acts and scenes in F.
- Antony and Cleopatra (F.); not divided into acts or scenes.
- Cymbeline (F.); divided into acts and scenes.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Lines 1, 2:

Ber. *Who's there?*

Franc. *Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.*

It would seem that only one of the commentators,

Tschischwitz, has noticed the significance of the fact that Bernardo, who is going to relieve guard, challenges Francisco, who is a sentinel still on duty, and who, of course, should challenge him, as he points out in his answer:

Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

This is one of the many dramatic touches in this opening scene, which, so far from being unnecessary—as Seymour, in his Remarks, with a singular obtuseness, declared it to be—is one of the most remarkable examples of Shakespeare's skill in construction. Coleridge, whose subtle and eloquent remarks on this scene should be read in their entirety, fully perceived its dramatic force. The author here puts before us a vivid picture of the state of vague disquiet and alarm which existed in Denmark at the time the action of the play commences; the rapidity with which events had succeeded one another in the last month or so; the sudden death of the elder Hamlet, so quickly followed by the marriage of his widow with his late husband's brother; and the accession of the latter to the throne instead of the young heir-apparent; the mysterious warlike preparations and rumours; and last, but not least, the alarming whispers of the appearance of the late king's spectre near the scene of his mysterious death; all these circumstances form a fitting prologue to the tragedy that is to follow. The nervous anxiety of Bernardo, who is afraid to be left alone on his watch, and the simple and reverent faith in the apparition which Marcellus shows, are contrasted with the scepticism of Horatio; whose attitude towards the Ghost is that of doubt, exactly as we should have expected in the chosen intimate of Hamlet. But Horatio, once having seen the Ghost, is thoroughly convinced, and doubts no more; while Hamlet, though he has much more reason to be thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of the apparition, yet is persecuted with doubts almost to the very last.

We should naturally expect the challenge here to come from Francisco; but Q. 2 and F. 1 both agree in giving the line to Bernardo; and as, in both cases, the question *Who's there?* is printed as a separate line, we are scarcely justified in supposing that it was intended to be given to Francisco. In Q. 1 the scene opens thus:

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand; who is that?

2. 'Tis I.

1. O you come most carefully upon your watch.

It is clear that there the challenge is given by the sentinel on duty, and not by the one coming to relieve him. It would be interesting to know if the alteration, found in Q. 2 and F. 1, was made deliberately by Shakespeare himself. Tschischwitz suggests that "in thus representing Bernardo as so forgetful of all military use and wont as to challenge Francisco who is on guard" there was a "psychological motive;" but if we imagine the scene a dark night, and that Francisco, pacing on his watch, sees the dim outline of a figure advancing, challenges it, pauses for an answer, then impatiently says, *Nay answer me*, the "psychological motive" is, perhaps, quite as intelligible.

2. Line 3: *Long live the king!*—Malone suggested that this might be a watchword; but, as Bellus pointed out, in line 15, below, Horatio and Marcellus make such a different answer to the challenge. Furness (vol. i. p. 4) quotes

from Pye's 8th edition, "The probable correspondence to the modern challenge of the modern

3. Line 6: We have given it at." The phrase, "and strike," and stroke of foot, stroke of telescope, are, I think,

and the cry 71-73, which

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4. Line 10: here in its word emphasis, "and another," "s Rape of L

In

Shakespeare and Cleopatra in the wars would not

5. Line 1: night. The first, then, at this time never use this thing in apparition. The first, then, at this time never use this thing in apparition. The first, then, at this time never use this thing in apparition.

6. Line 1: The result, better not, cycle if possible, by them, the construction into, with the

ce of the fact that challenges Francis—who, of course, in his answer: yourself.

es in this opening ary—as Seymour, eness, declared it anjades of Shake- ge, whose subtle ould be read in atic force. The are of the state of d in Denmark at nces; the rapidity mother in the las. elder Hamlet, so widow with he on of the latter t apparent; the mys- rs; and last, in appearance of the mysterious death, prologue to the anxiety of Ber- nis watch, and the criticism which Mar- cepticism of Hora- is that of doubt, e chosen intimate een the Ghost, is ore; while Hamlet, e thoroughly con- tion, yet is pers- st.

ange here to come h agree in giving uses, the question e, we are scarcely nded to be given thus:

our watch, given by the sen- geration, found in Shakespeare him- us representing use and want as to there was a "psy- the scene a dark- the watch, sees th- anges it, pauses for y answer me, the te is intelligible.

e suggested that this pointed out. I make such a dif- (vol. i. p. 4) quotes

from Iyde's Comments on the Commentators, 1807, a very probable conjecture; the writer "believes that it corresponds to the former usage in France, where, to the common challenge *Qui vive?* the answer was *Vive le Roi*, like the modern answer 'A friend.'"

3. Line 6: *I've come most carefully upon your hour.*—We have given to *upon* the sense of "exactly" or "just at." The Clarendon editors notice this as an unusual phrase, and explain it "just as your hour is about to strike," and compare Richard III. iii. 2. 5: "*Upon* the stroke of four," and iv. 2. 111 in the same play, "*Upon* the stroke of ten." We may also compare Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 34-36:

There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him;

and the curious expression in Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 71-73, where Lady Capulet says:

by my count,
I was your mother much *upon* these years
That you are now a maid.

4. Line 13: *The Rivals of my watch.*—*Rivals* is used here in its primitive sense of "partners," which is the word employed by Q. 1. The word is derived from Latin *realis*, "one who uses the same stream or brook with another," so, "n near neighbour." Compare Heywood's Rape of Lucrece:

Julia. Arans associate him.
Arans. A *revall* with my brother in his honours.

—Works, vol. v. p. 203.

Shakespeare uses *rivalry* in a similar sense in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 5. 6-9: "Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him *rivalry*; would not let him partake in the glory of the action."

5. Line 21: *What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?* The Ff and Q. 1. give this speech to Marcellus, the Q₄ to Horatio. Surely it should belong to Horatio. Bernardo addresses in the previous line and welcomes Horatio first, then Marcellus. It is natural Horatio should answer first, and the line is characteristic of his sceptical attitude at this time with regard to the Ghost. Marcellus would never use such a vague and contemptuous expression as *this thing* of that which is always to him a *dreaded sight*, an *apparition*. It appears to me that much of the wonderful dramatic force of this opening scene, noticed in note 1 above, would be missed if Horatio does not speak this line in a tone of polite incredulity, an incredulity which is soon to be changed for reverent horror when with his own eyes he beholds the spectre whose existence he now doubts.

6. Line 33: *What we two nights have seen.* So Ff. Q₄ (including Q. 1) read *What we have two nights seen.* The reading of Ff. here seems preferable, because it is better not to separate the auxiliary verb from the participle if possible, and because the speaker particularly wishes to emphasize the fact that the sight has been seen by them not once but twice before (line 25 above). As to the construction, it is rather awkward, but the sense is quite intelligible. We may either take *What* to equal "with what" or "Concerning what;" or we may take the

whole sentence to be the explanation of the *story* in the preceding line. Hamner gave this line to Marcellus, as if in his eagerness to tell the story he interrupted Bernardo; an arrangement which, perhaps, makes the next speech of Horatio more forcible, wherein he declares that he wants to hear Bernardo's version of the story, and not that of Marcellus.

7. Line 42: *Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.*—The supposed power of Latin over ghosts is a very familiar superstition, arising doubtless from the Church's exorcismus being in Latin. Tschischwitz, quoted by Furness, says: "Evil spirits were not exorcised by the sign of the cross alone, but cried out to the exorciser the Latin hexameter *Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis*, a verse which being a palindromic reveals its diabolic origin." Compare Much Ado, ii. 1. 204: "I would to God some scholar would conjure her." Reed quotes Benimont and Fletcher's Night-Walker, ii. 1:

Let's call the bawler up, for he *speaks Latin*,
And that will daunt the devil.

—Works, Edin. Dyce, vol. v. p. 143.

8. Line 44: *it harrows me with fear and wonder.*—This is substantially the reading of Ff; F. 1, F. 2 print the word *harrows*. Q₄ all read *horrors*. The Players' Quarto, 1676, coolly alters it to *startles*. Q. 1 has a peculiar reading, *horrors*, which has not, I think, received the attention it deserves. There is no other instance, that I am aware of, of the use of *horrer* as a verb; but it certainly is a most forcible expression, especially if we remember the original meaning of the Latin word *horreo*, from which *horror* is derived. The substantive is frequently used of "that which causes horror," so that there is no reason why a verb coined from that word should not be used in a transitive sense. As to *harrow*, Shakespeare only uses the verb three times; twice in this play, figuratively in both cases, and in a quibbling sense in Coriolanus, v. 3. 33, 34:

Let the Volscus

Plough Rome, and *harrow* in Italy.

In the other passage of this play where it occurs, i. 5. 16, in the speech of the Ghost, it is used with *up*; and here I think it is used in a similar sense, and that there is no idea of referring to *harro*, a cry of distress. Johnson thought that the word should be written *harry*, and should have the same sense as in the well-known phrase, "the *harrying* of hell;" but if *harrow* be the right reading, there can be little doubt, though it occurs here without the preposition, that it is used, as in the passage below, in a sense derived from its ordinary and agricultural meaning. It would be a bold measure, in the text of a play so familiar as this, to introduce any innovation; but certainly the reading of Q. 1, if a misprint, is a singularly felicitous one; for it exactly describes that effect of fear which makes the skin "bristle" as it were, that peculiar feeling which, in vulgar parlance, is called "goose-flesh."

Nearly all the commentators quote Milton's use of the word *harrow*, in a similar figurative sense, in Comus, line 565:

Amaz'd I stood, *harrow'd* with grief and fear

9. Line 55: *question it.* This is the reading of Ff and Q. 1; Q₄ have *Speak to it*.

10. Lines 62, 63:

when, in an angry PARLE.

He smote the SLEDDED POLACKS on the ice.

Sledged (formed from sled or sledge) is so spelt in F; all the Qq print *sledged*. *Polacks* is Malone's conjecture. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *pollax*; Q. 5, F. 1, F. 2, Q. 6 *Pollax*; F. 3 *Polar*; and F. 4 *Poleaxe*, which Rowe adopted, changing its form to *pole-axe*. Ilyce remarks that it would seem that *Pollax* of the old editions was intended for the plural of the word, as when the word occurs in the singular number—as it does in fi. 2. 63, 75—it is spelt there *Polacke* (Q. 1), *Pollacke* (Qq), *Poleack* (F. 1), *Polak* (F. 2, F. 3, F. 4), but never with *x*. As to the derivation of the word, Caldecott quotes Giles Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 12mo. 1591, fo. 65: "The Poloniam, whom the Russe calleth *Laches*, noting the first author or founder of the nation, who was called *Laches* or *Leches*, wherunto is added *Pol*, which signifieth people, and so is made *Polackes*; that is, the people or posteritie of *Laches*: which the Latines, after their manner of writing, call *Polanos*" (Caldecott's edn. of *Hamlet*, note 3). Malone's emendation *Polacks* has been very generally accepted; but there is much to be said on the other side. In the first place the word *parle* clearly points to a peaceful conference and not to a battle. Shakespeare uses the word in the sense of *parley* several times; and, once in the sense of mere conversation, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*, i. 2. 5. True, the word is here qualified in the text by the epithet *angry*; but it is very unlikely that the elder Hamlet, who is represented as a man of great dignity and self-restraint, should have struck at a number of the enemy at a *parley*, however *angry*. As to the use of the word *smite*, Shakespeare seems never to use it in what may be called its Scriptural sense. He generally uses it of a single sharp blow; and we may compare with this passage one in *Locrine*, line 173:

His fallion on a flint he softly smite.

Nor, when we look at the whole passage, does it seem to refer so much to the brave and passionate attack of one man on a number of the enemy, as to the rare expression of anger on the part of one who generally had his temper under complete control. Compare also what Horatio says in describing the countenance of the Ghost to Hamlet, i. 2. 232:

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

The chief difficulty in accepting *pole-axe* lies in the word *sledged*, the reading of F; Qq. (including Q. 1) read *sledged*, which might easily be a misprint for *loaded*; but we should have expected, in this case, *his* instead of *the*. The final *s* of *his* might easily have got attached to *loaded*. It is true that Shakespeare does not use the word *loaded* anywhere; but then he does not use *sledged*; so that it is only the choice between two apax-legomena. The word *loaded* occurs in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573 (sub *Lead*): "a vessel or other thing that is *loaded* or *timmed*." What we want to find is, first, some early use of the word *loaded*; "weighted with lead, and, secondly, some mention of the fact that the *pole-axe* so weighted was a weapon used by the Northern peoples of Europe. On this point it is worth noticing Boswell's quotation from Milton's *Brief History of Moscow*: "After that the same day he sent in great and glorious Duke, one of them that *beld the golden*

pole-ax, with his retinue, and sundry sorts of meath to drink merrily with the ambassador" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 177).

11. Line 65: *JUMP at this dead hour*.—All the Qq have *jump*, the F. *just*, which means precisely the same "a familiar word," as Malone notes, "substituted for the more ancient." But *jump* is decidedly the more significant word of the two. It is used again, v. 2. 386 below, and in *Othello*, ii. 3. 392. Steevens quotes Chapman's *May-Day*: "Your appointment was *jump* at three." Compare Scott, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: "wherein they meete and agree *juape* with the papists;" and "so that they fall *juape* in judgement and opinion, though verie erroneous, with the foresaid *Psellus*" (Reprint, Nicholson, 1886, pp. 413, 416).

12. Line 75: *Why such IMPRESS of shipwrights!*—Some commentators have endeavoured to twist the line in the text into an argument for supposing that, in the reign of Elizabeth, shipwrights as well as seamen were liable to a forcible *impressment*; but Steevens points out that *impress* was merely giving the men "peest money (from *pret* Fr.)" as an earnest of their being engaged, and he quotes from Chapman's *Homers Odyssey*, bk. ii., where *press* could hardly bear the sense of "a forcible impressment."

*I, from the people straight, will press for you,
Free obduracy.*

Tschischwitz says that "the word must be *impest* (Ital. *impesto*), equivalent to 'handed'" (Furness, vol. 1 p. 14). This may be all perfectly true; but it is an undoubted fact that, in the only two other passages in which Shakespeare uses the word *impress*, he uses it in a sense of forcible or involuntary impressment; viz. in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, ii. 1. 106, 107: "Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an *impress*;" and *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, iii. 7. 35-37:

*Your ships are not well manned,—
Your mariners are milters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress.*

Perhaps the latter passage may justify us in explaining the word *impress*, not in the sense of forcible impressment in the modern sense, by a press-gang, but as simply used for enrolment under an emergency such as a sudden war.

13. Lines 93, 94:

the stee CO-MART,

And carriage of the ARTICLE DESIGN'D.

Co-mart is the reading of Qq, and is both a more vivid word and better for the rhythm of the line than the *car-mart* of F. *Co-mart* would mean, as Malone says, "a joint bargain," and may have been coined by Shakespeare, who uses *mart* as a verb—to traffic, in *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 151:

*As in a Roush stew.
To mart*

In the latter part of the sentence we follow in the text the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 prints *Article desigine*, Q. 2, Q. 3 *article dessaigne*, Q. 4 *articles desigine*, Q. 5, Q. 6 *Articles desigine*. The phrase means, "the import of the article drawn up between them."

14. Line 96: *IMPROVED mettle hot and full*.—The word *unimproved* may be taken here in any one of several senses, all of which apply well enough to the context, and have more or less authority *untutored, unquestioned, untried*. The Clarendon Press edd. consider that the

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first meaning "seems to accord best with the context, 'young,' 'hot,' 'full.'" Q. 1 has *unapproved*, a very probable reading.

15. Line 98: SHARK'D up a LIST of lawless resolute.—On *shark* compare S. Rowley, When you see me, you know me (174, verso): "I think if a fat purse come lth' way, thou wouldst not refuse it. Therefore leave the court and *sharke* with mee." Q. 1 has a reading here "a *sight* of lawless resolute" which deserves to be noticed. The use of *sight*—quantity, was quite a legitimate use of the word in the sixteenth century. For instance, we find that Andrew Boorde (in his Boke of Knowledge), speaking of St. Sophia's Church at Constantinople, says: "the church scalled Saynte Sophyes Church, in the whyche be a wonderfull *sight* of prestes; they say that there is a thousand prestes that doth belong to the church" (Reprint, 1570, p. 172). *Sight*, in this sense, is now accounted a vulgarianism. It certainly was not so in Shakespeare's time, and Hunter is perhaps right when he prefers the reading of Q. 1 to that of any older copy.

16. Line 103: *terms* COMPLICATIVE.—Qq. print *comput*.—Neither form of the word appears anywhere else in Shakespeare. *Compulsive* occurs iii. 4. 86 below.

17. Line 107: *rumage*.—Furness, New Variorum Ed. p. 17, quotes Wedgwood's Dictionary, *s.v.* *Rummage*: "Two words seem confounded. 1. *Rummage*, the proper stowing of merchandise in a ship, from Dutch *ruim*, French *ruin*, the hold of a ship. Hence to *rummage*, to search among the things stowed in a given receptacle. 2. But in addition to the foregoing the word is sometimes used in the sense of racket, disturbance [as here]." Nares derives the word from "room," "roomage."

18. Lines 108-125.—This passage is, unfortunately, found only in Qq.

19. Line 112: A NOTE it is to trouble the mind's eye.—Q. 3, Q. 3, Q. 4 print *mole*, which Q. 5, Q. 6 modernized into *mole*. The two spellings were formerly interchangeable. Compare Florio: "Festaveo, a little sticke, a fensestrawe, a tooth-picke, a *mole*, a little beame."

20. Lines 113-120.—Compare Julius Caesar, ii. 2, and especially lines 18 and 24:

And graves have yawnd and yielded up their dead;

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

The description, in both cases, seems to have been suggested by passages in North's Plutarch. See note 127 to Julius Caesar.

21. Lines 117, 118:

AS STARS with trains of fire, and deues of blood,
DISASTERS in the sun.

It is pretty clear that one line, if not more, preceding this passage has been omitted; for by no manner of twisting the words can one make anything but an imperfect sentence of the lines as they stand. The fact is, this speech was never spoken on the stage so far as we know. It is not in Q. 1, nor in EE, and it is marked for omission in the Players' Quarto of 1605. Singer proposed, for the missing line:

And as the earth, so portents fill'd the sky.

I think that Shakespeare would have avoided the word *portents*, because of the occurrence of *portentous* in line 100 above. Perhaps the missing line might have been something like

The sky itself was fill'd with prodigies;

or he may have used the word *firmament* = sky. Some commentators would substitute for *disasters* in some verb or other. It is much more probable that a line was overlooked by the transcriber, and that, the passage never being spoken, the want was not supplied. Malone, who is followed by some other commentators, thought that the corruption lay in the words *As stars*, for which he proposed to substitute *Asters* or *Astres* = stars, and he refers to an old collection of poems called *Diama*, by John Southern, 1580, where this word is used; but there it is evidently only taken from the French *astre*, a star. Furness quotes from Florio's Dictionary: "*Stella*: a starre, an *aster*, a planet." Malone is wrong in saying that *stars* occurs in the next line; because the word in Qq. is distinctly *starre* (the singular); nor do any of the other Qq. read the plural, so that we may reject the affected word *astres* as unnecessary. As for the other emendations, I do not see that the sense of the passage is at all improved by changing *Disasters* in to *Disastering*, or to "Disasters *diu'd* the sun," because, as a fact, these fiery stars and deus of blood would not affect the sun, while *Disasters in the sun* has a very natural sense if we take it to mean that there were peculiar appearances on the sun's face that were held to indicate *disasters*. In that curious book, Lycosthenes De Prodigis, there are many illustrations of such phenomena as *fiery stars*, *raine or deus of blood*, and singular appearances in the sun. We have therefore followed most editors in leaving a vacant space between lines 116 and 117, supposing a line to have dropped out.

22. Line 118: *the moist star*.—Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 1:

Nine changes of the watery star hath been.

23. Line 122: *As HARBINGERS preceding still the fates*.—Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 12; Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 380; and Macbeth, i. 4. 45, and see note 50 of that play.

24. Line 125: *climatures*.—Perhaps we should read the singular, *climature*, so Dyce. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare, nor can we find any instance of its occurrence elsewhere in Elizabethan literature. Even the French word *climature* is not given in Cotgrave, and it is at present doubtful whether Shakespeare invented the word or whether he had met with it in some out-of-the-way book of his time. The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that "possibly it is used for those who live under the same climate."

25. Line 127: *I'll cross it, though it blast me*.—"The person," says Hakeway (Variorum Ed. vol. vii. p. 186), "who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subjected to its malignant influence. Among the reasons given in a curious paper, printed in the third volume of Mr. Lodge's Illustrations of British History, p. 48, for supposing the young Earl of Derby (Ferdinando, who died April, 1594) to have been bewitched, is the following: 'On

Fryday, in his chamber at Knowsley, aboute 6 of clocke at nighte, there appeared a man talle, as hee thoughte, who *twise crossed him saydly*, and when hee came to the place where hee sawe him, hee fell sycke."

25. Lines 136-138:

*Or if thou hast upbowed in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you speils oft walk in death,
Speak of it; stay, and speak!*

Steevens quotes Dekker's Knight's Conjuring: "If any of them had bound the spirit of gold by any charmes in caves, or in iron fetters under the ground, they should for their own soules quiet (which questionlesse else would whine up and down) if not for the good of their children, release it."

In line 138 the Q₄ read *gone*.

27. Line 150: *The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn*—FF., instead of *morn*, read *day*. Q₁ has *morning*.

28. Lines 151, 155:

*The EXTRA-VAGANT and ERRING spirit lies
To his confine.*

Compare "*extravagant*" and wheeling stranger," Othello, i. 1. 137; and the General Confession in the Prayer-book: "We have *erred* and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." The similarity of this passage to one in St. Ambrose's hymn in the Salisbury service has been pointed out:

*Procedi dicti non somati:
Hinc excitatus Lucifer—
Hinc omnis Errorum chorus
Vani nocendi deserti,
Galli canente.*

Douce thought that Shakespeare had seen these lines, and that his use of them here implies that he was a Latin scholar. Steevens points out that Chapman, in his translation of the Odyssey, uses the word *erring* "wandering" in two passages, viz. where Telemachus calls Ulysses "My *erring* father" (bk. iv. line 135); and again in bk. ix. line 362: "*Erring* Grecians."

29. Line 163: *No FAIRY TAKES*—On the question of malignant *faeries* see Comedy of Errors, note 163. For the use of *take* in this peculiar sense compare Merry Wives, iv. 4. 32:

And there he blazes the tree, and *takes* the cattle.

And see *taking*, as an adjective in the same sense, in Lear, ii. 4. 105, 166:

Strike her young bodies,
You *taking* airs, with launess!

And, as a substantive, Lear, iii. 4. 60, 61: "Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and *taking*!"

The Threuden odd. explain *takes* here as "infects;" but the sense given in our footnote seems to be the nearest one can get for this very singular use of the verb *take*. In Baret's Alvearie, 1573, we have among the numerous uses of this word the following: "To be blasted: to be *taken*: to have a member suddenly benumbed, dead, and mortified. *Aptari sphyre*;" and also: "The ague *taketh*. *Febbris atque occupat*;" and "A *taking* or benumbing when one is suddenly deprived of the use of his senses, a total putrefaction of any member. *Sydecatia*." Halliwell (Archæol. and Provincial Dict.) quotes

from Palsgrave (*sub voce*) "*Taken*, as chyldernes lymmes be by the fayries, *face*," (Osgrove has under *Fel*: "*taken*, betwetched"), and this explanation of the word is further borne out by a passage from Marlowe: "*Of a horse that is taken*. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring, is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so hee is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease; yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, comster the word *taken* to be stricken by some planet or evil spirit, which is false" (Treatise on Horses, ch. viii. ed. 1555); *take* (sub.), in the Dorsetshire dialect, means a sudden illness, and is also a vulgar name for selatien.

These two latter meanings are connected with the common meaning of the verb "to seize suddenly;" but from all the passages quoted it is evident that the special malignant effect supposed to be produced, whether by stars or by faeries, was a numbing effect upon the limbs.

30. Line 164: *So halloo'd and so gracious is the time*.—All the Q₄ have *that*.

31. Lines 166, 167:

*But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high EASTERN hill.*

For *russet*—not "rosy," as Hunter explains it, but "grey"—see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 173. Every one who has kept watch out of doors all through the night knows that grey light which is the first precursor of morning, after which comes, if it comes at all, the red and golden colour. Shakespeare refers to this characteristic of early dawn in Much Ado, v. 3. 24-26:

the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Placius, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey;

and in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 19:

I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,

Q₄ read *eastward*; but Steevens very aptly cites from Chapman's Odyssey, bk. xiii. lines 49, 50:

Ulysses still
An eye directed to the Eastern hill;

and Stannton quotes from Spenser:

Phorbus' fiery car
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill.

32. Line 175: *Where we shall find him most CONVENIENT*. This is the reading of Q₄; FF. and Q₁ have *conveniently*. Shakespeare often uses the adjective adverbially; and here it seems to suit the rhythm better not to have the weak double ending which the reading of FF. necessitates.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

33. Line 11: *With one auspicious and one dropping eye*.—So FF., which most editors follow. Q₄ have:

With an auspicious and a dropping eye.

My coadjutor, Mr. Symonds, says of the reading of FF.: "This to my ear is more burlesque. The antithesis in this and the next two lines is certainly strained, purposely, but I do not think Shakespeare intended Claudio to say anything quite so ridiculous as the FF. and their followers would have us suppose. Compare a very similar passage in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 80-82 (which is a piece of mere sprightly tauntingness, very different in spirit from the cold balancing of the hypocritical King): 'She had one

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revelled in for the loss of her husband, *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled." There is much good sense in this; but is not the antithesis clearly indicated by the context; and does not the reading of Qq. unnecessarily weaken the characteristic artificiality of the passage? Compare below, line 13, "In *equal* scale," which also points at the more definitive *one* and *one* rather than the vague *as* and *at*.—F. A. M.

34. Line 24: *all bands of law*.—This is the reading of Qq; Ff. print *bonds*. The two words were spelt the same, or interchanged at pleasure. See note 28 to Richard II.

35. Line 38: *these dilated articles*.—This is the spelling of the Ff; Qq. have *delated*; Q. 1. *related*. Shakespeare uses the word *dilate* in Othello, l. 3. 153:

That I would all my pilgrimage *dilate*,
in the sense of "narrate at length;" and again in Comedy of Errors, l. 1. 123: "*to dilate* at full." There seems to be no reason to retain the spelling of Qq. here, more especially as *dilate* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. That word had a special legal sense—"to accuse," "to denounce," a sense still retained in the judicatory of the Scottish Church (see Imperial Diet. *sub voce*). The Clarendon Press edd. say that, according to Minshew, *dilate* is only another form of *dilate*, meaning "to speak at large." Bacon uses *dilate*—"to carry," "to convey." The King, of course, refers here to the letters given to the ambassadors. See above, lines 27, 28.

36. Line 15: *And lose your voice*.—Ff. have *lose*, which was synonymous with *lose*.

37. Line 50: *Dread my lord*.—This is the reading of the Ff., and it seems more spirited than *My dread Lord* of the Qq.

38. Line 50: *leave and pardon*.—This is merely a polite way of begging for leave to go; as, later (in l. 2. 328-330): "your *pardon*, and my return shall be the end of my business."

39. Lines 58-60.—These three expressive lines are omitted in Ff.

40. Lines 64: *But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son*. On the general use of the word *cousin* for almost any blood-relationship, see Twelfth Night, note 18.

41. Line 65: *A little more than kin, and less than kins*. Compare W. Rowley, *Seven for Money*, 1602 (Perey Soc. ed. p. 5): "I would he were not so neere to us in *kindred*, then sure he would be *weerer* in *kindnesse*," *Sure* would take *kind* here—the German *kind*, i.e. child, pronouncing it as if it were written *kind*, and a play upon the words were intended. Mr. Wilson Barrett adopts this reading; but it is not effective. No doubt there is a double meaning here in *kind*, as Shakespeare is master fond of the word in the sense of *race*. Compare Richard II. iv. 1. 141:

Shall kin with kin and *kind* with *kind* confound;

1 Mr. C. Kilton-Turner, in the preface to his arrangement of the fragments for Mr. Barrett, ingeniously defends this reading; but, I believe, is mistaken in connecting *kind* in the sense of son (of which he says *kind* is but the vulgar form) with A. Sax. *cygn*, which means *brother*, *race* or *tribe*.

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and Julius Caesar, ll. 1. 32, 33:

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which hatch'd would, as his *kind*, grow mischievous.

Compare also Two Gentlemen of Verona, ll. 3. 2, 3, where Launce says "all the *kind* of the Launces have this very fault;" so that Hamlet may mean to say he is something more than a mere kinsman to his uncle, yet that the treatment he receives from him is less than that which one would show to any of one's own species or race. Compare also Hamlet's use of *kindless*=unnatural applied to the king in the soliloquy, ll. 2. 649:

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain!

42. Lines 60, 67:

King. *How is it that the clouds still hang on you?*

Ham. *Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.*

Qq. read *Not so much* (an evident misprint), and, in the latter part of the line, in the *sunne*, which some have wished to interpret as a quibble on *sun* and *son*. A great deal of commentary has been written on this line. There is no doubt that there is an allusion to the proverb which Johnson mentions: "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm *sun*." Compare Lear, ll. 2. 167-169:

Good king, that must approve the common saw,—

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm *sun*!

Dyce points out that this proverbial expression is found in various authors from Heywood down to Swift. In Furness will be found quoted a very apt passage from the Preface to Grimald's Profitable Doctrine, 1555: "they were brought from the good to the bad, and from Goddes blessing (as the proverbe is) into a warme *sunne*." (vol. i. p. 34). *To be in the sun* would seem therefore to be a colloquial expression for "to be in misery." Hunter tries to make out that it distinctly meant "to have no home;" but his long remarks on this passage are more ingenious than convincing. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson points out, in Notes and Queries, 25th May, 1867, that Hamlet may use the words *i' the sun* as equivalent to "in the sunshine of your favour," uttering them as an ironical compliment to the king.

43. Line 68: *Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off*.—So Qq; Ff. read *nightly*; but compare Lear, iv. 5. 10-14:

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us; Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His *nighted* life.

44. Line 77: *good mother*.—Q. 2, Q. 3 have the absurd misprint *good mother*, which led the person or persons responsible for the emendations in the so-called Players' Quartos to print the line:

"I is not alone this morning *choke* could *smother*."

What the *choke* was to *smother* does not appear. It is a good instance of an apostrophe. How Betton could have ever spoken such rubbish passes one's comprehension.

45. Line 79: *Nor windy suspiration of forced breath*.—Caldecott quotes a somewhat parallel expression from the Spanish Tragedy, act iv.:

By force of *windy sighs* thy spirit breathes.

—Hawkins, vol. ii. p. 92.

46. Line 82: *Together with all forms, MOODS, SHOWS of grief.* So *FL*, substantially. *F* 1, *F*, 2 *shewes*; *F* 3, *F*, 4 *shews*. *Q*, 1 has no parallel here. *Q* 2, *Q*, 3 read *chapes*, and *Q* 4, *Q*, 5 *shapes*. For *moods* *Q*, 100% substituted *modes* (an alteration which is generally attributed to Capell); but both *Q*₄ and *FL* substantially agree here, though *Q* 2, *Q* 3, *Q* 4 print *moules*, and not *moods*. Dyce prints *moules*, observing that *moules* and *moods* are but "an old spelling of *moules*; nothing can be plainer than that Hamlet, throughout this speech, is dwelling entirely on the outward and visible signs of madness." But are not *moods* the outward *unseen* signs of grief, the affection of sighs and tears and downcast looks to which Hamlet alludes above in lines 78-80? As for *shows*, it is surely preferable to *shapes*, which jars on one's ear rather here; though the word *shape* is constantly used in the sense of "a costume," "a disguise" (See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 112).

47. Line 85: *But I have that within which PASSETH show.*—*Q*₄ read *passes*; but the reason for the reading of *F*, 1 is obvious; it was in order to avoid the cacophony of the final *s* in *passes* and *show*. The repetition of the word *show* here (see line 82 above) is, I think, euphatic.

48. Line 92: OBSEQUIOUS sorrow.—Compare Titus Andronicus, v. 3. 152:

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk;

and Sonnet xxxi. 5-7:

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear-religious love stole'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead.

The only other passage in Shakespeare where *obsequious* is used in this sense is III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 118. *Obsequious* is used in a similar sense in Richard III. 1. 2. 3.

49. Lines 110-112:

And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you.

Schmidt explains this phrase: "with no less nobility of love than this: I bestow upon you the love of the fondest father. *Toward* is partly governed by *love*." Thedaldi proposed to read *with* *i. e.* "with the declaration of you as next heir to the throne," &c.

50. Line 113: *In going back to school, in WITTENBERG.*—The University of Wittenberg was not founded till 1527, so that its mention in Hamlet is a startling anachronism. But in an age which was careless of such things, Shakespeare was doubtless justified in bringing into his play a name so well known as Luther and Faustus had then made Wittenberg. Besides, having once made Hamlet and all the Danes of his time Christians, no anachronisms could have had any terror for him.

This is one of the passages which bears upon the difficult question of Hamlet's age. For *school* university, compare *As You Like It*, note 4. Tschischwitz says that at the German universities men of mature age often attended lectures, and instances Humboldt (See *Furness*, vol. i. p. 390). But was it the custom, in Shakespeare's time, for adults to frequent the universities?

51. Line 129: *O, that this too too solid flesh would melt.*—All the *Q*₄ for *solid* read *sallied*, which led some

anonymous critic to suggest *sallied* as the reading. But though there is no reference here (as there is, perhaps, later, in the "He's fat and scent of breath") to the stoutness of burlesque, yet the reading of *FL* is the right one.

52. Line 130: *Thaw, and RESOLVE itself into a dew.*—Caldecott cites Barlet's *Alcyon*: "To thaw or resolve that which is frozen, *regele*." Compare Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 28 (quoted by Nares): "I could be content to *resolve* myself into tears, to rid thee of trondle." See *Timon*, iv. 3. 442, 443:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears.

53. Lines 131, 132:

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His CANONS 'gainst SELF-SLAUGHTER! O God! O God!

*Q*₄ and *FL* print *canon*, which was a customary spelling for both words. *Q* 2, *Q* 3, *Q* 4, *Q* 5 read *seule slaughter*, an evident misprint. *FL* have *O God! O God!* which many editors adopt. To me it seems less emphatic, less direct a cry of the soul than as the *Q*₄ give it. Possibly the reason for the reading of *FL* was to emphasize the fact that the actor must pause some little time after *self-slaughter* and not continue with the next words as if part of the line; and for that reason it would be preferable to print the words *O God! God! or O God! O God!* as a broken line by themselves.

54. Line 140: HYPERION to a satyr.—*Hyperion* (always used by Shakespeare as a name of the sun) is invariably accented on the antepenultimate. The error is a common one in English poetry. Even Gray (*Progress of Poetry*) writes of—

Hyperion's march and glittering shafts of war.

Tennyson gives the correct accentuation in *Lucertina*, and the Aldine editor of Gray cites other examples from Hammond of Hawthornden and Akenside. See Henry V. note 214.

55. Line 141: *beteen*.—See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 22. The *FL* here read *beterne*.

56. Line 143: *Frailty, thy name is woman!*—Compare Ford, "T is Pity She's a Whore," iv. 3:

My reason tells me now, that "T is as common
To err in frailty as to be a woman."

57. Line 150: *discourse of reason*.—Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 116, and see note 120 of that play. Compare also below, iv. 4. 36. The expression "discourse of reason" is used by Florio in his translation of Montaigne's 19th Essay, and of the Apologie of Raymond Sebond.

58. Line 155: *Had left the FLUSHING in her GALL'D EYES.*—Schmidt, who is followed by some editors, explains *flushing* as referring to the redness of the eyes caused by much weeping; but the Clarendon Press edd. remark that the verb *to flush* is still used transitively, and therefore I suppose that they would interpret it "filling the eyes with water." We constantly use the expression nowadays "to flush a drain;" that is to say, to pour a quantity of water down it. Compare above (line 80): "the fruitful river in the eye." *Gall'd eyes* are eyes sore with weeping, as in Richard III. iv. 4. 52: "gall'd eyes of weeping souls." *FL* for *in* read *of*, which would seem to confirm the meaning given to *flushing* by the Clarendon edd.

the reading. But ere is, perhaps, it") to the stout the right one.

If into a dew,—w or resolve that as Euphues, p. 38 to resolve myself Monon, iv. 3. 442.

resolves

O God! God!

stomach spelling scale slaughter, ad; which many antic, less direct it. Possibly the phrasize the fact time after self- words as if part be preferable to God! as a broken

Hyperion (always in) is invariably for is a common press of Poetry)

of war, in Lucertina, examples from e. See Henry V.

Night's Dream,

man!—Compare

common

compare Troilus and that play. Com- ou "discourse of in of Montaigne's and Second.

in her GALLED editors, explaina eyes caused by add. remark that y, and therefore "filling the eyes expression now-pour a quantity (0); "the fruitful sore with weep- eyes of women seem to confirm remon add.

59. Lines 160, 161:

I am glad to see you well;

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

It is evident that Hamlet is so overcome with emotion at his soliloquy that he does not at first recognize the voice of his one intimate friend. This is a most effective and dramatic touch. With the instinct of courtesy, which is never wanting in him, he says mechanically, "I am glad to see you well." Then turning round and recognizing him, with a note of joy in his voice he greets him by his name. Mark also the subtle gradations of treatment which Hamlet shows towards Marcellus and Bernardo. The former is a friend, but not an intimate friend of his heart like Horatio; so he greets him cordially (see line 167): "I am very glad to see you;" and then turning to Bernardo, who is a comparative stranger, with a courteous bow, "Good even, sir;" which duty of politeness discharged, he turns again to Horatio, in the next line, with the same warm and hearty manner. Trivial as the beginning of this scene may seem to the reader, the actor has here the greatest opportunity of marking the characteristics of Hamlet's nature. So much does he hunger for sympathy, that the sight of the friend in whom he feels that he can confide makes him, for a moment at least, forget his great sorrow. But it is only for a moment; for he will not suffer even Horatio to speak lightly, as it were, of what is to him such a horrid profanation of all love and duty as his mother's marriage.

60. Line 164: *And what MAKE you from Wittenberg, Horatio?*—See ii. 2. 278 below: "what make you at Elsinore?" The expression is of constant recurrence in the Elizabethan writers. Compare the German "Was machen sie?"

61. Line 167: *GOOD EVEN, sir.*—Hammer changed this to *Good morning*, and Johnson, defending the text, supposed that it was now literally come to evening. But afternoon was not recognized by the Elizabethans, and *Good even* became due immediately after the stroke of noon. The point is left without any doubt by Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 115-119, and the following passage in Samuel Rowley's chronicle play, When You See Me, You Know Me [sig. G 4]:

Tut. Good morrow to your Grace.

Pro. Good morrow Tutors at Noone, 'tis God even, is it not?

Cris. We saw not your Grace to day.

62. Line 170: *I would not HAVE your enemy say so.*—So Fl. Qq. read *hear*, which rather clashes with *ear* in the next line.

63. Lines 180, 181:

the funeral bakh' weats

Did cuddly furnish forth the marriage tables.

The custom of funeral festivities was once prevalent. The practice, says Douce, was certainly borrowed from the *convivialis* of the Romans. Caldecott quotes a very apposite passage from "The booke of mayd Emlyn that had v husbandes & all koeholdes: she wold unke their berdes whether they wold or no, and gyve them to were a praye booke full of beddes" (4to, Signat. B. II. without date. "Imprinted by John Skot in saynt Pulkers paryshe"):

When the seconde husband was dede,
The thyrde husbande dyde she wedde

In full goodly aray—
But as the devyll woulde,
Or the pyes were colde.

—Caldecott's Hamlet, Notes, p. 25.

64. Line 182: *my DEAREST foe.*—*Dear* is constantly used in old writers for anything intensely felt, whether of joy or sorrow. See note 78 to Richard II. and compare I. Henry IV, iii. 2. 123:

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy.

65. Line 183: *OR EVER I HAD seen that day.*—So Qq. Fl. have *Ere I had ever*. This slight variation is worth noticing, because we should certainly have expected that the Folio—if it is supposed to be taken from the theatre copy—would have retained the much more rhythmical reading of the Quarto and not have substituted such an awkward and cacophonous sentence as *Ere I had ever*, a sentence which it would be very difficult for an actor to speak effectively. Very likely this was one of the gratuitous corrections of the printer.

66. Line 190: *Saw who?*—There can be little doubt that this is the right punctuation; *who* being used here, as frequently in Shakespeare, for the accusative. Fl. read *Saw? if ho?* Qq., including Q. 1: *Saw, who?* The Players' Quartos print as in our text. It seems an absurd piece of pedantry to alter *who* to *whom*, as Johnson did. The colloquial form of the question, however opposed to strict grammatical rules, is much more natural; and any pause between the two words is essentially inadmissible, considering how excited Hamlet is by Horatio's statement.

67. Line 193: *an ATTENT ear.*—Compare Pericles, iii. 11 (of Trologue): "Be *attent*." The word is nowhere else used by Shakespeare. Some of the Qq. and Fl. have *attentive*.

68. Line 198: *In the dead YAST and middle of the night.*—*Yast* is the reading of Q. 1, Q. 5, Q. 6; Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, F. 1 have *wast*, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *waste*. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 327: "at *vast* of night," where *vast* is used for void or vacancy, as in Winter's Tale, i. 1. 33: "shook hands, as over a *vast*." Malone very absurdly reads *vast*—an absurdity none the less absurd because it occurs in a prepositional line of Marston's Malcontent, ii. 5:

T is now about the inmodest *vast* of night.

The reading of F. 2 is equally objectionable, because it sounds like a pun on *waste* and *vast*, a verbal pleasantry quite out of keeping with the rest of Horatio's speech.

69. Line 200: *Armed at point.*—Fl. have *Armed at all points*. Compare Macbeth, iv. 3. 135, and see note 223 of that play.

70. Line 204: *distill'd.*—Fl. read (with varying spelling) *bestill'd*. *Distill'd* is of course used in the sense of "melted." Singer quotes from Sylvester's Du Bartas (4th ed. p. 764):

Melt thee, *distill* thee, torne to wax or snow;

and Dyce compares Addison's rendering of a passage of Claudian (De Sexto Cons. Ilon. v. 345):

liquefactaque fulgure cusps

Conduat, et subilis fluxere vaporibus enes—

by the very much condensed line:

Swords by the lightning's subtle force *distill'd*.

71. Line 214: *Did you not speak to it?* This line is generally spoken upon the stage.

Did not you speak to it?

with the emphasis on *you*, as if the question were addressed especially to Horatio, and not to all three. Steevens has a long note to prove that the emphasis should be on *speak* and not on *you*. The important question, as he says, was whether the Ghost was spoken to, and not whether Horatio in particular spoke to it. Steevens adds that "spectres were supposed to maintain an obdurate silence till interrogated by the people to whom they appeared" (Var. Ed. Vol. vii. p. 211); or, in plainer language, ghosts never spoke unless they were spoken to. He also says that the vulgar notion that a ghost could only be spoken to by a scholar, i.e. one who knew Latin (see above, note 7), was one that would have disgraced the Prince of Denmark. But in answer to this it may be said that Hamlet would have expected Horatio to speak to the apparition, not because he was a scholar, but because he was his own particular friend, and would know how anxious he must be to learn the meaning of this appearance of his father's spirit. The difficulty as to the emphasis may be got over by distributing the emphasis between *you* and *speak* so as to make it clear that the question is addressed particularly to Horatio, but without any apparent discourtesy to the others; and also showing that Hamlet's anxiety was not confined to the question whether Horatio individually had spoken to the Ghost, but whether it had been spoken to at all.

72. Line 216: *It lifted up its head.* The earlier Qs, and Ff all have it (the older form of the possessive) except Q 1, which has *his*. No editors have had the courage to preserve the archaic form except the Cambridge editors in their Clarendon Press ed. (and in the later editions of the Globe), Grant White, Kelchley, and Furness. See Craik's note on Julius Caesar, l. 2. 124, quoted by Furness, in which a very interesting history of the possessive form *its* is given.

Its was originally used for the possessive of both masculine and neuter, as it often is by Shakespeare. *Its*, for a long time, was not recognized as an admissible word; when it occurs in Shakespeare it is generally printed in F. 1. 1's. The Saxon personal pronoun was *he* masculine, *heo* feminine, and *hit* neuter. The aspirate was afterwards dropped in the neuter, though Craik says it is still often heard in the Scottish dialect. The genitive of *heo* was *hire*, hence *her*; *his* would be the natural form of the genitive for both masculine and neuter. When Shakespeare wrote, *its* was beginning to displace the form *his* as the possessive of *it*.

73. Line 224: *Indeed, indeed.*—Qs. (except Q. 1) omit the second *indeed*, as they do the repetition of *very like* in line 237. The repetitions were probably made by the actor, and adopted (wisely, I think) in the Folio. Hamlet is here reflecting on what has been told him, and the repetition of the word marks the preoccupation of his mind.

74. Line 229: [Abruptly] *Then saw you not his face.*—This line is generally printed as a question; but Q. 2, Q. 3 have a full stop at the end of the line, which seems more

in accordance with the sense. Hamlet is questioning them very closely, cross-examining them. In fact, as to the details of the appearance of the Ghost, in the identity and gentleness of which he does not yet entirely believe, he is particularly anxious to find out whether they had certain means of recognizing the apparition as that of his father. If he was stared from head to foot, and with his vizor down, they could not have seen his face, and therefore could not have been sure whose spectre it was or appeared to be. If Hamlet speaks this line, as indicated in our text, *abruptly*, Horatio's answer seems more appropriate than if he had spoken it as a tentative question; and there is an effective contrast between the lawyerlike manner in which Hamlet strives to detect them in a contradiction, and the tender feeling with which he puts the next question—

What, look'd he frowningly?

75. Lines 240-242:

Ham.

His beard was grizzled,—no!

Hor. *It was, as I have seen it in his life,*

A sable silver'd.

This passage has given rise to some ingenious fancies on the part of commentators; Moberly holding that *grizzled* is the same as *grisy*—"foul and disordered," a meaning which neither *grizzled* nor *grisy* has in any passage in Shakespeare. (Compare Mobs. Night's Dream, v. l. 140, where the Prologue refers to the Lion as "This *grisy* beast;" and Lucrece, line 926, "carrier of *grisy* care.") On this conjectural meaning he founds the explanation that Hamlet, in asking the question, wishes to find out whether his father showed signs of a violent death, like Gloucester in H. Henry VI. iii. 2. 175. *Grizzled* is only used once in Shakespeare, in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 17, where Antony says:

To the *boy* Caesar send this *grizzled* head.

It is manifest that the meaning there is "growing grey." There is a passage in the Prologue to act iii. of Pericles, lines 47, 48:

the *grizzled* north

Disgorges such a tempest forth,

In which *grizzled* is simply identical in meaning with *grisy* in its ordinary sense of "grim," "terrible;" *grizzled* is the reading of Q. 1; but F. 3, F. 4 have *grisy*. The meaning of *grizzled* here then is simply "getting grey;" and Hamlet seems to put this question with the same motive already alluded to above in note 74. Horatio's answer is scrupulously particular, and it is with regard to the exact colour implied by the word *sable* that the passage is interesting. Does *sable* mean "black" here? It is difficult to think of the elder Hamlet, a typical Dane, as a man with black hair; but the history of the word *sable* seems to give one no choice of meaning but that of a dark colour. It was derived from the animal *sable* undoubtedly, and adopted into heraldry as the equivalent of black. Shakespeare uses the adjective *sable* in Lucrece, line 117, as an epithet of *night*, and in the same poem, line 1054, in a figurative sense:

My *sable* ground of sin I will not paint;

here the writer is evidently thinking of the herallic sense of the word. In the Sonnets, xii. 3, 4, *sable* is used in a very similar passage to the one in our text:

When I behold the violet past prime,
And fade out, all faded, ere with white
With the exception of the Prologue to act v. of *Pericles*, and of the epithet *sable* not used in any place by Shakespeare, except in this play, ll. 247, 248, and "Love's Labour's Lost," l. 1, 233, *sable-coloured* has applied to mankind only. It seems, then, we must take *sable* here to mean not "dark coloured," if not "black." It is possible that the word, being originally derived from the animal, whose fur is frequently a light brown though the darker shades are more valuable—*sable* may have been used, like *black*, in a lax sense as any shade of darkness. That *sable* was used in somewhat a vague way seems to be proved by the following passage in Chapman, *Odyssey*, bk. 11, l. 215—217:

At entry of the hall a silver ford
Is from a rock impressing fountain pour'd,
All set with *sable* poppers.

It is difficult to see how *poppers* could ever be called *sable* in the sense of *black*.

76. Line 247: *I warrant it yet*.—This is the reading of Q 1. The other Qs print *within t*, which, as the Clarendon Press edd. note, is still the provincial pronunciation of the word. FF. have *I warrant you*. Compare All's Well that Ends Well, note 133.

77. Line 248: *Let it be TESABLE in your silence still*.—T. of F. read *treble*, a misprint which Caldecott, Knight, and other ingenious persons defend as the orthodox text.

78. Line 254: *Your loves, as mine to you*.—FF. read *loves*. Q 1 has *your loves, your loves*, which Stanmton thinks expresses well Hamlet's "perturbation," and "feverish impatience to be alone." It is very important to notice here that Hamlet corrects them all without distinction in their ceremonious expression of their duty. "No, not duty," he says practically, "but *your loves*;" and certainly the plural is preferable here, especially as it has been used just above, in line 251. The repetition of the Quarto might have been meant to enforce this correction, but, as a matter of fact, it is more effective on the stage when the two words *your loves* are not repeated, the emphasis on *loves* answering all the purpose required. Just as Hamlet makes no distinction between his intimate friend, Horatio, and Marcellus, who is also a friend but not an intimate one, and Bernardo, who is a comparative stranger; so afterwards, in scene 5 of this act, when he swears them both to secrecy, he makes no distinction between Horatio and Marcellus.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

79. Line 3: *And CONVOY is assistant, do not sleep*.—Q 2, Q 3, Q 4 read:

And *convey*, in assistant do not sleep;

The Players' Quartos read:

And *convey* in assistant, do not sleep;

but they marked the first sentence as omitted in representation, evidently because they could not make much sense of it. Our text is that of FF., which seems to make fair sense; the meaning being "the means of conveyance are ready." Compare All's Well, iv. 3. 103: "entertain'd my convey," i.e. "Taken into service guides," &c.

80. Lines 7, 8:

*A violet in the youth of PRIME nature,
Forward, not permanent.*

Prime is a peculiar word, and is only used in this passage; at least no instance of its occurrence elsewhere has yet been discovered. We may compare, perhaps, the peculiar use of *prime*, the adjective, in *Othello*, iii. 3. 403:

Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkeys;

though, of course, *prime* does not use it here in so gross a sense, but more in the sense of the substantives in the Sonnet, iii. 9, 10:

I she in time
Calls her *prime*, April of her *prime*.

The first Players' Quarto, 1616, altered the passage to "youth, a *prime* of nature," which the Quarto of 1616 improved by reading "youth and *prime* of nature." Shakespeare uses the expression "*prime* of youth" in *III. Henry VI.* ii. 1. 23, and again in *Richard III.* i. 2. 246: "the golden *prime* of this sweet prince." But, as the form *primy* is found in all the old copies, both Qs and FF., we cannot alter it. It is very possible that the form *primy* was coined by Shakespeare to represent the adjective *prime* pronounced as a dissyllable. F. 1, F. 2, by a strange misprint, have *forward for forward*.

81. Line 9: *The PERFUME AND SUPPLIANCE of a minute*.—So Qs; FF. omit *perfume* and, perhaps because the word *perfume* might have seemed out of place, but it refers, as John has pointed out, to the phrase *sweet, not lasting* in the line above. The same critic expressed himself dissatisfied with *supplance*, suggesting some such word as *supplance* coming to the process of fumigation. But, surely, though *supplance* only occurs in this passage, it is a very expressive word. It means "that which fills up a minute of our leisure time." Chapman uses it, *Hamlet*, book viii. line 321—assistance; Pallas is speaking of Heracles looking up for help to heaven:

Which ever, at command of Jove, was by my *supplance* given.

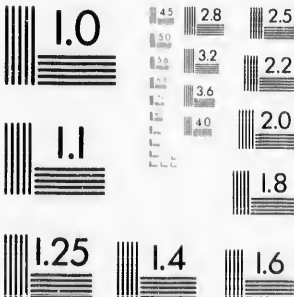
This word must not be confounded with *suppliance*—supplication, which is only found in comparatively modern writers.

82. Line 12: *in THEWS and bulk*.—This word *thews*, which is nearly always used in the plural, has rather a singular history. Shakespeare uses it in all the three passages in which it occurs, viz. here, *II. Henry IV.* iii. 2. 277, and *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 81, in its physical sense of "muscles and sinews;" but in most of our old writers *thews* (generally spelt *theses*) is used of "manners, qualities, dispositions." In Nares, *sub voce*, will be found quoted five passages from Spenser, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, and the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in all of which it is used in the sense of mental qualities, as it is by Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales*, line 9416. In Ancrer Riwle (about 1230), the word is spelt *theses*, and is used in the sense of virtues; in Layamon's *Brut*, about 1200 (verse 6361), the singular, spelt *theore*, occurs in the sense of "sinew or strength," but that is, as Sir Frederick Madden notes, "the only instance in the poem of the word being applied to bodily qualities." Some etymologists would derive *thews*, in its physical sense, from the A. Sax. *thead* or *thed*, the thigh, and *thews* = manners from the A. Sax. *thede* = "habit, custom, behaviour;" but, as Skeat points



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out, the physical sense of the word is really the older one, the base being *thaw*, from Teutonic *thu*, derived from the root *tu* = "to be strong, to swell;" and he adds that the word is quite distinct from *thigh* though the root is the same.

83. Line 15: *cautel*.—This word is only used elsewhere by Shakespeare in *A Lover's Complaint*, 302, 303:

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives.

Cautelous (meaning crafty) occurs in *Coriolanus*, iv. 1. 33, and *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 129. Cotgrave has "*Cautelle*: A wile, *cautell*, sleight; a craftie reach, or fetch, guilefyl denise or indenor; also, craft, subtiltie, trumperie, deceit, conseruage."

84. Line 16: *The virtue of his will*.—So Qq. Ff. print *feare*, evidently caught, by mistake, from the end of the line. Qq. omit line 18 altogether, perhaps accidentally.

85. Line 21: *The SAFETY and the health of the whole state*.—This line has caused a good deal of discussion. Q. 2, Q. 3 read *safely*; Q. 5 reads *safetie*; Q. 4, Q. 6 read as in the text; and Ff. *sanctity*, which Hamner changed to *sanity*, adopting the conjecture of Theobald. *The* is omitted before *health* in all the old copies, so that the line reads in Qq. as deficient in one syllable. Collier got over the difficulty by dogmatically asserting, without producing any proof, that *safety* was frequently pronounced as a trisyllable; but, unfortunately, the word occurs in Shakespeare in some hundred passages, in no one of which is it anything but a dissyllable. The reading of Q. 2, Q. 3, *safely*, goes most decidedly against Collier's statement. *Sanctity*, the reading of Ff., would not make by any means bad sense if we could take it to mean "religious preservation of;" but the word seems always to be used by Shakespeare as "holiness" or "the quality of a saint." *Sanity* is only used once by Shakespeare; in this very play, below, ii. 2. 214, where it means "a sound state of mind." We have therefore preferred, after all, the very simple emendation first made by Warburton of inserting *the* before *health*. It is very likely that before a word commencing with *he*, the might have dropped out; but, on the other hand, it is only fair to say that the might have been purposely omitted by the poet, in order to avoid the close recurrence of *th* in four words, "*the health of the*;" but this difficulty is easily got over by the speaker; while, if *safety* be pronounced as a dissyllable, it is very difficult to get over the rhythmical deficiency of the line. It is scarcely necessary to point out that any public reader or speaker who pronounced *safety* as a trisyllable, *sa-fe-ty*, would find a considerable tax on his time in defending his pronunciation against adverse critics.

86. Line 20: *particular act and place*.—So Qq; Ff. have *peculiar set and force*, which might have given rise to some interesting explanations and interpretations, had the words come to us only in this form.

87. Line 30: *If with too CREDULOUS ear you LIST his songs*.—It is almost incredible, but in the Quarto of 1695 this line is printed thus:

If with too credulous ear you hear his Songs.

As it is not one of those marked for omission on the stage,

it is clear that the alteration must have been made in the theatre after the Restoration; but to whom the credit is due of substituting such a wretchedly commonplace, ill-sounding line for that in the original we do not know.

88. Lines 39, 40:

*The canker galls the INFANTS OF THE SPRING,
Too oft before their BUTTONS be discoloured.*

Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 100, 101:

an envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring;

and compare *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 130. *Button* is a literal Englishing of the French *bouton*, bud, and is used by Shakespeare only here. It occurs, however, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 1. 4-7:

O queene Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than lill gold buttons on the bowes, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' th' meade or garden.

—Ed. Littledale (N. Shak. Soc.), p. 43.

Cotgrave has "*Bouton*: m. A button; also, a bud of a Vine, &c." Instead of *their*, Ff. have *the*.

89. Lines 49-51:

*WHILST, LIKE A puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself THE PRIMROSE PATH of dalliance treads,
And RECKS not his own rede.*

Whilst like a is the reading of Ff.; Qq. have *Whiles a*; and below Qq. and Ff. alike read *reakes* or *reaks*, which Pope first altered into *recks*. *Rede* is read in Qq., *reade* in Ff. *The primrose path* may be compared with the *primrose way* of *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 21. *Rede* is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare. The Clarendon Press edd. compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 1216:

Ther was noon other remedye ne *reed*.

The same editors quote Burns, *Epistle to A Young Friend* (last two lines):

And may ye better *reck* the *rede*
Than ever did th' Adviser.

—Ed. Macmillan, vol. i. p. 149.

90. Lines 59-72.—It is possible that these sententious precepts, given by Polonius to his son, were suggested by the advice of Epaphros to Philantus. Mr. Rushton, in his Shakespeare's Enthusiasm (pp. 45, 46), has indicated the points of resemblance, but they are not very close. Shakespeare was no doubt thinking more of Lord Burleigh than of Epaphros. In fact Polonius was a satire, not upon the empty-headed old courtier, but upon one who, picking up most of his wisdom from books, was under the delusion that he was a very Machiavel in politic cunning. In Q. 1 these precepts of Polonius, or as much of them as are given, are printed with two inverted commas (") before each line, that is to say, lines 61-67, and lines 70-72, and line 78. In Q. 2 these lines have no such mark before them; but, in the speech of Laertes, lines 36 and 38-39 are so distinguished. Dyce, in "Remarks, &c.," maintained that there was nothing remarkable in this; but, with due deference to him, one may be allowed to think that there is. Dyce points out that in Qq., except Q. 1 (which does not contain it), the speech of the Queen (iv. 5. 17-20) "is printed with inverted commas;" but this is not quite accurate, as that speech

of four lines, containing two rhymed couplets, is thus printed:

To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is, &c.

There is only *one* inverted comma before each line, which may have been intended to show that it was omitted in representation: it is so marked in all the Players Quartos. Dyce says that in various early plays "the Gnomie portions" are thus distinguished, and he produces instances; but it must be confessed that the marking of these passages, as far as Q. 1 and Q. 2 of Hamlet are concerned, is erratic and almost inexplicable. In this scene there are three other lines so marked in Q. 1, lines which are peculiar to that edition; they occur in the last speech of Ophelia in this scene, which is as follows:

Ophelia, receive none of his letters,
For loners lines are snares to intrap the heart;
Refuse his tokens, both of them are keys
To unlock Chastitie vnto Desire;
Come in *Ophelia*, such men often proue,
Greates in their wordes, but litle in their lone.

In line 59 *see* is the reading of FF; Qq. have *look*; in line 62 we have adhered to the reading of Qq. "*Those* friends," instead of "*The* friends" of FF.

91. Line 63: *Grapple them To thy soul with hooops of steele*.—So Q. 1 and FF; Qq. read *vnto* instead of *to*. Pope substituted *hooks* for *hoops*, as more suitable to the word *grapple*, with which it is connected. But the Clarendon Press edd. very well say "this makes the figure suggested by *grapple* the very reverse of what Shakespeare intended; for *grappling* with *hooks* is the act of an enemy and not of a friend." Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 106:

Grapples you to the heart and love of us.

92. Lines 64, 65:

*But do not DULL THY PALM with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, woful'd courtide.*

Johnson explains this phrase, "Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand;" but of course it is used figuratively for "Do not make friends with everybody." Compare v. 1. 77, 78: "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense;" *Troilus* and *Cressida*, li. 3. 201: "*state* his palm;" and *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 106, 107:

Join gripes with *hands*

Made hard with hourly falsehood.

93. Lines 73, 74:

*And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.*

The readings of the old copies differ very much in line 74. Q. 1 has:

Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that;

Q. 2 has:

Are of a most select and *generous* chief in that;

F. 1:

Are of a most select and generous *cheff* in that.

The reading and punctuation adopted in our text is that given first by Rowe, and followed by most editors. Collier's MS. has:

Are of a most select and generous *choise* in that.

Stanton printed *sheaf* instead of *chief*, justifying this, at first sight, eccentric emendation by quoting two passages from Ben Jonson, in which *sheaf* is used figuratively—"class" or "elite." The late Dr. Ingley approved of Stanton's conjecture, and warmly defended it on the

ground that it was another instance of Enthusiasm in Polonius's speech. "Gentlemen of the first *sheaf*" was an expression, according to Dr. Ingley, taken from a *sheaf* of arrows, used by Enthusiasts and borrowed from archery; the *sheaf* being twenty-four arrows. Grant White got out of the difficulty by simply omitting *chief* altogether and reading:

Are most select and generous in that.

This emendation the Cambridge edd. approved of by anticipation; they give it in their Preface, vol. viii. pp. viii, ix, as "what Shakespeare probably wrote," taking the words *of* and *chief* in the MS. as alternative readings of *in* and *best* in the line above. According to this conjecture the transcriber must have inserted a before *most* on his own account.

The fact that both Qq. and FF. agree with Q. 1 in retaining the words of *a* makes one hesitate to adopt the very simple emendation of Rowe. Tschischwitz thought that the words *in that* were a portion of a lost line; but it is quite possible that Shakespeare wrote the line with two extra syllables, and omitted to draw his pen through the words *of a*. In support of Stanton's conjecture it may be added that a *sheaf* (of arrows) was sometimes written *cheffe* according to Halliwell's Archæic and Provincial Dictionary, though no instance is given of it.

94. Line 83: *The time INVITES you; go, your servants TEND*.—Qq. read *inests*. Compare iv. 3. 46, 47, below:

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates *tend*.

95. Line 106: *you have ta'en these tenders for true pay*.—Moherly (quoted by Furness, New Variorum Ed. p. 71) says: "In the Dutch war of 1674, Pepys tells us that many English seamen fought on the enemy's side, and were heard during an action to cry, 'Dollars now, no tickets,' the latter being the only pay they had received in their own service. This seems to explain the opposition intended here between *tenders* and *true pay*."

96. Line 107: *TENDER yourself more dearly; i.e. regard, as in Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 74, 75:

And so, good Capulet,—which name I *tender*
As *dearly* as my own,—be satisfied.

97. Line 109: *RUNNING it thus*.—FF. read *Roaming*, Qq. have (and are) *Wrong*. The emendation in the text—an excellent and unquestionable one—is Collier's, first adopted by Dyce.

98. Line 114: *With almost a holy voes of heaven*.—FF. read *with all the voices of heaven*, probably a correction made in the course of the play's representation by Shakespeare himself.

99. Line 116: *ay, springes to catch woodcocks*.—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Gossan, Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse (ed. Arber, p. 72): "When Camille comes vpon the stage, Cupide sets vpp a *Springe* for *Woodcookes*, which are entangled ere they descie the line, and caught before they mistrust the snare." Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 92: "Now is the *woodcock* near the gin."

100. Line 117: *Lends the tongue voes: these blazes, daughter*.—Two syllables would seem to have dropped out from this line. Coleridge proposed "*Go to*, these

blazes, daughter," or "these blazes, daughter, *mark you*," either of which might do excellently well but then, how do we know it is Shakespeare? So many other things would do excellently well too.

101. Line 120: *From this time*.—So Qq; Ff. have "For this time Daughter."

102. Line 127: *Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers*.—Cotgrave has "*Magnimoner*. To play the Broker . . . also, to play the bawd."

103. Line 128: *that dye*.—So (with varying spellings, *die* and *dye*) the Qq; Ff. read *the eye*, using the word, say the Clarendon Press edd., "in the same sense in which it occurs in the Tempest, ii. 1. 55: 'With an eye of green in it,' where it signifies a dash of colour."

104. Line 130: *Breathinglike sanctified and pious bonds*.—So Qq. Ff. unanimously. In what may be called an unhappy paroxysm of critical ingenuity, Theobald pounced upon this passage, asking indignantly "what idea can form of a *breathing bond* being *sanctified or pious*?" With one wave of his wand he has transformed the innocent and appropriate *bonds* into the coarse and pleonastic *bawds*. In this he has been followed by the very varriest of editors; even those miracles of purism, the Cambridge edd., printed *bawds* without a murmur. Dyce, Singer, Grant White, and Dr. Furness are amongst those who have adopted Theobald's conjecture, and all those, except Dr. Furness, will not even hear of *bonds*. Malone had the good sense to perceive that the old copies were right; and though, carried away by the general consensus in its favour, we had absolutely printed *bawds*, a little consideration made us pause. Shakespeare's text, especially in a play for which there are two such good authorities as there are for this in the shape of Q. 2 and F. 1, ought not to be altered unless the sense or rhythm absolutely demands it. Theobald's question is infinitely more ridiculous, when one comes to analyse it, than the old reading could possibly be. Shakespeare is very fond of the word *bond*, and he uses it constantly as those sacred ties of affection which exist between two engaged lovers, or husband and wife, or brother and sister. What can be more properly called *sanctified and pious* than the *bond* which is hallowed by a sacrament? Among the many passages which could be quoted, we may take Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 154-156:

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are shipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd.

As for *breathing*, it has here, as often in Shakespeare, the sense of "speaking," e.g. Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 27: "*breath'd a secret vow*;" King John, iv. 3. 66, 67:

And *breathing* to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow.

Again, the very reasons brought forward to support Theobald's emendation, that Polonius has just compared Hamlet's vows to *brokers*, and called them "mere humplumors of unholty snits," surely militate against any alteration in the text; for why should Polonius be so careful to use to his daughter polite periphrases, or synonyms for the word *bawd*, and then in the very next line employ the very word itself? Hamlet (iii. 1. 111-113)

uses this word to Ophelia: "for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a *bawd*," &c.; but, after his assumed madness, his language towards her is not over-delicate; while Polonius seems always careful to avoid any coarse expression to her. Even when he is big with his wonderful jest about *tender* (see above, lines 107-109) he avoids putting his meaning into anything like rude language; and throughout the scene of which this passage forms part, he scrupulously avoids any coarse phrase. Lastly, the word *brokers* might surely suggest the word *bawds*. It is quite true that *bawds* might have been written *bawds*, and might easily have been mistaken for *bawds*, the two words *bawds* and *bawds* being more or less interchangeable; but there is no need to suppose that there was a gratuitous misprint where o! the old copies are unanimous, and where the reading, as printed, makes excellent sense.

105. Line 133: *so SLANDER any MOMENT'S leisure*.—*Slander* is here evidently used for *misuse*. Note conversely the use of *misuse* for *revile* or *slander*, as in Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 159, 160:

with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to *misuse* me so;

As You Like It, iv. 1. 205, 206: "You have simply *mis*ed our sex in your love-prate." Q. 2, Q. 3, and Ff. read *moment*—the most obvious of misprints, corrected in the later Qq., and plausibly preserved by a few later editors.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

106. Line 1: *The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold*.—So Qq; F. 1 reads *is it very cold*? This reading was accepted by Mr. Living in his representation of Hamlet, and met some disunion at the time, not generally in favour of the innovation.

107. Line 2: *It is a nipping and an EAGER air*.—Qq. omit a. *Eager* is the French *aigre*, here meaning sharp; it is used again in 1. 5. 69, where it means sour. (See note 154 below.) Cotgrave has: "Aigre: *Excre, sharpe, tact, biting, sourer*."

108. Lines 8, 9:

*The King doth WAKE to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps WASSAIL, and the swaggering UP-SPRING reels.*

Wake means to hold a late revel, to drink late; *wassail* is a drinking-bout. Both words (as substantives) occur in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 318: "at *wakes* and *wassails*." *Up-spring*, says Elze (ed. of Chapman's Alphonsus, p. 144, where the word occurs), was "the 'Hiipfant,' the last and consequently the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings." The English word is a literal rendering of the German. Schmidt, in his Shakespeare Lexicon, characterizes the "Hiipfant" as "an apocryphal dance," and thinks that this German name "may as well be taken from upspring" as the reverse. Dr. Elze read exclusively in his edition of Hamlet, p. 133, showing the English word (which is not known to occur in any but the two passages cited) is more than half a century younger than the German name. Caldecott thinks the term is connected with *up-spring*, so familiar to us in Elizabethan comedies. See his edition, pp. 28-30 of the notes, where several interesting extracts from con-

temporary accounts found

109. Line 11: *The court. DANCE* (Holland's Fescara, or Taming As Dan)

The *little-drum*, usually to have been introduced by the King of Denmark a visit to K. James

110. Line 14: *B*

111. Lines 17-38

112. Line 19: *The* in Q. 6; the early Anglo-Saxon "clap" earlier Qq. proba- tion of the word Anglia, 1830; "Clap- boys at play, who it, *clap* sides, or most likely a side the English. The tion of being far 78-88, and see not edd. quote a pass Captain, iii. 2; in as apparently the

104. Such stubble Piss. Can suck me Christen'd it Aids to know

113. Line 32: *L* Theobald, uncorrected print for *seur*. The sense in which white *star* or marble coloured horse, the place." Con Upon

114. Lines 36-38

1011 ALL To his own

This is the reading for *cale*. The commendations of common with up Furness, in his pages with con- as seems most p that nothing con the way of emen on Shakespeare and no comment view on any, or terons to make i

temporary accounts of Danish drinking customs will be found.

109. Line 11: *The KETTLE-DRUM and trumpet thus bellow out*.—Dance (Illustrations of Sh. li. 205) quotes Cleaveland's *Fiscara*, or the *Bee Errant*:

Tuning his draughts with drowsie hums
As Danes carowse by *kettle-drums*.

The *kettle-drum*, says Elze (*Hamlet*, p. 134), "seems originally to have been a Danish instrument, and to have been introduced into England either by Queen Anne, or by the King of Denmark, who came twice to London on a visit to K. James I."

110. Line 14: *But*.—So Qq; Ff. have *And*.

111. Lines 17-38 are omitted in Ff.

112. Line 19: *They CLEPE us DRUNKARDS*.—*Clepe* is found in Q. 6; the earlier Qq. print *clip*. The word is from Anglo-Saxon "cleopian," to call. The spelling of the earlier Qq. probably represents the common pronunciation of the word. Compare Forby, *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, 1830: "*Clepe*, v. to call. The word is used by our boys at play, who *clepe* (or, as they commonly pronounce it, *clip*) sides, or opposite parties, at ball, &c." There is most likely a side-glance here at the drinking habits of the English. The Danes, however, did enjoy the reputation of being famous tipplers. Compare *Othello*, li. 3. 78 ss., and see note 105 to that play. The Clarendon Press edd. quote a passage from Beaumont and Fletcher (*The Captain*, lii. 2), in which the English and the Danes are cited as apparently the most notorious drunkards of their time:

Loe. Are the Englishmen
Such stubbo'n drinkers?
Peto. Not a leak at sea
Can suck more liquor: you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
Able to knock a Dane down.

113. Line 32: *Being nature's livery, or fortune's STAR*.—Theobald, unnecessarily, suggested that *star* was a misprint for *scar*. Ritson takes the word *star* to be used in the sense in which we apply the word to horses: "the white *star* or mark so common on the forehead of a dark coloured horse, is usually produced by making a *scar* on the place." Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 304:

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine *star*.

114. Lines 36-38:

the DRAM OF EALE
DOETH ALL THE NOBLE SUBSTANCE OF A DOUBT
To his own scandal.

This is the reading of Q. 2, Q. 3; Q. 4, Q. 5 substitute *ease* for *eale*. The Cambridge edd. chronicle forty conjectural emendations of this passage, which they themselves, in common with many editors, regard as hopelessly corrupt. Furness, in his *New Variorum Ed.*, fills more than six pages with conjectures and comments. If the lines are, as seems most probable, corrupt, it can at least be said that nothing convincing or fluid has yet been proposed in the way of emendation. When every new commentator on Shakespeare has a new reading of this passage to offer, and no commentator has succeeded in impressing his own view on any, or many, of his fellows, it would be preposterous to make any variation in the text, such as it is, of

the earlier Qq., which, in the unlucky absence of a Folio text, remains our only approach to original authority. Something, however, may be done to explain this puzzling reading. In the Qq. of li. 2. 627-629, where the Ff. print:

The Spirit that I have seen
May be the Duell, and the Duell hath power
To assume a pleasing shape—

we read

The spirit that I have seen
May be a *deale*, and the *deale* hath power, &c.

If *devil* may be misprinted *deale*, may not *evil* be misprinted *eale*? The error in both cases probably came from a slipshod and hasty pronunciation, perhaps a colloquialism. The remainder of the passage admits of at least two explanations. One is, that *doth* is used, transitively, as a verb, not as an auxiliary; thus *doth it of a doubt* would mean "affects it with a doubt." Dr. George MacDonald, who takes this view, compares Measure for Measure, i. 3. 40-43:

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander.

That is, says Dr. MacDonald, to affect it (my nature) with slander, to bring it into slander. "Angelo may punish in my name, but, not being present, I shall not be accused of cruelty, which would be to slander my own nature" (*Hamlet*, 1885, p. 45). The passage quoted, however, is no very certain support. The Cambridge edd. obelize it, and Hamner's emendation (*it* instead of *in*) is generally adopted. Strachey, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, 1848, apparently understands the passage in Hamlet in the same sense; in a note to p. 44, on which he has quoted the lines as they stand in the Qq. (only replacing *eale* by *ill*), he says: "This it appears is the genuine text: the editors all adopt Steevens's conjectural emendation 'often doubt,' i.e. often do out, quench. But the old text seems to me better: the noble substance is not quenched or destroyed, but 'soiled,' 'over-leavened,' 'corrupted,' and so its proper excellence brought into doubt." The other explanation is brought forward by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, in his *Footings on the Text of Hamlet* (Ithaca: privately printed, 1874), pp. 13, 14: "All the difficulty of the passage is removed, I think, by understanding 'noble,' not as an adjective, as all commentators have understood it, qualifying 'substance,' but as a noun opposed to 'eale,' and the object of 'substance,' a verb of which 'doth' is its auxiliary. Thus: 'the dram of eale doth all the noble substance of [i.e. 'with,' a sense common in the English of the time,] 'a doubt' [which works] 'to his own scandal.' 'Substance' is used in the sense of 'imbue with a certain essence,' 'his' is a neuter genitive, standing for 'noble,' and = 'its.' The dram of ill transubstantiates the noble, essences it to its own scandal. In regard to the use of 'of' and 'to,' see Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, rev. and enl. ed. §§ 171 and 186.

"The use of 'substance,' in the sense of 'essence,' was, of course, sufficiently common, and had been for more than two centuries, to justify the interpretation given. In Macbeth, i. 5. 50, we have 'sightless substances' = 'invisible essences,' 'sightless' being used objectively. 'Being of one substance with the Father,' *Book of Common Prayer*. Chaucer, in *The Prologue of the Nonne Prestes Tale* (l. 14803)

of Tyrwhitt's edition, l. 16289 of Wright's) uses the word to express the *essential* character or nature of a man. The most objects to the Monk's Tale, as being too dull for the occasion; and, that the fault may not be thought to lie with himself, says,

'And wel I wot the substance is in me,
If any thing schal wel reported be.'

That is, I am so *substantiated*, so constituted, so tempered, such is my *cast* of spirit, that I can appropriate and enjoy, as well as the next man, a good story well told." This is decidedly ingenious, but it is a pity that Mr. Corson is unable to show us any example of the verb to *substantiate*. That, he says, rather rashly, "matters not. The free functional application of words which characterized the Elizabethan English, allowed, as every English scholar knows, of the use of any noun, adjective, or neuter verb, as an active verb."

115. Line 42: *De thy INTENTS wicked or charitable.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *events*, which some fancifully defend as = Issues.

116. Lines 44, 45:

*I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!*

This is, practically, the punctuation of Qq and Ff. An anonymous writer in the St. James's Chronicle, Oct. 15, 1761 (quoted in Pyc's Comments on the Commentators, 1807, p. 312), suggested that the pause should come after the word *father*. There is much plausibility in this conjecture.

117. Line 48: *cerements.*—F. 1 has *cerments*; the later Ff. *earments*. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 51:

To rib her *cered* cloth in the obscure grave;
and the note 178 to that play.

118. Line 49: *Wherein we saw thee quietly IN-URN'D.*—The beautiful word *in-urn'd* comes to us from the Ff.; all the Qq. reading merely *interr'd*.

119. Line 52: *That thou, dead corse, again, IN COMPLETE STEEL.*—Compare S. Rowley, When You See Mee, You Know Mee, L. 3 back:

Set forwards there, regard the Emperors state,
First in our Court weele banquet merrily,
Then mount on steedes, and girt in complete steels,
Weele tuge at Barriers, Tilt and Tournament.

120. Line 61: *It WAVES you to a more removed ground.*—So all the Qq.; Ff. read *wafts* (as in line 78), which is not a misprint, but another form of the same word. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 111: "win *wafts* us yonder?"

121. Line 63: *then I WILL follow it.*—Ff. have *will I*.

122. Line 70: *SUMMIT of the cliff.*—This obvious correction of the *sonnet* of Qq., *sonnet* of Ff., is due to Rowe. The Qq. spell *cliff*, *eleefe*.

123. Line 71: *That BERTLES.*—So Ff.; Qq. have *betters* and *bettles*.

124. Line 72: *assume.*—Ff. have *assumes*.

125. Line 73: *Which might DEPRIVE YOUR SOVEREIGNTY OF REASON.*—This means, deprive your reason of its sovereignty or supreme control. Warburton well compares the Elkon Basilike; "at once to betray the *sovereignty* of

reason in my soul." For the peculiar construction compare Lucrece, 1186:

'T is honour to *deprive* dishonour'd life.

Compare, too, Marston, Antonio and Melinda, part i. iii. 1:

What son, what comfort that she can *deprive*!

126. Lines 75-78 are omitted in Ff., possibly, as Delius suggests, because Shakespeare had afterwards elaborated the substance of them in Lear, iv. 6. 11-24.

127. Line 80: *Hold off your HANDS.*—So. Qq.; Ff. print *hand*.

128. Line 82: *artery.*—This is the spelling of Q. 6. Q. 2, Q. 3 have *arture*; Q. 4 *artyre*; Q. 5, F. 4 *attire*; F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 *Artive*. Dr. George Mac Donald suggests that the right word is *arture*, and that it was coined by Shakespeare from "*artus*, a joint—*urere*, to hold together, adjective *artus*, tight. *Arture*, then, stands for juncture. This perfectly fits. In terror the weakest parts are the joints, for their *artures* are not *hardy*" (Hamlet, p. 49). *Artery*, however, is spelt *artye* in Drayton's Elegies, ed. 1631, p. 298.

129. Line 83: *As hardly as the NÉMEAN lion's nerve.*—The same incorrect accentuation of *Nemean* occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 90:

Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar.

130. Line 89: *Have after.*—Compare Richard III. iii. 2. 92: "Come, come, *have with you*." The Clarendon Press ed., quote from Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Latimer's saying to Ridley on the way to the stake: "*Have after*, as fast as I can follow."

ACT I. SCENE 5.

131. Line 1: *WHERE wilt thou lead me!*—So Ff.; Qq. have *Whether*; and the Q. of 1676, *Whither*, which some editors adopt.

132. Line 11: *confi'd to FAST in fires.*—Compare Chaucer, The Persones Tale (ed. Tyrwhitt, p. 291): "And moreover the misce: of helle shal be *in defeute of mete and drink*." Steevens quotes Nash, Pierce Penitless, as Supplication to the Devil: "Whether it be a place of horror, stench and darkness, where men see *ment*, but *can get none*, or are ever thirsty," &c.

133. Line 18: *knotted.*—So all the Qq.; Ff. have *knotty*.

134. Line 19: *on end.*—Qq. and Ff., except Q. 1, have an *end*, a more archaic form of the same particle. Pope adopted the customary modern form from the spurious Q.

135. Lines 19, 20:

*And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the PRETFUL PORPENTINE.*

Porpentine is the reading of Qq and Ff., as it is invariably in Shakespeare. Both forms of the word were in use. Compare the closely parallel passage in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Induction, 2-4:

O, what a trembling horror strikes my hart!
My stiffed hair stands upright on my head,
As doe the bristles of a *porcufine*.

Milton uses the same figure in Samson Agonistes, 1138:

Were br
Of chaf

Qq read *four*
have been fol
however 's,'
than the F. re

136. Lines 2

But th

To ea

Eternal blazo
tion or descri
the sense of "
eternal devil;
lain." With
Yankee slaug
Ado, ii. 1. 307

137. Line 2

138. Line 2

139. Line 2
emulation.

F. 3, F. 4 *Has*

140. Lines

As m

May

Compare Wi
eider than a

part i. i. 10:

U

141. Line 3

—All the Qq

least, as go

choose betw

its own. St

The Humo

Ff. reading:

(Works, ed.

with the Qq.

not itself wit

142. Line 3

—Ff. read *H*

143. Line 4

ous gifts.—I

Ff. a mispri

following.

reads *and*.

145. Line

this; F. 2 to

146. Line

147. Line

148. Line

link'd.—Ff.

Qq. misprin

Though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruff'd porcupines.
Qq read *fearfull* instead of the *fretfull* of the Ff., and
have been followed by one or two editors. The word,
however, *fretful*, seems to me more commonplace
than the F. reading.

136 Lines 21, 22:

*But this ETERNAL BLAZON must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.*

Eternal blazon seems to be used in the sense of a revela-
tion or description of eternity. Some understand it in
the sense of "infernal," as in Julius Caesar, i. 2. 160: "The
eternal devil;" and Othello, iv. 2. 130: "some eternal vil-
lain." With this sense Rolfe amusingly compares the
Yankee slang "tarnal." *Blazon* is used as here in Much
Ado, ii. 1. 307. See note 128 to that play.

137. Line 22: *List, list*.—So Qq; Ff. have *list Hamlet*.

138. Line 24.—Ff., as usual, substitute *Heaven* for *God*.

139. Line 29: *HASTE ME to know't*.—This is Rowe's
emendation. Qq. print *Hast me*, F. 1 *Hast*, *hast me*; F. 2,
F. 3, F. 4 *Haste, haste me*. Ff. have *know it*.

140. Lines 29-31:

*that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.*

Compare *Wily Beguiled*, Prologue: "I'll make him fly
swifter than meditation;" and Dekker, *The Honest Whore*,
part i. l. 10:

*I was, on meditation's spotless wings,
Upon my journey thither.*

—Works, ed. Dyce, vol. viii. p. 79.

141. Line 33: *That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf*.

All the Qq. have *rootes*, Ff. *rots*, which is, to say the
least, as good a word. There does not seem much to
choose between them. Each has a beauty and aptness of
its own. Stevens quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher,
The Humorous Lieutenant, iv. 3, a confirmation of the
Ff. reading: "This *dull root* pluck'd from Lethe flood"
(Works, ed. Dyce, vol. vi. p. ?), and Caldecott compares
with the Qq. reading Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 47: "To
rot itself with motion."

142. Line 35: "It is given out that, sleeping in my orchard.
—Ff. read *It's and mine*.

143. Line 41: *My uncle!*—Ff., as usual, print *mine*.

144. Line 43: *With witchcraft of his wit, with traitor-
ous gifts*.—It is Pope's emendation of the *wits* of Qq.
Ff. a misprint evidently derived from the plural *gifts* just
following. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have *hath* instead of *with*; F. 4
reads *and*.

145. Line 45: *to his*.—So Qq., F. 3, F. 4; F. 1 prints *to to*
this; F. 2 *to this*.

146. Line 47: *what a falling-off*.—Qq. omit *a*.

147. Line 50: *decline*.—See note 79 to Comedy of Errors.

148. Line 55: *So LUST, though to a radiant ANGEL
link'd*.—Ff. and Q. 1 read *Lust*; the other Qq. have *but*.
Qq. misprint *angle*.

149. Line 56: *safe*.—So F. 1, F. 2; F. 3, F. 4 have *sent*, and
Qq. *safe*.

150. Line 60: *My custom always is the afternoon*.—So
Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *of*, which is a quite cor-
rect expression, and as likely to come from Shakespeare
as *in*.

151. Line 61: *my SECURE hour*.—*Secure* is here used
in the sense of the Latin *securus*, unguarded, careless.
Staunton quotes More's Life of Edward V.: "When this
lord was most afraid, he was most *secure*; and when he
was *secure*, danger was over his head." *Secure* is accen-
tuated on its first syllable in Othello, iv. 1. 72.

152. Lines 61-64:

*Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed HEBENON in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment.*

Hebenon is the reading of Ff.; all the Qq. print *hebona*.
No such word as *hebenon* or *hebona* has ever been met
with elsewhere, but the word "hebon" (from which *hebe-
non* might have been corrupted) is found in Marlowe's
Jew of Malta, iii. 4:

As fast! to her as the draught
Of whey . . . Alexander drunk, and died;
And with her let it work like Borgias wine,
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane;
The juice of *Hebor*, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool
Break from the fiery kingdom.

—Works, ed. Cunningham, pp. 104, 105; ed. Dyce, p. 164.

"Heben" is found in Spenser, i. 3 (Introduction), and ll.
7. 52, and "ebene" in Holland's Pliny, xxv. 4, in both
cases meaning ebony, while (as Douce notes) the chapter
on the wood ebony in the English ed. by Batman of
Bartholomew de Proprietatibus Rerum, is entitled "De
Ebena." We have no reason, however, to suppose that
ebony was ever regarded as poisonous. Grey understood
hebenon to be used by metathesis for *hebenon*, or hen-
bane, of which Pliny says: "An oil is made of the seed
thereof, which if it be but dropped into the ears, is
enough to trouble the braine" (Holland's translation, *ad
loc. cit.*) Elze suggests that Shakespeare may have de-
rived the device of poisoning through the ears from
Marlowe's *Edward II.* v. 4:

'T is not the first time I have killed a man:
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers:
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill,
And blow a little poison in his ears:
Or open his mouth, and pour quicksilver down.

—Works, ed. Dyce, p. 217.

It may be noted that in the old German play on the sub-
ject of Hamlet, of which an account is given in the Intro-
duction, the word *ebeno* occurs in se. v. vi., as the name
of the poison by which the murder had been effected. I
quote from Furness's translation: "behold, my brother
came, thirsty for the crown, and had with him the subtle
[subtilen] juice of so-called Hebenon [ebeno]." This oil, or

¹ Dr. Latham renders this: "the subtle [subtilen] juice of ebenon
(ebeno)."

juice, has this effect: that as soon as a few drops of it mix with the blood of man, they at once clog the veins and destroy life" (vol. ii. p. 125)

153. Line 68: *posset*.—So Fl.; Qq. read *posseuse*.

154. Line 69: EAGER *droppings into milk*.—Fl. print *Aggre*, which is nearer the French form of the word, *aggre*. See note 107 above. Compare Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 249: "¶ A charme against vineager. That wine wax not eager, write on the vessell, *Gustate & videte, quoniam suavis est Dominus*."

155. Line 71: *back'd*.—Fl. read *bak'd*.

156. Line 77: *Unhousell'd*, disappointed, *unanel'd*.—*Unhousell'd*=without having taken the sacrament; it is from the Anglo-Saxon *housel*, the sacrament. *Disappointed*=unappointed, unprepared. Compare Messire for Measure, iii. 1. 60:

Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed;

i.e. preparation for death. *Unanel'd*=without having received extreme unction. Nares cites Sir Thomas More, Works, p. 345: "The extreme unction or *anelynge* and confirmation, he sayed be no sacraments of the church." Compare Morte d'Arthur (vol. iii. p. 350, ed. Wright): "So when hee was *housel'd* and *eneled*, and had all that a christian man ought to have, hee prayed the bishop that his fellows might beare his body unto Joyousgard."

157. Line 80: *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*—Some have conjectured that this line should be given to Hamlet, and Knight states that it was always so spoken by Garrick. I do not see the slightest reason for the change, but many against it—this in chief, that the course of the versification would be broken, very awkwardly, if this line were spoken as an interruption of the speech in which it occurs. There may be, however, a slight shade of evidence in favour of the change in the reading of Q 1, where Hamlet is made to utter an exclamation, though not the one in the text.

158. Line 84: *But, howsoever thou pursuest this act*.—Qq. print *howsomever* (now the usual vulgarism), and all but Q. 6 read *pursues*.

159. Line 89: *The glow-worm shows the MATIN to be near*.—*Matin*, used here for morning, is usually in the plural, *matins*, and the Clarendon Press edd. say that they can find no instance of this word in the sense here used. Elze, however, quotes Milton, *L'Allegro*, 114:

Ere the first cock his *matin* rings;

and *Paradise Lost*, vi. 525, 526:

and to arms
The *matin*-rumpet sung.

Neither of these passages is an absolutely precise parallel; in the former, *matin* being used in the common sense of *matins*, in the latter adjectively.

160. Line 91: *Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me*.—The reading and punctuation in the text are Rowe's. Fl. read as above, but with a colon after *Hamlet*. Qq. print *Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me*, which seems to me less expressive than the reading of the Fl.

161. Line 95: *stiffly*.—Qq. print *swiftly*.

162. Line 96: *while*.—Qq. have *whiles*.

163. Line 104: *yes*.—Fl. read *yes, yes*.

164. Lines 107-110:

*My tables,—meet it is I see, 't down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.
So, uncle, there you are.*

Tables (i.e. tablets, memorandum-books) are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan literature, and seem to have been in very general use. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 201, 202:

And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,
And keep 'em tell-tale to his memory.

Opinions are divided as to what Hamlet wrote on his *tables*, and why he is represented as writing at all. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 128, says: "The stage direction (*Writing*), which follows here, shows that Hamlet was intended to record something of what proceeded on his tablets, and the very fact of his doing so is a proof of the nervous agitation under which he laboured; his furious indignation against his uncle found vent in this mere act of writing him down a 'smiling villain.'"

165. Line 109: *I'm*.—So Fl.; Qq. have *I am*.

166. Line 113: *HEAVEN secure him!*—Qq. have *Heavens*.

167. Line 114: *Ham, So be it!*—This is given to Hamlet in Qq., and to Marcellus in Fl. Editors have generally decided in favour of the latter, but the former seems to me much more effective. I take it to be spoken by Hamlet in a low tone to himself, as he hears Horatio's benediction—a moment's solemn earnestness in secret before he assumes the mask of levity before his friends. Taken in this sense, the words have a very significant weight of meaning.

168. Line 115: *Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!*—Fl., and many editors, give this line to Horatio. But I think it agrees much better with Marcellus, and comes in the dialogue more naturally from him, so that I have adopted the reading of Qq.

169. Line 116: *Illo, ho, ho, boy! come, BIRD, come*.—Q. 1 prints *boy*, the other Qq. *and*. Hamlet mocks the shouts of his friends with terms of falconry. Compare the Birth of Merlin, ii. 1. (Trenchard ed. p. 292), where the clown shouts "So ho, boy, so ho, so ho!" and is answered by Prince Uter (within) "So ho, boy, so ho, illo, ho, illo, ho!" Hamlet's behaviour in the remainder of this scene is well described by Strachey (Shakespeare's Hamlet, pp. 45, 46): "His head is, as he himself says, distracted; his words are 'wild and hurling'; he tries to relieve his overstrained mind by passing from the terrific to the ludicrous, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum that 'a man may smile and smile, and be a villain, at least in Denmark'; answering his friends with a falconer's illo; and interrupting the solemnity of swearing secrecy with jokes at the 'fellow in the cellarage,' and the 'old mole that works i' the ground so fast.' It is, [as Coleridge says] 'a sort of cunning bravado, bordering on the flights of delirium: for you may, perhaps, observe that Hamlet's wildness is but half false; he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being

what he acts," expressive sentiment up the character (p. 84): "Before hero; one puff melancholy. A for the winds apparition of blood, and steeped in Witt one and poison on him and the semblance of never with his

170. Line 133: *my lord*.—Qq. *churling*; Fl. *ho*.

171. Line 130: with the line at

172. Line 147: oaths were very References to Elizabethan drama pp. 38, 39. Elzely, act ii. sc. in the same manner that what thou done so, adds:

In hope
But if I
This ver
Shall be

173. Line 150: *there*, TRUE-PER plagiarized in

Illo, ho
The word *true-p* Sheffield authoriticular indication is to be found. the Ghost under calumny of East staunch and word was colloquial with a re Valentine, com father, Love say st thou so:

174. Line 150: to the courtroom in Latin—probably in pronunciation of national quality of sensible to speak communication, with

175. Lines 157: of the Fl. Line

176. Line 161: have *Secure* by

what he acts." I may quote here some of the brilliant and expressive sentences in which Mr. George Meredith sums up the character of Hamlet (The Tragic Comedians, vol. I. p. 84): "Before the ghost walked he was an elementary hero; one puff of action would have whiffed away his melancholy. After it, he was a dizzy moralizer, waiting for the winds to blow him to his deed—or out. The apparition of his father to him poisoned a sluggish run of blood, and that venom in the blood distracted a head steeped in Wittenberg philosophy. With metaphysics in one and poison in the other, with the outer world opened on him and this world stirred to confusion, he wore the semblance of madness; he was throughout sane; sick, but never with his reason dethroned."

170. Line 133: *These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.*—Qq. (except Q 1, which has *whirling*) print *whirling*; Ft. *hurling*.

171. Line 136: *Horatio.*—Ft., by a natural confusion with the line above, read *my Lord*.

172. Line 147: *Upon my sword.*—In chivalrous times oaths were very generally taken on the cross of the sword. References to the custom are often met with in the Elizabethan dramas and old poems. See Caldecott, notes, pp. 38, 39. Elze quotes, very aptly, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, act ii. sc. 1, where Lorenzo makes Pedringano swear in the same manner. Lorenzo says "Swear on this cross, that what thou say'st is true," and after Pedringano has done so, adds:

In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward;
But if I prove thee perjurd and unjust,
This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

—Hallitt's Dodsley, vol. v. p. 47.

173. Line 150: *Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?*—This line is evidently parodied or plagiarized in Marston's Malcontent, 1604, iii. 3:

Illo, ho, ho, ho! arte there, olde true penny?

The word *true-penny*, says Collier, "is (as I learn from some Sheffield authorities) a mining term, and signifies a particular indication in the soil of the direction in which ore is to be found. Hence Hamlet may with propriety address the ghost underground by that name." Forby, in his Vocabulary of East Anglia, gives it as "hearty old fellow; staunch and trusty; true to his purpose or pledge." The word was colloquially used in a familiar sense, and thus, no doubt with a recollection of Hamlet, Congreve represents Valentine, counterfeiting madness, as addressing his father, Love for Love, iv. 10: "A ha! Old True-penny, say'st thou so: thou hast nick'd it" (ed. 1735, p. 92).

174. Line 156: *Ille et ubique?*—See note 7 in reference to the courteous medieval practice of addressing ghosts in Latin—probably, though I have not met with the suggestion in print, because one is not always sure of the nationality of ghosts, and it was therefore both polite and sensible to speak to them in the language of general communication, which in the middle ages was Latin.

175. Lines 157-160.—The arrangement in the text is that of the Ft. Lines 159, 160 are transposed in Qq.

176. Line 161: *Swear.*—So Ft. and Q 1; the other Qq. have *Swear* by his sword.

177. Line 162: *Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?*—Elze compares Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, II. 2: "Work you that way, *old mole!* then I have the wind of you" (ed. Hartley Coleridge, 1840, p. 31), an evident allusion to the passage in the text. *Earth* is the reading of all the Qq; Ft. have *ground*.

178. Line 167: *Your philosophy.*—So Qq; Ft. read *our*, which seems less effective than the half-colloquial, half-personal *your*.

179. Lines 169-188.—It has always seemed to me singular, that anyone who has read these lines can be found to defend the notion that Hamlet was really mad. Let mad-doctors say what they please, here is Shakespeare's own account of the matter, and anything more clear and definite could not be imagined. Hamlet here, once for all, defends himself against all misconstruction, by expressly intimating that he intends, for reasons of his own, to bear himself oddly and strangely, "To put an antic disposition on." I am quite aware that persons who are really mad can be found to express themselves, at times, quite sanely, even on the subject of their own malady—like the half-witted pauper who confessed to Thorau that he was "deficient in intellect." But a possible symptom in insanity, and a positive fact in a play, are two quite different things; it must be remembered that we are reading a play, constructed to be understood; and it is obvious that Shakespeare has introduced this passage at the beginning of his play in order that the purport of what was to come might be quite clearly understood. To say, after carefully considering this passage, that Hamlet was really mad, is equivalent to saying that Shakespeare did not know what he was about in his own work.

180. Line 174: *this head-shake.*—So all the Qq. except Q 6; Ft. have *thus, head shake*.

181. Line 177: "There be, an if THEY might."—So all the Qq; Ft. print *there*—the word being doubtless caught from the earlier part of the line.

182. Lines 179-181:
*this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.*

This, practically, is the reading of Ft; Qq. print *this doe swear* in place of *this not to do*, and omit the subsequent *Swear*.

183. Line 186: *friendship.*—This word, apparently a mere variant of friendship or friendliness, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

184. Line 3: *marvell's*, an abbreviation of *marvellous*.—Q. 2, Q. 3 have *mervills*; Q. 4 *maruelous*; F. 1 *maruels*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *marvels*. For the sake of the metre, the word was pronounced as a dissyllable by the actor.

185. Line 4: *to make inquiry.*—This is the correction of Q. of 1676; the em. in Q 1 read *to make inquire*, an elliptical expression which Shakespeare might have used; the Ft. *you make inquiry*=(if) you make inquiry. Shakespeare only uses *inquiry* in one other passage, in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 5, 6:

We have made *inquiry* of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice.

186. Line 7: *Inquire me first what DANISERS are in Paris*.—The word *Dansk* (of Danish origin) occurs in Webster's White Devil, ii. 1: "like a *Danske* drummer."

187. Line 25: *fencing*.—The mention of *fencing* among the "wanton, wild, and usual slips" of youth has puzzled some editors, but no doubt, as Malone remarks, the meaning of Polonius is, that quarrelling and brawling which was of frequent occurrence at the fencing-schools, and a common consequence of too boastful a skill in the art; he quotes Gosson, Schoole of Abuse, 1579: "The cunning of *fencers* is now applied to *quarrelling*: they think themselves no men, if for stirring of a straw, they prove not their valour upon some bodies fleshe." Elze quotes Marston's Insatiate Countesse, act iv. (Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. iii. p. 164), where "Fencer" is used, side by side with "dogg-killer" and "monster," as a term of abuse.

188. Line 28: *no*.—Omitted in Qq.

189. Line 31: *but breathe his faults so QUAINLY*.—*Quaintly* is used here for "artfully," as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 4. 6:

'Tis vile, unless it may be *quaintly* ordered.

See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 132.

190. Line 34: *A savageness in UNRECLAIMED blood*.—Compare with this use of *unreclaimed* = untamed, that of *reclaimed* (in the corresponding sense of "tamed") which occurs in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 2. 47:

Since this same wayward girl is so *reclaim'd*,
and II. Henry VI. v. 2. 54, 55:

And beauty that the tyrant oft *reclaims*
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

191. Line 38: *a fetch of WARRANT*.—So Ff.; Qq. read *wit*, which makes excellent sense. *A fetch of warrant* would mean a warranted device; a *fetch of wit* would mean an artful one.

192. Line 44: *breathe*.—This is Rowe's correction of the *breath* of Qq. Ff.

193. Line 50: *By the mass*.—Omitted in Ff.

194. Lines 52, 53: at "*friend or so*," and "*gentleman*,"—This is omitted in Qq.

195. Line 55: *closes with you thus*.—So Ff.; Qq. omit *with you*.

196. Line 63: *carp*.—So Qq.; Ff. have *Cape*.

197. Line 65: *With WINDLASSES and with assays of bias*.—*Windlass*, or *windlace*, as it should be spelt, was a word used in Shakespeare's time meaning "a circuit," "a circuitous way." Hunter (vol. ii. p. 227) quotes a passage from the 7th book of Golding's Ovid:

And like a wily fox he runs not forth directly out,
Nor makes a *windlass* over all the champion fields about,
But doubling and indenting still avoids his enemy's lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning wheel he whips,
To disappoint the snatch.

Skeat says that this word was distinct from the word *windlass*, "a machine for raising heavy weights." The latter word is found in Baret's Alvearie, 1573: "A *wind-lasse* or pulley to drawe vp heavy thinges;" no other

form of the word being given. Minshew, 1599, has "*Wind-las* or pulley, vide Carillo;" and under the latter "Also the truckle, pully or *windle* wherewith a thing is easily drawn vp on high." The true Middle English form of this word, according to Skeat, was *windlas*, wh- *wind-lace* is compounded of *wind* and *lace*, the latter word being used in its older sense of a snare, or a bit of twisted string.

Assays of bias, a metaphor taken from the game of bowls, referring to the "twist" which is communicated to the bowl by the lead in one end of it, by the skilful use of which a player makes the bowl curve in whichever direction he wishes to send it.

198. Line 69: *God be wi' you!*—Qq. have "God buy ye," and F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 "God buy you," which mode of contracting *be wi'* into *buy* is frequent in Shakespeare and in the writers of his time. It occurs below, in the next scene, line 575, when Hamlet dismisses Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It is only worth noticing as being one of the last stages in the transition of the common phrase *God be with ye* before it assumed its present form *Good bye*.

199. Line 71: *Observe his inclination in yourself*.—Surely it is needless to take this in any but the most obvious sense—"do you yourself observe his inclination." Both the meanings given by the Clarendon Press edd. seem to me very far-fetched: "Judge of his temptations by your own," or possibly, "Conform your own conduct to his inclinations." Polonius has just been instructing Reynaldo how he is to find out about Laertes from others; he now calls him back to add, Observe his inclination, too, on your own account. The use of the word in does not seem to me to present any real difficulty.

200. Line 75: *O my lord, my lord*.—So Qq.; Ff. have the weaker reading *Alas*, a change made for the sake of the metre.

201. Line 77: *chamber*.—So Ff.; Qq. have *closet*, a word which was already becoming obsolete in the sense in which it is used in the New Testament, e.g. in Matthew vi. 6: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet."

202. Line 85: *As it did seem to shatter all his bulk*.—Ff. have *That*. For *bulk* compare Richard III. i. 4. 40, and see note 166 to that play. Cotgrave has: "Buste: the whole *bulke* or body of a man from his face to his middle."

203. Line 97: *And, with his head over his SHOULDER turn'd*.—So Q. 2, Q. 3; all the other Qq. and the Ff. have *shoulders*. In line 101 below Ff. omit *come* (the syllable probably being supplied by a pause on the part of the actor). In line 111 Ff. have (probably by a blunder) *speed* instead of *heed*.

204. Line 112: *quoted*.—So Ff.; Qq. have *coted* (Q. 6 *coated*). Cotgrave has "Quoter. To quote, or *snarke* in the margin, to note by the way." Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 31:

What curious eye doth *quote* deformities?

On the verb to *cote*, as distinguished from *to quote*, see Love's Labour's Lost, note 176. In this same line *feard* is the reading of Qq., preferable to the *fear* of Ff.

205. Line 114: *By heaven*.—So all the Qq.; Ff. read *It seems*, probably in order to avoid the oath.

206. Line 115:—*To cast is ex-*
trive," "design,"
Queene, l. 5. 10.

but can *cast* be
meaning rather
ourselves," with
a quoit or a die
"calculation,"
forecast, still in
now out of date
gives a number
and consider
devine," &c.

207. Lines 116-117

This must be

More grief

The Clarendon
which concludes
to the rhyme
mal conduct
than the revelation
hated, i.e. of
Queen a terror
iii. 4. 38. Cot-
sense may be,
trouble to man

208. Line 118

209. Line 119
stem)—"The
"learnt thes-
seen in Don-
capacity, suc-
celebrated in-
tect Inigo Jo-
Germany. p. 1
p. 162 and 17
ambassador
have attended
sake it may
of the names
dents at Pa-
1587-9, the 1
Shakespeare
crantz is the
doubt by a
erence, F. 2

210. Line 120
—Ff. have S
indifferently
Ff. since.

211. Line
gives good
Richard III.

NOTES TO HAMLET.

ACT II. Scene 1.

205. Line 115: *To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions.*—*To cast* is explained by the Clarendon edd. as to "contrive," "design," "plan," and they quote Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, l. 5. 12:

Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be;

but *can cast* be separated here from *beyond*, and is not the meaning rather "to get out of our depth," "to overreach ourselves," with the idea perhaps of *casting* or throwing a quoit or a dart *beyond* the mark, as well as the idea of "calculation," which we have in the compound word *forecast*, still in use, and in such a well-known expression, now out of date, as "*to cast a nativity*?" Baret (1573) gives a number of meanings for *cast*, such as "to muse and consider upon" (= versare animo), "to conject," "to divine," &c.

207. Lines 118, 119:

*This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.*

The Clarendon Press edd. well say: "In the couplets which conclude scenes the sense is frequently sacrificed to the rhyme. The sense here seems to be—Hamlet's mad conduct might cause more grief if it were hidden than the revelation of his love for Ophelia would cause hatred, i.e. on the part of the King and Queen. Yet the Queen afterwards expresses her approval of the match, iii. l. 38. Compare also, v. l. [266-269]." Whatever the sense may be, Shakespeare seems to have taken very little trouble to make it clear.

208. Line 120: *Come.*—So Qq.; the word is omitted in Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

209. Line 1: *Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!*—"The poet, no doubt," says Elze (pp. 149, 150), "learned these names from some of his friends who had been in Denmark, either as players or in some other capacity, such as the two actors Pope and Bryan, the celebrated musician Dowland, the no less celebrated architect Inigo Jones, and others. See Cohn, *Shakespeare in Germany*, p. xxiii, seq., and my *Biography of Shakespeare*, p. 162 and 175, seq. At a later date a Danish courtier or ambassador of the name of Rosencrantz is reported to have attended the coronation of James I. For curiosity's sake it may be added that two young Danish noblemen of the names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were students at Padua in Shakespeare's time; the former in 1587-9, the latter in 1603. See *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, xiii, 155." The form Rosencrantz is due to Malone; the Qq. read *Rosencrans* (no doubt by a misprint for *Rosencrans*), and F. 1 has *Rosentrance*, F. 2 *Rosicratos*, F. 3, F. 4 *Rosicratos*.

210. Line 6: *Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man.*—Ff. have *Since not*. Shakespeare uses *sith* and *since* indifferently. In line 12 it is the Qq. that have *sith*, the Ff. *since*.

211. Line 10: *dream of.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *draw*, which gives good sense. With the superfluous *of*, compare Richard III. l. 3. 6: "what would betide of me?"

ACT II. Scene 2.

212. Line 12: *And so to NEIGHBOUR'D to his youth and HUMOUR.*—*Neighbour'd* is similarly used in Lear, l. 1. 120-122:

shall to my bosom

He as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

As thou my sometime daughter.

Humour is the reading of Ff.; Qq. print (in one or another form of spelling) *haviour*, which occurs in l. 2. 81 and makes excellent sense here, but seems on the whole more commonplace than *humour*, which, of course, means "mental disposition."

213. Line 17: *Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus.*—Omitted in Ff.

214. Line 22: *To show us so much GENTRY*; i.e. courtesy. Compare v. 2. 114: "he is the eard or calendar of *gentry*." Singer quotes from Baret's *Alvearie*: "Gentlemulnesse, or gentrie, kindelnesse, natural goodnesse. Generositas."

215. Line 29: *BUT we both obey.*—Ff. omit *But*; and below, in line 31, read *Services* instead of *service*.

216. Line 43: *Assure you, my good liege.*—So Ff.; Qq. read *I assure my good liege*.

217. Line 45: *Both to my God AND to my gracious king.*—So Qq.; Ff. print *one*.

218. Line 48: *it hath.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *I have*.

219. Line 52: *My news shall be the FURT to wait great feast.*—So Qq.; Ff. print *News*, which is an evident misprint arising out of the accidental repetition of the word from the earlier part of the line. Elze compares Marston, *The Malecontent*, Induction:

Sty. What are your additions?

But. Sooth, not greatly needfull, only as your sallet to your great feast.
—Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. ii, p. 202.

220. Line 54: *He tells me, my DEAR GERTRUDE, he hath found.*—So (substantially) Qq.; Ff. read:

He tells me my sweet *Queen*, that he hath found.

221. Line 56: *I doubt it is no other but the MAIS.*—*The main* is here an elliptical expression for the main source (compare similar construction in Troilus and Cressida, li. 3. 273). H. Henry VI. l. 1. 208:

Then let's away, and look unto the *main*

is usually given as an example of the same form of ellipsis; but see the note on that passage, no. 48.

222. Line 67: *borne in hand.*—See Taming of the Shrew, note 146.

223. Line 73: *Gives him THREE thousand crowns in annual fee.*—So Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *three-score thousand*. Probably the larger sum was inserted because the copyist thought three thousand not enough; but considering the value of money at the time, it was a good addition to Fortinbras's income; taking the gold crowns=4s. 6d., it would be equivalent to £900.

224. Line 85: *this business is well ended.*—Ff. have *very well*, perhaps in order to make it as a sentence of prose.

225. Line 86: *expostulate.*—That is, "discuss in full." *Expostulate* occurs five times in Shakespeare, which are all inserted in Schmidt under the meaning of *discuss*. But

la Richard III. iii. 7. 192 ("More bitterly could I *expostulate*") the word is evidently used in pretty much the customary sense; in Othello, iv. 1. 217 it may be taken either way. Caldecott quotes Stanley's *Aurore*, 1650, p. 44: "Pausanias had now opportunity to visit her and *expostulate* the favourable deceit, whereby she had caused his jealousy."

226. Line 105: *Perpend*.—This word is only used in Shakespeare as a sign of affectation or mockery; it is put into the mouth of the braggadocio Pistol, of the pedantic Polonius, and of the clowns in *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*.

227. Line 110: *the most BEAUTIFIED Ophelia*.—The word *beautified* occurs again, but partially, in *Two Gent. of Verona*, iv. 1. 55. It was not uncommon, however, as an adjective, and used in no affected sense. Nash dedicated his *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594, "to the most beautified lady, the lady Elizabeth Carey;" and Caldecott quotes another dedication (of *Certain Sonnets adjoined to the amorous Poeme of Diego and Ginevra* by R. L. Gent., 1596) "to the worthily honored and virtuous beautified Lady, the Ladie Anne Glennham." It is evident, however, that in the passage in the text *beautified* is used either with a double meaning or else to emphasize the euphuism of the whole letter. In the Q. of 1603 we read "To the most beautiful Ophelia," and the change has evidently been made deliberately.

228. Lines 112, 113:

but you shall hear.

Thus: "In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.

This is the reading of Malone, adopted substantially from Jennens, who follows, except for the punctuation, the Q. F. I has but you shall hear these in her excellent white bosom, these, which Corson would print but you shall hear: "these in her excellent white bosom, these," taking the repetition of the word *these* for a part of the "studied oddness" of the letter.

229. Line 137: *Or given my heart a WINKING, mute and dumb*.—Qq. have *working*, which looks like a misprint. Compare Henry V. v. 2. 331, 332: "Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent *winking*." In *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 317, the word *wink* is used in a somewhat similar sense:

To give mine enemy a lasting *wink*—

where *wink* signifies a closing of the eyes, not temporarily, but for ever. The tautology, *mute and dumb*, is found again in *Lucreece*, 1123:

And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb*.

230. Line 139: *No, I went ROUND to work*.—*Round* is here used in the sense of *roundly*, i.e. directly, straightforwardly, as in iii. 1. 192, and iii. 4. 5. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, *Essay vi.*: "A shew of fearfulness, which in any business doth spoile the feathers, of *round* flying up to the mark."

231. Line 140: *And my young mistress thus I did bespeak*.—*Bespeak*, in the sense of *speak to*, is used several times in Shakespeare. Compare *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 192: "But I *bespeak* you fair;" and *Richard II.* v. 2. 18-20:

Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespeak them thus.

232. Line 141: *Lord Hamlet is a prince, OUT OF THIS STAR*.—Compare *Twelfth Night*, II. 5. 55: "In my *stars* I am above thee." The word *star*, used as it is here for position—"the position in which fortune has placed you"—has no doubt some connection with the astrological significance of the stars. Especially after the contraaction afforded by the parallel passage in *Twelfth Night*, the emendation of F. 2—*sphere*—seems quite unnecessary.

233. Line 142: *and then I PRESCRIPTS gave her*.—Ff. print *precepts*. The *durior lectio* of the Qq. seems to me to give the better sense of the two, and it is found again in Antony and Cleopatra, III. 8. 4, 5:

Do not exceed

The *prescript* of this scroll.

234. Line 151: *And all we MOURN for*.—Ff. print *write*.

235. Line 160: *You know, sometimes he walks FOUR hours together*.—Hammer printed "for hours together." But the expression *four hours together* was a common one, *four* and *forty* being used loosely for an indefinite number. Compare *Winter's Tale*, v. 2. 148: "Ay, and have been so any time these *four* hours;" and Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, iv. 1. 9: "She will mus *four* hours together." See Elze's list of similar expressions in the Shakespeare-Jahrbuch, bd. xl. Compare v. 1. 292: "*forty* thousand brothers."

236. Line 174: *you are a FISHMONGER*.—The word *fish-monger* is no doubt used in *sous entendre*, but there are several meanings which can be assigned to it. Coleridge understands Hamlet to mean: "You are sent to fish out this secret." Malone cites a slang meaning of the word from Barnabe Rich's *Irish Hobbie*: "Senex fornicator, an old fishmonger." Whiter (apud Furness) gives a passage from Jonson's *Masque at Christmas* (vol. vii. p. 277, ed. Gifford), where Venus says she was "a fishmonger's daughter," and observes that "probably it was supposed that the daughters of these tradesmen, who dealt in so nourishing a species of food, were blessed with extraordinary powers of conception." Probably the joke arose rather from the prolific nature of fish.

237. Lines 181-183: *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a GOOD KISSING CARRION*.—*Have you a daughter?*—This is the reading of Qq. and Ff., generally abandoned in favour of Warburton's brilliant and plausible emendation: "a god, kissing carrion." This makes admirable sense, but it may be questioned whether the change is necessary. Caldecott tentatively suggested that the passage "may mean that the dead dog is good for the sun, the breeder of maggots, to kiss for the purpose of causing putrefaction, and so conceiving or generating anything carrion-like, anything apt quickly to contract taint in the sunshine." This explanation is more elaborately and more convincingly worked out in Corson's *Jottings on the Text of Hamlet*, pp. 18-20. "The defect," he says, "in the several attempted explanations of this passage is due to one thing, and one thing only, and that is, to the understanding of 'kissing' as the present active participle, and not as the verbal noun."

In the following passages, for example, the present active participle is used: "Life's but a walking shadow," *Macbeth*, v. 5. 24; . . . "the dancing banners

of the French," never ranson in the following used adjectively, iii. 3. 151; "you and Juliet, i. 5. 5. day," Julius Caesar for "kissing," i. 1. 106; "the greedy to iii. 4. 106; O, ho! Thy hi-

"Kissing," in the verbal noun, it must here be tris speaks of that kiss, or lip pair of beautiful would convey over, which n expressions, is equivalent to the passage in a dead dog, dead dog being knight and of the sense of th a carrion good that thus bree agency of 'bree this speech, th not upon "carri pated in "dea should be read the scress of s pond which b words might, i in the Merry passage compa The fe The le

238. Line 197: *lord*.—This is t ons misprint, l

239. Line 198:

240. Line 23:

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VOL. VI

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In my stars I
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of the French, King John, ii. 1. 308, 'labouring art can never reason nature.' All's Well, ii. 1. 121, &c. But in the following passages the same words are verbal nouns used adjectively: 'a palmer's walking-staff,' Richard II. iii. 3. 151; 'you and I are past our dancing days,' Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 32; 'you ought not walk upon a labouring day,' Julius Caesar, i. 1. 4, &c.; and now we are all ready for 'kissing.' In the following passages it is the participle: 'a kissing traitor,' Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 603; 'the greedy touch of common-kissing Titan,' Cymbeline, iii. 4. 109:

O, ho! ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

—Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 139, 140.

'Kissing,' in the last passage, might be taken for the verbal noun, meaning, for kissing, or, to be kissed; but it must here be understood as the participle. Demetrius speaks of the lips of Helena, as two ripe cherries that kiss, or lightly touch, each other. But to say of a pair of beautiful lips that they are good kissing lips, would convey quite a different meaning, a meaning, however, which nobody would mistake: 'Kissing,' in such expressions, is the verbal noun used adjectively, and equivalent to 'for kissing.' And so the word is used in the passage in question: 'For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion'—that is, a dead dog being, not a carrion good at kissing, as Mr. Knight and others understood it, and which would be the sense of the word, as a present active participle, but a carrion good for kissing, or, to be kissed, by the sun, that thus breeds a plentiful crop of maggots therein, the agency of 'breed' being implied in 'kissing.' In reading this speech, the emphasis should be upon 'kissing,' and not upon 'carrion,' the idea of which last word is antipathetic in 'dead dog;' in other words, 'kissing carrion' should be read as a compound noun, which in fact it is, the stress of sound falling on the member of the compound which bears the burden of the meaning. The two words might, indeed, be hyphenated, like 'kissing-comfits' in the Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 23. With this passage compare King Edward III. ii. 1. 438, 439:

The freshest summers day doth soonest taint

The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss.

—Ed. Warne and Proescholdt, p. 27.

238. Line 197: *I mean, the matter that you READ, my lord.* This is the reading of all the Qq; Fl, by an obvious misprint, have *mean*.

239. Line 198: *the satirical ROGUE.*—Fl. print *slave*.

240. Line 233: *On Fortune's CAP we are not the very button.* Qq. print *lap*, a misprint for *Cap*, as the Fl. spell it, with an initial capital. Elze, pp. 156, 157, has an interesting note on this allusion. "In Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' Folio edition," he says, "this passage has been illustrated with a cut copied from tapestry of the time of Henry VII., and showing a cap the flaps of which are turned up and secured by a strap and a button. 'It is obvious,' observes Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, 'that such a button might be of the most costly material, according to

¹ Compare the very similar expression in Mr. Swinburne's translation of Villon's *Regrets de la belle Heaulmiere*, stanza 6, "And sweet red splendid kissing mouth" (Poems and Ballads, 2nd Series, p. 101).—A. S.

the wealth of the wearer.' This, however, is not to the point, as our poet does not introduce the button as the most costly, but as the uppermost part of the cap, in contrast to the soles as the nethermost part of dress. In Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' illustration the button of the cap is, and from its destination must be, placed at the side, and it seems, therefore, most unlikely that the poet should have alluded to this kind of cap. The prototype of 'Fortune's cap' may rather be recognized in the flat round cap worn by citizens in the XV. and XVI. centuries. The most eloquent praise of this citizens' cap, in contradistinction to the square cap of the scholar on the one hand and the new fangled long hat on the other, is sung by Candido in Dekker's *Honest Whore*, Part II. 1. 3 (Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 147). 'The citizens of London,' remarks Dyce on Part I. iii. 1 of the same play (Middleton, iii. 58), 'both masters and journeymen, continued to wear flat round caps long after they had ceased to be fashionable, and were hence in derision termed *flat-caps* (or simply *caps*; see Part II. of *The Honest Whore*, *passim*).' Although Dyce does not say that this round cap was crowned by a button at the top, yet this seems so much the more likely as the scholars' cap is distinguished by the same ornament; perhaps both of them resembled in this respect the well-known Tam-o'-Shanter of the Scotch."

241. Lines 269-271: *Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.*—Furness quotes several attempts to assign its precise meaning to this passage, which Coleridge confesses himself unable to understand. The best seem to me those of Hudson and Bucknill. The former observes: "Hamlet loses himself in the riddles he is making. The meaning, however, seems to be, our beggars can at least dream of being kings and heroes; and if the substance of such ambitious men is but a dream, and if a dream is but a shadow, then our kings and heroes are but the shadows of our beggars." Bucknill, more briefly and better still, says: "If ambition is but a shadow, something beyond ambition must be the substance from which it is thrown. If ambition, represented by a king, is a shadow, the antitype of ambition, represented by a beggar, must be the opposite of the shadow, that is, the substance."

242. Line 283: *my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.*—Theobald printed "of a halfpenny," and Hamner "at a halfpenny;" but the phraseology of the Folio was not unusual. Compare *As You Like It*, ii. 3. 74: "too late a week." The Clarendon Press edd. compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 8875: "dere y-nough a jane" (i.e. a small coin of Genoa); and 12723, "dere y-nough a lecke."

243. Line 316: *What a piece of work is man!*—This reading was first introduced in Q. 6. Fl. and Qq. have "a man." The reading of the Qq., however, supplies an obvious explanation of the misprint, they have: *What piece of work is a man*—the *a* having been accidentally transposed.

244. Line 329: *what LENTEN entertainment the players shall receive from you.*—*Leuten* is used again in the sense of poor and scanty (like fare in *Lent*) in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 9: "A good *leuten* answer." Compare Browning, *The Twins*, stanza v.:

While Date was in good case
 Dabatur flourished too;
 For Dabatur's *lenten* face
 No wonder if Date rose.

—Works, 1878, vol. iv. p. 217.

245. Line 330: *we coted them on the way*.—The word *cote* is from the French *côtoyer*, which Boyer, after giving its primitive meaning, "to coast along, to go along or keep close to the Shore," translates "to go by the Side, or along." The word *cote* is found again in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 87:

Her amber hair for fool hath amber coted.

See note 116 to that play. Steevens quotes 'The Return from Parissus: "marry, we presently coted and outstript them." Furness quotes from an article, New Shakespearean Interpretations, in the Edinburgh Review, October, 1872: "Cote, in the language of venery, is applied to a brace of greyhounds slipped together at the stag or hare, and means that one of the dogs outstrips the other and reaches the game first. This we find in Turberville: 'In coursing at a Deare, if one Greyhound go endways by [that is beyond]; nother, it is accompted a Cote.' Again, 'In coursing at the Hare, it is not materiall which dog kylleth her (which hunters call bearing of a Hare), but he that giveth most Cotes, or most turnes, winneth the wager. A Cote is when a Greyhound goeth endways by his fellow and giveth the Hare a turn (which is called setting a Hare about), but if he coast and so come by his fellow, that is no Cote. Likewise, if one Greyhound doe go by another, and then he not able to reach the Hare himselfe and turne her, this is but stripping, and no Cote.' To cote is thus not simply to overtake, but to overpass, to outstrip, this being the distinctive meaning of the term. Going beyond is the essential point, the term being usually applied under circumstances where overtaking is impossible,—to dogs who start together and run abreast until the cote takes place. So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, having coted the players in their way, reach the palace first, and have been for some time in conversation with Hamlet before the strolling company arrives."

246. Lines 337, 338: *the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are TICKLE O' THE SERRE*.—This clause is omitted in Q₁; F₁ print *tickled*, for which Staunton substituted *tickle*. The phrase was a proverbial one, which, however, has been generally misunderstood. The convincing interpretation was made by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson in Notes and Queries, July 22, 1871. He writes: "The *serre*, or, as it is now spelt, *sear* (of *seer*) of a gun-lock is the bar or balance-lever interposed between the trigger on the one side, and the tumbler and other mechanism on the other, and is so called from its acting the part of a *serre*, or talon, in gripping that mechanism and preventing its action. It is, in fact, a pull or stop-catch. When the trigger is made to act on one end of it, the other end releases the tumbler, the mainspring sets, and the hammer, flint, or match falls. Hence Lombard (1596), as quoted in Halliwell's Archæol. Dictionary, says, 'Even as a pistole that is ready charged and bent will lie off by-and-by, if a man doe but touch the *seare*.' Now if the lock be so made of purpose, or be worn, or be faulty in construction, this *sear*, or grip, may be so tickle or ticklish in its adjustment that a slight touch or even far may displace it, and then,

of course, the gun goes off. Hence 'light,' or 'tickle of the sear' (equivalent to, like a hair-trigger), applied metaphorically, means that which can be started into action at a mere touch, or on the slightest provocation, or on what ought to be no provocation at all." The Clarendon Press ed. (1872) independently hit on the same explanation. They remark: "In old natchlocks the sear and trigger were in one piece. This is proved by a passage from Barret's Theorike and Practike of Modern Warre (1598), p. 33 [35]: "drawing down the *serre* with the other three fingers. He has given directions for holding the stock between the thumb and forefinger."

247. Lines 346, 347: *I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*.—The Variorum Ed. has four pages, the New Variorum two pages and a half, on this interesting and long-debated passage. The explanation of the allusion given by the Clarendon Press ed. in their Preface (pp. xii-xv) seems to be, as Furness styles it, conclusive. After quoting the readings of the Q. or 1608 and of the later Q₁, they say: "In the earlier play the tragedians are driven to strolling because the public taste was in favour of the private plays and the acting of children; in the later, they are represented as being prohibited from acting in consequence of what is darkly called an 'innovation.' Both these causes are combined in the play as it stands in the Folios, where the 'inhibition' and the 'aery of children' are introduced to account for the tragedians having forsaken the city. Steevens explains the 'inhibition' in this way: 'Their permission to act no longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the new custom of introducing personal abuse into their comedies,' and then asserts that 'several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice.' But it is not clear that this is the reference intended. For a very long period there had been a strong opposition in the city to theatrical performances."

"It is difficult, therefore, to see at what precise period the explanation offered by Steevens could be true. In 1604 the indulgence of the actors in personal abuse could hardly be called an 'innovation'; on the contrary, it was a practice from which the stage had never been entirely free. If we were to add to the conjectures upon this point we should be disposed to suggest that the 'innovation' referred to was the license which had been given on 30th Jan., 1603-4 to the Children of the Queen's Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre and other convenient places. The Blackfriars Theatre belonged to the company of which Shakespeare was a member, formerly the Lord Chamberlain's, and at this time His Majesty's servants. The popularity of the children may well have driven the older actors into the country, and so have operated as an 'inhibition,' though in a strict sense of the word no formal 'inhibition' was issued. If by 'inhibition' Shakespeare merely meant, as we think most probable, that the actors were practically thrown out of employment, it seems also likely that by 'innovation' he meant the authority given to the children to act at the regularly licensed theatres. It must be borne in mind, in reference to this, that nothing is said either of 'inhibition' or 'innovation' in 1603, but that the sentence

containing both is the interval therefore that in offering this conjecture that after all, regardless of contemporary or later hints at, although that a satire upon clearly intended."

248. Line 354: *aa*. Steevens, "to the youth or St. Paul's, of the mention occurs in a 1569, entitled The Whip: 'Plaies will tyes mulgedd mini They had as well be garments,' &c. Agas chapel do these prelon's day by the limbs, and gorgeous in lawlie fables ga poets, &c."

"Concerning the ter in attracting the ing passage in Jack and Katherine, 1601

I saw the child
 And troth they
 The apes, in th
 —I like the
 With much ap
 With the stenc
 To the barny.
 —'T is a god

It is still in Richur English Stage, 1664, and St. Paul's, at the other behind the people growing more the theatre of Paul's children of the chap drop of the revels."

249. Line 355: *little*.—nestling, a young youngling, nonce," probably be *nias*, fionary: "A Nias in Nest, that has not *nias*." The F₁ print

250. Lines 355, 356. great many explain forward. Perhaps "Children that per of voice that can be 'top of the questio namely, that point where question and stroke, and the spee censes," therefore, were at the very hei a further sense, such

containing both is first introduced in 1604. It is to the interval therefore that we must look for the explanation. In offering this conjecture we have not lost sight of the fact that after all, remembering how chary Shakespeare is of contemporary allusions, no special occurrence may be hinted at, although in what follows in the Folio edition a satire upon the children's performances was clearly intended."

248. Line 354: *an airy of children*.—This relates, says Steevens, "to the young singing-men of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, of the former of whom perhaps the earliest mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled *The Children of the Chapel Stript and Whipt*: 'Plates will never be suppress, while her maiesties unfetted minions thumt it in silkes and satteens. They had as well be at their popish service in the denils garments,' &c. Again (*ibid.*): 'Enen in her maiesties chapel do these pretty upstart yonthes profane the Lordes day by the lascinious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawlie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets, &c.'

"Concerning the performances and success of the latter in attracting the best company, I also find the following passage in Jack Drums's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine, 1601:

I saw the children of Powles last night;
And troth they pleased me pretty, pretty well,
The apes, in time, will do it hand-somely.
—I like the audience that frequenth there
With much applause: a man shall not be choak'd
With the stench of quick, nor be pock'd
To the hairy jacket of a beer-brewer.
—'T is a good gentle audience, &c.

It is said in Richard Flecknoe's Short Discourse of the English Stage, 1604, that 'both the child' of the chapel and St. Paul's, acted plays, the one White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-house in Paul's; till people growing more precise, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite suppress, and that of the children of the chapel converted to the use of the children of the revels."

249. Line 355: *little EYASE*.—Cotgrave has "*Niais*: A nestling, a young bird taken out of a nest; hence a youngling, novice," &c. The word *eyas* should more probably be *nias*, as it is given in Boyer's French Dictionary: "A *Nias* hawk (a young hawk taken out of the Nest, that has not yet prey'd for her self) *Un faucon auais*." The Ff. print *Fuseas*.

250. Lines 355, 356: *ery out on the top of question*.—A great many explanations of this phrase have been put forward. Perhaps it merely means, as Steevens says: "Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered;" or, in Elze's words: "The 'top of the question' means the top of conversation; namely, that point where the dialogue is most lively, where question and answer follow each other stroke on stroke, and the speakers are most excited. These 'little eyases,' therefore, continually ery out as though they were at the very height of conversation." Perhaps it had a further sense, such as that indicated by Staunton: "The

phrase, derived perhaps from the defiant crowing of a cock upon his midden, really meant, we believe, like—'Stood challenger on mount of all the ages,' to crow over or challenge all comers to a contention. In line [459] Hamlet uses the phrase 'cried in the top,' where it evidently means *crowed over*. Again, in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, the author, alluding to fencers or players at single-stick, talks of 'making them expert till they ery it up in the top of question' [p. 55, Sh. Soc. vol. x.]"

251. Lines 356, 357: *most TYRANNICALLY clapped for't*.—*Tyrannically* is used for outrageously, after the manner of a stage-cyrmant. Elze compares *The Puritan*, l. 4: "I warrant my kinsman's talking of me, for my left ear burns most *tyrannically*."

252. Line 362: *how are they ESCOTED?*.—*Escoted* is from the French *escotter*, which Cotgrave renders: "Every one to pay his shot, or to contribute something towards it."

253. Lines 362-364: *Will they pursue the QUALITY no longer than they can sing?*—The word *quality* was formerly the technical name of players, as its modern equivalent, *profession*, still is. Malone quotes Gosson's *Schools of Abuse*: "I speake not this, as though every one that profeseth the *qualitie* so abused him selfe" (ed. Arber, p. 39). Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. l. 58, where *quality* is used of the company of brigands.

254. Line 365: *common players*; i.e. strolling players. Staunton quotes J. Stephens, *Essays and Characters*, 1615, p. 301: "I prefix an epithete of *common*, to distinguish the base and artlesse appendants of our City companies, which often times start away into rusticall wanderers, and then (like Proteus) start backe again into the City number."

255. Lines 377-379:

Ham. *Do the boys CARRY IT AWAY?*

Ros. *Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.*

Hamlet, in asking the question, uses the words *carry it away* in the sense, common then, of "carrying off the prize." Rosenkrantz takes it literally, and perhaps alludes, as Steevens suggests, to the Globe playhouse, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the globe. "This is humorous," says Warburton solemnly.

256. Line 381: *make moves*.—Qq. print *mouthes*; see *Tempest*, note 128.

257. Line 390-398: *I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw*.—F. A. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, pp. 187, 188, has the following note on this passage: "No adequate explanation of this passage appears to me to be offered by any of the commentators: the proverb 'he doesn't know a hawk from a handsaw,' that is, from a heron, is said to have been a common one, and is found in Ray's Proverbs, p. 196, and in other collections; but the only passage quoted is from Langston's '*Lusus Poeticus*,' 1675 (see Pennant's *British Zoology*, 'The Heron,' quoted in Richardson's Dictionary, *sub voce* *heron*). The corruption of *herushaw* into *handsaw* may have originated in a vulgar

mistake, or in a stupid attempt to be funny on the part of some person.¹

"Of the first part of this, in all the old commentators, I can find no explanation,² and yet I cannot help thinking that the words 'I am but mad north-north-west' must have had some inner meaning, or conveyed a reference to some well-known expression. The only attempt to throw any light on this obscure passage is to be found in the Notes to the 'Clarendon' Hæliut (Oxford, 1872); and for this explanation the editors acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. J. C. Heath, formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I take leave to insert it here:—"The expression obviously refers to the sport of hawking. Most birds, especially one of heavy flight, like the heron, when roused by the falconer or his dog, would fly down or with the wind, in order to escape. When the wind is from the north the heron flies towards the south, and the spectator may be dazzled by the sun, and be unable to distinguish the hawk from the heron. On the other hand, when the wind is southerly, the heron flies towards the north, and it and the pursuing hawk are clearly seen by the sportsman, who then has his back to the sun, and without difficulty knows the hawk from the heronew. A curious reader may further observe that a wind from the precise point north-north-west would be in the eye of the sun at half-past ten in the forenoon, a likely time for hawking, whereas 'southerly' includes a wider range of wind for a good view."

"This explanation is very ingenious; but I should like to have seen it supported by some passages from any of the books on Falconry to which Shakespeare might have had access. I have always thought that Hamlet here meant to intimate to Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern that he was only mad in one direction (i.e. before the King and Court), and that possibly by some gesture he may have indicated his meaning. The hawk and heron are certainly as unlike as any two birds can be; the only point of resemblance between them being that they are both mischievous, for the heron is quite as destructive to fish as the hawk is to game. In the proverb the sense undoubtedly is, 'he does not know a hawk from its prey'; and Hamlet's meaning may be thus expressed: 'I am not so mad that I know a kiawe from a fool, even if that fool be a mischievous one.'"

258. Line 412: *Buz, buz!*—This was an interjection, much used at Oxford, intended to interrupt a tiresome or twice-told story. It is found in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 5. 79 (ed. Littledale, p. 55). Elze notes that in Jonson's *Staple of News* the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emissary Buz.

¹ This corruption, Nares says, had taken place before the time of Shakespeare. *Herneshaw* is explained by Cotgrave as a "shaw of wood where hernes breed," *Hairnouire*; so that Dr. Johnson had better authority for giving this interpretation than Nares supposed. Shaw is an old Saxon word for "shady place."

2 The quotation given by Steevens does not help us much:—

But I perceive now, either the wind is at the south,
Or else your tongue cleaveth to the rooſe of your mouth.

—Damon and Pythias, 1582.

He might just as well have quoted the proverb;—

When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait into the fishes' mouth.

259. Lines 418, 419: *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light*.—A translation of the whole of Seneca's tragedies (Seneca his Tenne Tragedies, translated into English) was published in 1581; a version of the *Mencelmi* of Plautus appeared in 1595. See note on lfi. 2, 93. The first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, was formed on the Senecan model; the first English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, somewhat on the model of Plautus, as the writer avows in his Prologue:

Suche to write neither *Plautus* nor *Terence* dyd spare,
Whiche among the learned at this day beares the bell:
These with such other therein dyd excell.

260. Lines 419–421: *For the law of WRIT and the liberty, these are the only men.*—The sense of these lines has been much debated, and its very existence has even been called in question. But while the phrase is intentionally fanciful, it seems pretty obviously to mean, that the players were equally excellent at written and at extemporary plays. The Q. of 1676 reads *wit*, which some editors adopt.

251. Line 422, *Jephthah*.—*Jephthah* was a popular subject for both tragedies and ballads. In the Stationer's Register there are two entries of ballads, or of the same ballad: the first is in 1567-68—"a ballet intituled the songe of Jephias Doughter at his death"—the second, Dec. 14, 1621, "Jetta Judge of Israel." This ballad was communicated to Percy by Steevens, and inserted in the second edition of the *Reliques*, 1757. Halliwell gives a facsimile of a *proper new ballad, intituled, Jephia Judge of Israel*, of which the first stanza is as follows:

I read that many years ago,
When Jephthah Judge of Israel,
Had one fair Daughter and no more,
Whom he loved so passing well.
And as by lot God wot,
It came to passe most like it was,
Great wars there should be,
and who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.

262. Line 437: *the pious chanson*.—This is the reading of Q_q, (further confirmed by the parallel passage in Q_q: “the first verse of the godly Ballet”). F.1 has *Pons Chanson*, an obvious misprint, which some editors have endeavoured to torture into a meaning. Hunter (New Illustrations, vol. ii, p. 232) truly declares that the French term *fo*, a trivial ballad, *chanson du Pont Neuf*, is also used in the form *pons chanson*, which, however, no one but himself seems to have met with.

263. Lines 438, 439: *for look, where my* ABRIDGMENT COMES.—Ff. print *Abridgements come*. The sense is probably a mixed one. Hamlet means (or at least expresses by his words) that the players abridge his present talk, and also refers to them by a term used of dramatic entertainments. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 39, 40:

Johnson noted that *abridgment* might also be used in the sense of "brief chronicles of the time."

264. Lines 442, 443; *thy face is VALANCED* since I saw thee last,—Ff. unsprint *valiant*. *Valanced* of course means, “fringed with a beard.”

265 Line 447: a
ney, was the name of
Italy. Duncane and
account we have con-
p. 262: "There is of
and some others dw-
to the signiory of
(think) amongst a
which is common
goeth without it, e-
made of wood a-
some with white, as
chapiney, which I
they are curiously
seen fairly gilt; so
it is pity this fool
exterminated out of
chapineys of a great
maketh many of the
much taller than the
Also I have heard
much the nobler a-
her *chapineys*. Al-
wives and widows
and supported cry-
abroad, to the end
most commonly by
quickly take a fall".
his Journal (l. 190)
citizens might not
cuts in Cesare Vec-
that by this time the
from the ladies to
have been introd-
Alley, v. 1;

To see a boy
As if her nose
A silly flower

266. Lines 448, 449
was a ring or circle
which the sovereign
extended from the
rendered unfit for
netic Lady, and C
The expression, wh
largely illustrated

267. Lines 449, 450. *ly at any thing u*
skit at the French
have been as ind
present day. But
compliment, for Sh
p. 116, says that
been the first und
of Europe," and of
Navarre, "which
buzard, two who
away."

268. Line 457: 't a
seems to have been

265 Line 447: *a chopine*.—*Chopine, chapine*, or *chapi-ney*, was the name given to a high shoe, worn chiefly in Italy. Dounce and Fairholt give illustrations. The best account we have of them is in Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 262: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome: which is common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, a thing made of wood and covered with leathor of sundry colors, some with white, some with redde, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pittie this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the cittie. There are many of these *chapineys* of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short, seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her *chapineys*. All their gentlewomen and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported cyther by men or women, when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Elze observes that though Evelyn, in his journal (i. 190), says that at Venice courtesans or citizens might not wear *chopines*, it is evident from the cuts in Cesare Vecellii's *Habiti Antichi e Moderni*, 1590, that by this time the custom of wearing them had passed from the ladies to the courtesans. The custom seems to have been introduced from the East. Compare Ram Alley, v. 1:

O, 'tis fine
To see a bride trip it to church so lightly.
As if her new chopines would scorn to bruise
A silly dower. —Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. x. p. 367.

266. Lines 448, 449: *cracked within the ring*.—"There was a ring or circle on the coin," says Dounce, "within which the sovereign's head was placed: if the crack extended from the edge beyond the ring the coin was rendered unfit for currency." Compare Johnson's *Magnetic Lady*, and Gifford's note (Works, vol. vi. p. 76). The expression, which is used in *sous-entendre*, may be largely illustrated from Elizabethan plays.

267. Lines 449, 450: *We'll e'en to't like French fatooners, / At any thing we see*.—This is sometimes taken for a skit at the French "sportman" of that time, who may have been as indiscriminate as his descendant of the present day. But it may rather have been meant as a compliment, for Sir Thomas Browne, *Miscellany Tracts*, p. 116, says that "the French artists" "seem to have been the first and noblest fatooners in the western part of Europe," and on p. 118 refers to a fatoon of Henry of Navarre, "which Scalliger saith, he saw strike down a buzzard, two wild geese, divers kites, a crane and a swain."

268. Line 457: *'t was CAVIARE to THE GENERAL*.—*Caviare* seems to have been an object of wonder and almost of dread

in Shakespeare's day. Elze quotes Cartwright, *The Ordinary*, ii. 1:

Twelve yards of sausage by, instead of match,
And *caveary* then prepar'd for wild-fire.

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 236.

Reed quotes Giles Fletcher, who in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 41, says that in Russia they have "divers kinds of fish very good and delicate: as the Bellouga and Bellongina of four or five elnes long, the Ostrina and Sturgeon, but not so thick or long. Then four kind of fish breed in the Wolgha and are catched in great plenty, and served thence into the whole realme for a good food. Of the roes of these four kinds they make very great store of scary or *caveary*." For the general, in the sense of the general public, compare *Measure for Measure*, ii. 4. 27, 28:

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part.

269. Lines 462-464: *there were no SALLETS in the lines to make the matter savoury*.—*Sallet* is simply another form of *salad* (used again in II. Henry VI. iv. 10. 9; see also All's Well, iv. 5. 18). Boyer gives it as the English of "une salade." Pope altered *sallets* to *salts* and then to *salt*, which Gifford approved of, on the strength of a line in one of Jonson's epigrams:

I have no salt, no bawdry he doth mean.

—Works, vol. viii. p. 177.

But there is no need for any change. Cotgrave defines *Vinaigrettes*: "*Sallets* or *sawces* which be seasoned with much vinegar; any hearbs or fruits in pickle"—showing that a *sallet* was not necessarily wanting in piquancy.

270. Line 469: *Aeneas' tale of Dido*.—Very different opinions have been expressed by the commentators as to the lines that Hamlet quotes, and his evident admiration of them. Pope very naturally took the view that "this whole speech of Hamlet is purely ironical; he seems to commend the play to expose the bombast of it." Warburton lengthily, and on the whole admirably, argues to the contrary, thinking "that Hamlet spoke with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity of the sublime of this production." This he reasons, "first, from the character Hamlet gives of the play from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And, thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience." The really final words on the subject have been said by Coleridge: "His admirable substitution of the epic for the dramatic, giving such a reality to the impassioned dramatic diction of Shakespeare's own dialogue, and authorized too by the actual style of the tragedies before his time (Porrex and Perrex, Titus Andronicus, &c.), is well worthy of notice. The fancy that a burlesque was intended sinks below criticism; the lines, as epic narrative, are superb. In the thoughts, and even in the separate parts of the diction, this description is highly poetical: in truth, taken by itself, this is its fault, that it is too poetical!—the language of lyric vehemence and epic pomp, and not of the drama. But if Shakespeare had made the diction truly dramatic, where would have been the contrast between Hamlet and the play in Hamlet!" It is probable that the lines in Hamlet were composed with some reference to a passage in

Marlowe and Nashe's Dido, Queen of Carthage, which Steevens discovered. The passage is in li. 1:

Æneas. At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
And, after him, his band of myrmidons,
With balls of wildfire in their murderous paws,
Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;
All which hemmed me about, crying "This is he!"

Dido. Ha! how could poor Æneas scape their hands?

Æn. My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
Conveyed me from their crooked nets and bands;
So I escaped the furious Pyrrhus' wrath;
And, at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
About whose withered neck hung Hecuba,
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both
Beating their breasts, and galling on the ground,
He with his falchion's point raised up at once,
And with Megæra's eyes stared in their face,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance;
To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke:—

"Achilles' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turned!
King of this city, but my Troy is fired!
And now am neither father, lord, nor king!
Yet who so wretched hath desires to live?
Oh, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

Dido. O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.

Æn. At which the frantic queen leaped on his face,
And in his eyelids nanging by the nails,
A little while prolonged her husband's life.
At last, the soldiers pulled her by the heels,
And swing her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
Whereat, he lifted up his bed-ridden limbs,
And would have groped with Achilles' son,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
Which he, disdaining, whisked his sword about,
And with the wind thereof the king fell down;
Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripped old Priam, at whose latter gasp,
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,
At loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.
Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
And dipp'd it in the king's chill-cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughtered men;
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.

—Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 258.

On this Strachey observes, I think justly, that "though there is not a line, hardly a thought of it, the same as the passage which the player recites, and which is of course Shakespeare's own, still the style is so like, that the audience would probably have been reminded of Marlowe's play, and so have experienced the sensation of hearing real men quoting a real play; nay, if they retained only a general recollection of the original, might have supposed that the quotation was actually from Marlowe's Tragedie of Dido, Queen of Carthage."

271. Line 472: *the Hyrcanian beast*.—See note 178 to

1 This very close parallel with Shakespeare's "whiff and wind of his fell sword" rests on the authority of an emendation (certainly most probable) made by Collier. The original has *wound*.

Merchant of Venice. Compare the play cited above, Dido, Queen of Carthage, v. 2:

But though art spring from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck,

—Marlowe's Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 272.

272. Line 479: *Now is he total GULES*.—*Gules* signifies red, in what Steevens calls "the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry." The word is from the French *gules*, a spelling apparently hinted at in the misprint of F. 1: *to take Gules*. The word occurs again in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 59:

With man's blood paint the ground, *gules, gules*.

273. Line 479: *trick'd*.—This is another heraldic term, meaning literally, to describe in drawing. Boyer has: "To trick in painting, *Croquer, ébaucher, dessiner grossièrement*." Here of course it is used figuratively for smeared.

274. Line 481: *impasted*.—William Thomas, Italian Grammar, 1567, has: "*Iupastato*, impasted or railed with dirt." Caldecott compares Richard II. iii. 2. 153, 154:

And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as *pate* and cover to our bones.

275. Lines 495, 496:

*But with the whiff and wind of that fell sword
The unnerved father falls.*

Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 40, 41:

When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword.

276. Lines 508, 509:

*anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the REGION.*

Boyer has: "The three Regions (or Parts) of the Air, *Les trois régions de l'air*." The word is used by Shakespeare in the general sense of the upper air in Son. xxxiii. 12:

The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now;

Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 20-22:

her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Compare, too, li. 2. 606 below.

277. Line 512: *On MARS HIS armour, forg'd for proof ETERNE*.—Qq. have *Marses*, Ff. *Mars his*, but misprint *Armours*. *Eterne* is used by Shakespeare in Macbeth, iii. 2. 38:

But in them nature's copy's not *etern*.

278. Line 522: *he's for a jig*.—*Jig* was formerly used, not only for a dance, but for "a ludicrous metrical composition." The word is from the Italian *giga*, originally meaning a fiddle; the word was thus at first spelt *gigge* in English. Cotgrave has: "Paree: f. A (fond and dissonant) Play, Comedie, or Enterlude; also, the Jyg at the end of an Enterlude, wherein some pretie knaerie is acted." Florio has: "*Frottole*, a countrie gigge, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verse."

279. Line 525: *the y-mbled queen*.—F. 1, by a misprint corrected in F. 2, reads *ynbled*. The word was probably archaic in Shakespeare's time. It seems to have been a corruption of "muddled." Warburton quotes Samlys, Travels, vol. i. p. 69, ed. 1637, who says, speaking of the Turkish women: "their heads and faces are so *muddled*

in fine linen, that no eyes: Farmer quotes

The me

It seems generally

roughly or untidily.

had a "clout" upon

280. Line 529: *It's*

blind.—*Blisson*, blind

in Coriolanus, li. 1.

is become in Ff. See

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reading of Q₄); bu

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281. Line 536: *W*

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Count Arden. Sam

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And in a tragick sce

When fell revenging

And artificial wounds

And thinks it a more

Than trust a female

282. Line 540: *Wo*

of heaven.—Dryden

sida, 1679, says: "H

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283. Lines 565-568:

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in fine linen, that nothing is to be seen of them but their eyes." Farmer quotes Shirley's Gentleman of Venice:

The moon does *moble* up herself.

It seems generally to be used in the sense of muffling roughly or nuttily. Below we are told that the Queen had a "clout" upon her head.

280. Line 529: *With bisson rheum; a clout UPON that held. Bisson*, blind, used here for blinding, occurs again in *Carolianns*, li. 1. 70: "*bisson* conspectivities," where it is *besonne* in Ff. See note 104 to that play.—The Ff. and many editors after them, read *about* instead of *upon* (the reading of Qq.); but it is past belief that Shakespeare should have made such a wretched jingle as "a clout about." Q. 1 has a *kercher* on that head.

281. Line 536: *When she saw Pyrrhus, &c.*—Elze compares Marston's *Insatiate Countesse*, l. 1, where, as he says, "there is a remarkable allusion, not only to this passage, but to the whole of *Aeneas*' tale."

Count Arsena. Sancta Maria! what thinkst thou of this change?
A players passion lie beleve hereafter,
And I in a tragique scene weep for old Priam,
When fell revenging Pirrius with supposse
And artificiall wounds mangles his breast,
And thinke it a more worthy act to me,
Than trust a female mourning ore her love.

282. Line 540: *Would have made MILCH the burning eyes of heaven.*—Dryden, in his Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, 1679, says: "His making milch the burning eyes of heaven was a pretty tolerable flight too; and I think no man ever drew milk out of eyes before him; yet to make the wonder greater, these eyes were burning." The word *milch* was, however, used in a free sense for moist, as in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, xlii. 171: "exhaling the *milch* dew" (quoted by Steevens). Douce compares the expression "*milche*-hearted" in Hulet's *Abcedarium*, 1552, rendered "Icnosus;" and cites *Bibliotheca Eliote*, 1545: "*Icnos*, they that weep lyghtly."

283. Lines 565-568: *You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?*—Did Hamlet write his dozen or sixteen lines, and if so, where are they to be found? This question has been largely, but, as I think, fruitlessly discussed. Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke held that Hamlet's lines are to be found in iii. 2. 196-225, on the ground that the diction is different from that of the remainder of the dialogue, and signally like Hamlet's own argumentative mode. Professor Seeley (and, on a hint from him, Mr. Furnivall) independently decided on the same passage. A very elaborate discussion of the subject will be found in the New Shakspeare Society's *Transactions*, 1874, pp. 165-198. A great many cobwebs were brushed away by a subsequent paper of Ingelby's, read before the New Sh. Soc. on Feb. 9, 1877. A summary of it is given in *Furness*, vol. I. pp. 250, 251, from which I quote. Dr. Ingelby maintains his view that "the court play is but a part of Hamlet; that Hamlet writes no speech at all, whether of six, twelve, or sixteen lines, nor recites such a speech; Shakespeare simply wrote the entire play, *not* writing any additions in person *Hamlet*; still less writing an addition to a play which he had previously written in the character of the author of an Italian morality. . . . In real life a Hamlet might compose and insert a few lines to add

point and force to an ordeal, like that of the court-play, to which the flittitious Hamlet subjects the supposed criminal; . . . [but] to suppose that Shakespeare in composing Hamlet followed out the exact course that a real living prince would have followed, is to impute to him a lack of the simplest art of the playwright, and a neglect of the artifices which the drama places at his command."

Dr. Ingelby hereupon argues that Shakespeare's reason for making the allusion to certain lines to be inserted was to give himself an opportunity of bringing in the scene in which Hamlet instructs the players; this opportunity once provided, nothing more is heard of the lines, or need be. Furness adds, in one of his too infrequent notes: "It is to task the credulity of an audience too severely to represent the possibility of Hamlet's finding an old play exactly fitted to Claudius's crime, not only in the plot, but in all the accessories, even to a single speech which should tent the criminal to the very quick. In order, therefore, to give an air of probability to what every one would feel to be thus highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines. Not that such lines were actually inserted, but, mindful of this proposal of Hamlet's, the spectator is prepared to listen to a play which is to imkenel the King's occulted guilt in a certain speech: the verisimilitude of all the circumstances is thus maintained. . . . The discussion, therefore, that has arisen over these 'dozen or sixteen lines' is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art."

284. Line 580: *That, from her working, all his vision WAX'D.*—Qq. print *wand*; Ff. *warm'd*, which makes a good sense of its own, and has been followed by several editors. *Wann'd*, however, is decidedly the more expressive word. The same word occurs, in all probability, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 1. 20, 21:

But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy *wann'd* lip—

where the Ff. print *wand*, generally printed, in modern editions, *waned*. See note 90 to the play.

285. Line 594: *peak; i.e. pine away*; here used more in the sense of mope. Compare *Macbeth*, l. 3. 22, 23:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, *peak*, and pine.

286. Line 595: *John-a-dreams.*—This seems to have been a colnage of Shakespeare's on the lines of the numerous John and Jack nicknames current in his time, such as John-a-droyne (a nickname for a sleepy, apathetic fellow), Jack-a-lent, Jack-a-lantern, &c. The only other mention of *John-a-dreams* that has been found is in Arncliffe's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608: "His name is John, indeede, saies the einnick; but neither John a nols, nor John a dreames, yet either as you take it" (*Sh. Soc.*, vol. x. p. 49).

287. Line 598: *A dam'd DEFEAT was made.*—*Defeat* is used here in the sense of destruction. Steevens compares Chapman's *Revenge for Honour*:

That he might meantime make a sure *defeat*
On our good aged father's life.

For the word in this sense as a verb, compare *Othello*, iv. 2. 160, and see note 217 to that play.

288. Lines 602, 603: *ha? 'S wounds*.—F. 1 has *Ha? Why*; Q. 1, *Sure*. Elze very reasonably suggests that *Ha* and *Why* are both "substitutions for the objectionable oath 'S wounds, the elimination of which has caused an evident confusion in the text, in so far as Q. 2 contains the oath as well as its substitute, and F. 1 offers two substitutes at one and the same time."

289. Line 612: *That I, the son of a dear FATHER murderer'd*.—This is (but for variations of spelling) the reading of Q. 4; the earlier Qq. and the Ff. omit the word *father*—a construction which Halliwell attempts, very lamely, to defend on the analogy of our common phrase "the dear departed." Q. 1 confirms the reading of Q. 4: *that I the sonne of my deare father*.

290. Lines 617-623:

*I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play, &c.*

Compare Massinger, The Roman Actor, ii. 1:

I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him;

and A Warning for Faire Women, 1599 (quoted by Todd):

He tell you, sir, one more to quite your tale
A woman that had made away her husband,
And sitting to behold a tragedy
At Linne a towne in Norfolk,
Acted by players traouelling that way,
Wherein a woman that had murdered hers
Was euer haunted with her husband's ghost:
The passion written by a feeling pen,
And acted by a good tragedian,
She was so moued by the sight thereof,
As she cried out, the play was made for her,
And openly confest her husband's murder.

Hicwood, in his Apology for Actors (Sh. Soc. vol. vii p. 57-59), refers to this incident, and to another which took place at Amsterdam.

291. Lines 632, 633:

*I'll have grounds
More relative than this.*

The best comment which has been made on these lines is to be found in Mr. Irving's acting. As Marshall says, Study of Hamlet, p. 153: "He takes his tablets out of his pocket before speaking the words—

I'll have grounds

More relative than this.

The precise meaning of the word 'this' and what it refers to never seemed very clear; but this action explains it. In the first act, after the Ghost has left him, it will be remembered that Hamlet has written down in his tablets that Clandius was a villain. These same tablets he holds now in his hand; in them he is going to put down some ideas for the speech which he intends to introduce into the play to be performed before Clandius, with the object of making—

his occulted guilt
itself unkennel . . .

(Act III. scene 2, lines 85, 86.)

Can there be any more natural action than this, that he should touch these tablets with the other hand while he says

I'll have grounds

More relative than this;

i.e., 'than this record of my uncle's guilt which I made after the interview with my father's spirit?'

ACT III. SCENE I.

292. Line 1: *drift* of CIRCUMSTANCE.—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *conference*. The Clarendon Press edd. refer to a somewhat similar use of the words *drift* and *circumstance* in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 113, 114. Compare also ii. 1. 10 of this play:

By this encompassment and *drift* of question;
and i. 5. 127: "without more *circumstance* at all."

293. Line 3: *grating*.—This word is only used in its present sense (that of "disturbing") in one other passage of Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 18.

294. Lines 13, 14:

*Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.*

Much needless trouble has been taken to square this courtly speech with the real facts of the case. Rosenkrantz (who, it will be noticed, was better treated by Hamlet than was his companion) is evidently trying, in all his speeches here, to counteract the unfavourable reports of Guildenstern.

295. Line 17: *o'er-raught*; *i.e.* overreached, and thus overtook, as indeed (*o're-took*) F. 3 reads here. In all the other passages where Shakespeare uses the verb "to overreach" he uses it in its more ordinary sense of "to trick." Compare v. i. 87 of this same play. Steevens quotes from Spenser, Faerie Queene, book vi. canto iii.:

Having by chance a close advantage view'd
He *o'er-raught* him.

296. Line 19: *they are ABOUT the court*.—Qq. have *heere about*. Probably *here* may have been originally written, and omitted on account of the word *heav* earlier in the line.

297. Line 27: *And drive his purpose ON to these delights*.—So Ff. Qq. have *into*, and the reading is followed in some of the older editions.

298. Lines 30, 31:

*That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
AFFRONT Ophelia.*

Affront is used here in the sense of confront, encounter, as it always is in Shakespeare. Compare the three other instances in which the word occurs: Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 172-174:

That my integrity and truth to you
Might be *affronted* with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

Cymbeline, iv. 3. 29, 30:

Your preparation can *affront* no less
Than what you hear of;

and Winter's Tale, v. 1. 73-75:

Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Elze quotes Greene's Tu Quoque: "Only, sir, this I must caution you of, in your *affront* or salute, never to move

your hat" (Hazzitt's is mentioned that one of by Narcs is incorrect. sh.

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Reference to the con here used as a verb ally in the sense of i Turchi avea qti."

299. Line 32: *taufu* Qq. On *espials* Sing *espiall* in warres, a sec 1 Henry VI. note 93.

300. Line 43: *Grac* addressing the King coming from the ove istic—a feebly joose

301. Lines 59, 60: Or to take arm And by opposi

This rapid and count great deal of commec numerous attempts to expression to a lite pleadings which req suggestion, "The 's accepted really as e the Clarendon Press fully expressed by which break in up metaphors are the intuitive flashes; an unrivalled. Swift a requirement of a n long way after, and saw, if by so doing or render be increa expression a sea of t xaxax the? axaxa. Sin letter from Dr. Furr May 29, 1889, on the bearing on Hamlet's it, though I don't and less treck" wi quest of so far-fete Elian and those fro The still Lion, 187 "Shakspeare critics make clear the mea

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because they have Gauls, and Kimbri, the oncoming billio themselves were dr be equivalent to H that the sad critic not had recourse to tribute those who l once knew—Cohn's

your hut" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. xi. p. 265). It may be mentioned that one of the quotations for this word given by Nares is incorrect. Nares quotes Fairfax's *Tasso*, ix. 89:

A thousand hardy Turks *affront* he had.

Reference to the context will show that *affront* is not here used as a verb meaning to encounter, but adverbially in the sense of in front. *Tasso* merely says: "Mille Turchi avea qñi."

299. Line 32: *lawful espials*.—These words are not in Qq. On *espials* Singer quotes Baret's *Alvearie*: "An *espiall* in warres, a scoutwatch, a beholder, a viewer." See 1 Henry VI. note 93.

300. Line 43: *Kingius*.—This very peculiar mode of addressing the King is, I fancy, intentionally peculiar. Coming from the over-familiar Polonius it is characteristic—a feebly jocose familiarity.

301. Lines 59, 60:

*Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.*

This rapid and commingled metaphor has given rise to a great deal of commentary. I do not think that any of the numerous attempts which have been made to reduce the expression to a literal consistency—desperate special pleadings which reach a climax in Hackett's profound suggestion, "The 'sea' here is the *heart*," &c.—can be accepted really as explanations. Shakespeare's idea, as the Clarendon Press edd. very sensibly say, "would be fully expressed by 'take arms against a host of troubles which break in upon us like a sea.'" Shakespeare's metaphors are the result, not of careful seeking, but of intuitive flashes; and for swift expressiveness they are unrivalled. Swift and subtle expressiveness is the first requirement of a metaphor; minute accuracy comes a long way after, and can be dispensed with, as Shakespeare saw, if by so doing the effect on the mind of the hearer or reader be increased. Theobald has noted that the expression *a sea of troubles* is the equivalent of the Greek *κακοῦ θαλάσσης*. Since this was written, a very interesting letter from Dr. Furnivall has appeared in the Academy. May 29, 1889, on the metaphor, *a sea of troubles*, and its bearing on Hamlet's argument. I give the main part of it, though I don't whether Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" was equal to so much research in the quest of so far-fetched a metaphor. The passage from *Ælian* and those from *Aristotle* are quoted by Ingleby in *The Still Lion*, 1874, pp. 88, 89. Dr. Furnivall writes: "Shakespeare critics and students have hitherto failed to make clear the meaning of Hamlet's

*Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them,*

because they have not been able to show that the Kelts, Gauls, and Kimbri, who were said to take arms against the oncoming billows and resist them, fought till they themselves were drowned, so that the lines above must be equivalent to Hamlet's 'not to be.' The reason is, that the said critics and students have, in their pride, not had recourse to that most helpful refuge for the destitute—those who have forgotten the little classics they once knew—Bohn's Library translations, and found in

Strabo's Geography, Book VII., ch. li. § 1, englisht by Falconer (Bohn, 1854, p. 449):

Neither is it true, as has been related, that the Kimbri² take arms against the flood-tides, or that the Kelts, as an exercise of their intrepidity, suffer their houses to be washed away by them, and afterward rebuild them—

with the notes:

"On turning up the Nicolas-of-Damascus passage in the 'Excerpts and Fragments from the Histories of the Greek Nicolas of Damascus, with a Latin Version, Leipsic, 1804,' p. 144-5, I find that it runs thus . . . [in English]

Kelts living near the sea think it disgraceful to fly from a falling wall or house.

When a high wave [or tide] comes upon them from the sea, they meet it and withstand it till they are washed down [destroyed], that they, flying [taking to flight], may not be thought to fear death.

"The fair inference from this passage is, that Hamlet's words, 'by opposing, end them,' mean 'die,' though they seem to mean 'fight evils and conquer them.' It also follows that 'To be, or not to be,' applies to this life, as most folks hold, and not to the future life; and that 'Whether 'tis Nobler' to 'end them' is in apposition to, and expands 'To be, or not to be,' and is not an introductory adverb-clause to it, as some able men think, as if the sense was, 'Whether it is nobler to suffer ills here, or resist them, the question is, is there a future life.' Shakespeare, no doubt, got his sea-metaphor—first, from an after continuer of Hollinshed: 'A Registre of Histories written in Greeke by Ælianus, a Romane, and deuinered in Englishe . . . by Abraham Fleming.' London, 1576. the Twelfth Booke, leaf 127, back:

OF THE AUDACITIE AND BOULDNES OF THE PEOPLE CELTÆ.

The people *Celtæ* are most ready, and able, to take any kinde of dangerous aduenture, and are not afrayde of any blustering storme.

They count runninge away so reprochfull, that oftentimes they will scarce moue when a house is ruinous, and ready to fall vpon their heades, or when it burneth eagerly in euery corner, and is in a bright flame round about them: Moreouer some of them are so bouldre, or rather desperate, that they throw themselves into y^e fowey floodes with their swordes drawne in their handes, and shaking their luelines, as though they were of force and violence to withstand the rough waues, to resist the strength of the streame, and to make the floodes affraide least they should be wounded with their weapons.

"But Shakespeare might also well have seen the passage above from Nicolas of Damascus (born 64 B.C.), for it had appeared in print in 1593—at Heidelberg, says the Museum Catalogue; Geneva, the *Bibliog. Univ.*—both in its original Greek and a Latin translation opposite, by N. Cragius. . . .

"The first Quarto of 'Hamlet' (1603) has not the allusion to the Celtic custom, but only reads in sc. vi. (after II. ii. 169):

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all.

"Aristotle, says Mr. W. A. Harrison, refers to the Kelts

¹ Aristotle, *Ethics, Eudem.*, lib. iii., cap. 1, Nicolas of Damascus, and Ælian, *Var. Histor.*, lib. xii., cap. 23, have attributed the like extravagant proceedings to the Kelts or Gauls. Nicolas of Damascus, *Reliq.*, pp. 272, 273, says that the Kelts resist the tides of the ocean with their swords in their hands, till they perish in the waters, in order that they may not seem to fear death by taking the precaution to fly.

² The Kimbri inhabited Denmark and the adjacent regions, p. 592.

in the *Nicomachean* as well as in the *Eudemian Ethics* (Book III., cap. 1). The latter passage is:

He is not a brave man who exposes himself to danger knowingly, in consequence of fury (*ἡ δὲ θυμὸς*), like the Celts who take up arms and rush upon the waves of the sea. . . .

"The former passage is in the *Nicomachean Ethics* (Book III., cap. 4, vii.):

But the man who, like the Celts, fears nothing, neither earthquake nor waves, may be called, not courageous, but rather mad or insensate.

Mr. Irving sends the following note, giving a somewhat different view of the passage, from "God in Shakspeare," by "Clelia," 1890:

"In modern editions there is always a note of interrogation (?) where in the 1623 edition there was a colon (:).

. . . If a note of interrogation (?) in the fifth line were correct, we should have the question asked, "Is it nobler in the mind to consent to life or to consent to suicide?" And the question would be thus answered: "It is nobler in the mind to consent to suicide, because death is more desirable than life, and because a brave man should risk the mere possibility that the soul may be immortal, and that present conduct may affect injuriously happiness in another world." But if this be, as indeed it is, completely unsatisfactory as an answer to the question supposed, then surely it will be our bounden duty to the poet to examine the opening lines as originally printed not as a question, and to accept the meaning they shall then appear to have, if any, and if less in conflict with the soliloquy as a whole. Is it noble in the mind at all to do what is simply desirable? And when the mind acknowledges the possibility of immortality, acknowledges a portentous risk in suicide, can it be considered noble in the mind to be reckless of this risk? No, to both questions. . . .

"My final reason for not accepting this 'emendation, this grotesque protest against itself—?, is that there was never any need to change the colon in the 1623 edition, even if a question was asked. But no question was asked, and so the change entirely destroyed the sense of this whole soliloquy. I will now restore the sense, so long lost. Here it is in paraphrase: "Whether it is nobler in the mind to bear evil or resist it, after all the great question is, Is there a life after death? If there be not, let death come and end all. If there be,—ah, that is the thought which makes men endure the ills of life. Conscience makes cowards of them. They dare not die. And thus, conscience, and thinking generally, stand as with me in the way of action."

302 Line 65: *ay, there's the rub*.—See Richard II. note 242. The word is a technical term in the game of bowls.

303. Line 67: *When we have shuffled off this mortal coil*.—The word *coil* is often used by Shakespeare in its old sense (not yet quite evaporated) of turmoil or trouble-some confusion. *This mortal coil* might thus mean what Poe terms "the fever called living." There is also the other sense of *coil*, as in a *coil* of ropes; so that with the general idea of turmoil there may be a special reference to something coiled round the body, entangling and fettering it, or to the body as what Fletcher (Bondeua, iv. 1) calls the "case of flesh."

304 Line 70: *the whips and scorns of TIME*.—It is not

perhaps necessary to take *time* as necessarily meaning "the times," but the word had formerly that signification. Hunter (Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. 240) quotes the following example from Taylor the Water-Poet:

Mock'd in rhyme,
And made the only scornful theme of *time*;

and the Clarendon Press ed., giving the quotation, add another from Southwell, Saint Peter's Complaint, stanza v. l. 4, p. 12, ed. Grosart:

The scorn of *Time*, the infamy of Fame.

305. Line 71: *the PROUD man's continually*.—The *ff*. have *poore* in place of the *proud* of Qq. The latter seems decidedly the most expressive, and has been adopted all but universally. The two expressions are of course really synonymous, only, as Corson remarks (Jottings on the Text of Hamlet, p. 24): "the genitive is differently used: in the first, it is objective, 'the poor man's continually,' meaning the continually or contemptuous treatment the poor man suffers; in the second, it is subjective, 'the proud man's continually,' meaning the continually or contemptuous treatment the proud man exercises." Johnson acutely remarks that "Hamlet, in his enunciation of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations only are exposed." To Mr. Furness it is "evident that Shakespeare is speaking in his own person;" but why? Surely it is not necessary to suffer all "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" in order to record them burningly in a dramatic soliloquy.

306. Line 72: *The pangs of DESPIS'D love*.—This is the reading of Q. 2 and Q. 3; the *ff*. have *dispriz'd*, i.e. undervalued, which a few editors adopt, including Furness, who defends the reading not only on sentimental grounds, but as *anterior lectio*. The word *disprize* occurs once elsewhere in the Folio, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 74: *disprizing* the Knight oppos'd," where the Q. has *misprizing*. Either reading gives an admirable sense, and Corson throws out an ingenious suggestion on behalf of the *ff*. by saying that "a disprized or undervalued love, a love that is only partially appreciated and responded to, would be apt to suffer more pangs than a despised love." This subtle point in love's easiness can only be elucidated by the help of those whom it particularly concerns.

307. Line 75: *quietus*.—This is a legal term, from the writ beginning *Quietus est*, for an acquittance or settlement of account. Compare the Italian form of receipt, "per quietanza." Cotgrave has: "*Descharge*: f. *A discharge; acquittance; Quietus est*." Compare Sonnet cxxvi. 11, 12:

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her *quietus* is to render thee:

and see also Webster, Duchess of Malfy, i. 1:

And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est*. —Works, vol. i. p. 198.

308. Line 76: *a bare bodkin*.—*Bodkin* is an old word for a dagger. Chancer uses it in speaking of the murder of Cesar (Monkes Tale, i. 714, ed. Morris):

And in the capitol anon him hent
This false Brutus, and his other foen,
And stiked him with *bodekyngs* anon.

Ranolph uses the word
Mises Looking Glass,

App. A rapier
Dei. And a bodkin
Is a most danger
Of Julius Caesar
into a barber's

In Scott's Discoverie of
p. 201) there is a cut
tricks. Perhaps, how-
study of Hamlet, "but
but a woman's bodkin
'stylus' (See the pas-
sionary *sub* 'Bodkin,'
tains 'doe nothing
sharp point of a *bodkin*
through.) I think the
to mention the most
could take away his li-

309. Line 76: *who would fardels*, which is per-
not improved, the sun
together of all the evils
term, *these fardels*. T.
Cotgrave has "*Fardels*
bundle." Furness qu-
"after these days we
to Jerusalem." Shako-
in The Winter's Tale
4th and 5th acts, alwa-
with Perdita (see note

310. Line 77: *To GRUNT*.—The word *grunt* has
several testimonies to
berville nor Stanyhute
translates "suprem-
grunts" but then S.
four books of the E.
most outrageous spe-
Chaucer, however, has
But never g-

And Cotgrave defines
groane, grumble, &c.
Nicholas Grimald's T.

Here *grunts*, here g-

And in Arnulf's Nest
"the fat foolies of this
bunch," &c.

Pope of course altered
colour for his linguist
Julius Cesar, iv. 1. 2.

To groan:

Groat was first intro-

311. Lines 79, 80:

The undiscover'd
No traveller is

It certainly seems st-
ance to this sentiment

Ranolph uses the word in the same connection in The Muses Looking Glass, 1638, li. 2:

App. A rapier's but a bodkin.

Der. And a bodkin

Is a most dangerous weapon: since I read
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a barber's shop for fear of bodkins.

—Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 202.

In Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft (Nicholson's Reprint, p. 241) there is a cut of these *bodkins* used in juggling tricks. Perhaps, however, as Mr. Marshall says in his study of Hamlet, "*bodkin* here does not mean dagger, but a woman's bodkin, or perhaps a 'writing steel,' or 'stylus' (See the passage quoted in Richardson's Dictionary *sub* 'Bodkin,' from Holland's translation of Suetonius: 'doe nothing else but catch flies, and with the sharp point of a *bodkin* or writing-steel prick them through.) I think there is no doubt that Hamlet wishes to mention the most contemptible instrument which could take away his life" (p. 156, *u.*).

309. Line 76: *who would FARDELS bear*.—Ff. have these *fardels*, which is perhaps right, as, though the metre is not improved, the sense gains somewhat by the massing together of all the evils specified, under the contemptuous term, *these fardels*. The word means a bundle or burden. Cotgrave has "*Pardeau*: a fardle, burthen, trusse, packe, hamle." Furness quotes Acts xxi. 15, version of 1581: "after these days we trussed up our *fardels* and went up to Jerusalem." Shakespeare uses the word only here and in The Winter's Tale, where it recurs many times in the 4th and 5th acts, always in reference to the bundle found with Perdita (see note 203).

310. Line 77: *To GRUNT and sweat under a weary life*.—The word *grunt* has seen better days. Stevens quotes several testimonies to its respectability; but neither Turberville nor Stanyhurst is a great authority. The latter translates "*supremum congenitum*"—"for sighing it *grunts*" but then Stanyhurst's translation of the first four books of the *Æneid* (Leyden, 1582) is probably the most outrageous specimen extant of printed English. Chaucer, however, has (Monkes Tale, line 718, ed. Morris):

But never *grunt* he at no strook but oon.

And Cotgrave defines *gronder*, "*. . . also to grunt, groane, grumble, &c.*" In Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, in Nicholas Grimald's The death of Zoroas, &c., we have:

Here *grunts*, here grones, echwhere strong youth is spent.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 120.

And in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608, we find:

"the fat foolcs of this age will *gronte* and *sweat* under this massie burden," &c.

—Sh. Soc. ed. Collier, p. 26.

Pope of course altered *grunt* into *groan*, having a certain colour for his linguistic prudery in the following line in Julius Cæsar, iv. 1. 22:

To *groan* and sweat under the business.

Groan was first introduced into the text in the Q. of 1676.

311. Lines 79, 80:

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.

It certainly seems strange that Hamlet should give utterance to this sentiment when he has just had "ocular

demonstration to the contrary. Malone ingeniously remarks: "Our poet without doubt in the passage before us intended to say, that from the *unknown* region of the dead no traveller returns with all his *corporeal powers*; such as he who goes on a voyage of *discovery* brings back, when he returns to the port from which he sailed." Perhaps this may be so; but it seems to me quite possible that the passage had been written by Shakespeare on another occasion—jotted down perhaps on his "tables"—and that in introducing it here he overlooked the contradiction which the words as they stand certainly do imply. The thought here expressed is, one need hardly say, the common property of all writers, as it must be the inevitable reflection of all thinkers. Donce compares Job x. 21 and xvi. 22, and Malone cites Marlowe, Edward II. v. 6:

weep not for Mortimer,

That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,

Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

—Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 221.

Stevens makes the inevitable comparison with Catullus, iii. 11, 12:

Qui nunc it per iter tenebrosus

Illic, unde negant redire quempquam.

312. Line 83: *Thus conscience does make cowards of us all*.—Compare Richard III. i. 4. 137, *et seq.*, where the thought is further developed. *Of us all* is omitted in the Q4.

313. Line 85: *the pale cast of THOUGHT*.—Shakespeare probably had in mind both meanings of the word *thought*, its customary one, and the other meaning, of anxious care, familiar to us from Matthew vi. 34: "Take therefore no *thought* for the morrow," which the Revised Version renders, "Be not anxious for the morrow."

314. Line 86: *And enterprises of great PITH and moment*.—Q4 here read *pitch*, and the Cambridge editors prefer this reading, stating in a note: "In this doubtful passage we have retained the reading of the Quartos, although the players' Quartos of 1676, 1683, 1695, 1703, have, contrary to their custom, followed the Folios, which may possibly indicate that 'pith' was the reading according to stage tradition." "*Pith* and marrow" occurs in i. 4. 22; *pitch* is used in Twelfth Night, i. 1. 12, &c. Either word is quite appropriate, and if one is a printers' error for the other, it is impossible to tell, or even to conjecture, which is the true reading. On the whole *pith* seems to me preferable. Corson (Jottings on the Text of Shakespeare's Hamlet, pp. 24, 25) gives a number of quotations from Shakespeare in defence of this reading.

315. Line 87: *With this regard their currents turn AWAY*.—Ff. have *away*, doubtless a printers' error, in any case a weaker reading.

316. Line 97: *My honour'd lord, you know right well you did*.—All the Q4. print *you*, the Ff. *I*. Corson defends the latter reading by suggesting that Ophelia's meaning is "The remembrances you gave me may have been trifles to *you*, such trifles as left no impression on your mind of your having given them; but *I* know right well they did, as they were most dear to me at the time" (Jottings, p. 25). The Q4. reading, however, still seems to me the more natural of the two.

317. Lines 106-108: *That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.*—This is the reading of Ff.; the Qq. print *you*. Caldecott well explains the passage, which has sometimes been misunderstood: "If you really possess these qualities, chastity and beauty, and mean to support the character of both, your honesty should be so chary of your beauty as not to suffer a thing so fragile to entertain discourse, or to be parleyed with." The lady, 'tis true, interprets the words otherwise, giving them the turn that best suited her purpose."

318. Lines 130, 131: *What should such fellows as I do cravelling between HEAVEN AND EARTH?*—This is the reading of Ff. and of Q. 1; the other Qq. have *earth and heaven*. There is not much to choose between the two readings. The Cambridge editors follow the Ff. in the Cambridge edition, the Qq. in the Globe and Clarendon Press editions.

319. Line 135: *no where.*—Ff. print *no way*.

320. Lines 149-157: *I have heard of your PAINTINGS too, well enough; God has given you one FACE, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and Nickname God's creatures.*—F. 1 has *prattlings for paintings*, and instead of *face, pace*. Both readings I take to be mere misprints, though a faint defence has been set up on the ground that *lisp*, in the succeeding clause, gives countenance to *prattlings*, and *jig* and *amble* to *pace*. *Jig* is spelt *gig* in the Qq., *gidge* in the Ff.; and the former read *and amble* instead of *yon amble*. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 11, 12: "to *jig* off a tune at the tongue's end;" and Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 137:

What should the wars do with these *jigging* fools!

See note 350 below, where *jig* is spelt *gigge* in the quotation from Florio. *Amble* is used of an affected smoothness of gait. (See note 41 to Richard III.) *Nickname* is used as a verb only here and in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 349; as a substantive only in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1. 12.

321. Line 159: *The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.* This is very likely a misprint, *soldier's* and *scholar's* having been accidentally transposed; and several editors have adopted the more precise reading, which is indeed that of Q. 1. But Farmer quotes in defence of the reading of Qq. and Ff., Lucree, 615, 616, in which a similar transposition occurs, perhaps, however, for the sake of the rhyme:

For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

322. Line 166: *Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.*—This is the reading of Ff., which I prefer to Capell's usually followed emendation: *Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh*. Qq. have *jangled out of time*, no doubt a misprint.

323. Line 174: *the hatch and the DISCLOSE.*—*Disclose* is a technical term, explained in the passage quoted by Steevens from Randle Holme, Academy of Armory and Blazon, bk. ii. ch. ii. p. 238: "*Disclose* is when the young just peeps through the shell. It is also taken for the laying, hatching, or bringing forth young: as 'she disclosed three birds.'" See below, v. 1. 310.

324. Line 192: *To show his GRIEF.*—Ff. have *griefs*, which is followed by Furness, who cites Corson's explanation that *griefs*=grievances, as it does in iii. 2. 352.

325. Line 194: *If she FIND him not.*—Compare All's Well, ii. 3. 216, 217: "I have now *found* thee; when I lose thee again, I care not;" where *found* is used, in double entendre, for found out, as it is, entirely, here.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

326.—François-Victor Hugo, in the Introduction to his translation of the play (ed. 1873, p. 77, translated in Furness, New Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 390), has the following admirable note on the strict dramatic relevancy of the Players' scenes: "Erudite critics, while acknowledging the fine wisdom of Hamlet's counsels to the players, have nevertheless stontly denied the dramatic propriety of introducing these counsels at all. The two scenes, in which Hamlet makes the actors rehearse, have been regarded by these critics as *hors-d'œuvre*, very magnificent, it is true, but none the less as *hors-d'œuvre*. Herein lies, in my opinion, a very grave error. Hamlet wishes to have a piece acted, the sight of which will force the guilty King to reveal his crime. It is readily perceived that the manner in which this piece is to be interpreted is of great importance to him. Hamlet has before him mere strolling players, buffoons addicted to low clap-trap or grotesque contortions, decked out in ridiculous costume. Wherefore, if the scene to be acted before Claudius has not due decorum, if one of the actors mouths it like a town crier, if another has his periwig befrenzled, if the clown, just at the most important point, cuts some of the wretched jokes that clowns are so fond of, why then, forsooth, the whole effect that Hamlet is aiming at is ruined. The terrible tragedy, whereof the last scene is to be acted off the stage, will end like a farce in a market-place amid peals of laughter. But if, on the other hand, the acting proceeds smoothly, the result is sure. The more natural the actor, the deeper will be Claudius's emotion; the truer the acting of the fictitious murderer, the more manifest will be the panic of the real one. It is therefore essential that Hamlet should have the piece rehearsed with the greatest care before it is performed in public."

327. Line 7: *the whirlwind of passion.*—This is the reading of Ff., and is followed by many editors. Qq. have "a whirlwind of your passion." It is difficult to decide between the two readings, but the Qq. reading is held by some to be more characteristic in its cumulative vehemence.

328. Line 10: *TO HEAR A ROBUSTIOUS PERIWIG-PATED fellow.*—Instead of *hear*, Ff. have *see*, which some defend. But, as Furness says: "the 'ears of the groundlings' are not 'split' by what they see."—*Robustious* is used again by Shakespeare in Henry V. iii. 7. 158, 159: "the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in *robustions* and rough coming on." It occurs in the quotation from Taylor given in note 273 to Henry VIII. Mr. Browning has the word in his Parleyings (1887), p. 219:

Join in, give voice *robustions* rude and rough.

Periwig-pated, used of players, is explained by Steevens'

quotation from Every Day's Life: "none wear hoods but in the streets, &c.—none in the houses."

329. Line 12: *the ground*.—The term of contempt for "the ground" (Ben Jonson, p. 396, ed. Gifford), or "a penny for no pension," in the plot of the theatre, is "your *ground*," as it is again by retelling. "Besides, sir, all our furnished, and the ground finally unruly."

330. Line 15: *I would*.—Ff. have *could*, which is the correct reading.

331. Line 15: *Term*.—The early metrical romances as in Guy of Warwick's story help us to see the term.

332. Line 16: *it*.—The tyrant of the universe, from his character, from his treachery, from his word in one other play, v. 4. 114: "that hot

tyrant of the universe, from his character, from his treachery, from his word in one other play, v. 4. 114: "that hot

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tyrant of the universe, from his character, from his treachery, from his word in one other play, v. 4. 114: "that hot

quotation from Every Woman in her Humour (1609): "As none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but far-horses, &c.—none *periwigs* but players and pleurures."

329. Line 12: *the groundlings*.—This was a common term of contempt for "the understanding gentlemen of the ground" (Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, Induction, p. 296, ed. Gilford), or that part of the audience who paid a penny for admission, and stood on the unfloored ground in the pit of the theatre. See Dekker's Gull's Hornbook, ch. vi.: "your *groundling* and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny, and, like a haggler, is glad to utter it again by retailing." Nares cites Lady Alimony, i. 1: "Besides, sir, all our galleries and ground-stands are furnished, and the *groundlings* within the yard grow infinitely unruly."

330. Line 15: *I would have such a fellow whipped*.—So Qq; Ff. have *could*, which seems a little more considerate.

331. Line 15: *Termagant*.—*Termagant*, so frequently alluded to in the plays of the period, is represented in the early metrical romances as the god of the Saracens; as in Guy of Warwick, where the Soudan says:

So helpe me Mahounde of right
And *Termagant* my God so bright.

Ritson quotes Bale's Acts of English Octaries, Reliques, i. 77: "Gremmyng upon her lyke *Termagantes* in a playe." His character, from all accounts, must have been extremely outrageous and violent. Shakespeare uses the word in one other place, but as an adjective, I. Henry IV. v. 4. 114: "that hot *termagant* Scot."

332. Line 16: *it out-herods Herod*.—*Herod* was the typical tyrant of the mystery-plays. Furness gives some specimens of his diction (Var. Ed. p. 227), with the significant stage-direction (Coventry miracle-play of the Nativity, Marriott, p. 83): "Here *Erode* ragis in thys pagonal, and in the strete also." Compare Chaucer, The Miller's Tale (Harl. MS. lines 3383, 3384):

Som tyme to schewe his lightnes and maistrye
He playeth herody on a scaffold hye.

333. Line 27: *pressure*.—Shakespeare only uses the word *pressure* in one other place, ante, i. 5. 100:

All saws of books, all forms, all *pressures* past.

334. Line 36: *nor man*.—The Ff. have *or Norman*, which is an evident misprint of the reading in the text, that of the Qq., *nor man*. Q. 1 has *nor Turk*.

335. Line 38: *had made MEN*.—Theobald's suggestion, adopted by Rann and Furness, "had made *them*," is ingenious, and may very possibly be right. But I do not think the reading of Qq. and Ff. must necessarily give bad sense; for Hamlet is merely recording his sensations on looking at certain actors, who had made him wonder at *men* being so unlike humanity. Compare Lear, ii. 2. 50-53:

Kent nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.
Clau. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?
Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours of the trade.

336. Lines 42-53: *And let those that play your clowns*

—speak no more than is set down for them, &c.—The advice which Hamlet here gives to the comic actors who insist upon giving their own "gag" in place of, or in addition to, the words "set down for them," is not inapplicable to-day; in Shakespeare's time it was greatly needed. "The clown," says Malone, "very often addressed the audience, in the midst of the play, and entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with such of the audience as chose to engage with him"—after the manner, one may suppose, of some modern "artists" of the music-hall.

337. Lines 59, 60:

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Elze notes the imitation of this in Nat. Field's A Woman is a Weathercock: "One-and-thirty good morrows to the fairest, wisest, richest widow that ever conversation coped withal."

338. Line 66: *And crook the PREGNANT hinges of the knee*.—Furness admirably defines the word *pregnant*, in its present use, as "pregnant, because untold thrift is born from a cunning use of the knee."

339. Line 67: *fawning*.—So Qq. Ff. have *faining*, which, says Strutt (Dictionary of Old English, s.v. "falten," apud Furness), is not a misprint, but another form of *fawning*, just as good, if not better.

340. Lines 68-70:

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath sent'd thee for herself.

This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have:

—distinguish her election,

S' hath [she hath] sent'd thee for herself;

which here and there an editor has been found to prefer.

341. Line 74: *Whose blood and judgment are so well COMMINGLED*.—Qq. print *commelled*. The word *commelled* was in use in the sense of *commingled*. Compare Webster, The White Devil, iii. 1: "Religion, O, how it is *commelled* with policy!" (Works, p. 25)

342. Line 84: *the very comment of THY soul*.—Ff. here read *my*, a pretty evident misprint, which Knight endeavours to defend on psychological grounds. The defence seems to me extremely weak. "Hamlet," he says, "having told Horatio the 'circumstances' of his father's death, and imparted his suspicions of his uncle, entrusts his friend to observe his meane with the very comment of *my* soul,—Hamlet's soul." Surely Dyce is right in replying, that what Hamlet wanted was for Horatio to observe the king on his own account, quite independently—

And after we will bech our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

343. Line 89: *stithy*.—*Stithy* (as also *stithe*, the reading of Ff.) is and was used both for a smith's anvil and for his shop. Here it evidently means the latter. Shakespeare employs the word as a verb in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 255: "the forge that *stithied* Mars his helm."

344. Line 95: *I must be IDLE*.—Compare iii. 4. 12:

Come, come, you answer with an *idle* tongue:

and Lear, i. 3. 16: "*Idle* old man," used of the crazy king. The Clarendon Press editors state that *idle* is still used in Suffolk for foolish, light-headed, crazy. It is more than once used emphatically in this sense in Q. 1.

345. Lines 98, 99: *the chameleon's dish; i.e. air, teste* Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*; or, *Enquiries into very many received Tenets, and commonly presumed Truths*, 1686. Bk III chap. xx. "Of the Chameleon," pp. 163, 164. As thus: "Concerning the Chameleon there is no such thing as an opinion that it liveth only upon air, and sustained by no other aliment; thus much is in plain terms affirmed by Solinus, Pliny, and divers other, and by this periphrasis is the same described by Ovid; All which notwithstanding upon enquiry, I find the assertion mainly controvertible, and very much to fail in the three inducements of helief." Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 1. 17: 170: "though the *chameleons* Love can feed on the air;" and Nat. Field, *A Woman is a Weathercock*: "I do live like a *chameleon* upon the air, and not like a mole upon the earth" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, 1802, at p. 45).

346. Line 104: *you played* THE UNIVERSITY, *you say* — The Cambridge editors, who should be authoritative on the subject, say in their Clarendon Press edition: "The halls of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were the scenes of theatrical performances on special occasions, such as Commencement at Cambridge, or the visit of royal or distinguished personages. In 1564, on Sunday evening, August the 6th, Queen Elizabeth saw the *Antularia* of Plantus in the antechapel of King's College Chapel. On the occasion of the visit of James I. and Prince Charles to Cambridge in 1614 plays were performed in the hall of Trinity College; among them the comedies of *Ignoramus* and *Albunazar*, which have escaped oblivion. On the title-page of the quarto of *Hamlet*, 1663, it is said, 'As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London; as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where.'"

347. Line 108: *I did enact Julius Caesar*.—Possibly an allusion by Shakespeare to his own play of *Julius Caesar*, which probably appeared in 1601. A play called *Caesar's Fall* (by Webster, Middleton, Drayton, and others) was acted in 1602. A Latin play on the subject of *Caesar's* death was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582; and perhaps it was in this that Polonius did enact *Julius Caesar*.

348. Line 119: *in your lap*.—Steevens thinks it was a common act of gallantry to lie at a mistress' feet "during any dramatic representation." Doice, however, reasonably limits the custom to masques and entertainments in private houses. See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Queen of Corinth*, i. 2:

Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet
At solemn masques.

—Works, p. 26.

Lines 121, 122 are omitted in Q₁.

349. Line 123: *Do you think Uncaut COUNTRY MATTERS?* —Elze compares Greene, *Dorastus* and *Fawnia* (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, part i. vol. iv. p. 55): "delighting as much to talk of Pan and his country pranks, as Ladies to tell of

Venus and her wanton toizes;" and Marston's *Malcontent*, ii. 3 (Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. ii. p. 229).

350. Line 132: *your only jig-maker*.—The Clarendon Press ed., quote *Gotgrave*: "Faree: f. A (fond and dissolute) Play, Comedie, or Enterlude; also, the *Jig* at the end of an Enterlude, wherein some pretie Knauerie is acted. Florio has: "*Frottola*, a country *gigue*, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verse." Collier says that a *jig* "seems to have been a ludicrous composition, in rhyme, sung, or said by the clown, and accompanied by dancings and playing upon the pipe and tabor" (*History of English Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 380).

351. Lines 137, 138: *let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of SABLES*.—It is not clear whether by *sables* Shakespeare meant mourning garments or robes trimmed with sable fur; or whether, as the Clarendon Press editors plausibly suggest, he intended an equivocal on the two meanings of the word, as in Massinger and Middleton, *The Old Law*, ii. 1:

A cunning grief,
That's only faced with *sables* for a show,
But gawily-hearted.

—Massinger's Works, p. 421.

Malone quotes a number of passages to show the high estimation in which sable-trimmed robes were held in England in the time of Shakespeare, as much as a thousand ducats being sometimes given for "a face of *sables*," and the statute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, having ordained that *sables* might be used by no one under the degree of an earl. A *suit of sables* may therefore be equivalent to rich and gawdy attire, and thus the greatest possible contrast to a mourning suit of black. Capell (Notes, vol. i. p. 136, *apud* Furness) says: "It is scarce worth remarking, being a fact of such notoriety, that '*sables*,' the furs so called, are the furs of most northern nations; so that Hamlet's saying amounts to a declaration, that he would leave off his blacks, since his father was so long dead."

352. Lines 144, 145: *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot*.—See note 59 to *Love's Labour's Lost* (iii. 1. 30, where the same quotation is made). Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, iv. 1: "Shall the *hobby-horse* be forgot then?" and Ben Jonson's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*: "*the hobby-horse is forgot*."

353. Line 145: The dumb-show enters.—The necessity for this *dumb-show* is not very obvious. As Pye remarks, in his *Comments on the Commentators* (quoted in Furness, iv. 1. 241), "there is no apparent reason why the Usurper should not be quite as much affected by this mute representation of his crimes as he is afterwards when the same action is accompanied by words." Caldecott attempts an explanation by suggesting that "Hamlet, intent on 'catching the conscience of the king,' would naturally say that his 'mouse-trap' should be doubly set, and could never be supposed willing to relinquish any one of those engines, the use of which custom had authorized." This last statement, however, is far from correct, for, as Hunter says (vol. ii. p. 249): "To represent the story of a play in dumb-show when the play itself is going to be performed, appears a most extraordinary mode of procedure; and it is like it has been traced

in the usages of the English theatres of the more perfect age; it is the nearest approach to it, are the *Dumb-shows* which we see in *Johan*. But tentatively will perceive different from the explanation immediately to follow. They are, in fact, but the choruses of the Greek read in action rather than any other English play kind; and Ophelia's 'lord' and 'Will he tell that shows such as the dramatic entertainment needs to state his the able anticipations were of the *Heath theatre*," on a totally mistake points out in his edition that *dumb-shows* of the kind that Shakespeare definite reason for i reason thrown out by

354. Lines 147, 148: *it means mischief*.—*Malice* received rendered *mischievous*, *Mallory* of *Chaucer*, which it is meaning is, more like in *L. Henry IV.* ii. 4. among boys, a truant pose a *mischer* and which recalls the *French*, *brusquaire*. To hide himself out schude;" and Florio sense we want, define or sneake in some case fore not unreasonable wickedness, or, as thinz or skulking misde Magazine, Dec. 1839, in the *Q₁*, and was

355. Line 162: *In* Fl. print *Poesie*. 150, and note 355. rimes, are frequently Compare Two Noble

Of rushes that
The prettiest
"This you may

In his notes to the plays of Beaumont *poesie*—Knight of th ii. 2 ("the jewels s'tant, fair, still?" "Be good"); *Wom*

in the usages of the English theatre, or, I believe, in the theatres of the more polished nations of Europe. What nearest approach to it, and may be by some mistaken for it, are the dumb-shows in Sackville's *Gorboduc* and Gascoigne's *Jocasta*. But whoever considers these shows attentively will perceive that they are something essentially different from the exhibition of the very action which is immediately to follow with the accompanying dialogue. They are, in fact, but so many moralizations, resembling the choruses of the Greek drama, the moral lessons being read in action rather than in words. I do not recollect any other English play with a dumb-show even of this kind: and 'Opheelia's question, "What means this, my lord?" and "Will he tell us what this show meant?" prove that shows such as these made no part of the common dramatic entertainments of England.' Hunter then proceeds to state his theory, that "such strange and unsuitable antiquations were according to the common practice of the Danish theatre." His argument, however, is founded on a totally mistaken inference, as Elze conclusively points out in his edition, pp. 187, 188. The fact remains that dumb-shows of this sort were unknown to the stage, and that Shakespeare must therefore have had a very definite reason for introducing this one—perhaps the reason thrown out by Caldecott, and also given by Knight.

354. Lines 147, 148: *Murphy, this is MICHING MALLECHO; it means mischief.*—*Miching mallecho* is Malone's universally received rendering of the *Miching Mallico* of Fl.; *Miching Mallico* of Qq. *Mallecho* is probably the Spanish *mallecho*, which it is convenient to render mischief. The meaning is, more literally, a wicked deed. *Miche* occurs in 1. Henry IV. ii. 4. 451, in the sense which it still has among boys, a truant: "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *miche* and eat blackberries?" (a turn of phrase which recalls the French idiom for the same thing, *faire l'œil baissant*). Minsheu has: "To *Miche*, or secretly to hide himself out of the way, as Truants doe from schools;" and Florio, coming somewhat nearer to the sense we want, defines *Acelapiant*: "To *miche*, to shrow or sneake in some corner." *Miching mallecho* may therefore not unreasonably be taken to mean underhand wickedness, or, as the Clarendon Press edd. put it, sneaking or skulking mischief. Maginn suggested in Fraser's Magazine, Dec. 1839, that the true reading was indicated in the Qq., and was *mucho mallecho*, much mischief.

355. Line 162: *Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?* Fl. print *Poesie*. See Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 147-150, and note 355. These *posies*, or mottoes, chiefly for rings, are frequently referred to in Elizabethan plays. Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 88-91:

Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'ten spoke
The prettiest *posies*,—"Thus our true love's tide,"
"This you may loose, not me," and many a one.
—Ed. Littledale (N. Shak. Soc.), p. 72.

In his notes to the play Mr. Littledale refers to several plays of Beaumont and Fletcher for references to these *posies*—Knight of the Burning Pestle, v. 3; Loyal Subject, ii. 2 ("the jewels set within"); Pilgrim, i. 2 ("Be constant, fair, still? 'Tis the *posy* here, and here without, "Be good"); Woman Hater, iv. 1 ("poesies for chime-

neys"); Rule a Wife, iv. 1 ("a blind *posy* in t, 'Love and a mill-horse should go round together'"). Compare Browning, The Ring and the Book, bk. i. line 1390:

A ring without a *posy*, and that ring mine?

—Vol. I. p. 72.

356. Line 165: Enter a King and a Queen.—Strachey observes in reference to the Interlude, that its introduction, as in other plays, "heightens our feeling of the main play being a real action of men and women, while the *Interlude*, and the whole structure of the Interlude, distinguish it from the real dialogue, in a way corresponding with that which has been pointed out in reference to the player's recital of the speech of 'Aeneas' (p. 165).

357. Line 165: *Phœbus* CART.—For the archaism, *carte* for chariot, compare Chaucer, Knightes Tale, l. 1183:

The statue of Mars upon a *carte* ston.

where: *carte*, occurring as it does in the tremendous description of the temple of Mars *army-potent*, unquestionably means a chariot, though in line 1164 above—

The carriere over-ryden with his *carte*—

I think it is equally evident that *carte* means the same as it does now, and that Boswell is right in rebuking Steevens for his citation of it.

358. Line 176.—After this line Qq. have a line not in Fl.
For women fear too much, even as they love;

And the next line begins with *And*. Many editors conjecture that a line has dropped out either before or after this line, which is without a rhyme, and thus obviously imperfect. The Cambridge editors suggest (what indeed had been my instinctive impression before turning to their note) that the Qq. give us Shakespeare's first thought, incomplete, as well as the lines which he finally adopted as they stand in the Fl.

359. Line 180: *And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 15. 4-6:

our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

360. Line 184: *My OPERANT powers.*—Compare the one other use in Shakespeare of the word *operant*, Timon, iv. 3. 24, 25:

saucy his palate
With thy most *operant* poison!

361. Line 191: *Hornwood, wormwood.*—Qq. have, in the margin, *That's wormwood*, which seems just as good a reading as that of the Fl. given in the text, and adopted by almost all the editors.

362. Line 214: *The great man down, you mark his FAVOURITE flies.*—F. 1 has *favourites*, which Abbott defends and Furness adopts, considering *flies* one of the numerous instances of the third person plural in s. The sense is certainly much better in this reading, for it expresses (better than the singular would do) the defection of the diminished great man's swarm of favourites and flatterers. I should adopt it were it not for the hideous sound produced by the sequence *favourites flies*—an effect on the ear so grating that I cannot for a moment believe that Shakespeare would have tolerated it.

363. Line 229: AN ANCHOR's cheer in prison, *be my scope!* This and the preceding line are omitted in F1. The reading in the text (*an* for the *and* of Qq.) is Theobald's, universally adopted and most probably right, though I think that *and* is not necessarily wrong. *Anchor* is of course anchorite, or hermit, from Anglo-Saxon *ancor*, an abbreviation of Greek *ἀγκυρα*, one who is withdrawn. Compare The Vision of Piers Ploughman, l. 55:

And anchor and heremites
That holden hem in hire selles;

and the Romance of Robert the Devil, printed by Wynkyn de Worde: "We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *nunkers*, preestes," &c.

364. Line 249: Gonzago is the DUKE's name.—Elze points out a similar confusion of *duke* and *king* in the tragedy of Gorboduc: in the argument and the names of the speakers Gorboduc is styled *Kyng of Brittainye* and *Kyng of great Brittainye*, whereas in "The Order of the dome shewe before the firste Acte" we read: "As befell vpon Duke Gorboduc deadning his Lande to his two Sones." Walker, Crit. Exam. ii. 280-282, Article CIV. points out that in Love's Labour's Lost the King is sometimes styled Duke; in Twelfth Night, Orsino is sometimes Duke, sometimes Count; in Two Gent. of Verona, Duke and Emperor are confounded; in Titus Andronicus, Emperor and King; in Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid's Revenge, the Duke and his consort are styled Duke and Queen, and the heir to a dukedom talks of becoming a king; in Sidney's Arcadia, Basilus is sometimes called King, sometimes Duke. He winds up with: "*king, count, and duke*, were one and the same to the poet, all involving alike the idea of sovereign power; and thus might easily be confounded with each other in the memory."

365. Line 253: *let the galled jade wince*.—A proverbial expression. Steevens quotes Edwards, Damon and Pythias, 1682: "I know the galled horse will soonest *wince*;" and the Clarendon Press editors refer to Mother Bombie, i. 3, and Lyly's Euphues, p. 119 (ed. Arbery): "For well I know none will *wince* except she be *quinded*."

366. Lines 256, 257: *I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the PUPPETS dallying*.—Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 100, 101: "O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret her." An interpreter, in the old puppet-shows, was the person who had charge of the dialogue. Steevens quotes Greene's Groatworth of Wit, 1621: "It was I that penned the moral of man's wit, the dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute interpreter of the puppets;" and Elze cites Nash, Pierce Penniless, ed. Collier, p. 21: "the puling accent of her voyce is like a falned treble, or ones voyce that interprets to the puppets."

367. Line 262: *So you MUST TAKE your husbands*.—Qq. read *So you mistake your husbands*; F1. *So you mistake Husbands*; the reading in the text (that of Pope) is derived from Q 1: *So you must take your husband*. It seems to me decidedly preferable; indeed, the arguments in favour of the *mistake* can only be qualified by the word which they prefer.

368. Line 264: "*the croaking raven doth bellow for re-*

venge."—This is a satirical condensation, as Simpson pointed out in the Academy, Dec. 19, 1874, of the following lines of the True Tragedy of Richard the Third:

The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.

—Sh. Soc. Reprint, p. 61.

369. Line 285: *So runs the world away*.—So F. 1. The reading *Thus*, adopted by many editors, seems to me much poorer.

370. Line 286: *a forest of feathers*.—Malone observes: "It appears from Decker's Gull's Hornbooke, that feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakespeare's time;" but the only reference that I can find to feathers on the stage (ch. vi.) How a Gallant should behave himself in a Play-house does not refer to the actors, but to the "gallant" who takes his seat upon the stage. "But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of Cambyases himself, must our feathered estrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the news and hisses of the opposed rascality." Compare T. Randolph, The Muses Looking-Glass, i. 1 and 2 (Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, p. 182). The scene is at the Globe Theatre.

"Mrs. Flowerdew (wife to a haberdasher of small-wares). I come to sell 'em pins and looking glasses.

Bird (the feather-man). I have their custom too for all their feathers.

Enter Roscius, a Player.

Bird. Master Roscius, we have brought the things you spake for

Roscius. Why, 'tis well.

Mrs. Flowerdew. Pray, sir, what serve they for?

Roscius. We use them in our play."

371. Line 287: *if the vest of my fortunes TURN TURK with me*.—Steevens cites Greene's Tu Quoque, 1614: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most complacent gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and foud lover" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xi. 230). Compare Much Ado, iii. 4. 57.

372. Line 288: *with two PROVINCIAL ROSES on my RAZED shoes*.—*Roses* were the rosettes worn on shoes, much as they are still used, sometimes, by ladies on their slippers. The word is of very frequent recurrence in the dramatists; one of the stage-directions in Massinger's City Madam, l. 1, is: "Enter Luke, with shoes, garters, fans, and roses." *Provincial roses* are rosettes in the shape of roses of Provence or of Provins. Cotgrave has: "Rose de Provence. The Provins Rose, the double Damask Rose;" and "Rose de Provins. The ordinary double red Rose." Gerard in his Herbal speaks of the damask rose as *Rosa provincialis*. Hunter (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 254) gives an extract from Peacham's Truth of our Times, 1638, showing that as much as £20 was sometimes given for a pair of roses.—*Razed shoes* were probably slashed shoes. See Stubbes, Anatomie of Almshouses, ed. 1583; p. 57, New Sh. Soc. Reprint, ed. F. J. Furnivall, 1877: "To these their nether-stocks, they have corked shoes, plusnetts, and the pantofles, which beere then vnto a finger or two [two inches or more, ed. 1505] from the ground; whereof some be of white leather, some of black, and some of red, some of black velvet, some of white, some of red, some of green, rased, corked, cut, and stitched all over with silk, and laid on with golde, silver, and such like." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Randle Holme, Academy of Armory,

k. lii. ch. i. p. 14: "Pink leathers grain part cut."

373. Line 290: *Halfpence's time had shared*.—*Halfpence's* were paid according to their merit. The subject of *shares* is illustrated in the L. the substance of which ed. of Hamlet, pp. 260.

374. Line 295: *pajone's*.—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5. *pajone's*; Q. (1676) *pajone's* explanations and of Polish, Phœnician, and nation, though one in his knowledge of the gauges. The most f. Leo (Notes and Queries) lectures that the mystification for "hiccupps"—Hamlet as a polite suitor the tip of his tongue.

the common reading equivalent to *peaceo* classes in the north of *jack*, and their acknowledgment is 'bulbily' *ajack*. p. 157, note, remarks lines, gives "a new for which Hamlet substituted by looking at the fan borrowed from Ophelia representation of the him the substitution

375. Line 303: *the strumment like a lullaby* was held in great esteem nearest to the sweet See Chappell's Popul (quoted in Furness, Night's Dream, v. 1. *lullaby* like a child or play. At line 359 let Players with *Recorders* *order*! let me see c

376. Line 315: *No*, is the reading of Q many editors follow

377. Lines 348, 349: *allusion, doubtless, catechism to keep* Elze quotes A Larum back your *filchers* 1872, p. 72). "By the Merchant of Venice spares. In II. Hen man, swears "By th Beaumont and Fletcher says to Galatea: "I

h. iii. ch. i. p. 14: "Pinked or raised Shooes, have the over leathers grain part cut into *Roses*, or other devices."

373. Line 290: *Half a share*.—The actors in Shakespeare's time had *shares* in the profits of the theatre, and were paid according to the receipts, and proportionately to their merit. There is much interesting information on the subject of *shares* in theatres in Halliwell-Phillipps' *Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare*, 1874, pp. 86-91, the substance of which is given by Furness in his *Variorum* ed. of *Hamlet*, pp. 260-262.

374. Line 295: *pajock*.—This is the reading of F. 3, F. 4, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 have *paiock*; F. 1, Q. 6 *paiocke*; F. 2 *pajocke*; Q. (1676) *paiocock*; Q. (1095) *peacock*. A number of explanations and of emendations has been suggested, Polish, Placentian, and Swedish being laid under contribution, though one may wonder where Shakespeare got his knowledge of these not very generally known languages. The most fascinating suggestion is that of F. Leo (*Notes and Queries*, Jan. 21, 1865), who calmly conjectures that the mysterious word is merely a stage-direction for "hieups"—the said hieup being produced by Hamlet as a polite substitution for the word, which is on the tip of his tongue. Dyce, with less originality, defends the common reading *pajock*, which he says is "certainly equivalent to *peacock*. I have often heard the lower classes in the north of Scotland call the peacock 'the *pajock*, and their almost invariable name for the turkey-cock is 'bubbly-jock.'" F. A. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 157, note, remarks that Mr. Irving, in speaking these lines, gives "a new force to the word 'pajock' or 'peacock,' which Hamlet substitutes for the manifest rhyme 'ass,' by looking at the fan of peacock's feathers which he had borrowed from Ophelia, and held in his hand during the representation of the play, as if that had suggested to him the substitution."

375. Line 303: *the recorders*.—The recorder was an instrument like a flageolet, or flute with a monthpiece. It was held in great esteem on account of its "approaching nearest to the sweet delightfulness of the human voice." See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 246 (quoted in Furness, p. 268), and compare *Midsommer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 123, 124 ("he hath play'd on his prodigium like a child on a recorder"), and note 264 to that play. At line 359 below, the stage-direction is: "Re-enter Players with *Recorders*;" and Hamlet says: "O, the *recorders*! let me see one."

376. Line 315: *No, my lord, RATHER with choler*.—This is the reading of Ff.; rather is omitted in Qq., which many editors follow.

377. Lines 348, 349: *by these pickers and stealers*.—An allusion, doubtless, to the admonishment in the Church Catechism to keep our hands from *picking and stealing*. Fize quotes A Larnum from London: "Or with my sword I'll hack your *filchers* off" (*Simpson's School of Shakspeare*, 1872, p. 72). "By this hand!" is used as a mild oath in *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 161, and elsewhere in Shakespeare. In II. Henry VI. i. 3. 193, Peter, the armourer's man, swears "By these ten bones, my lords." Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, II. 2, where Pharamond says to Galatea: "By this sweet hand."

VOL. VIII.

378. Line 358: "*While the grass grows*."—Malone cites the whole proverb from Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

Whylst grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steede;
and from the Paradise of Dalnty Devices, 1578:

To whom of old this proverbe well it serves,
While grass doth growe, the silly horse he sterves.

379. Line 360: *To withdraw with you*.—It is a matter of still unsettled conjecture to whom these words are addressed, and what is their precise meaning. Malone added the stage-direction: "Taking Guildenstern aside;" Steevens supposed the words to be said interrogatively in response to a gesture of Guildenstern's; and emendations of the text have been proposed. It seems to me that the words are capable of either of two meanings. The players have just re-entered with recorders. Hamlet turns to them, takes an instrument, and then, turning again to Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, takes up the thread of conversation with "To withdraw with you—" moving apart with them as he speaks, so as to be out of the players' hearing. Or it may be, as the players come in, Hamlet is about to leave his friends and join them—"To withdraw with you," as he says, parenthetically; when, a thought striking him—a thought suggested by the pipe he has in his hand—he turns back to his friends with the words which follow.

380. Lines 363, 364: *O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly*.—This is a vague compliment, which need not be forced into a special meaning. As far as any explanation is necessary, or feasible, it is given by Warburton: "If my duty to the king makes me press you a little, my love to you makes me still more importunate. If that makes me bold, this makes me even unmannerly."

381. Line 373: *fingers and thumb*.—Q. 2, Q. 3 have *the umber* instead of *thumb*, an evident misprint, which Steevens tried to justify by supposing *umber* to be an old name for a brass key at the end of the recorder. But in the first place it is by no means certain, or even likely, that the recorders of Shakespeare's time had such a brass key; and if they had, we have no reason to suppose that *umber* (which is used in the *Faerie Queene* for "visor") was the name for them.

382. Line 375: *most ELOQUENT music*.—So Qq.; Ff. have *excellent*.

383. Lines 388, 389: *though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me*.—Q. 1 has "*yet you cannot play upon me*," which is perhaps a preferable reading, though there is not much to choose between the two. It is adopted by the Cambridge editors.

384. Lines 409, 410:

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.

So Ff.; Qq. have "business as the bitter day," which a few editors have followed. I do not see what Warburton means by saying that the expression *bitter business* is "almost burlesque." I see nothing burlesque in it, nor anything reasonable or admirable in his suggestion of "*better day*."

385. Line 416: *How in my words soever she be silent*.—The participle *shent* (the only part of the verb then in

use) occurs in three other places: Merry Wives, i. 4. 38; Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 112; and Coriolanus, v. 2. 104.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

386. Line 6: *Hazard so* NEAR US.—This is the reading of Qq. (*neer's*); Ff. have *dangerous*. Editors are much at variance in their preferences, but the former text seems to me the preferable.

387. Line 7: *lunacies*.—So Ff.; Qq. have the evident misprint *broves*, a misprint, however, which may stand, as Theobald supposed, for *lunes*. See, on that word, note 65 to Winter's Tale.

388. Line 9: *To keep those MANY MANY bodies safe*.—Compare "*too too solid flesh*," i. 2. 129 above; "*A very little little let us do*," Henry V. iv. 2. 33; and the Italian doubling of adjectives for emphasis, as *molto molto*.

389. Line 14: *That spirit upon whose WEAL depends and rests*.—Ff., instead of *weal*, have *spirit*, a perfectly obvious misprint which has found favour in a few quarters.

390. Line 17: *it is a MASSY wheel*.—*Massy* is used by Shakespeare in four other places, "*massive*" not at all. See Much Ado, iii. 3. 147; Troilus and Cressida, Prolog. 17, and ii. 3. 18; and Tempest, iii. 3. 67:

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths.

391. Line 56: *May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence*.—This line, full of intense meaning, might well be affixed as motto to Browning's Red Cotton Night-cap Country. The whole book is the subtlest of commentaries on this text.

392. Line 57: *the corrupted CURRENTS of this world*.—On the conjecture of S. Walker, Dyce in his second edition, and Furness in his Variorum, printed *currents*, i.e. *occurrences* (i. Henry IV. ii. 3. 58). The conjecture is a very ingenious one, and may not improbably be right. But it is not at all necessarily right. Shakespeare has metaphors quite as hasty and elliptical as this, in all parts of his work. And in several places he uses the word *current* almost as if it had passed from a metaphor into a received synonym for "*course*." See, for example, Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 64:

To excuse the *current* of thy cruelty.

393. Line 73: *Now might I do it PAT, now he is praying*.—Qq. have but *now a is praying*. This speech of Hamlet has given great concern to the commentators, and is not easily reconciled with a too amiable view of the character of a man who could utter it. A writer in the Quarterly Review (vol. ixix. 1847, p. 333, note—quoted in Furness, vol. ii. p. 169) interprets it thus: "*His reasons for not killing the king when he is praying have been held to be an excuse. But if Shakespeare had anticipated the criticism, he could not have guarded against it more effectually. Hamlet has just uttered the soliloquy:*

—Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.

In this frame he passes his uncle's closet, and is for once, at least, equal to any emergency. His first thought is to kill him at his devotions; his second, that in that case Claudius will go to heaven. Instantly his father's suffer-

ings rise into his mind; he contrasts the happy future of the criminal with the purgatory of the victim, and the contemplation exasperates him into a genuine desire for a fuller revenge. The threat relieves him from the reproach of inactivity, and he falls back into his former self." This seems to me a very reasonable view; and the following passage from Strachey (pp. 71, 72) does something to explain the passage yet further: "*Hamlet enters, and sees that now he 'might do it pat'; but only the coward or the assassin would willingly kill a sleeping, or a praying man, and when to this instinctive feeling are united Hamlet's undoubted reluctance to shed his uncle's blood, even as the just avenger of his father's murder, and his habitual disposition to procrastinate, and put off action of every kind,—these motives are enough to stay his hand for the present. And to excuse his procrastination to himself and also to gratify that inclination 'to unpack his heart with words' which impels every man who, having deep thoughts and strong feelings, does not carry them out by action, he falls into language which, if he meant what he said, would certainly be as horrible and infernal as Dr. Johnson and others have called it. The commentators show, that this thought of killing an enemy under circumstances that might destroy his soul at the same time, has not only been adopted by more than one of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries, but is said to have been really uttered and acted upon. And this may warn us not to think the words mere pretext, even in Hamlet's case. Though assuredly Hamlet would not have deliberately done anything to cause his uncle's damnation, he gratifies his bitter hatred by saying that he desires, and will contrive it; he gives way (as I have observed on another occasion) to evil inclinations, instead of strictly restraining them, because he feels that they are not so bad, that is, so strong, as to lead to guilt of action. To avenge his father's murder with his own hand, is, under all the circumstances of country, age, form of government, and social condition, in which Shakespeare has laid the scene of the play, a judicial act required of him by the strictest laws of public and private duty; but with the universal infirmity and sinfulness of human nature, he mixes up more or less of bad feelings with the performance of his duty."*

394. Line 79: *hire and salary*.—There is a very amusing misprint here in Qq., which read *base and silly*.

395. Line 80: *full of bread*.—See Ezekiel, xvi. 49: "*Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy.*" Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, i. 1. 150, 160:

and his army full
Of bread, and sloth.

396. Line 81: *as FLUSH as May*.—So Qq.; Ff. have the similar, but less unconventional reading, *fresh*. *Flush* occurs again, in the same sense (full of vigour), in Timon, v. 4. 8: "*now the time is flush*;" and in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 52: "*flush youth revolt*."

397. Line 83: *But, in our circumstance and course of thought*; i.e., as the Clarendon Press edd. rightly take it, in the circumstance and course of our thought. Compare

iii. 2. 350: "*your cause your distemper*." Clarendon Press, for details.

398. Line 88: *Up, and*.—*Heal* is used iv. 6. 14, and in Winter's Tale. In the latter

And the word seems to be of "*seize*" (and thus, in the Clarendon Press, line 698: "*til Saint Peter's attempt*"), then, it may mean as explains *heut*, "*a ho*" the Clarendon Press of his sword, bids it be grasped again." T be a misprint for *h* word to be plainly *ture*, and the former

399. Line 89: *It's pointing of Ff.; Qq. asleep*. The reading let wishes to take the; and being asleep different from being

400. Lines 91-93:

That has no relish
Then trip him,

We may compare with of the following stanza Spanish Cloister:

There
One
Twent
One
If I
Sar
Spin
Of

F. A. Marshall, Stude the expression in those painfully read of the damned, who trated books of the

A

401. Line 4: *I'll* *have* me even here; but in the text is *ll* corresponding pass the arras." Compare *encomend* me behind reading not without

402. Line 13: *Go*.—So Qq.; Ff. have preceding line seen—such printers' error—tentional effect of

iii. 2. 350: "your cause of distemper," i.e. the cause of your distemper. *Circumstance* is used, as often in Shakespeare, for details.

398 Line 88: *Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent*. *Hent* is used as a verb in Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 14, and in Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133; only here as a noun. In the latter passage,

And merrily *hent* the stile-a,
the word seems to be used in the sense of "lay hold of," "seize" (and thus clear the stile), as in Chancer, Prologue, line 698: "til Jhesu Crist him *hente*" (spoken of Saint Peter's attempt to walk upon the water). Here, then, it may mean a hold or grip. Dyce in his Glossary explains *hent*, "a hold, an opportunity to be seized;" and the Clarendon Press edd. say: "Hamlet, as he leaves hold of his sword, bids it wait for a more terrible occasion to be grasped again." Theobald conjectured that *hent* might be a misprint for *hint*; and Warburton considered the word to be plainly *hent*. The latter is too rash a conjecture, and the former makes very bad poetry.

399 Line 89: *When he is drunk asleep*.—This is the pointing of Ff; Qq. have a comma between *drunk* and *asleep*. The reading of Ff. seems the best, because Hamlet wishes to take the king in some guilty state or practice; and being asleep is surely a very innocent one, quite different from being *drunk asleep*, or in a drunken sleep.

400 Lines 91-93:

about some act

That has no relish of salvation in't;

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven.

We may compare with this the more worthless malevolence of the following stanza from Browning's Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister:

There's a great text in Galatians,

Once you trip on it, entails

Twenty-nine distinct damnations,

One sure, if another fails:

If I trip him just a-dying

Sure of heaven as sure can be,

Spia him round and send him flying

Off to hell, a Manichee!

—Works, vol. iii, p. 94.

F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 165, justly says that the expression in the text "recalls very forcibly some of those painfully realistic representations of the torments of the damned, which are to be found in various illustrated books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

ACT III. SCENE 4.

401. Line 4: *I'll sounce me even here*.—Qq. read: "*silence me even here*;" Ff.: "*silence me e'en here*;" the reading in the text is Hamner's, advocated by the text of the corresponding passage in Q. 1: "*I'll shroud myself behind the arras*." Compare Merry Wives, iii. 3. 96, 97: "*I will ensconce me behind the arras*." *Silence*, however, is a reading not without its justifications.

402. Line 13: *Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue*.—So Qq.; Ff. have *idle*, which in its precise echo of the preceding line seems more likely to have been a misprint—such printers' errors being very common—than an intentional effect of sound.

403. Line 18: *budge*.—Used only here and in Tempest, v. 1. 11.

404. Line 23: *Dead, for a ducat, dead!*—Elze compares Dekker's Honest Whore, part I. l. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 5): "*Wrestle not with me; the great fell v gives the fall, for a duet*."

405. Lines 28-30:

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

This passage, indefinite as it is, affords the most definite ground that we get in the play for argument as to the queen's guilt or innocence in connection with the murder of her first husband. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 49, remarks that Hamlet's words are "most probably a tentative reproach uttered by Hamlet as an experiment on his mother's conscience; the Queen's answer—

As kill a king!—

must, I think, be held to be entirely free from any taint of hypocrisy, and should be uttered with simple earnestness." It may be observed, however, that the matter is entirely left open by Shakespeare, and no doubt deliberately, as in Q. 1 the Queen declares her innocence in the most unmistakable terms:

But as I have a soule, I swear by heaven,
I neuer knew of this most horrid murder

In the History of Hamblet (ch. iii., Furness, vol. ii. p. 100) the Queen is equally distinct in her disavowal. May not Shakespeare have left the point in doubt for the sake of adding a vague impressiveness to the character, otherwise uninteresting, of the Queen?

406. Line 36: *penetrable*.—This word is used in only two other places, Lucrece, 559, and Richard III. iii. 7. 225: "*penetrable to your kind entreaties*."

407. Line 37: *If damned custom have not BRAZ'D it so*.—Compare Lear, i. 1. 10, 11: "*I have so often blis'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't*." Boyer, French Dictionary, has "*To Braze, V. A. Couvrir de Cuivre, Bronzer*." Compare Chapman's part of Hero and Leander, iii. 267:

Yet *braz'd* not Hero's brow with lupulence.

408. Line 44: *And sets a blister there*.—An allusion to the practice of branding harlots on the forehead. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 138, and see note 48.

409. Line 46: *contraction*.—This word seems evidently to be used in the sense of the marriage *contract*: no similar use of it in this sense has been met with.

410. Line 48: *A RHAPSODY of words*.—The Clarendon Press edd. rightly say that the meaning of the word *rhapsody* is well illustrated by the following passage from Florio's Montaigne, p. 68, ed. 1603: "This concerneth not those mingle-mangles of many kludes of stufte, or as the Grecians call them *Rapsodies*."

411. Line 59: *With TRISTFUL visage, as against THE DOOM*.—*Tristful* (i.e. sorrowful) occurs in only one other part of Shakespeare, I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 434: "*my tristful queen*." The *doom* occurs again in Macbeth, ii. 3. 83: "*The great doom's image*," for the day of judgment, doomsday.

412. Lines 50, 51:

Queen. *My nie, what act,*

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

The latter line is given in the Qq. to Hamlet; in the Ff. the two lines are correctly attributed to the queen, but are printed as prose. *Index* is used five times in Shakespeare, always in the sense of preface or prologue. Compare *Othello*, ii. 1. 262, 263: "an *index* and obscure prologue." In Shakespeare's time the *index* was frequently placed at the beginning of a book. The name generally implies merely a table of contents. Compare *Pericles*, ii. 3. 3-5:

To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit.

413. Line 53: *Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*—Marshall, in his *Study of Hamlet*, has a long note on "the two pictures in the closet scene," pp. 166-173. He quotes Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. iii. pp. 106, 107: "It has been the constant practice of the stage, ever since the Restoration, for Hamlet, in this scene, to produce from his pocket two pictures in little, of his father and uncle, not much bigger than two large coins or medallions. . . . But, if the scantiness of decorations compelled the old actors to have recourse to miniature pictures, why should the playhouse continue the practice when it is no longer necessary; and when the same scene might be shown to more advantage by two portraits, at length, in different panels of the Queen's closet?" Steevens and Malone both express their approval of whole lengths rather than miniatures, on the ground that Hamlet could not, in the latter case, have referred to "a *station*, like the herald mercury," &c. It also seems obvious that Hamlet would not be likely to have with him a miniature of his uncle. Fechter, indeed, gets out of that difficulty by tearing the miniature of Claudius from the queen's neck, and flinging it away; Rossi tears off the miniature, dashes it to the ground, and tramples on the fragments. Mr. Irving and Salvini suppose the pictures to be seen with the mind's eye alone, a conclusion which Mr. Marshall strongly, and, as I think, conclusively, argues against in his note. "The very first line—

Look here upon this picture, and on this—

seems to me totally inconsistent with anything but two actual pictures then before the Queen's eyes. If the portraits existed but in 'the mind's eye' of Hamlet, what sense is there in his using the two demonstrative pronouns?—how could he point out any contrast between two portraits which he had not yet drawn? He might have said, 'Look upon this picture—that I am now going to draw in imagination,' but he could not say, 'Compare it with this which I am going to draw afterwards.' The word 'counterfeit' seems to me inapplicable to a mere ideal representation; it is always used by Shakespeare of some actual imitation" (p. 170).

414. Line 54: *The counterfeited presentment of two brothers.*—*Counterfeit* is often used in Shakespeare for portrait, as in *Timon*, v. 1. 83, 84:

Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens.

Cotgrave has: "Portrait: m. A portrait, image, picture, counterfeit, or draught of."

415. Line 58: *A station like the herald Mercury.*—*Station* is used for an attitude in herald in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 22:

Her motion and her station are as one;

and perhaps in *Macbeth*, v. 8. 42: "the unshrinking station where he fought;" but, though given by Schmidt in his *Lexicon* under the same heading as those previously mentioned, I think it more properly means "post."

416. Line 59: *New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.*—Malone suggests that Shakespeare may have had in his mind three lines of Phæar's *Aeneid*, 1558, bk. iv. 1. 246 *et seq.*:

And now approaching neerer, the top he seeth and mighty lins
Of Atlas Mountain tough, that Heaven on boystrous shoulders bears,
There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury arrive.

417. Line 67: *batten*; i.e. feed oneself fat. The word is used both transitively and intransitively; in Shakespeare only transitively. It is found in one other passage, *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 35: "go and *batten* on cold bits." Compare Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, iii. iv.: "Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge? that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and *batten* more than you are aware" (ed. Dyce, 1862, p. 163). The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave, who gives "to *battle*" as equivalent to "Prendre chair." They add: "The word 'battels' is no doubt derived from the same root."

418. Line 69: *hey-day.*—*Hey-day* occurs as an exclamation in the Qq. of *Troilus*, v. 1. 73 (Ff. *hogday*), and is given by many editors for the *hogday* of Richard III. iv. 4. 458, and *Timon*, i. 2. 137, and the *high-day* of Ff. in *Tempest*, ii. 2. 190. Steevens quotes from Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore (or, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, "a play of Ford"), iv. 3:

Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,
The heyday of your luxury, be fed
Up to a surfeit?

Heyday perhaps comes from, and means, "high day." It is given in French dictionaries as the equivalent of *beau jour*.

419. Lines 71, 72:

SENSE, sure, you have,

Else could you not have MOTION.

Compare Measure for Measure, i. 4. 59:

The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

420. Line 73: *apoplex'd.*—The Clarendon Press edd. compare Ben Jonson, *The Fox*, i. 1: "How does his *apoplex*?" (Works, p. 188); and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, ii. 2: "She's as cold of her favour as an *apoplex*."

421. Line 77: *hoodman-blind.*—*Hoodman-blind* is the old name for blindman's-buff. Shakespeare has *Hoodman* in *All's Well*, iv. 3. 136. There is a very entertaining scene of *hoodman-blind* in Day's *Humour out of Breath*, 1608, iv. 3 (ed. Bullen, pp. 58 *et seq.*). Baret's *Alvearie* has: "The Hoodwinko play, or *hoodmanblinde*, in some places called the *blindmanbuff*." Compare *The Merry Devil of Edinbrough*, i. 3 (ed. Warnke and Proscholdt, p. 15).

422. Line 81: *Could not so MOPE.*—The word is used again in this sense—to be dazed, or to act blindly, per-

haps from *myope*—*h* Noble Kinsmen, iii. his note on the line The Humorous Lient

He is bewitch and the Queen of Co How

423 Line 83: *mut* found in v. 2. 6, and five. Cotgrave has don Press edd. quote Had but thy

Mutineer occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254.

424 Line 90: *such* has: "Graine: f. T wherewith cloth is c graine." *Grain* was but came afterward The word comes from which was used of the *coccus* insect, from Spanish the word *gr* also for scarlet grain Valera's version: "grana, Xc.

425 Line 92: *en* Holme's Academy of 238: "Eusame is t and sense." *Ens* Fletcher, *The Trium* p. 253), in the sam *Troilus* and *Cressida* (literally hog's fat).

426. Line 98: *you precedent* (accentua other places in the Cleopatra, iv. 14. 89 a noun he accentua first syllable.

Th, a VICE of king slous to the Vlee or Twelfth Night, iv. Collier's History of sep. in Furness, Va Richard III.

427. Line 102: *En* is the rather Indian gorn. But *nighty* ("his habit as he li

Get on yom And show

428. Line 104: *W* have you instead of Knicht? What wou

429. Line 118: *in* cuts a good many (unexporeal) only

haps from *myope*—in *Tempest*, v. 1. 240. Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 2. 25: "I am *mop't*." Littledale, in his note on the line in his edition, compares Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, iv. 6:

Sure, I take it,

He is bewitch'd, or *mop'd*, or his brains melted;

and the Queen of Corinth, ii. 3:

How am I tranced and *mop'd*!

423 Line 83: *mutine*.—*Mutine*, here used as a verb, is found in v. 2. 6, and in *King John*, ii. 1. 378, as a substantive. Cotgrave has "Mutiner: to *mutine*." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Jonson's *Sejanus*, iii. 1:

Had but thy legions there rebell'd or *n. utu'd*.

Mutiner occurs in *Tempest*, iii. 2. 40, and *mutiner* in *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 254.

424 Line 90: *such black and GRAINED spots*.—Cotgrave has: "Graine: f. The seed of herbs, &c., also, grain, wherewith cloth is dyed in graine, Scarlet dye, Scarlet in graine." *Grain* was originally used only of scarlet dye, but came afterwards to be applied to any fast colour. The word comes from the Latin *grannum*, a seed, a term which was used of the seed-like form of the ovarium of the *coctus* insect, from which red dyes were obtained. In Spanish the word *grana* is used for grain in general, and also for scarlet grain, cochineal. Thus Isaiah i. 18 is in Valera's version: "si vuestros pecados fueran como la *grana*, &c."

425 Line 92: *enseamed*.—Stevens quotes Randle Holme's *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, bk. ii. ch. ii. p. 238: "Enseame is the purging of a hawk from her glut and grease." *Enseamed* is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Triumph of Death* (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. p. 335), in the same sense as Shakespeare's. Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 195 for a parallel use of *seam* (literally hog's fat).

426 Line 98: *your PRECEDENT lord*.—Shakespeare uses *precedent* (accentuated on the second syllable) in two other places in the present sense of former: *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14. 83, and *Timon*, i. 1. 133. In using it as a noun he accentuates the word, as we do now, on the first syllable.

Th. a VICE of kings.—One of Shakespeare's several allusions to the Vice or buffoon of the moralities. Compare *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 134-136; and see Extracts from Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, ii. 264 *et seq.* in Furness, Var. Ed. pp. 295, 296. See note 305 to *Richard III.*

427. Line 102: Enter Ghost.—In Q. 1 the stage-direction is the rather ludicrous one, *Enter the Ghost in his night-gown*. But *nightgown* no doubt means a dressing-gown ("his habit as he liv'd"), as in *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 70, 71:

Get on your *nightgown*, lest occasion call us,
And show us to the watchers.

428. Line 104: *What would your gracious figure?*—Ff. have *you* instead of *your*, and a few editors read (after Knight) *What would you, gracious figure?*

429. Line 118: *incorporal*.—*Corporeal* (for corporeal) occurs in good many times in Shakespeare; *incorporal* (for incorporeal) only here. *Corporeal* and *incorporeal* do

not occur at all. The Clarendon Press edd. (note on *Macbeth*, i. 3. 81) cite examples of both forms from Milton; as, for instance, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 585:

To exclude spiritual substance with *corporeal* bar;

and *Samson Agonistes*, 616:

Though void of *corporeal* sense.

430. Line 121: *Your bedded hair, like life in EXCREMENTS*.—In five out of the six instances of this word in Shakespeare, *excrement* is used for hair—a meaning commonly (and, in strict etymology, correctly) given to it at the time, as in the passage quoted by the Clarendon Press edd. from Bacon, *Natural History*, cent. 1, sect. 58: "Living creatures put forth (after their period of growth) nothing that is young but hair and nails, which are *excrements* and no parts." See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 159, and *Winter's Tale*, note 205.

431. Lines 152-155.—Stanton considers these lines as an *aside*, addressed by Hamlet to his "virtue," and points: "*Forgive me this, my virtue*." This view is followed by many editors, though few even of those who profess to believe have had the courage to adopt it. It is a view that does not commend itself to me. I think Hamlet is still speaking to his mother.

432. Line 155: *Yea, CURB and woo for leave to do him good*.—*Curb* (spelt *courb* in Ff., and by some later editors for distinctness' sake) is from the French *courber*, to bend or bow. Stevens quotes the Vision of Piers Ploughman, l. 617 (ed. Wright):

Thanne I *courted* on my knees,
And cried hire of grace.

433. Lines 161-165:

*That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a fruck or livery
That aptly is put on.*

This passage is not in Ff. In Qq. (except in that of 1675) there is no stop between *eat* and *of*. Many emendations have been suggested, and many far-fetched explanations put forth. The passage is certainly a difficult one. If *who all sense doth eat* is well paraphrased by the Clarendon Press edd.: "who destroys all natural feeling, and prevents it from being exerted;" *Of habits devil*, is rendered by the same edd.: "and is the malignant attendant on habits." Might *not devil* possibly stand as a sort of adjective to *habits*, meaning that *custom* is a monster of diabolical habits?

434. Line 169: *And either LAY the devil, or throw him out*.—This line is not in Ff.; Q. 2, Q. 3 read *and either the devil*, an evident misprint, which the printer of Q. 4 changed to *and Maister the devil*, which makes no sort of metre, and is doubtless a mere conjecture, without authority. A word is evidently wanting, and that word is evidently a single syllable, or something which by the help of elision will be equivalent to a single syllable. So much we know, and no more; though it seems probable (by no means certain) from the alternative word *either*, that the lost verb is one which would contrast with *throw him out*. The field for guess-work is thus illimitable, and to me it seems scarcely worth guessing when the most

brilliant guess will be a guess only. I have inserted in the text the word *lay* (Cartwright's conjecture), not because I have any confidence that that is the right word, but because some insertion is necessary in order to fill up the hiatus, and *lay* will at least do as well as anything else. Dr. Ingley, naming the five conjectures which do not seem to him "utterly imbecile," says very reasonably (The Still Lion, 1874, pp. 115-119): "It is not easy to see why the five verbs, *curb*, *quell*, *lay*, *aid*, and *house* found more favour than a score of others, apparently as well suited to the sense and measure of the line as any of these. How soon are the resources of the conjectural critics exhausted! how meagre is the evidence adduced in favour of any single conjecture! yet the requirements of the passage are by no means severe, nor are the means for complying with them either narrow or *recherché*. It is rather an *embarras des richesses* that hinders our decision. To call over a few of the candidates for admission into the text: *curb* suggests *rein*, *rule*, *thrall*, *biad*, *chain*, &c., *quell* and *lay* suggest *charm*, *worst*, *quench*, *foil*, *balk*, *cross*, *thwart*, *daunt*, *shame*, *cow*, &c.; while *aid* and *house* suggest *fire*, *rouse*, *stir*, *serve*, *lodge*, *feed*, &c. Besides which there are many dissyllables that would answer the purposes of sense and measure, as *abate*, *abase*, &c." The whole passage is very interesting and acute, and seems to me the most sensible consideration that has been made of the subject. Dr. Ingley's conclusion is that the missing word "must at least import the *subduing of the devil of habit*," and that, while it is obviously impossible to come to a positive decision, *lay* and *shame* are perhaps the best of the innumerable conjectures. It is impossible to leave this subject without mentioning Dr. George Mac Donald's note on this passage in his edition of the play, p. 179: "I am inclined to propose a pause and a gesture, with perhaps an *inarticulation*!" The italics are the author's, the note of admiration mine.

435. Line 182: *the BLOAT King*.—*Bloat* is Warburton's extremely probable emendation of the Qq. *blout*. Ft. have *blunt*. *Bloat* (i.e. bloated) is adopted by almost all the editors. Compare (for the form) *deject*, iii. 1. 163; *hoist*, iii. 4. 207; *distract*, iv. 5. 2. Nothing could be more appropriate, as to the sense. The numerous references to drinking leave no doubt that Claudius is intended to be somewhat of a drunkard.

436. Line 183: *call you his MOUSE*.—This was used as a term of endearment. See Twelfth Night, note 49; and compare Beaumont and Fletcher, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, i. 2: "What is it, mouse?" and "I prithee, mouse, be patient."

437. Line 184: *a pair of REECHY kisses*.—*Reechy* means, literally, smoky. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 224, 225:

the kitchen maids pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.

It is used here, as in Much A-do, iii. 3. 143, for dirty, filthy, in the more general sense. The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that "in the present passage the word may have been suggested by 'bloat,' two lines before, which has also the meaning 'to cure herrings by hanging them in the smoke.'"

438. Line 185: *Or PADDLING in your neck with his dam'd*

fingers.—Compare Othello, ii. 1. 259, 260: "Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?" and Winter's Tale, i. 2. 115:

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers.

439. Line 190: *a paddock*, . . . *a gib*.—Compare Macbeth, i. 1. 9: "Paddock calls," and see note 3 to that play. On *gib* compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 83: "I am as melancholy as a gib cat." *Gib*, the contraction of Gilbert, was the equivalent to our *tom-cat*. Steevens quotes Chaucer Romanz of the Rose, 6297:

Gibbe our cat.

That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen—

where the original has "Thilbert le cas"—*Tib*, from Thibert, being also, as Nares observes, a common name for a cat. (See Nares, s.c.) Coyer, French Dictionary, has "*Gib*, *Subst.* (a gib-cat) *Un chat*;" and Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "*Gib*, for Gilbert," and below, "A gib cat, *catulus, felis max.*"

440. Line 194: *like the famous ape*.—This ape has not yet been identified. Warner (Var. Sh. vol. vii. p. 405) thinks that Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may possibly allude to the same story: "It is the story of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it be lost to thee, and then let's out another, and starest after that till it is gone too." The Clarendon Press edd. say: "The reference must be to some fable in which an ape opened a basket containing live birds, then crept into it himself, and 'to try conclusions,' whether he could fly like them, jumped out and broke his neck."

441. Line 200: *I must to England*.—Malone (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 405) says: "Shakespeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were made acquainted with the King's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the Prince since that time. Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the King, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprise, as if he had not heard anything of it before.—This last, however, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman." Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 188, 189, has the following note on the subject: "The first mention of the scheme of sending Hamlet to England occurs in Act III. scene 1, lines 168-175. . . . The Queen apparently was not present, only Polonius: the next allusion to it is in the third scene of the same act, when the King broaches the plan to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The action would seem to be continuous, not any rate to the end of scene 1, if not to the end of the act. We must mark the Queen's answer: Hamlet's words are:

I must to England; you know that!

To which his mother replies—

Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on—

showing that she had heard of the proposed embassy to England. Unless we suppose that an interval of time is intended to elapse between the first and second scenes of this act, she must have been informed of his intention by Claudius, when they retired so abruptly in the middle of the play represented before the Court. Hamlet could only

have heard of the elapse between his closet (scene 3) and 4. It is quite possible to suppose that, while of the palace, some and Guildenstern th intention. I cannot on Shakespeare's part revised the whole pl surely Malone is not is concerned, that I (act iv. scene 3, in every thing is ready f repeats the words, "Come, for England! tion might have w without suspicion of no apprehension on repeating these wo mother of what he that she need have from over-trusting chosen for him."

442. Lines 206, 207:

For 'tis the

Hoist with

Q (1676) gives the Troilus and Cressida a rare *engineer*." At Hamlet, i. 5. 163, formerly an alternat Petart: m. A Pet a Bell, or mortar) w Elze compares Dekk

Are turn'd up

With our own

443. Line 212: *I'll*

The word *guts* h speare's age as It Mydas, 1592: "Conl tributes of Greece, are gold, satisfy thy sen a letter, writt lady of rank, addre with the same non write *stomach*. Un unquestionably coa passage in which it ii. 4. 251: "thou ch

444. Lines 6, 7:

King. What

Queen. Mad

The Queen has pro preceding scene, th pretended madness

have heard of the project in the short interval which elapsed between his leaving the King kneeling in his closet (scene 3) and his interview with his mother (scene 4). It is quite possible that Shakespeare meant us to suppose that, while Hamlet passed through the corridors of the palace, some of the courtiers, if not Rosencrantz and Guildenstern themselves, had told him of the King's intention. I cannot conceive that it was a mere oversight on Shakespeare's part; for we must not forget that he revised the whole play, and this very scene in particular. Surely Malone is not justified in saying, as far as the text is concerned, that Hamlet expresses any surprise when (act iv. scene 3, lines 47, 48) the King tells him that everything is ready for his journey to England; he merely repeats the words, "For England;" and twice afterwards, "Come, for England" (line 51 and line 55); this very repetition might have warned the King that Hamlet was not without suspicion of his design; but he seems to have had no apprehension on this point. It is very likely that, by repeating these words, Hamlet desired to remind his mother of what he had said to her; and to assure her that she need have no fear of his incurring any danger from over-trusting the companions which the King had chosen for him."

442. Lines 206, 207:

*For 'tis the sport to have the ENGINER
Holst with his own PETAR.*

Q (1676) gives the modern form *engineer*. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 8: "Then there's Achilles,—a rare *engineer*." And see cognate forms, such as *pioneer*, Hamlet, i. 5. 103, and Othello, iii. 3. 346. *Petar* was formerly an alternative spelling of *petard*. Cotgrave has: 'Petard: m. A Petard, or *Petarre*; an engine (made like a Bell, or mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open.' Elze compares Dekker, The Honest Whore, Part I. v. 2:

Then all our plots
Are turn'd upon our heads, and we're blown up
With our own underminings.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 75.

443. Line 212: *I'll lug the GUTS into the neighbour room.*
The word *guts* had not so vulgar a sound in Shakespeare's age as it has in ours. Steevens quotes Lyly's *Mydas*, 1592: "Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose *guts* are gold, satisfy thy mind?" Halliwell states that he has seen a letter, written about a century ago, in which a lady of rank, addressing a gentleman, speaks of her *guts* with the same nonchalance with which we should now write *stomach*. In any case, the use of the word here is unquestionably coarse and unfeeling. Compare the other passage in which it is applied to a person, I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 251: "thou clay-brain'd *guts*," &c.

ACT IV, SCENE 1.

444. Lines 6, 7:

*King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, &c.*

The Queen has promised her son, in lines 197-199 of the preceding scene, that she will not betray the secret of his pretended madness; she here keeps her promise, and, us

Clarke says (*apud* Furness, vol. i. pp. 311, 312), "with maternal ingenuity makes it the excuse for his rash deed. This affords a clue to Hamlet's original motive in putting 'an antic disposition on' and feigning insanity; he foresaw that it might be useful to obviate suspicion of his having a steadily-pursued object in view, and to account for whatever hostile attempt he should make." In Q. 1 there is a scene not found in any other edition, in which the Queen and Horatio are seen counselling together how best they can aid Hamlet in his counterplots against the plots of Claudius. This scene precedes what is now iv. 7. On the question of the Queen's character as it finally leaves Shakespeare's hands, see note 405 above.

445. Line 18: *Should have kept SHORT, restrain'd and OUT OF HAUNT.*—*Kept short* means kept in restraint, under control. Compare I. Henry V. ii. 4. 72. *Out of haunt* is out of company ("exempt from public haunt," As You Like It, ii. 1. 15). The verb is two or three times used by Shakespeare in the similar sense of frequent (as the French *hanter*).

446. Lines 25, 26:

like some ORE

Among a MINERAL of metals base.

In the English-French Dictionary annexed to Cotgrave *ore* is used only of gold: "Oare of gold, *Baillique*." Minshew defines *mineral* as "anything that grows in mines, and contains metals." In Hall's *Satires*, vi. 148, it is used for a mine ("fired brimstone in a *mineral*"). Here it means apparently a metallic vein or lode.

447. Lines 39-44:

*And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done; SO, HAPLY, SLANDER—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.*

So, haply, slander was first inserted by Capell, who modified Theobald's conjecture: "*For, haply, slander*" The words do not occur in either Ff. or Qq; but that something is omitted is evident, and the reading adopted seems to supply the omission in a fairly satisfactory way. It has been generally followed, and there seems no reason why, in the utter absence of all original authority, it should not be accepted as a plausible enough make-shift.

ACT IV, SCENE 2.

448. Line 6: COMPOUNDED IT WITH DUST, whereto 't is kin.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 116:

Only compound me with forgotten dust.

449. Lines 12-23.—Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 190, has the following note on this passage: "In Caldecott's Edition (1819), p. 98, the following passages are given:—'When princes (as the toy takes them in the head) have used courtiers as *sponges* to drink what juice they can from the poorer people, they take pleasure afterwards to wringe them out into their own cisterns.' R. C.'s 'Henn. Steph. Apology for Herodotus,' Fo. 1698, p. 81: 'Vespasian, when reproached for bestowing high office upon persons most rapacious, answered 'that he served

his turn with such officers as with *sponges*, which, when they had drunke their fill, were then the fittest to be pressed" (Barnabe Rich's "Faulites, faults and nothing else but faults," 4to, 1606, p. 44b). (See Suetonius, Vespasian, c. 16.)

This last passage bears such a remarkable similarity to the lines in the play, that it is almost certain Shakespeare, or the author of the older play of "Hamlet," must have borrowed the idea from the same source to which Barnabe Rich was indebted—viz. Suetonius.

This speech about the sponge, &c., was restored by Mr. Irving; the first time, I believe, it has been given on the stage: he spoke it in act iv., scene 2, where, as I have said in the text, it is placed in the Quarto, 1603.

450. Lines 13, 14: *what REPLICATION should be made by the son of a king!*—*Replication*, says Rushton (Shakespeare a Lawyer, p. 34, quoted by Furness), is "an exception of the second degree made by the plaintiff upon the answer of the defendant." In simple English, it is a reply; and is used in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 15, as a part of Holofernes' jargon. The word is used in Julius Caesar, l. 1. 51, in the sense of echo, reverberation.

451. Lines 19, 20: *he keeps them, LIKE AN APE, DOTH NUTS, in the corner of his jaw.*—Ff. have *like an Ape*, Qq. *like an apple*; the reading in the text is introduced from Q. 1 (first adopted by Singer), which reads: "As an Ape doth nutts." The reading of the Ff. is, of course, quite admissible as it stands, but the phrase seems to me much more expressive, much more like Shakespeare, as we find it in Q. 1. The *apple* of Qq., though that too makes a sense of its own, is pretty obviously a misprint for *ape*. Ritson gives an example of the same misprint in Peele's Arraignment of Paris, where the familiar phrase about old maids is rendered "to halter *apples* in hell."

452. Lines 29, 30: *The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.*—See Furness' Variorum Ed. p. 316, for various conjectures as to Hamlet's meaning in this dark paradox. If any explanation is required, perhaps Jenner's is as good as any: "the body, being in the palace, might be said to be with the king; though the king, not being in the same room with the body, was not with the body." But very likely it is intentional nonsense.

453. Line 32: *Hide fox, and all after.*—Perhaps another name for hide-and-seek. Hammer declares definitely that "there is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after*," but no one else seems to know anything about such a game. See Much Ado, note 146.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

454. Lines 9, 10:
*diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd.*

Rushton (Shakespeare's Emphatism, p. 11) quotes a passage from Lyl's Euphues (p. 67, ed. Arber) which contains a phrase not dissimilar to the one in the text ("a desperate disease is to be committed to a desperate doctor"). The juxtaposition of words is so obvious that it is a little rash to suppose that Shakespeare had this passage in mind, or owed his thought to it.

455. Line 38: *you shall nose him.*—Shakespeare uses *nose* as a verb in one other place, Coriolanus, v. 1. 28: "And still to *nose* th' offence," where the word means simply smell; here I think it has the further sense of tracking by the scent. Brownling uses the word as the equivalent of *snuff* in his translation of the Agamemnon, p. 90:

And witness, running with me, that of evils
Done long ago, I *nosing* track the footstep.

456. Line 46: *the wind AT help.*—Compare Winter's Tale, v. 1. 140: "*at* friend." *At* is a corruption of *a*, itself the contraction of *on* (as in asleep: compare "*fell on sleep*," Acts xiii. 36). See Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, § 143. "*At* foot," 57 below, is a different construction, and means, apparently, at his heel.

457. Lines 64, 65:
*thou mayst not coldly SET
Our sovereign PROCESS.*

Set seems to be used here in the sense of set aside, set at naught. *Process* is, I think, unnoticed by any of the commentators, except that the Clarendon editors explain it as "proceedure, action;" but it is not the King's *action*, it is his *command* which is in question, and here it seems necessary to accept the word in that sense. See note 16 to Antony and Cleopatra.

458. Line 66: *By letters CONGRUING to that effect.*—This is the reading of Q. 1; Ff. have *conjuring*. It is very doubtful which of the two words is the right one, and which the misprint. On the whole *congruing* seems to me the better reading. The word does not occur anywhere else in Shakespeare, except in the pirated and spurious Qq. of Henry V. i. 2. 182, where the reading of Ff. is *congrueing*—a word not met with elsewhere, and perhaps, as Mr. Stone suggests in his editor's "t the play, formed by Shakespeare by analogy with *agree*.

459. Line 68: *For like the HECTIC in my blood he rages.*—Cotgrave has "*Hectique*: Sicken of an Hectick, or continual Fever." The word is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare.

460. Lines 69, 70:
*till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys WERE NEER BEGUN.*
Qq. read *will nere begin*, which, though better English, is obviously inadmissible here on account of the rhyme.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

461.—F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 193, 194, has the following note on this scene: "That Shakespeare intended to refer to some particular expedition in this passage I have not the slightest doubt; but, unfortunately, I have not been able to trace the source of this description. The particulars given are very remarkable; it was a little patch of ground—not worth five denats to farm—yet it was garrisoned by the Polack. I hoped to find the original of this unprofitable expedition in some of the 'adventures' undertaken by Sir Walter Raleigh, or by one of the Earls of Essex; but I have not succeeded to my own satisfaction. There are certain points of resemblance between the enterprise of Walter Devereux in 1573, the

object of which was it, and this expedition; the latter might speak of 'lawless resolute' wrong. Of the apparent brave butchers were to from the description of

"A few years before through Ister had been journey into Baetria, the mottled jungles in our map of Africa represent districts as north-east angle of Ister was a desert,"

"one feels on reaching such a paradise; still the description in the nine years old; in the Grey's force in the at the end of Bay, he was a have made some in Sumerwick, the wretched iards and Italians in English butchers, a scription of the place in his 'lawless resolute' land joined to the sh XI., page 224). . . . exception of Fortinb the Quarto of 1603; spare on the revision confirms me in the b that time in his mind

462. Lines 2-4:
*Tell him that I
CLAIMS the crown
Over his kingdom.*

Ff. here read *Claims*; have been pretty equal to me that the form one thing, *claims* as expression in the previous

463. Line 6: *We shall compare Antony and Cleopatra.*

Her gentlewoman So many men And see Hamlet, I. sion was the custom ie the royal presence do service in the Regulations for the held, 1627, and the Prince Henry, 1610.

464. Line 8: *Go to other parts of Shakespeare Clarendon Press ed. p. 19; "Like the gol*

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ACT IV. Scene 4.

object of which was to conquer Ulster, or a portion of it, and this expedition of Fortinbras. An unfavourable critic might speak of the members of that adventurous body, of which Walter Devereux was the leader, as 'a list of lawless resolute' without doing them any grievous wrong. Of the apparent value of the country which these brave butchers were to conquer, some idea may be formed from the description given by Froude (vol. x., page 554):

"A few years before, Sir Henry Sidney's progress through Ulster had been gravely compared to Alexander's journey into Bactria. The central plains of Australia, the untrodden jungles of Borneo, or the still vacant spaces in our map of Africa, alone now on the globe's surface represent districts as unknown and mysterious as the north-east angle of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. . . . Ulster was a desert," &c.

"One feels on reading this eloquent description that five ducats would have been a high rent to have paid for such a paradise; still the extent of it does not answer to the description in the text. In 1573 Shakespeare was only nine years old; in 1580, when Walter Ralegh joined Grey's force in the attack upon the fort of Smerwick, in Dingle Bay, he was only sixteen; yet both events might have made some impression on his youthful memory. Smerwick, the wretched fort in which the unhappy Spaniards and Italians held out for two days against the English butchers, answers very well to 'the officer's' description of the place against which Fortinbras was leading his 'lawless resolute.' It was 'a very small neck of land joined to the shore by a bank of sand' (Froude, vol. xi., page 224). . . . The whole of this scene (with the exception of Fortinbras' short speech) has no parallel in the Quarto of 1603; it was evidently added by Shakespeare on the revision of the play, a circumstance which confirms me in the belief that he had some enterprise of that time in his mind."

462. Lines 2-4:

*Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
CLAIMS the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom.*

Ff. here read *Claims*, all the Qs. *Craves*. The readings have been pretty equally followed by editors; it seems to me that the former is in every way preferable. For one thing, *claims* agrees better than *craves* with the expression in the previous line, *by his license*.

463. Line 6: *We shall express our duty IN HIS EYE*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 211, 212:

*Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her 't the eyes.*

And see Hamlet, i. 2. 116. Steevens thinks the expression was the customary formula for "in the presence," i.e. the royal presence. He cites the expression "all such as do service in the Queen's (Prince's) eye" from The Regulations for the Government of the Queen's Household, 1627, and the Establishment of the Household of Prince Henry, 1610.

464. Line 8: *Go SOFTLY on*.—*Softly* is used in many other parts of Shakespeare for "gently," "leisurely." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, Essay vi. (ed. Wright, p. 19): "Like the going *softly* by one that cannot well see."

NOTES TO HAMLET.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

Compare the French use of *doucement*. The Ff., by an obvious misprint, have *safely*. From here to the end of the scene is omitted in Ff.

465. Line 17: *Truly to speak, and with no addition*.—Pope inserted it and Capell *sir* after the first clause of this line, which can, however, be read without difficulty.

466. Line 27: *This is the IMPOSTHUME of much wealth and peace*.—Cotgrave has: "Aposthume; f. An *Imposthume*; an inward swelling full of corrupt matter." Shakespeare uses the word in two other places, Venus and Adonis, 743, and Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 24.

467. Line 50: *MAKES MOUTHS at the invisible event*.—See note 25d.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

468.—Our text in the first twenty lines of this scene, as regards the personages and distribution of speeches, follows the Ff. In the Qq. we have "*Enter Horatio, Gertrude, and a Gentleman*," and to this Gentleman are given lines 2 and 3 (*She is importunate . . . needs be pitied*), and lines 4-13 (*She speaks . . . much unhappily*); while to Horatio are assigned lines 14-16 (*'Twere good . . . Let her come in.*), the Queen's third speech being thus reduced to lines 17-20. It has been suggested that the omission in the Ff. of the "Gentleman" was made to avoid the employment of an additional actor, and where, as in this case, his lines could be at least as properly delivered by Horatio, their assignment to him and the suppression of this unknown personage must be considered on every count an improvement in the stage business. Something more, however, must be said with regard to the assignment to the Queen, in the Ff., of the only lines (14-16) given in the Qq. to Horatio. Line 16 (*Let her come in.*) clearly belongs to the Queen, and we agree with Mr. Grant White that lines 14, 15 (marked "*aside*") are most appropriate in the Queen's mouth as a reflection by which she is led to change her determination not to admit Ophelia to her presence. Many varying attempts have been made by modern editors to improve on the Q. arrangement; but none seems to us so satisfactory as that of the F.

469. Line 6: *Spurns ENVIOUSLY at straws*; i.e. spitefully. In Shakespeare's time *envy* had not yet lost its alternative sense of ill-will, hatred. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 1. 113:

You turn the good we offer into envy.

470. Line 9: *collection*.—See v. 2. 199: "a kind of yesty *collection*," or inference. The word is used again, in the same sense as in the text—an attempt to gather meaning from something said—in Cymbeline, v. 5. 430: "I can make no *collection* of it." For *aim* in the latter part of this line, Qq. have *garne*, a very intelligible misprint from *ayn*.

471. Line 18: *Each toy seems prologue to some great AMISS*.—The substantive *amiss* is used elsewhere by Shakespeare only in two of the Sonnets, XXXV. 7:

Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss;

and cli. 3:

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss.

In both these places *amiss* means rather wrong than misfortune, the meaning of the word in the text.

472. Line 21. Q. 1 has the stage-direction: "Enter Ophelia playing on a lute, and her haire downe singing." The other Qs. have (after line 16): "Enter Ophelia;" the Ft.: "Enter Ophelia distracted."

473. Lines 23-26: "*How should I your true love know;*" &c.—The traditional music to this fragment is printed in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 236, and in Furness' *Variorum Ed.* vol. i. p. 330. Rossetti took this stanza for the first verse of a beautiful little lyric (very modern, however) which he called "An Old Song Ended" (*Poems*, 1870, p. 175).

474. Lines 25, 26:

*By his COCKLE HAT and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*

"This," as Warburton remarks, "is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The *cockle-shell hat* was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion" (*Var. Ed.* vol. vii. p. 424). The word *shoon* occurs only here (in a ballad-fragment) and as used by Jack Cade in *H. Henry VI.* iv. 2. 195. This form of the plural was archaic even in Shakespeare's time.

475. Line 32: The Qs. insert here *O, ho!* which is probably a piece of "gag;" some editors, however, suppose it to represent sobs or sighs.

476. Line 37: *Larded with sweet flowers.*—Qs. have "*Larded all with sweet flowers.*," a reading which many editors adopt, and which is just as likely to be right as the one followed in the text. *Larded* is used again, metaphorically, in v. 2. 20 (the only other instance in Shakespeare). Compare Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*, iii. 2:

*A quiet and retired life
Larded with ease and pleasure.*

—Works, ed. Gifford, 1816, p. 85.

477. Line 38: *Which beweet to the grave did go.*—Qs. Ft. have *did not go*, which seems plainly an error. Pope was the first to omit the *not*. Keightley mentions another instance of an intruding negative in the Ft. of *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 28, where *cannot* is an evident misprint for *can*.

478. Line 41: *God 'ild you!*—This is a corruption of *God yield you* (used in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 33), a phrase used in returning thanks, and meaning "God reward you," or "God bless you." Compare As You Like It, iii. 3. 76: "*God 'ild you for your last company.*" The phrase is used again in the same play, v. 4. 56, and in *Macbeth*, i. 6. 13. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Tennyson, *Gareth and Lynette*, line 18: "*Heaven yield her for it.*"

479. Lines 41, 42: *They say the owl was a baker's daughter.*—"A legendary story," says Steevens, "which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect.—Our Saviour being refused bread by

the daughter of a baker, is described as punishing her by turning her into an owl." Donce, in a note contributed to Reed's edition, and reprinted in the subsequent Variorum editions, remarks on this:—"This is a common story among the vulgar in Gloucestershire, and is thus related: Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him, but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Hengh, hengh, hengh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour for her wickedness to transform her into that bird. This story is often related to children, in order to deter them from such illiberal behaviour to poor people." I believe no one has been fortunate enough to discover the book in which Steevens read the story, nor does Donce himself make any mention of it in his subsequent well-known Illustrations of Shakespeare, 1807 and 1830. Mr. C. G. Leland, *The English Gipsies and their Language*, p. 16, says: "It is, however, really curious that the Gipsy term for an owl is the Maro-mengro's Chavi, or Baker's Daughter, and that they are all familiar with the monkish legend which declares that Jesus in a baker's shop once asked for bread. The mistress was about to give him a large cake, when her daughter declared it was too much, and diminished the gift by one half."

"He nothing said,

But by the fire he'd dew the bread,
When lo, as when a Volsong blows—
To a vast loaf the man-bet rose;
In angry wonder, standing by,
The girl sent forth a wild, rude cry,
And, feathering fast to a fowl,
Flew to the woods a wailing owl!"

480. Line 48: *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day.*—Much has been written about the songs of Ophelia, and the inferences one is intended to make from them as to her character. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, pp. 128-151, has a long, interesting, and, I think, conclusive defence of her, though I cannot entirely share his enthusiasm for a somewhat colorless type of *jeune fille*. Coleridge has said admirably: "Note the conjunction here of these two thoughts that had never subsisted in disjunction, the love for Hamlet, and her filial love, with the guileless floating on the surface of her pure imagination of the cautious so lately expressed, and the fears not too delicately avowed, by her father and brother concerning the dangers to which her honour lay exposed. Thought, affliction, passion, number itself—she turns to favour and prettiness. This play of association is instanced in the close:—'My brother shall know of it, and I thank you for your good counsel!'" Mrs. Jameson suggested that Ophelia might have been sung to sleep in her infancy by old ballads such as those of which she sings certain snatches. And we should, of course, bear in mind, as Strachey observes (p. 85), "the notorious fact, that, in the dreadful visitation of mental derangement, delicate and refined women will use language so coarse that it is difficult to guess where they can ever have even heard such words, and certain that where-

ever heard they would innocuous, in the mild had quickened them."

The well-known allusion *Valentine's day* is given in Furness, vol. i. p. 332.

481. Line 53: *And* quotes Damon and Pity will they not *dunp* the

482. Lines 57, 58: *made an end on't.*—and *truly la* were far tans, and served the Paritan, l. 4; ll. 1; 564, and 573). Th., 'Where is *truly la*, the lie; he that will not Artlings?"

483. Line 65.—Qs. Possibly this was an and should stand in interpolation. The bride edition, but in Furness.

484. Line 72: *Con-* Marlowe, notes that mind a passage in T raving in her mad chair, my jewels."

485. Lines 76, 77: *O, this is the po* *All from her fa*

These two lines are *O Gertrude, Gertru* editors read:

All from her
O Gertrude
When sorrow

But this broken me is no doubt a rev written; *O Gertrude* none behold.

486. Line 84: *IN* has; "*Dinascoso*: s and the English-F detains *In hugger terre*." Steevens Skett): "Antonius should be honoum compare Ford, T no way but to clasp The Merry Devil of So near a But you w

Scot. Discoverie of "doe it *in hugger*- two expressions w Pope chastened th tionable form *In*

ever heard they would have always lain, unknown of, and innocuous, in the mind, unless the hot-bed of mental fever had quickened them for the first time into life."

The well-known air to the words *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day* is given in Chappell, vol. i. p. 227, and in Furness, vol. i. p. 333.

481. Line 53: *And PUFF'D the chamber-door*.—Steevens quotes Damon and Pythias, 1582: "The porters are drunk; will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

482. Lines 57, 58: *INDEED, LA, WITHOUT AN OATH, I'll make an end on't*.—Elze (p. 213) notes that "*Indeed la* and *truly la* were favourite protestations with the Puritans, and served them instead of oaths. Compare The Puritan, i. 4; ii. 1; iii. 1 (Malone's Supplement, ii. 554, 564, and 573). *Ib.*, v. 4 (Malone's Supplement, ii. 624: "Where is *truly la*, *indeed la*, he that will not swear, but lie; he that will not steal, but rob; pure Nicholas Saint-Antuins?"

483. Line 65.—Qq. here insert, in brackets (*He answers*). Possibly this was an interruption of herself by Ophelia, and should stand in the text; but it is more probably an interpolation. The Cambridge edd. insert it in the Cambridge edition, but not in the Globe. It is preserved by Furness.

484. Line 72: *Come, my coach!*—Dyce, in his edition of Marlowe, notes that Shakespeare seems to have had in mind a passage in Tamburlaine, part i. v. 2, where Zafina, raving in her madness, cries "Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels."

485. Lines 76, 77:

*O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude.*

These two lines are printed in Qq. as prose, and before *O Gertrude, Gertrude*, we have *And now behold*. Some editors read:

*All from her father's death. And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, &c.*

But this broken metre is unnecessary. The reading of Ff. is no doubt a revision of the words as they were first written; *O Gertrude, Gertrude*, being substituted for *And now behold*.

486. Line 84: *IN HUGGER-MUGGER to enter him*.—Florbo has: "*Dinaseoso*: secretly, hiddenly, in *hugger-mugger*;" and the English-French dictionary appended to Cotgrave defines *In hugger mugger*, "En cachette, à calinini, sous terre." Steevens quotes North's Plutarch (p. 121, ed. Skent): "Antonias thinking good . . . that his bodie should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*." Compare Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, iii. 1: "There's no way but to clap-to a marriage in *hugger-mugger*;" and The Merry Devil of Edmonton, i. 3. 59, 60:

*So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend!
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger.*

—Ed. Warke and Proescholdt, p. 15.

Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 433, uses the expression "doe it in *hugger-mugger* secretly," which shows that the two expressions were not regarded as absolute synonyms. Pope chastened the inelegant phrase into the inexpressible form *In private*.

487. Line 89: *Feeds on this wonder*.—This reading (which was first adopted by Johnson) is constructed by the Qq. and Ff. Qq. have *Feeds on this wonder*; Ff. has *on this wonder*; between them the right text is easily arrived at.

488. Line 93: *our persons to arraign*.—Ff. has *our persons*. The king is pretty evidently talking of himself alone.

489. Line 95: *Like to a MURDERING-PIECE*.—*Murdering piece* is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Double Marriage, iv. 2. 6, 7:

*like a murdering-piece, aim not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.*

It is the same thing as a "murderer" or *meurtrière*, which Nicot defines as "un petit canonière comme celles des tours et murailles, ainsi appelé, parceque tirant par icelle a descen, ceux ausquels on tire sont facilement meurtri" (quoted by Singer). Cotgrave has "Meurtrière: f. A murdering piece;" and again, "Visiere meurtrière, a port-hole for a murdering Peece in the fore-castle of a ship."

490. Line 97: *Where are my SWITZERS?* *Let them guard the door*.—In Shakespeare's time the Swiss formed the body-guard of the king of France, as they still do of the pope. The name *Switzers* came to be indiscriminately used for a king's body-guard. Compare the current French usage of the word *suisses*. Malone quotes Nash, Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594: "Law, logicke and the *Switzers*, may be hired to fight for anybody."

491. Line 110: *O, this is COUNTER, you false Danish dogs!*—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Randle Holme's Academy of Armory, bk. ii. ch. ix. p. 1871, where *counter* is defined, "when a hound hunteth backwards, the same way that the chase is come." Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 39: "A hound that runs *counter*."

492. Lines 119, 120:

*Even here, between the chaste unsmirched BROWS
Of my true mother.*

Ff. and Qq. print *brow*, which many editors preserve. There seems no reason to suppose it is anything but a misprint.

493. Line 137: *My will, not all the WORLD*.—This is the reading of Ff.; Qq. have *worlds*, which, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, may be right in its extravagant hyperbole.

494. Lines 142, 143:

*That, SWOOPSTAKE, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser.*

Ff. and Qq. have *swoopstake*. The reading in the text is derived from Q. 1, which has *swoopstake-like*. *Swoopstake* is of course a gambler who sweeps the stakes indiscriminately.

495. Lines 140, 147:

*And, like the kind life-rendering PELICAN,
Repay them with my blood.*

The belief in this curious fable about the *pelican* was very wide-spread. Compare Basilus Valentius, A Practick Treatise, together with the XII. Keys and Appendix of the Great Stone of the Ancient Philosophers, 1670: "And

in its own Essence is so full of blood [he is speaking of "the Rose of our Masters wherewith all Metals wanting heat may be revived"], as is the *Pellican*, when she wounded her own breast, and without prejudice to her body, nourisheth and feedeth many young ones with her own blood" (p. 211). Dr. Sherwin (quoted by Furness, Variorum Ed. p. 342) explains the origin of the superscription by "the *pellican's* dropping upon its breast its lower bill to enable its young to take from its capacious pouch, lined with a fine flesh-coloured skin." In Richard II. ii. 1. 126, and King Lear, iii. 4. 77, Shakespeare uses the same illustration, but in a contrary sense. F. I. has a very comic misprint of *Politician* for *pellican*. I can fancy that, had not the Qq. preserved the true reading, commentators would have been found to defend the reading of F. I. even on grounds of sentiment. Might not the *politician* become a beautiful illustration of the patriot, feeding his country with his own blood? It is still not too late for a German editor to take up the point.

496. Lines 151, 152:

*It shall as level to your judgment PIERCE
As day does to your eye.*

Qq. here read *peare*, which Johnson took to be the abbreviation of "npear," and printed *pear*. There is very little doubt that the Ff. *perce* is the true reading (compare iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his blank").

497. Line 152: Danes [Within] *Let her come in.*—Qq. have the stage-direction "A noise within," and give the words *Let her come in* to Laertes; an evident error, as Laertes could not know who was without. In Ff. the stage-direction is: "A noise within. Let her come in." Capell first as in our text.

498. Lines 165, 166:

*Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And is his grace RAIN'D hanging a tear.*

The refrain is not given by Qq. In and *rain'd*, the reading of Qq., are, in the Ff., *on* and *rains*. It is very doubtful which text is preferable. The next line, *Fare you well, my dove!* is printed by Ff. in italics as a part of the song; the Qq. print the whole passage in the same type; Capell, rightly, as I think, printed the line as if said, not sung, by Ophelia. On the refrain, see Much Ado, note 150.

499. Lines 170, 171: *You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a."*—It is not certain whether these two lines should be printed thus, or as two lines of verse. Mrs. Quickly, in the Merry Wives, i. 4. 44, sings: "And down, down, adown-a." Florio has "Filidustacchina, the burden of a countie song, as we say *hay donne a donne downa*."

500. Line 172: *O, how the WHEEL becomes it!*—Steevens supposed that *wheel* was an old word for the burden of a song, but neither he nor anyone else has adduced any trustworthy testimony to that effect. Until that is forthcoming it may be quite sufficient to suppose that Ophelia means nothing more than the spinning-wheel, to which old songs are usually sung in romances, as they doubtless were in reality.

501. Line 175: *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.*—*Rosemary* was thought to strengthen the memory, and

was carried, as an emblem of remembrance, at weddings and funerals. Compare Dekker, The Honest Whore, part II., ii. 1:

Roll. O my sweet husband! wert thou in thy grave and art all again? Oh, welcome, welcome!

Mat. Dost know me? my cloak, prithee, lay't up. Yes, faith, my winding-sheet was taken out of lavender, to be stuck with *rosemary*. Steevens and Malone give a number of illustrative quotations from the writings of Shakespeare's time. See A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, 1584 (p. 4 Arber's Reprint):

*Rosemary is for remembrance
Between us date and night;
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.*

Shakespeare has several allusions to *rosemary*. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 74-76:

For you there's *rosemary* and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be to you both!

502. Line 178: A DOCUMENT in madness.—Cotgrave has "Document; m. A document, precept; instruction, admonition; experiment, example." The meaning here is the etymological one of instruction (*doceo*). The word is not used by Shakespeare in any other place.

503. Line 180: *There's FENNEL for you, and COLUMBINES.*—*Fennel* is emblematic of flattery. Compare A Handfull of Pleasant Delites (p. 4), quoted above: "*Fennel* is for flatterers." Florio has "Dare Inocchio, to flatter or give Fennell." *Columbines* were perhaps the emblem of thanklessness. Compare Chapman, All Fools, ii. 1:

What's that? a *columbine*!
No: that thankless flower fits not my garden.

504. Lines 181, 182: *there's rue for you, &c.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 105-107:

I'll set a bank of *rue*, sour herb of grace;
Rue, e'en for ruth, here shortly shall be seen
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

See note 250 to that play. The plant is indiscriminately called *herb of grace* and *herb-grace*, and both variations are contained in the old copies, the Qq. having the former, and the Ff. the latter. See Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. pp. 347, 348 for a long note on the subject.

505. Line 184: *There's a DAISY.*—Hendley quotes Greene, A Quip for an Upstart Courtier (Collier's reprint, p. 11): "Next them grew the dissembling *daisie*, to warne such light-of-love wenches not to trust every faire promise that amorous bachelors make them."

506. Lines 184-186: *I would give you some VIOLETS, but they withered all when my father died.*—Compare A Handfull of Pleasant Delites (p. 4), "*Violet* is for faithfulness."

507. Line 187: *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*—This was a well-known song, the music of which is given by Chappell in his Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i. 34, and by Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 349. The song is alluded to by the Gaffer's Daughter in The Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 107:

I can sing *The Broome,*
And *Bonny Robin.*

508. Line 190: *And will he not come again?*—The music usually sung to this song is given in Chappell, vol. i. p. 237, and by Furness, vol. i. p. 350.

509. Line 190: *God I know I have done him wrong.*—*Gawd*, which some

510. Line 202: *Laer*—*Laer* is a corruption of *Laertes*. F. I has *conno*—posed to mean particular were variation of spelling of it, one from *Laer* (Holmsted, 1577, glorious Capitaine emude and mystical peo Blacke heath, and th to whome were sent f Canterbury, and H common with him of h

511. Line 213: *His m*—Ff. read *burial*; Qq. similar meaning that then, I incline to p word of the two *Obs* on the first syllable; suit his convenience. are still not unfrequen hable, particularly by I

ACT

512. Line 2: *Sea-far*—*Qq.*, much more pictur editors but the Cam adopted it.

513. Line 31: *Come, your letters.*—Ff. have reading in the text which are followed by

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514. Line 7: *crimefe*—where by Shakespeare, less likely than *crimefe*

515. Line 8: *As by y*—*Qq.* have *safety*, GRK line an Alexandrine. were alternative readi

516. Line 10: *unsin*—Shakespeare elsewhere "well *shewed* to our

517. Line 11: *AND y*—the reading of Ff., to But of Qq., which als th y're. I think that linked sense than Bu sense.

518. Line 14: *conj*—one other passage (in *communicative*), Othello, our revenge."

519. Line 15: *gen*—Othello, i. 3. 326, in sy one gender of herbs."

509. Line 16: GOD HA' MERCY on his soul!—Ff. have *Godmercy*, which some editors adopt.

510. Line 202: *Laertes, I must COMMUNE with your grief*. Ff. has *common*, which Boswell erroneously supposed to mean participate, jest in common. It is a mere variation of spelling, and Stevens gives two examples of it, one from Holinshed in speaking of Jack Cade (Holinshed, 1577, vol. ii. p. 1280, col. 1): "Thus this glorious Capitaine communed with a multitude of dull, rude and rusticall people, came to the place of Blacke heath, and there strongly ramped himselfe, to whom were sent from the Kyng, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, to *common* with him of his greetes and requests."

511. Line 213: *His means of death, his OBSCURE BURIAL*.—Ff. read *burial*; Qq. *funeral*, two words of such very similar meaning that there is little to choose between them. I incline to prefer *burial* as the more poetical word of the two. *Obscure* is here used with the accent on the first syllable; Shakespeare varies the accent to suit his convenience. In poetry this and similar words are still not unfrequently accentuated on the first syllable, particularly by Browning.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

512. Line 2: *Sea-faring men*.—This is the reading of Qq., much more picturesque than the *sailors* of Ff. Few editors but the Cambridge seem, however, to have adopted it.

513. Line 31: *Come, I will MAKE you way for these your letters*.—Ff. have *give*; Q, 2, 3 omit the word. The reading in the text is introduced from the later Qq., which are followed by the Cambridge and other editors.

ACT IV. SCENE 7.

514. Line 7: *crimeful*.—This word is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. The Qq. have *criminal*, which is less likely than *crimeful* to have been misprinted.

515. Line 8: *As by your safety, wisdom, all things else*.—Qq. have *safety*, GREATNESS, *wisdom*, which makes the line an Alexandrine. Probably *greatness* and *wisdom* were alternative readings, inserted together by mistake.

516. Line 10: *unsinew'd*.—This word is not used by Shakespeare elsewhere; *sineew* only in King John, v. 7. 88: "well *sineew'd* to our defence."

517. Line 11: *AND yet to me they are strong*.—This is the reading of Ff., to which is generally preferred the *But* of Qq., which also favour the needless contraction *they're*. I think that on the whole *And* gives a better-linked sense than *But*, though either has a very good sense.

518. Line 14: *conjunctive*.—This word occurs in only one other passage (in which, however, the Qq. have *communicative*), Othello, i. 3. 374: "Let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge."

519. Line 18: *gender*.—This word is used again in Othello, i. 3. 326, in speaking of herbs: "supply it with one *gender* of herbs."

520. Line 20: *Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone*.—Qq. have *work*, which some editors have followed, thus making a different construction, and changing *convert* in the next line into a second indicative. The reading seems to me distinctly inferior, and may well be due to a printer's error. Reed thinks that the spring alluded to is the famous dropping-well at Knaresborough. Elze says: "According to Harrison's Description of England, ed. Furnivall, p. 334 and 349, the 'wonderful virtue' of turning wood to stone was ascribed to several springs, one of them (King's Newnham) being situated in Warwickshire, and therefore, no doubt, well known to the poet." The Clarendon Press ed. quote Lyly's Euphues (p. 63, ed. Arber): "Would I had slipped of that ryner in Caria, which turneth those that drinke of it to stone."

521. Lines 21, 22:

my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so LOUD A WIND.

Qq. here have *longed* *arm'd*, which is not too obvious and absurd a misprint to have had defenders. Stevens quotes a surely unnecessary corroboration of the Ff. reading from Ascham's Toxophilus: "Weake bowes, and lyghte shaftes can not stande in a rough wynde." A very similar misprint occurs in line 27 below, where Ff. have the impossible reading *Who was* instead of *Whose worth* of Qq.

522. Line 45: *To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes*.—See note 463.

523. Line 58-60:

If it be so, Laertes,—

As how should it be so? how otherwise?—

Will you be rul'd by me?

F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 196, 197, has the following note on these lines: "This passage, as it stands, seems to me almost hopelessly obscure. In Malone's 'Shakespeare' (1821) there is absolutely no note on the passage. Caldecott does not notice it; and even that obstinate illuminator of dark passages, Mr. Collier's old annotator, passes it by without a word of comment.

"The editors of the Clarendon Hamlet have a note in which they give Keightley's conjecture, 'how should it but be so?' They say 'we should have expected, 'how should it not be so?' but they do not give the anonymous conjecture to be found in the foot-notes of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' (vol. viii., p. 144), 'how shoul'd not be so?' which I suspect to be the right reading. They suggest an explanation of the passage as it stands—viz. 'that the first clause refers to Hamlet's return, the second to Laertes' feelings.' (See Clarendon Press Series, 'Hamlet', p. 207.)

"I confess that this, the only attempt to explain the words, as they stand, which I can find, does not satisfy me. The fact is, no sense can be made of them, if read as printed in the text. The insertion of the 'not' makes them perfectly intelligible. It has occurred to me, that as there is no authority for this insertion, that if the word 'should' were italicized we might make sense of it, thus—

If it be so—

(i.e., if Hamlet has come back because, on consideration, he did not choose to go to England)—

As how should it be so?

(i.e., how should there be any question about it being so?)—

For the idea that sighing drew blood from the heart, see *Midsommer Night's Dream*, note 184; and compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 59.

539. Line 139: *A sword, UNBATED*.—*Unbated* means unblunted, i.e. without a button on the point. *Bate, abate*, and *rebate* are all used in Shakespeare with a similar meaning. See *Measure for Measure*, note 47.

540. Line 142: *mountebank*.—*Cotgrave* has: "Charlatan: m. A *mountebanke*, a conensing drug-seller, a pratling quack-salver" [he continues, "a tattler, babler, foolish prater, or commender of trifles"]. *Boyer*, *French Dictionary*, defines *mountebank* as "a wandering and juggling physician, a quack." In *Othello*, i. 3. 61 ("medicines bought of *mountebanks*"), the word is used in the same sense. In the two other places in which Shakespeare uses it (*Comedy of Errors*, i. 2. 101, and v. 1. 28) it is less clearly limited to the special sense of medicine-seller. The *Clarendon Press* edd. quote *Bacon* (*Advancement of Learning*, ii. 10. § 2): "Say, we see the weakness and credulity of men is such, as they will often prefer a *mountebank* or witch before a learned physician."

541. Line 144: *cataplasim*.—*Boyer* has: "Cataplasme, s. m. (espèce d'emplâtre pour fomentor), a *Cataplasim* or *Poultice*." In *Cyril Tournem's Atheist's Tragedy* one of the characters is a certain *Mistress Cataplasim*, "a marker of periwigs and attires" by profession.

542. Line 162: *If he by chance escape your venom'd stock*.—*Stock* seems to be found only here and in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 793, but it is no doubt the same as *stock*, used in *Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 26, which means a thrust in fencing—the Italian *stoccata* (from *stocca*, a rapier), Spanish *estocada* (from *estoque*), French *estocade* (from *estoc*, which means both a rapier and the point of a rapier). The word is often found in Elizabethan literature in the form *stoccado* (compare *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 234: "your passes, *stoccadoes*," and see *Nares*, s.v. *Stoccado*). *Stoccado* is generally defined as the Spanish term, but there is no such word in Spanish.

543. Line 163: *But stay, what noise?*—These words are omitted in Ff.

544. Line 164: *How now, sweet queen?*—Omitted in Qq.

545. Line 165: *One woe doth tread upon another's heel*.—*Ritson* called attention to a rather similar line in *Lochner* (one of the so-called Doubtful Plays), which Shakespeare may have seen, as it was published in 1596, but which he is as likely to have written as Mr. Swinburne's drama of the same name. *Guendoline* is speaking of *Sabren*, who has drowned herself, and she exclaims (v. 5):

One mischief follows on another's neck.
Who would have thought so young a maid as she
With such a courage would have sought her death?

546. Line 167: *There is a willow grows astant a brook*, &c.—Compare with this description the description in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 1. 52-103, of the attempted suicide of the Jailor's Daughter. It seems curious that the Queen should be so well acquainted with all the minute particulars of the affair. *Seymour* (vol. ii. p. 137, apud *Furness*) reasonably asks why, as the Queen seems to give this description from personal observation, "she did not take

steps to avert the fatal catastrophe, especially as there was so fair an opportunity of saving her while she was, by her clothes, borne 'mermaid-like up,' and the Queen was at leisure to hear her 'chanting old tunes.'" *Monck Mason* also notes that "there is not a single circumstance in the relation of *Ophelia's* death, that induces us to think she had drowned herself intentionally," to which, however, *Malone* plausibly enough replies, "that the account here given is that of a friend; and that the Queen could not possibly know what passed in the mind of *Ophelia*, when she placed herself in so perilous a situation. After the facts had been weighed and considered, the priest in the next act pronounces, that *her death was doubtful*."

The Qq., in this line, print *ascant* the brook, and they have been followed by some editors, who take *ascant* to be the same as *Chancer's* *ascance*.

547. Line 168: *That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream*.—*Lowell* (*Among my Books*, p. 185) notices Shakespeare's delicate art in drawing our attention to the silvery under-side of the willow-leaves, not "by bluntly saying so, but [by making] it picturesquely reveal itself to us as it might in Nature."

548. Line 169: *There with fantastic garlands did she come*.—Qq. print *Therewith fantasticke garlands did she make*, which *Elze* (p. 226) strenuously defends, but I think mistakenly.

549. Line 170: CROW-FLOWERS, nettles, daisies, and LONG PURPLES.—R. C. A. Prior, *Popular Names of British Plants*, 1863, has: "*Crow-flower*, the buttercup from the resemblance of its leaf to a crow's foot, *Ranunculus acris* and *bulbosus*, L., but in old authors often applied to the Ragged Robin, *Lychnis viscaria*, L.;" and "Long Purples of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, iv. 7, supposed to be the purple flowered *Orechis mascula*, L."

550. Line 178: *Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes*.—Qq. instead of *tunes* print *lauds*, which has a rather quaint and pretty sound, but is less likely to be the right word, as Q. 1 agrees with the Ff. in reading *tunes*. *Lauds* were psalms, and *Jennens* (quoted by *Furness*) is convinced that they are the right reading, and imply that *Ophelia* made an edifying end.

551. Line 190: *The woman will be out*.—Compare *Henry V* iv. 6. 31: "all my mother came into mine eyes;" and *Twelfth Night*, ii. 1. 41-43.

552. Line 192: *douts*.—F. 1 has *doubts*, which *Knight*, with great probability, altered into *douts*, i.e. extinguishes (*dout*=do out, as *dup*=do up). In *Henry V* iv. 2. 10, 11 the same word is almost certainly meant, though the Ff. again spelt it *doubt*:

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage.

Qq. print the word in the text *drowns*, which the later Ff. conjecturally follow.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

553. Line 2: *THAT wilfully seeks*.—So Ff. Qq. have *when she*.

554. Line 3: *AND therefore*.—Qq. omit *and*; they are followed by some editors, but I think very unreasonably.

555. Line 24: *crowner's quest law*.—Compare Twelfth Night, I. 5. 142, and see note. Sir John Hawkins supposes the passage in the text to be written in ridicule of the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries, which were not, however, translated from the French till the eighteenth century. Malone suggests that Shakespeare may have heard of the case in conversation. "Our author's study," he adds, "was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports." See Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 376, where the points of resemblance are given at some length.

556. Line 32: *even Christian*; i.e. fellow Christian. Qq. have *even Christen*, which perhaps would be better in the text. Stevens cites Chaucer, Persones Tale (li. 294, ed. Morris): "Despitous, is he that hath disdayn of his neighbour, that is to say, of his *evenristen*." The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Forshall and Madden's Glossary to the Wycliffite Versions of the Bible, such forms as "*enene-caytif*," a fellow-prisoner; "*enen disciplis*," fellow-disciples, &c. Furness cites The Myroure of our Ladye (Early Eng. Text Soc. edn., p. 73): "we are enformed to haue . . . lotte ech to other, and to all oure *even cristens*."

557. Line 68: *Go, get thee to YAGHAN; fetch me a stoop of liquor*.—The Ff. print *Yaghan* in italics. In Qq. the passage reads, *Go, get thee in, and fetch*, &c. *Yaghan* is a word that has puzzled all the commentators, and it is impossible to say whether it is the correctly spelt name of some local tavern-keeper (the name is no uncommon Welsh one), whether it is a misprint, or whether it is a corruption of Johan or John. Dr. Nicholson (I give his argument as condensed by Furness) writes in Notes and Queries, 29th July, 1871: "Most probably Yaghan was the well-known keeper of a tavern near the theatre; and we have three items of corroborative evidence which show: First, that a little before the time of this allusion by Shakespeare, which is not found in the Qq., there was about town 'a Jew, one Yohan, most probably a German Jew, who was a periquier,—he is mentioned by Jonson in Every Man out of his Humour, v. 6; Second, in The Alchemist, i. 1, which was produced eleven years afterwards, Subtle speaks of 'an alehouse, darker than deaf John,' a name which sounds like that of our foreign John, anglicised, and its owner grown deaf by lapse of time; Third, that there was actually an alehouse attached to the Globe Theatre is proved by the 'Sonnet upon the Burning' of that playhouse (see Collier's Annals of the Stage, i. 388). Is it then unlikely that our wandering Jew, either in search of a business, or as a profitable extension of his theatrical connection, set up 'the Globe Public-house;' and was thus, as the known refresher of the thirsty actors and audience, mentioned by both Shakespeare and Jonson?" Whether it is likely or not may be left to every man's judgment. The suggestion is certainly ingenious, all the more so as it arises from such very problematical data.

558. Line 68: *a stoop of liquor*.—*Stoop*, or *stoop*, a drinking-vessel, is used mainly in Twelfth Night, II. 3. 129, and Othello, II. 3. 39. Qq. print *scoppe*, which is almost certainly a misprint. Jemsens suggests that it represents the clownish pronunciation of *sup*. As a matter of fact,

such would be the Warwickshire pronunciation among the lower classes.

559. Line 69: "*In youth when I did love, did looe*."—The song from which three stanzas sung by the clown are taken is one of the poems contained in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557 (Arber's Reprint, pp. 173-175). It is entitled, "The aged louer renoumeeth looe." Its author's name is not given; but in a manuscript in the British Museum (Harleian MS. 1703), written by William Forrest, the poem is copied (fol. 100) with the heading: "A dyttee or sonet made by the lorde vanx in tyme of the noble quene Marye representing the Image of death." It is also attributed to Lord Vanx by George Gascoigne in the Epistle to a Young Gentleman, prefixed to his Posies. The three verses selected for maltreatment by the clown are the following (the first, third, and eighth of the song):

I Loe the I did looe,
In youth that I thought swete:
As time requires for my behoue
Me thinks they are not mete.

For age with stelyng steppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche [and ed. crowche]
And lusty life away she leapes,
As there had bene non suche.

A pikeax and a spade
And eke a shrowdyng shete,
A house of claye for to be made,
For such a gest most mete.

The third line of the clown's second stanza is taken from the penultimate stanza of the poem:

For beany with her bande
These croked cares hath wrought:
And shipped me into the bande,
From whence I first was brought.

The music sung to the clown's verses on the stage is that of The Children in the Wood (Chappell's Popular Music, I. 200, and Furness, p. 385). The fourth line of the first stanza is printed in Qq.: *O, methought, there a was nothing-a meet*, which the Cambridge editors print: *there-a was nothing-a meet*, taking the "a" to represent the drawing notes in the grave-digger sings (compare Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133).

560. Line 86: *a politician*.—This word is used by Shakespeare in only four other places: Twelfth Night, II. 3. 80; III. 2. 34; I. Henry IV. I. 3. 241; and Lear, iv. 6. 175; always in a bad sense, meaning a plotter, conspirator.

561. Line 87: *o'er-reaches*.—If, instead of the reading of Qq. have *o'er-offices*, a word not elsewhere known, perhaps a misprint, perhaps Shakespeare's collogue for his thought.

562. Lines 92-94: *my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it*.—Compare Timon, I. 2. 216-218:

And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

563. Line 100: *to play at LOGGATS with 'em*.—A description of the game of *loggats* (diminutive of *leg*) is

1 The tune given to the song in the margin of an old copy of Tottel's Miscellany is given by Chappell at p. 216, and by Furness at p. 385.

given by the Clarendon Rev. G. Gould: "The bat with a notable di-green, but on a floor wheel of liguun-vite diameter and three male of apple-wood, in length, tapering from one end to 3½ or 4 in three logs which curl. The object is. The only place we have game is now played in Compare Ben Jonson.

Now are they

Like *loggats*
Boyer, French Dietionary
ful game, now disuse
named in the statute

564. Line 103: For
ginal (given above, and
And eke, of which it
moat and Fletcher,

Your squire doth
For and the squi

See, for further inst
p. 385.

565. Line 108: *qui
found in I. Henry IV
quiddities?* The w
dus, used by the
French Dictionary, I
the Essence, Behug,
dity, or Pnn" and "

566. Line 108: *qui
ing, perhaps corrup
Labour's Lost, note
"These nice sharp
"Quillet, Subst. Ex.
Les Tours & Detour
Cheaneries du Pa*

567. Lines 113, 11
flus, his double cut
ker, Gull's Hornbo
to which your Lond
your thrifty attorne
here is upon the of
his fellow breth him
it is of nothing but
recoeries, midits,
liveries, indictment
commissions, bankr
rrible matter."

568. Line 115: *the
with a play upon it
in All's Well, iv. 4,
p. 10) takes fine in
of FINE dirt, to hav*

569. Line 149: *see
the familiar phrase*

given by the Clarendon Press edd. on the authority of the Rev. G. Gould: "The game so called resembles bowls, but with a notable difference. First it is played not on a green, but on a floor strewn with rushes. The Jack is a wheel of lignum-vite or other hard wood nine inches in diameter and three or four inches thick. The loggat, made of apple-wood, is a truncated cone 26 or 27 inches in length, tapering from a girth of 8½ or 9 inches at the one end to 3½ or 4 inches at the other. Each player has three loggats which he throws, holding lightly the thin end. The object is to lie as near the Jack as possible. The only place we have heard of where this once popular game is now played is the Hampshire Hog Inn, Norwich." Compare Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 6:

Now are they tossing of his legs and arms
Like loggats at a pear-tree.

Boyer, *French Dictionary*, has *Loggating*, "a sort of unlawful game, now disused." It is one of the unlawful games named in the statute of 33 Henry VIII. c. 9.

564. Line 103: *FOR AND a shrouling-sheet*.—In the original (given above, note 559) *For* and is represented by *And eke*, of which it is the equivalent. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. 3:

Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,
For and the squire of duncels, as I take it.

See, for further instances, *Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 285*.

565. Line 108: *quiddits*.—Q^y have *quiddities*, which is found in I. Henry IV. 1. 2. 51: "what, in thy quips and thy quiddities?" The word is from the scholastic term *quidditas*, used by the mockers for equivocations. Boyer, *French Dictionary*, has: "Quiddity, a Term in Philosophy, the Essence, Being, or definition of a thing," also "Quiddity, or P^{ro}u" and "Quiddity, or subtle Question."

566. Line 108: *quillets*.—This is a word of similar meaning, perhaps corrupted from *quiddibet* (see also Love's *Labour's Lost*, note 137). Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 4. 17: "These nice sharp quillets of the law." Boyer gives: "Quillet, Subst. Ex. The Querks and Quillets of the Law, *Les Tours & Detours, les Subtilitez, les Chicanes, on les Chicanneries du Palais*."

567. Lines 113, 114: *his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries*.—Compare Dekker, *Gull's Hornbook*, ch. v.: "There is another ordinary, to which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your thrifty attorney do resort; . . . every man's eye here is upon the other man's trencher, to note whether his fellow lurch him or not: if they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but of *statutes, bonds, recognizances, fines, recoveries, audits, rents, subsidies, sureties, inclosures, liveries, indentments, outlaws, foolments, judgments, commissions, bankrupts, amercements, and of such horrible matter*."

568. Line 115: *the FINE of his fines*.—*Fine* is used here with a play upon its more remote significance of end, as in All's Well, iv. 4. 35. Rishon (Shakespeare a Lawyer, p. 10) takes *fine* in the expression below, his *fine pate full of FINE dirt*, to have the same meaning.

569. Line 149: *we must speak by the card*.—The origin of the familiar phrase, now become proverbial, *to speak by*

the card, is not certain. Malone defines it thus: "we must speak with the same precision and accuracy as is observed in marking the true distances of coasts, the heights, courses, &c. in a sea-chart, which in our poet's time was called a *card*. So, in the Commonwealth and Government of Venice, 4to, 1590, p. 177: 'Sebastian Munster in his *card* of Venice—.' Again, in Bacon's Essays, p. 326, edit. 1740: 'Let him carry with him also some *card*, or book, describing the country where he travelleth. In 1589 was published in 4to. A Briefe Discourse of *Mappes* and *Cardes*, and of their Uses.—The 'shipman's *card*' in Macbeth (i. 3. 17), is the paper on which the different points of the compass are described."

570. Line 151: *the age is grown so PICKED*.—Cotgrave defines *Miste*: "Neat, spruce, compt, quaint, *picked*, minlon, tricksie, fine, gay." See Love's *Labour's Lost*, note 145.

571. Line 177: *I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years*.—This passage has roused a lively discussion on the subject of Hamlet's age. The Clown's statement is very explicit. In line 154 Hamlet says: "How long hast thou been a grave-maker?" to which he replies with considerable detail, that he "came to't" "the very day that young Hamlet was born." The passage seems to be introduced for the special purpose of giving us a precise idea as to Hamlet's age, yet, all the same, it is difficult to imagine the Hamlet of the early part of the play a man of thirty. A long discussion of the subject will be found in *Furness*, vol. i. pp. 391-394; Marshall, in his *Study of Hamlet*, devotes pp. 181, 182 to the question. He comes to the conclusion that Hamlet is really intended to be nearer twenty than thirty, but that Shakespeare "added these details, which tend to prove Hamlet to have been thirty years old, for much the same reason as he inserted the line—

He's fat and scant of breath—

namely, in order to render Hamlet's age and personal appearance more in accordance with those of the great actor, Burbage, who personated him." Probably Dr. Furnivall is right in boldly asserting that Shakespeare is really inconsistent with himself (New Shak. Soc. Trans. 1874, p. 494): "We know how early, in olden time, young men of rank were put to arms; how early, if they went to a University, they left it for training in Camp and Court. Hamlet, at a University, could hardly have passed 20; and with this age, the plain mention of his 'youth of primy nature' (I. iii. 7), and 'nature crescent, . . . not . . . alone in thews and bulk' (I. iii. 11-12), 'Lord Hamlet . . . he is young' (I. iii. 123-4), &c., by Polonius and Laertes, agrees. With this, too, agrees the King's reproach to Hamlet for his 'intent in going back to school at Wittenberg.' . . . I look on it as certain, that when Shakespeare began the play he conceived Hamlet as quite a young man. But as the play grew, as greater weight of reflection, of insight into character, of knowledge of life, &c., were wanted, Shakespeare necessarily and naturally made Hamlet a formed man; and, by the time that he got to the Grave-diggers' scene, told us the Prince was 30—the right age for him then; but not his age to Laertes & Polonius when they warn Ophelia against his blood that burned, his youthful fancy for her—'a toy in blood'—&c. The two

parts of the play *are* inconsistent on this main point in Hamlet's state."

572. Line 203: *Yorick*.—Perhaps connected with the Danish form of the name George (*Jörg*), the *J* being pronounced as *y*. Furness observes that "Jerick" is the name of a "Dutch Bower" in Chapman's *Alphonsus*.

573. Line 211: *to set the table on a roar*.—The Clarendon Press edd. compare the expression "to set on fire, and Exolus xix. 18, where "on a smoke" is used for smoking.

574. Line 236: *IMPERIOUS Caesar*.—This is the reading of Q₄; FF have *Imperiall*, which is of course the sense of the word. The former was quite as customary in Shakespeare's time, and is used by him six or seven times. Dyce compares Fletcher's *Prophetess*, ii. 3: "Tis imperious Rome."

575. Line 239: *the winter's FLAW*.—Cotgrave has "Tourbillon de vent. A whirlwind; also, a gust, *flair*, herry, sudden blast, or boisterous tempest of wind." Compare Venus and Adonis, 456:

Gusts and foul flares to herboen and to herds.

The word is still used occasionally.

576. Line 241: *who is THAT they follow!*—Q₄ print *this* in place of the FF's *that*. The latter seems to me the more appropriate of the two.

577. Line 250: *warrant*; i.e. warrant, is the reading of Q₄, and all the FF, except the first, which has *warrantis*, altered by Dyce into *warrantise*. Cotgrave gives both forms: "Garentage: m. *Warrantie, warrantize, warrantage*." The word *warrant* is used again in Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 132, 133:

And from your love I have a *warranty*
T'imburden all ray plots and purposes;

and in Othello, v. 2. 58-61:

I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general *warranty* of heaven
As I might love.

578. Line 255: *'Tet here she is allow'd her virgin CRANTS*.—*Crants* is the reading of Q₄ (except the 6th); FF. and Q₆ have *rites*, which looks like a conjectural alteration of a word not understood by the editors. The word *crants* seems to be the German *krantz*, a garland, which in Lowland Scotch becomes *crance*, but in English has never been found except in the instance in the text. Elze found in Chapman's *Alphonsus*, Emperor of Germany, two instances of the word—elsewhere unknown, I believe, in English—*corance* meaning a crown, probably of flowers. He thought it threw a light on the *crants* of Hamlet, and that we ought to read that word *evance*. The custom of bearing garlands before the bier at a maiden's funeral, and hanging them up afterwards in the church, is narrated in Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* ii. 302-307; but the word "crants" is not used except as a quotation from the *Hamlet* instance. These wreaths are still to be seen in many country churches. See N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1888, p. 180.

579. Line 260: *To sing A requiem*.—FF. print *say requiem*, which some editors have endeavoured to defend, to explain, or to amend.

580. Lines 261-263:

*Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!*

Compare Persius, Sat. 1.:

e tunulo fortunatogue favilla

Nascentur viole;

and Tennyson, In Memoriam, xviii.:

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.

581. Line 263: *O, treble woes*.—I have adopted here Walker's conjecture (followed by Furness). Q₄ print *woe* (which is universally followed), FF. *woer* (which is evidently wrong). But as Furness very justly remarks: "I think it likely that either the *r* in *woer* of F. 1 is a misprint for *s*, or else the compositor mistook the *s* in the MS. from which he set up. Moreover, the plural somewhat avoids the cacophony of the singular: '*Oh, treble woe*.'"

582. Lines 271, 272:

*'Whose wicked deed thy most INGENIOUS sense
Depriv'd thee of!*

The Clarendon Press edd. very aptly compare Lear, iv. 6. 286-291:

how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have *ingenious* feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

583. Line 298: *Woo't*.—This contraction for "wouldst thou" or "wilt thou," still used by the common people in the North, is used by Shakespeare only here (where it marks contempt); in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 63, where it is a part of the low language of Hostess Quickly; and in two places in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 7, where it is used by Antony to Enobarbus in a tone of familiarity, and iv. 15. 59, where Cleopatra says it tenderly to the dying Antony. It occurs several times in Day's *Humour out of Breath*, always in familiar talk or as a vulgarism.

584. Line 299: *Woo't drink up EISEL?*—Furness devotes nearly five pages (pp. 405-409) of his New Variorum Ed. to this puzzling line. The Q₄ print *Esill*, the FF. *Esile* (in italics); Q₁ has *vessels*. Theobald (Var. Ed. vol. vii p. 480) has the following note, which has had the credit of starting the only two really plausible interpretations which have been suggested: "This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italick characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yssel*, from which the province of Overysel derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be; but he rather seems to mean, 'Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature; and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded the poet wrote:

Wilt drink up *Eisel*! eat a crocodile!

i.e. Wilt thou swallow
The proposition, indeed,
it might be as distasteful
flesh of a crocodile
sibility, nor an antithesis
in some measure rendered
former conjecture—that
defended by Hamlet
Calkecott, Knight, E.
of them deciding in fa-
Nile, which Elze fortu-
suggested Weissel as
interpretation—that
vinegar (A.S. *aisil*)—
Jennet, Dyce, Staun-
word is found in So-
reads:

Whilst like a
Portions of *Eisel*
No bitterness
Nor double

The Clarendon Press
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sun and vinyne or
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hunter cites the Sal-
prayer begins: "O by
the bitterness of the
Florio's Italian Dic-
tio, Eysell;" and Fl-
word, but a still ne-
as we find it in Q₄.
French Dictionary,
word for vinegar) I
The probabilities s
interpretation. As
the gallants of Shal-
fest as a *proof* of th
and among others th
was one of the mos

585. Line 307:—T
only given to the
Queen, with whom

586. Line 310: *if
cloud*. Steevens of
pigeon has *hatched*
than two eggs,) she
moments in quest
young require in
office which she ne
when hatched, ne
323.

587. Line 315: *do
proverbial expressi-
in the Athenian
letter of the Prince
"as a dog hate a d*

587. Line 315: *dog will have his day*.—The origin of this proverbial expression does not seem to be known. A. O. S. in the Athenæum, Oct. 3, 1868, gives an extract from a letter of the Princess Elizabeth to her sister, Queen Mary: "*as a dog hathe a day, so may I*;" and in the Athenæum of

594. Line 20: LARDED with many several sorts of REASONS.—Compare iv. 5. 37: "*Larded with sweet flowers.*" Ff., in place of the Qq. *reasons*, have *reason*, which a few editors, one can scarcely see why, have adopted.

595. Line 22: *With, ho! such nogs and goblins in my life.*
—*Bug* is used several times in Shakespeare for bugbear.
Cotgrave renders: "Gobelin;" "A Goblin, Hob-goblin, Robin-goodfellow, Bug." See III. Henry VI. note 305. *In my life* of course means, "in my continuing to live."

596. Lines 33-35:

*I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A buseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning.*

It seems that illegible writing has always been considered a mark of distinction. It obviously is so now; and Shakespeare, and not Shakespeare alone, is witness that it was formerly. Ritson quotes from Florio's *Montaigne*, 1603, p. 125: "I have in my time scene some who by writing did earnestly get both their titles and living, to disavow their apprentiss age, marre their pen, and affect the ignorance of so vulgar a quality."

597. Line 36: *It did use yeoman's service;* i.e. such good service as the yeomen, who composed the mass of the infantry and were famous for their bravery, rendered in war.

598. Line 42: *And stand a comma 'tween their amities.*
—Johnson very well defines the precise force of *comma* (a question to which Furness devotes two pages) as the note of connection and continuity (in sentences), as opposed to the period, or note of abruption and disjunction. The expression seems to me so natural, and its meaning so obvious, that I do not see why so much dilliculty should have been foisted into a plain enough passage. Elze compares Marston, Antonio and Mellola, iv. 1:

*We'll point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing commas, and even suck
The liquid breath from out each other's lips.*
—Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. I. p. 51.

599. Lines 46, 47:

*He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No shirring-time allow'd.*

In the *History* of Hamlet the ministers of the usurper are represented as aware of the treacherous mission on which they are sent, but there is no intimation in the play that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern knew anything about it. Was, then, Hamlet justified in having them executed, or was he guilty of a piece of merely wanton cruelty? Not justified, says Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 485); justified, says Strachey (Hamlet, p. 96). F. A. Marshall, in his *Study of Hamlet*, devotes pp. 63-69 to this question. The language of Hamlet, he says, in his narrative to Horatio, "indicates great excitement, and, as I have said before, is characterized by a childish exultation in the success of his strategy. That he should have thus craftily obtained, at the same time, such strong proofs of the King's treachery, and so ready a means of avenging himself on the two time-serving courtiers who had been so faithless to their professed friendship for him, seems to have produced no other impression on his mind than one of delighted self-satisfaction. . . . Strange, indeed, is the contrast between his endless self-vindications, as far as the King is concerned, and his utter indifference at the sudden and fearful end he has contrived for the two courtiers. . . ."

"The malignant misrepresentation of Hamlet's character, for which Steevens is responsible, has drawn forth many able and indignant vindications of Shakespeare's favourite hero; but while unable to agree with any of Steevens's deductions, I must confess that he seems right in refusing to judge Hamlet by any other evidence than that afforded by the tragedy itself. . . ."

"It is useless to deny that in the play of 'Hamlet' there is not one line which can be fairly said to prove that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern knew what were the contents of the packet committed to their care. Hamlet himself does not say they knew it; he expresses his distrust of them in the strongest language to his mother (see act iii. scene 4, lines 202 to 210 inclusive), but all that he says to Horatio now is—

*Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
Doth by their own insinuation grow:*

and he seems to justify the terrible punishment he had inflicted on them by the very fact that their conduct throughout had been so underhand, and so cunningly false to him as their friend and prince, that although their treachery was undoubted, they had not been openly guilty of any design against his life. Hamlet declares—

They are not near my conscience;

because he considers that by laying themselves out to serve the King's ends from the very first moment they arrived at Court; by their lack of frankness towards him, their old schoolfellow, at their first meeting; by their steadily blinding their eyes to the state of affairs at Court, and by denying to the griefs of their friend any sympathy; by readily accepting the theory of his madness without trying to account for his melancholy and retirement from Court in any other manner; by accepting an embassy which their own common sense must have told them could not mean any good to Hamlet, they had been so false to the duties of friendship and to the honour of gentlemen, that they deserved the death of traitors."

600. Line 63: *Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon?*—F. 1 has *thinkst thee*; F. 2, E. 3, F. 4 *thinkst thee*; the Qq. *think thee* and *think you*. The reading in the text is the conjectural emendation of Sidney Walker, who suggested that *thinkst thee* should be *thinks't thee*, i.e. "thinks it thee." He cites another instance of a similar construction from Cartwright's *Ordinary*, iii. 3:

*Little thinks't thee how diligent thou art
To little purpose;* —Dodsley, vol. x. p. 216.

where editors have always read, as in the passage in the text, *thinkst thee*.—*Stand me now upon* means, as imperative on me. The same expression is used in Richard II. ii. 3. 138:

It stands your grace upon to do him right.

601. Lines 68-80 are omitted in Qq., a curious omission, as, according to Ft., it makes Hamlet's speech break off in the middle of a sentence.

602. Line 73: *It will be short: the interview is mine.*—Ft. print *the interview's mine*. The correction was introduced by Hammer.

603. Line 78: *I'll court his favours.*—This emendation is Rowe's—*court for count*. It is so very probable that I have not hesitated to introduce it into the text; but at

the same time I do not all be the right reading.

604. Line 83: *Dost thou love me?*—*Dost* is pester'd with such Johnson sensibly takes away trifle, from its over the surface of the

605. Line 91: *Steevens*

606. Lines 101, 102: *pleuron.*—Qq. print *o* printed as an infinitive my complexion deceiv reading is just as plain

607. Line 108: *I be* from Love's Labour's phrase was "remember from Lusty Juveniles be come adhered, and e Man in his Humour court'sh . . . Nay, pl

608. Line 109: *for u* been a conventional in the Instruction to M

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609. Lines 109-150.
only: "Sir, you ar
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610. Lines 114-116:
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gentleman would see
"[He is] the general which a gentleman ly which he is to ebe he both excellent an containing and com man would desire to

611. Lines 118-121:
dizy the arithmetic
NEITHER, in respect inter Qq. *ram*. *Yau* steady motion made not properly answer is somewhat confuse a misprint for *it*, s Osric, so why should It seems to me that he: "do nothing bu ellipsis of the negati

612. Line 124: *sen*
speare in one other

the same time I do not deny that the original may after all be the right reading, and *count* mean make account of.

604. Line 83: *Dost know this WATER-FLY?*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 36-38: "Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies,—diminutives of nature!" Johnson sensibly takes *water-fly* to be the emblem of a busy trifler, from its way of dancing aimlessly to and fro over the surface of the water.

605. Line 91: *Sweet lord, if your LORDSHIP were at leisure.* Ff. misprint *friendship*.

606. Lines 101, 102: *it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.*—Qq. print *or* in place of *for*, which Warburton printed as an unfinished sentence, understanding "or my complexion deceives me." It seems to me that one reading is just as plausible as the other.

607. Line 108: *I beseech you, remember.*—It appears from Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 103 that the conventional phrase was "remember thy courtesy." Staunton quotes from Lusty Juvenius, ed. Hawkins, p. 142: "I pray you be remembered, and cover your head;" and Jounson, Every Man in his Humour, i. 1: "Pray you remember your courtesy . . . Nay, pray you be covered."

608. Line 109: *for mine ease.*—This also appears to have been a conventional phrase. The expression occurs also in the Induction to Marston's Malcontent:

Curt. I beseech you, sir, be covered.

Sly. No, in good faith, *for mine ease*;

and in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts, II. 3:

Is't for your ease

You keep your hat off?

Malone quotes from Florio's Secund Frutes, 1591, p. 111:

Why do you stand bareheaded? . . .

Pardon me, good sir, I doe it *for mine ease*.

609. Lines 109-150.—In place of these lines the Ff. have only: "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon."

610. Lines 114-116: *he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*—This is well explained by Johnson: "[He is] the general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time; that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation."

611. Lines 118-121: *to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, AND YET BUT YAW NEITHER, in respect of his quick sail.*—Q. 2 reads *yaw*, the later Qq. *raw*. *Yaw* is a nautical term, used of the unsteady motion made by a ship in a swell, when she does not properly answer her helm. The passage as it reads is somewhat confused, and Dyce conjectured that *yet* was a misprint for *it*, spelt *yt*. Hamlet intended to puzzle Osric, so why should he not puzzle the commentators? It seems to me that Abbott is right in taking the sense to be: "do nothing but lay clumsily behind neither." The ellipsis of the negative explains *neither*.

612. Line 124: *semblable.*—This word is used by Shakespeare in one other place, Timon, iv. 3. 22, as a substan-

tive, and twice as an adjective, II. Henry IV. v. 1. 73, and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 4. 3. As an adjective it is given in Boyer's Dictionary as the equivalent of the French *semblable*.

613. Line 148: *HIS weapon.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 misprint *this*.

614. Line 157: *hangers.*—Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "The hangers of a belt, *Les pendans d'un baudrier*, on *d'un ceinturon*, les parties qui pendent au bas du baudrier & au travers desquelles on passe l'épée." Stevens compares Chapman's Iliad, c. xl:

The scaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers grac'd.

Elze quotes Dekker, The Honest Whore, Part II. iv. 1: "I could feast ten good fellows with those *hangers*," as a proof of the cost and sumptuousness of them.

615. Lines 172-175: *The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine.*—This wager is of course, as it is put, impossible; but a gentleman of Osric's thinness of speech could not be expected to be very precise in a matter of mere arithmetic. "It was impossible," says Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 199, "that Osric could state anything clearly or simply; but I think the meaning is plain. 'A dozen passes' does not mean simply twelve hits, for in a pass both might score a hit, the wager being that Laertes will not gain three more hits than Hamlet. To do this it is plain Laertes must hit his opponent twelve times at least in every twenty-one, or four times in every seven; the odds, in short, that Laertes lays on himself are twelve to nine, or four to three. It would have been quite clear if Osric had said that the King had laid that Laertes would not win best out of seven hits three times, for that is what it really comes to. I think the expression 'a dozen' was a very vague one in Shakespeare's time, and that if the text is corrupt, the corruption lies in these words. In the Quarto 1613 we find the Gravedigger, speaking of Yorick's skull, says to Hamlet, 'Looke you, here's a skull hath bin here these dozen years.'" In Ff. and Qq., it will be remembered, the passage reads: "Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain [hath lain you] in the earth three and twenty years."

616. Line 176: *if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.*—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 159-161:

I would revenges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek us through.

And put us to our answer.

617. Lines 193, 194: *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*—Malone cites Mere's Palladis Tamia, 1598: "As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head as soon as she is hatched." Stevens quotes very similar words from Greene's Never Too Late, 1601. The bird thus becomes easily the symbol of a forward fellow. For the still more usual signification given to the lapwing—that of insincerity—compare Measure for Measure, I. 4. 32, and see note 169 to Much Ado.

618. Line 196: *many more of the same BEEF.*—This is the reading of Qq. F. 1 prints *mine more of the same Beauty*; the later Ff. *nine*. Some editors have adopted the *bery* of this otherwise plainly corrupt reading, to which I should hesitate to be indebted.

619. Line 200: FOND AND WINNOWER opinions.—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *prophane and tremoured or tremoured*. Warhamton conjectured *fauult and winnower*; Tschischwitz *profound and winnower*, which the Clarendon Press edd. incline to. Either of these emendations may possibly be right; but *fond and winnower* gives very good sense (though the metaphor is certainly mixed): *fond* opinions, foolish and affected ones; *winnower* opinions, carefully tested, select ones—through both of which the fool's *jesty collection* (frothy fragments of fly-away knowledge) hears him indiscriminately.

620. Lines 203-218 are omitted in Ff.

621. Lines 234, 235: *since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes! Let be.*—Ff. read, with slight difference of spelling, "Since no man has ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave hetimes?" Qq. have "since no man of ought he leaves, knows what is't to leave betimes, let be." The reading in the text, which follows chiefly the Ff, was first introduced by Caldecott. The meaning seems to be: "since no man has (as a real and firm possession) aught of what he must leave behind him, what matter if he leaves it early or late?" It is very possible that Johnson's conjecture may be right, and the true reading be: "Since no man knows aught of what he leaves," &c.; the meaning being, in Johnson's own words, "*Since no man knows aught of the state of which he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity?"

622. Lines 237-255.—Johnson says of these lines: "I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood." Strachey's reply is, I think, reasonable (Hamlet, p. 79): "Surely both assertions of Hamlet (the protestation to his mother that he is not mad 'essentially, but 'mad in craft; and this) are *true*—one of Hamlet, the other of the other Hamlet who is 'not himself,' but 'his madness' and 'poor Hamlet's enemy.' His mind is diseased, but not a mere mass of disease: health is still very strong there, so strong as to keep the disease under great control, and often to suppress it altogether for a time. And these opposite assertions are not only true of Hamlet's two opposite states of mind, but true in reference to the two occasions on which they are made. His reason did lose its authority for the time at the grave of Ophelia, but his designs on the murdering usurper are quite rational, and it is his craft to make them seem madness. Nor is his ghost-seeing, *ecstasy*,—this is (as we learn from the distinction between madness and ecstasy in a previous speech in this scene) the excitement and delirium of the senses: it has nothing in common with the fantasies of a fever or night-mare, and if it be a delusion, it is one which leaves the head cool, and the powers of the practical understanding in full vigour."

623. Line 242: *exception.*—Compare All's Well, i. 2. 38-41:

his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand.

624. Line 252: *disclaiming from.*—Cotgrave has "Des-
avouement: m. A disavowing, or disclaiming from."

625. Line 255: *brother.*—So Qq. Ff. have *mother*.

626. Line 261: *To keep my name* UNGOD.—Compare
Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 227, 228:

I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly *god'd*.

627. Line 272: *Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker
side.*—The odds of course refers here to the king's stake
as compared with that of Laertes; not to the terms of the
wager, which were in favour of Hamlet.

628. Line 274: *But since he's better'd.*—Qq. print *better*.
Better'd probably refers to Laertes' practice in Paris.

629. Lines 285-289:

Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannoneers to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"

Compare Stowe's *Annales*, 1605, p. 1436: "Thursday the
14. day [of July, 1603] . . . That afternoon the king
[of Denmark] went aboard the English ship, and had a
banquet prepared for him upon the upper decks, which
were hung with an Awning of cloth of Tissue; every
health reported sixe, eight, or ten shot of great Ordinance,
so that, during the king's abode, the ship discharged 160
shot." This seems to have been a customary in Denmark
on solemn occasions; Elze cites Gfrörer, *History of Gus-
tavus Adolphus*, 1852, p. 127. In 1615 King Christian IV.
of Denmark gave a splendid banquet in honour of the
Swedish envoy Skyth, who occupied a place at the king's
right hand. "Skyth rose up, addressed Christian in
Latin, and drank brotherhood to him in the name of his
own sovereign. Christian arose, answered the speech of
the envoy and, with the sound of cannon and kettle-
drums, emptied the goblet to the bottom."

630. Line 283: *union.*—Q. 2 prints *l'union*, in the later Qq.
onyx, variously spelt. Florio has "*l'union* . . . a great,
faire, and orient pearl." The word comes from "*unio*,"
unique, as no two pearls are exactly alike. Steevens
quotes Holland's translation of Pliny, ix. 35: "And here-
upon it is, that our dainties and delicacies here at Rome,
have devised this name for them, and call them *l'union*;
as a man would say, Singular, and by themselves alone."
The King's announcement about the pearl was no doubt
done to give him an opportunity of dropping poison into
the cup. See 337 below: "Is thy *union* here?"

631. Line 298: *He's fat and scant of breath.*—A gene-
rally received opinion is that this line was put in to suit
the physical peculiarities of the actor who first took the
part. He was, no doubt, Richard Burbage, the leading
tragedian of the company when Hamlet was produced.
The date of Burbage's birth is not known; but he is rea-
sonably supposed to have been about thirty years of age
in 1600. He died 13th March, 1618/19, and an Elegy on his
death (printed by Collier in his *Memoirs of Actors*, 8h.
Soc., 1846, p. 52) mentions many of the parts he played.
Among those which the poet declares to have died with
him is that of Hamlet:—

No more young
Shall cry "Reve-
Further on the che-
small," and that, I
ness of Burbage's per-

632. Line 314: Stag-
let; then, in scathful
wounds Laertes."—
Qq. give none, the
Rap'rs." "How th
says 'a hall, stud
certain.' Salvini del
the first representat
ful manner in which
Laertes had hit him
if he felt the prick
Laertes was about
knocked out of his
placed his foot upon
his antagonist with
nably is, I do not f
consideration of th
it is manifest that
but that he contin
of each foil getting
are disarmed; but
enar to hit Laerte
that comes to his h
in which Hamlet wou
tion that Laertes, th
after Hamlet, whe
he supposed to ha
may be observed th
the slightest of the
evidently was, an
weapon in his har
much harder than
the poison, had st
scuffle—

could hardly have
treachery, or had h
His mind is, I belie
skill, for the true
his eagerness to wi
Furness, vol. II.
deutschen Shakes
following explanat
which seems to me
ably:—"There is o
problem on the st
Rules of the Fencib
to 'Disarming with
latter possibly kno
stage-direction ("T
both are wounded
blesse Hamlet, et
arment et change
The lesson upon c
memory of my sch
your opponent has
his guard, you stri

No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry "Revenge!" for his dear father's death.
Further on the elegist describes him as of "stature small," and that, I believe, is all the knowledge we possess of Harbage's personage.

632. Line 314: Stage-direction: "Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes."—This stage-direction is Rowe's; the Qq. give none, the Ff. have "In scuffling they change Rap'rs." "How this change of foils is brought about," says Mr. Hall, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 200, "is not quite certain." Salvini delighted and surprised the audience, at the first representation he gave of Hamlet, by the graceful manner in which he managed this exchange. After Laertes had hit him, he put his hand up to his side, as if he felt the prick of the imbedded weapon; then just as Laertes was about to take up his foil, which had been knocked out of his hand in the encounter, Signor Salvini placed his foot upon it, and, bowing gracefully, presented his antagonist with his own foil. Graceful as this undeniably is, I do not think it can be justified on a careful consideration of the scene; the action is too deliberate; it is manifest that Hamlet does not stop when he is hit, but that he continues his attack furiously till the point of each foil getting caught in the hilt of the other, both are disarmed; but they do not stop, Hamlet being too eager to hit Laertes: each snatches at the first weapon that comes to his hand, and they continue the struggle, in which Hamlet wounds Laertes. In answer to the objection that Laertes, though struck with the venomous point after Hamlet, when the virulence of the poison might be supposed to have diminished, yet dies the first—it may be observed that Hamlet's wound was probably much the slighter of the two, for the excited state in which he evidently was, and not knowing he had an imbedded weapon in his hand, he would probably strike Laertes much harder than Laertes, knowing the deadly power of the poison, had struck him. Hamlet's words after the scuffle—

Nay, come, again—

could hardly have been spoken had he detected Laertes' treachery, or had he been conscious that he was wounded. His mind is, I believe, entirely wrapped up in the trial of skill, for the time being, and his excitement arises from his eagerness to win the match."

Furness, vol. ii. p. 338, quotes from the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1869, p. 376, the following explanation by Hermann Freiherr von Friesen, which seems to me to clear up the difficulties very reasonably:—"There is only one way, I conceive, of solving this problem on the stage, and that is by reference to the Rules of the Fencing-school, and the lesson that relates to 'Disarming with the Left Hand.' The French translator possibly knew this lesson, as he paraphrases the stage-direction ('They catch one another's rapiers, and both are wounded') with the following words, 'Laerte blesse Hamlet, et dans la chaleur de l'assaut ils se désarment et changent de fleuret, et Hamlet blesse Laerte.' The lesson upon disarming, if I may depend upon the memory of my schooldays, is somewhat this: As soon as your opponent has made a pass and is about to return to his guard, you strike the most powerful battute possible

(i.e. a blow descending along the blade of your opponent), in order to throw your opponent's blade out of its position, if possible, with its point downwards, at the same instant you advance the left foot close to the outer side of the right foot of your opponent, seize with the left hand the guard of your opponent's rapier, and endeavour to wrest the weapon from his fist by a powerful pressure downwards; if this manœuvre succeeds, you put the point of your dagger to the breast of your opponent, and compel him to confess himself vanquished. When your opponent does not succeed in withstanding the *battute*, which makes it impossible for him to keep back his assailant with the point of his dagger, there is nothing for him to do but to meet the attack with the same manœuvre, and get his assailant's weapon in his hand in the same way. With persons of equal skill this is the usual result, whereby they change places, and the combat is continued without delay.

633. Lines 317, 318:

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

F. J. V. in *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 8, 1874, p. 103, writes: "A woodcock is trained to decoy other birds into a springe; first, the fowler places him just outside the springe; then, while strutting about outside the springe, and calling, and by various arts alluring other birds, the woodcock incautiously places his foot in or on the springe, and so is caught." Else, however, doubts whether the woodcock—a proverbially foolish bird—could be trained to anything; and supposes that it is simply fastened near the springe to allure other birds by its mere presence.

634. Lines 347, 348:

as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.

Compare Sonnet lxxiv. 1:

when that fell arrest

Without all bail shall carry me away.

Sergeant is used by Shakespeare for a sheriff's officer, in which sense the word was then current. Cotgrave has "Sergent: m. A *Sergeant*, Officer, Pursuivant, Apparitor." Malone compares Silvester's *Don Bartas* (ed. 1633, p. 30):

And Death, dread sergeant, of the eternal Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge.

635. Line 355: *O god Horatio*.—This is the reading of Ff.; the Qq. print *O god Horatio*, which is quite as good a reading.

636. Line 364: *o'er-crowe*.—Johnson quotes from Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland* (Globe ed. p. 600): "A base varlett, that being but of late grown out of the dunghill beginneth now to *overcrowe* see high mountaynes, and make himselfe greate protectour of all outlawes and rebels that will repayre vnto him." We still use the expression, though only colloquially, to "crow over" anyone.

637. Lines 368, 369:

So tell him, with the OCCURRENTS, more and less,
Which have SOLICITED—The rest is silence.

Occurrents is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Baron's War*, bk. i. canto xii.:

As our occurrences happen in degree.

Solicited means prompted or brought on. Compare *Maebeth*, i. 3. 130:

This supernatural *soliciting*—

incitement, that is. Hamlet apparently breaks off in the midst of a sentence, feeling death upon him, and has but time to give utterance to his last sigh of relief or regret: *The rest is silence*. The Ff. print, after these words O, o, o, o—no doubt the absurd addition of some actor, who thought four groans would add to the effect of Hamlet's death.

638. Line 370: *Now cracks a noble heart*.—*Crack* is used elsewhere by Shakespeare where we should use break. Compare *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 9 ("a crack'd heart"), *Pericles*, iii. 2. 77; *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 301.

639. Line 375: *This quarry cries on havoc*.—Compare *Julius Cesar*, iii. 1. 273:

Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

The meaning of the phrase here seems to be: "His heap of dead urges to an indiscriminate slaughter." The *Clarendon Press* edd. quote from Todd's ed. of Johnson's Dictionary an enactment of the Statutes of *Wicre*, &c., by Henry VIII., 1513: "That noo man be so durly to *crye havoc*, upon payne of hym that is so found begyner, to dye therefore; and the remenannt be emprysoned, and theyr bodyes punyshed at the Kynges will."

640. Line 376: *What feast is toward in thine ETERNAL cell*.—*Toward*, meaning near at hand, is used once before in this play, i. 1. 77. *Eternal*, also, is used in i. 5. 21, with the same apparent meaning as here, i.e. infernal. (See note 136.) Compare *Julius Cesar*, i. 2. 160, and *Othello*, iv. 2. 130. The Yankee, therefore, with his "tarnal," is not in such bad company after all.

641. Line 386: *jump*.—Compare i. 1. 65, and note 11.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN HAMLET.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. I.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abominably iii. 2 39	Berattle ii. 2 357	Chapfallen v. 1 212	Crab ¹⁹ ii. 2 206
Actively iii. 4 87	Bet (sub.) v. 2 109	Charlest ¹⁴ i. 3 36	Crants v. 1 255
Adjoined ¹ iii. 3 20	Betoken ² v. 1 242	Cherub iv. 3 50	Crash (sub.) ii. 2 498
Ambiguous i. 5 178	Billoes ⁸ v. 2 6	Chopine ii. 2 46	Crib ²⁰ v. 2 88
Amliss ² (sub.) iv. 5 18	Bitter (adv.) i. 1 8	Circumvent v. 1 88	Crimfial ²¹ iv. 7 7
Anchor ³ iii. 2 229	Blanks (verb.) iii. 2 230	Clemency iii. 2 230	Crook iii. 2 46
Ancle ii. 1 80	Blastsments i. 3 42	Climatures i. 1 125	Crow-flowers iv. 7 170
Annexment iii. 3 21	Bloat iii. 4 182	Clutch (sub.) v. 1 80	
Anticipation ii. 2 304	Boileless iii. 4 188	Coagulate ii. 2 484	
Apoplexed iii. 4 73	Brainish iv. 1 11	Co-mart i. 1 93	
Appurtenance ii. 2 388	Brute (adj.) iii. 2 110	Comical ii. 2 416, 417	
Argal ⁴ v. 1 12, 20, 55	Bung-hole v. 1 226	Commingled iii. 2 74	
Artless iv. 5 19	Button ⁹ (sub.) ii. 2 233	Communal iii. 2 170	
Aslant iv. 7 167	Buttons ¹⁰ (sub.) i. 3 40	Comply ¹⁵ i. 2 390	
Assigns (sub.) v. 2 157, 169	Buz (interj.) ii. 2 412	Compost iii. 4 151	
Assistant (adj.) i. 3 3	Buzzers iv. 5 90	Compound ¹⁶ (adj.) iii. 4 49	
Associates (sub.) i. 3 47	Cast ¹¹ (sub.) i. 1 73	Compulsive i. 1 103	
*Aunt-mother ii. 2 394	Cast ¹² (sub.) i. 1 85	Concernancy v. 2 128	
Avouch (sub.) i. 1 57	Cataplasim iv. 7 144	Congruency iv. 3 66	
		Caute ¹³ i. 3 15	
Back ⁵ iv. 7 154	Caviare ii. 2 457	Considered (adj.) ii. 2 81	
Backed (adj.) iii. 2 397	Cellarage i. 5 151	Contraction iii. 4 46	
Barked ⁶ i. 5 71	Cerements i. 4 48	Contumely iii. 1 71	
Beantied iii. 1 51	Chanson ii. 2 437	Convenient (adv.) i. 1 175	
Beer-barrel v. 1 235		Coted ¹⁷ ii. 2 329	
Beetles (verb.) i. 4 71		Counterfeit ¹⁸ (adj.) iii. 4 54	
Behove (sub.) v. 1 71			
Be-netted v. 2 29			

¹ = tied to; = near to, Aut. iv. 10. 5.

² = misfortune; = wrong, of fence, *Sonn.* xxxv. 7; ell. 3.

³ = anchorite, hermit.

⁴ = town's form of *ergo*.

⁵ = support in reserve.

⁶ = grown like bark.

⁷ Venus and Adonis, 453.

⁸ = fetters. *Bilbo* = blade, sword, *Mer. Wiv.* i. 1. 166; iii. 5. 114.

⁹ = knob on a cap; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

¹⁰ = buds.

¹¹ = forming in a mould; = throw of dice, i. Hen. IV. iv. 1. 37; *Richard III.* v. 4. 3.

¹² = tinge, colouring.

¹³ Lover's Complaint, 303.

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¹⁴ Chary occurs in *Sonn.* xxii. 11. 15 = to be courteous; = to yield, *Othello*, i. 3. 265.

¹⁶ = compact, solid; = composed, mixed, *Sonn.* cxxv. 7; *Lover's Compl.* 250.

¹⁷ = passed; = surpassed, *Lover's Lab. Lost*, iv. 3. 87.

¹⁸ = portrayed; used repeatedly elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

¹⁹ = crawfish; elsewhere = crab-apple.

²⁰ = manger; = hovel, i. Hen. IV. iii. 1. 9. ²¹ Lucrece, 970.

²² *Sonn.* cxl. 10.

Enseamed iii. 4	Entreatments i. 3	Enviously iv.	Escoted ii.	Ever-preserved v.	Exfoliant v.	Eyases ii.
*Falling-off i.	Fanged (adj.) iii.	Farm ¹ (verb.) iv.	Fatness iii.	Fear-surprised i.	Follies ii.	Fido (verb) iii.
Fishmonger ii. 2 1	Flagon v.	Flaxen iv.	Flushing i.	Forgery ² iv.	Fouled ii.	Free-footed iii.
Fieading (sub.) i.	Frock iii.	Frowningly i.	Fust iv.	Gain-giving v.	Gait ³ i.	*Gallows-maker v.
Gaming (verb) ii.	Gentry ⁴ i.	Gib iii.	Gibber i.	Goose-quills ii.	Grass-green iv.	Grave-maker v.
Grave-making v.	Graveness iv.	Ground-hugs iii.	Hangers v.	Hatchment iv.	*Head-shake i.	*Heart-ache iii.
Heaven-kissing i.	Heaves (sub.) iv.	Heavy-headed i.	Hebenon i.	Rectic iv.	Rent (sub.) iii.	Rey-day iii.
Historical iii.	Honeying (verb) iii.					

¹ = to take on lease; on lease, *Rich.* II. i. 4. 4.

² = invention; elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

³ = proceeding; from used in its ordinary sense.

⁴ = courtesy; gentility; where used in its ordinary

WORDS PECULIAR TO HAMLET.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Enseamed iii. 4 92	Hoodman-blind iii. 4 77	Mouth ⁹ (verb). v. 2 20	Precurse i. 1 121
Entreatments i. 3 122	Horridly i. 4 55	Muddy-mettled ii. 2 594	Presentment ¹⁶ iii. 4 54
Evilsomely iv. 5 6	*Hugger-mugger iv. 5 84	*Murdering-piece iv. 5 95	Pressure i. 5 100
Escorted ii. 2 362	Flush (adj.) ii. 2 508	Mutine (verb.) iii. 4 83 iii. 2 27
Ever-preserved ii. 2 296		Non iv. 5 165	Prettiness iv. 5 189
Exolument v. 2 120		Northerly v. 2 99	Priny i. 3 7
Eyases ii. 2 355		North-north-west ¹⁰ ii. 2 396	Prison-house i. 5 14
*Falling-off i. 5 47	*Ill-breeding iv. 5 15	Note ¹¹ (verb.) i. 5 179	Privates ¹⁷ i. 2 238
Fanged (adj.) iii. 4 203	Illo i. 5 114	Noyance iii. 3 13	Profanely iii. 2 34
Farm ¹ (verb.) iv. 4 20	Impartment i. 4 59	Nunnery iii. 1 122,	Promise-craumed iii. 2 99
Fatness iii. 4 153	Impasted ii. 2 481	133, 142, 145	Proposer ii. 2 297
Fatness iii. 4 153	Imporators i. 3 129		Provincial ¹⁸ iii. 2 288
Fears-surprised i. 2 203	Imponed v. 2 156, 170	Occulted iii. 2 85	Purples ¹⁹ iv. 7 171
Fellies ii. 2 517	Impotence ii. 2 66	Occurrents v. 2 368	Purport ii. 1 82
Filth (verb.) iii. 4 147	Incorporal iii. 4 118	O'ererows v. 2 364	Queen (adj.) iii. 1 190
Fishmonger ii. 2 174, 189	Incorporsed iv. 7 88	O'erdoing iii. 2 14	Questionable i. 4 43
Flazon v. 1 197	Incorrect i. 2 95	O'ergrowth i. 4 27	Quickness iv. 3 45
Flaxen iv. 5 196	Individable ii. 2 418	O'erhanging ii. 2 312	Quiddits v. 1 108
Flushing i. 2 155	Inexplicable iii. 2 13	O'eristy ii. 2 57	Quietus ²⁰ iii. 1 75
Forery ² iv. 7 90	Infusion ⁵ v. 2 122	O'erheavens i. 4 29	
Fouled ii. 1 79	Inhibition ii. 2 2	O'ersized ii. 2 484	Rankly i. 5 38
Free-footed iii. 3 26	Inoculate iii. 1 119	O'erstep iii. 2 21	Rareness ²¹ v. 2 122
Friendling (sub.) i. 5 186	Instrumental i. 2 48	O'ersteemed ii. 2 531	Ratifiers iv. 5 105
Frock iii. 4 164	Intil v. 1 81	Omen i. 1 123	Really v. 2 132
Fromwiledly i. 2 231	In-urned i. 4 49	Oppressor ¹² iii. 1 71	Recognizances ²² v. 1 112
Fist iv. 4 39	Inventorially v. 2 118	Ordinant v. 2 48	Reconcilement v. 2 258
		Outbreak ii. 1 33	Rede i. 3 51
Gain-giving v. 2 225	Jaw-bone v. 1 85	Out-herods ii. 2 15	Re-deliver ²³ iii. 1 94
Gait ³ i. 2 31	Jig-maker iii. 2 132	Overdone iii. 2 22, 28	Re-deliver ²⁴ v. 2 186
*Gallows-maker v. 1 49	John-a-dreams ii. 2 595	Overhappy ii. 2 232	Relative ii. 2 633
Gaming (verb.) ii. 1 24, 58	Joint-labourer i. 1 78	Pajock iii. 2 295	Repat (verb.) iv. 5 147
. iii. 3 91	Jointress i. 2 9	Pale ¹⁵ i. 5 90	Repel ²⁵ ii. 1 109
Gentry ⁴ ii. 2 22	Kettle v. 2 286	Palm i. 1 113	Repugnant ii. 2 493
. v. 2 114	*Kettle-drum i. 4 11	Panders (verb.) iii. 4 88	Reprised ii. 2 146
Gib iii. 4 190	Kindless ii. 2 609	Pansies iv. 5 177	Requiem ²⁶ v. 1 260
Gibb i. 1 116	Lash ⁶ (sub.) iii. 1 50	Pastoral-comical ii. 2 416	Resolutes (sub.) i. 1 98
Goose-quills ii. 2 360	Lazar-like i. 5 72	Pastors i. 3 47	Re-speaking i. 2 128
Grass-green iv. 5 31	Leperous i. 5 64	Peace-parted v. 1 261	Responsive v. 2 158
Grave-maker v. 1 34,	Life-rendering iv. 5 146	Periwig-pated iii. 2 10	Revisitest i. 4 53
66, 154	Loggats v. 1 100	Permanent i. 3 8	Re-word ²⁷ iii. 4 143
Grave-making v. 1 74	Loudly v. 2 411	Pernus ¹⁴ ii. 1 90	Rhapsody iii. 4 48
Graveness iv. 7 82	Machine ii. 2 124	Petar iii. 4 297	Romage i. 1 107
Ground-hugs iii. 2 12	Malfections ii. 2 621	Pickers iii. 2 348	Rough-hew v. 2 11
	Mallecho iii. 2 147	Pigeon-livered ii. 2 604	Round ²⁸ ii. 2 139
Hangers v. 2 156,	Masterly (adj.) iv. 7 97	Plurisy iv. 7 118	Russet ²⁹ i. 1 166
164, 167	Math i. 5 89	Pocky v. 1 181	
Hatchment iv. 5 214	Mermaid-like iv. 7 177	Poem ii. 2 418	
*Head-shake i. 5 174	Miching ii. 2 147 i. 1 63	
Heart-ache iii. 1 62	Mobled ii. 2 525, ii. 2 63, 75	
*Heaven-kissing iii. 4 59	526, 527 iv. 4 21	
Heaves (sub.) iv. 1 1	Moor ⁷ iii. 4 67	Pooh i. 3 101	
Heavy-headed i. 4 17	Mortised iii. 3 20 v. 1 221	
Hebenon i. 5 62	Moult ii. 2 306	Portraiture v. 2 78	
Hectic iv. 3 68	Mouse-trap iii. 2 247	Posset (verb.) i. 5 68	
Hent (sub.) iii. 3 88	Mouth ⁸ (verb.) i. 3 306	Powerfully ii. 2 203	
Hey-day iii. 4 60			
Historical ii. 2 417			
Honeying (verb.) iii. 4 93			

1 = to take on lease; = to let on lease, Rich. II. i. 4. 45.

2 = invention; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

3 = proceeding; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

4 = courtesy, gentility; elsewhere used in its ordinary senses.

5 = essential qualities; = a medicinal liquor, Wint. iv. 4. 816; Pericles, iii. 2. 35.

6 = stroke of a whip; = thong of a whip, Romeo, i. 4. 63.

7 = a fen.

8 = to speak big.

9 = to take into the mouth.

10 north, north-west in F. 1.

11 = to show.

12 Lucree, 965.

13 = to make pale; used elsewhere = to incline, encompass.

14 Son. xxxvii. 6.

15 = Polander.

16 = picture; = presentation, Timon, i. 1. 27.

17 = common soldiers; frequently used in other senses.

18 = of or belonging to Provins in France; used of an ecclesiastical province, Measure, v. 1. 318.

19 = flowers of the Orchis; = a purple dress, I. Hen. IV. iii. 3. 37.

20 Son. xxvii. 12.

21 = excellence.

22 = acknowledgments of debt; = badge, token, Oth. v. 2. 214.

23 = to give back.

24 = to report.

25 Venus and Adonis, 573.

26 Phoenix and Turtle, 16.

27 Lover's Complaint, l.

28 = roundly.

29 = red, reddish; = coarse, homespun, Love's Labour, v. 2. 413.

WORDS PECULIAR TO HAMLET.

Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line
Sable (sub.)	i.	2 242	Sledded	i.	1 43	Thaw (vb. intr.)	i.	2 130	Unreclaimed	ii.	1 34
	iii.	2 137	Silver (sub.)	iv.	7 174	Thereabout	ii.	2 468	Unrighteous	i.	2 154
Salary	iv.	7 81	Solidity	iii.	4 49	Thought-sick	iii.	4 51	Unripe ¹⁴	iii.	2 260
Sanctuarize	iv.	7 128	*Something-settled	iii.	1 181	Total (adj.)	ii.	2 479	Unshaped	iv.	5 8
Sandal shoon	iv.	5 20	Southerly	ii.	2 397	Town-crier	iii.	2 4	Unsifted	i.	3 102
Sanity	ii.	2 214	Spendthrift ⁵ (adj.)	iv.	7 123	Tristful ¹⁰	iii.	4 50	Unsinewed	iv.	7 10
Satirical	ii.	2 199	Splentive	v.	1 284	Tropically	iii.	2 247	Unsmirched	iv.	5 119
Satyr	i.	2 140	Spokes	iii.	3 19	True-penny	i.	5 150	Unused ¹⁵	iv.	4 39
Saviour	i.	1 150	Squeezing	iv.	2 22	Truster ¹¹	i.	2 172	Unvalued ¹⁶	i.	3 19
Scent (verb)	i.	5 58	Stalk ⁶ (sub.)	i.	1 66	Tweaks	ii.	2 601	Unwatched	iii.	1 196
Schoolfellows	iii.	4 202	Stately (adv.)	i.	2 202	Tyrannically	ii.	2 356	Unweeded	i.	2 135
Sconce (verb)	iii.	4 4	Statutes ⁷	v.	1 114	Umbrage	v.	2 125	Unwring	iii.	2 253
Screened (verb)	iii.	4 3	Stiffly	i.	5 95	Unaneled	i.	5 77	Upboarded	i.	1 136
Scrimers	iv.	7 101	Stithy (sub.)	iii.	2 80	Uncharge (verb)	iv.	7 68	Up-spring	i.	4 9
Sea-gown	v.	2 13	Strewments	v.	1 256	*Uncle-father	ii.	2 394	Valaneed	ii.	2 442
*Seeing-virtuous	i.	5 46	Sullies (sub.)	ii.	1 39	Unction	iii.	4 145	Validity ¹⁷	iii.	2 199
Seized (of)	i.	1 80	Sultry	v.	2 101, 103	Unctious	iv.	7 142	Ventages	iii.	2 373
Select (adj.)	i.	3 74	Supervise (sub.)	v.	2 23	Uneffectual	i.	5 90	Waves ¹⁸ (verb)	i.	4 61, 68, 78
Sere (sub.)	ii.	2 338	Supplance	i.	3 9	Unfellowed	v.	2 150	Weedy	iv.	7 175
Service ²	iv.	3 25	Supposal	i.	2 18	Unfortified	i.	2 96	Well-took	ii.	2 83
Shards ³	v.	1 254	Suspiration	i.	2 79	Ungored	v.	2 261	Wheaten	v.	2 41
Sharked (verb)	i.	1 98	*Swaddling-elonts	ii.	2 401	Unhand	i.	4 84	Whiff	ii.	2 495
Shatter	ii.	1 95	Sweaty ⁸	i.	1 77	Unhouselled	i.	5 77	Wick	iv.	7 116
Sheep-skins	v.	1 123	Switzers	iv.	5 97	Unimproved	i.	1 96	Windlasses	ii.	1 65
Shipwright	i.	1 75	Swoopstake	iv.	5 142	Union ¹²	v.	2 283	Wonder-wounded	v.	1 280
Shovel (sub.)	v.	1 47	*S wounds	ii.	2 603	Unknowing	v.	2 390	Woundless	iv.	1 44
Shrill-sounding	i.	1 111		v.	1 297	Unlimited	ii.	2 418	Yaw	v.	2 119
Sicklied o'er	iii.	1 151	Tanned ⁹ (verb)	v.	1 186	Unmask ¹³ (vr. tr.)	i.	3 37	Zone	v.	1 305
Silvered ⁴	i.	2 242	Tatters	iii.	2 11	Unmastered	i.	3 32			
Sith (adv.)	ii.	2 12	Tenable	i.	2 248	Unmixed	i.	5 104			
Sized	iii.	2 180	Tenures	v.	1 109	Unnerved	ii.	2 406			
Skyish	v.	1 276	Tether	i.	3 125	Unpack	ii.	2 614			
						Unpeg	iii.	4 193			
						Unpolluted	v.	1 262			
						Unprevailing	i.	2 107			
						Unproportioned	i.	3 60			

1 = possessed (of).
2 = course of dishes at table; often used in other senses.

3 = fragments of pottery; = wing-cases of beetles, Ant. and Cleop. iii. 2. 20.

4 = tinged with gray; Son. xii. 4.

5 Used as a sub. in Temp. ii. 1. 24.
6 = stately walk; = stem of a plant, in other places.

7 = bonds, mortgages; used figuratively, Son. xxxiv. 9.
8 = toilsome.

9 Used figuratively, Son. i. xij.

10; cxxv. 7.

10 Also in I. Hen. IV. ii. 4. 434.

11 = believer.

12 = a pearl.

13 Lucrece, 940, 1602.

14 Venus and Adonis, 128, 524, Pass. Pilgrim, 51.

15 = not employed, Son. iv. 13; ix. 12; xlviii. 3; = not accustomed, Oth. v. 2. 349; Son. xxx. 5.

16 = not valued; = invaluable, Rich. III. i. 4. 27.

17 = strength, efficacy; = value, in other passages.

18 = hecks; frequently used in other senses.

t Sc. Line
1 34
2 154
2 260
5 8
3 102
7 10
5 119
4 39
3 19
1 196
2 135
2 253
1 136
4 9

2 442
2 109
2 373

61, 68, 78
7 175
2 83
2 41
2 405
7 116
1 65
1 250
1 44

2 119
1 305

128, 324;
on. iv. 13;
customed,
5.
valuable,
; = value,
utly used

KING HENRY VIII.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.
 CARDINAL WOLSEY.
 CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
 CAPTUCIUS, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
 CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
 EARL OF SURREY.
 Lord Chamberlain.
 Lord Chancellor.
 GARDINER, king's secretary, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.
 Bishop of Lincoln.
 LORD ABERGAVENNY.
 LORD SANDS.
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
 SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
 SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
 Secretaries to Wolsey.
 CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.
 GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
 Three Gentlemen.
 DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the king.
 Garter King-at-Arms.
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
 BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
 Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
 Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
 ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, afterwards queen.
 An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
 PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

HISTORIC DATES, ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THE PLAY:¹ Field of the Cloth of Gold, June 1520. War declared with France, March 1522. Visit of the Emperor to the English court, May–July 1522. Buckingham brought to the Tower, April 16, 1521. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen, 1527. Arraignment of Buckingham, May 1521. His execution, May 17, 1521. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce, August 1527. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London, October 1528. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke, September 1532. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce, May 1529. Cranmer abroad working for the divorce, 1529, 1533. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome, 1529. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen, January 1533. Wolsey deprived of the great seal, October 15, 1529. Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor, October 25, 1529. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, March 30, 1533. Nullity of the marriage with Katherine declared, May 23, 1533. Death of Cardinal Wolsey, November 29, 1530. Coronation of Anne, June 1, 1533. Death of Queen Katherine, January 8, 1536. Birth of Elizabeth, September 7, 1533. Cranmer called before the Council, 1544. Christening of Elizabeth, September, 1533.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1–4.—Interval.
 Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1–3.

Day 3: Act II. Scene 4.
 Day 4: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval.
 Day 5: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
 Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval.
 Day 7: Act V. Scenes 1–5.

¹ From Mr. Daniel's Time-Analysis of Henry VIII.

LITERARY HISTORY

Henry VIII. w
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 the fifth, Foxe's A
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 Martyrs. The p
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KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICAL REMARKS.¹

Henry VIII. was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it ends the series of "Histories." The main historical authorities, which it follows with extreme exactitude, were, in the first four acts, Holinshed's Chronicles; in the fifth, Foxe's Acts and Monuments of the Church, commonly known as the Book of Martyrs. The play is a good deal indebted, directly or indirectly, to a narrative then in MS. George Cavendish's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, largely quoted from by both Holinshed and Hall, though the book itself was not published till 1641. Closely as the play follows its authorities, alike in the main course of incident and in the general choice of language, there are numerous deviations from the chronological order of events. These will be seen by referring to Mr. Daniel's table of "historic dates in the order of the play."

So far we have dealt with facts: what remains must be but conjecture. It is as well to say frankly, that we know with certainty neither who wrote Henry VIII., nor when it was written. I shall give, first, the scanty records, the few external facts relating to the play; then, the various theories which have been brought forward as to its date and authorship; not having much hope of being able, finally, to speak myself on all points with the enviable assurance of one whose mind is fully and confidently made up.

The first allusion to a play on the subject of Henry VIII. is found in an entry in the

Stationers' Registers under date February 12, 1604-5: "Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it, and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy." This play, which Collier "feels no hesitation" in supposing to be the play which we find in the Folio, may more reasonably be identified with the rough and scrambling historical comedy of Samuel Rowley, When you see me, you know mee; or, the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight, with the berth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales, which Nathaniel Butter published in 1605. It is a bluff, hearty, violently Protestant piece of work, the Protestant emphasis being indeed the most striking thing about it. The verse is formal, with one or two passages of somewhat heightened quality; the characters include a stage Harry, a very invertebrate Wolsey, a Will Sommers whose jokes are as thin as they are inveterate, a Queen Katharine of the doctrinal and magnanimous order, a modest Prince Edward; with minor personages of the usual sort, and, beyond the usual, a Dogberry and Verges set of watchmen, with whom, together with one Black Will, King Henry has a ruffling scene. The play was reprinted in 1613, in 1621, and again in 1632.

The next allusion which we find to a play on the subject of Henry VIII. is in connection with the burning of the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613. In the Harleian MS. 7002, leaf 268, there is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Pickering, dated "this last of June, 1613," in which we read: "No longer since then yesterday, while Bourbege his compaignie were acting at y^e Globe the play of Hen: 8, and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph; the fire catch'd & fastened upon the thatch of y^e house and

¹ I have found it necessary in this case to combine the Literary History and the Critical Remarks, instead of giving them, as usual, separately. An Introduction to Henry VIII. has to deal with disputed conclusions, and the "critical remarks" become so many arguments, and have to come forward when and where they are wanted.

KING HENRY VIII.

there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house & all in lesse then two houres (the people having enough to doe to save themselves)." On July 6, 1613, Sir Henry Wotton writes to his nephew (Reliq. Wotton. p. 425, ed. 1685): "Now to let matters of state sleep; I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The king's players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatel, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within an hour, the whole house to the very ground." In the 1615 edition of Stowe's *Annales*, "continued and augmented by Edmond Howes," we read (p. 926) under date 1613: "Also vpon S. Peters day last the play-house or Theater, called the *Globe*, vpon the Bank-side, nere London, by negligent discharging of a peale of ordnance close to the south side thereof tooke fier, & the wind sodainly disperst y^e flame round about, & in a very short space y^e whole building was quite consumed, & no man hurt: the house being filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of *Henry the 8.* And the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner then before."

It will thus be seen that in 1613 a play on the subject of Henry VIII. was being acted at the Globe under the name of *All is True*. It is described by Sir Henry Wotton as "a new play." Further, it represented "King Henry making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house," where chambers were discharged in his honour, as in the Folio Henry VIII. i. 4. (stage-direction, after line 49: "Drum and

trumpet, chambers discharged"). It also apparently contained a scene in which Katharine was brought to trial. The name, *All is True*, is perfectly appropriate to the play which we have in the Folio, and in the Prologue there are three expressions which may be taken as references to such a title: line 9: "May here find *truth*, too;" line 18: "To rank our chosen *truth* with such a show;" and line 21: "To make that only *true* we now intend." So far, we have a certain show of evidence, very slight indeed, which might lead us to suppose (in the absence of other evidence to the contrary) that the play *All is True*, acted as a new play at the Globe in 1613, was that which is printed as Henry VIII. in the First Folio of Shakespeare. There is nothing, however, to tell us that this play of 1613 was by Shakespeare.

Leaving for the present the question of date, we must now consider the more important question of authorship. And here we should premise that the fact of Henry VIII. having been printed in the First Folio is far from being a conclusive argument on behalf of its genuineness, whole or partial. The editors of the First Folio had an elastic sense of their editorial responsibilities. They admitted Titus Andronicus and the three parts of Henry VI., which it is practically certain that Shakespeare did no more than revise; as well as *The Taming of the Shrew*, which we know to be a recast of the earlier play *The Taming of a Shrew*. They did not admit *Pericles*, which was published in Quarto under Shakespeare's name, generally recognized at the time as his, and, in the greater part of it, so obviously Shakespearean that its authenticity could not have been seriously doubted.

The first to call attention to the metrical peculiarities of Henry VIII. was a certain Mr. Rogerick, Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, some of whose notes are given in the sixth and posthumous edition of Thomas Edwards' *Canons of Criticism*, published in 1758. Roderick notes (1) that "there are in this Play many more verses than in any other, which end with a redundant syllable. . . . this Play has very near *two* redundant verses to *one* in any other Play;" (2) that "the

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Cæsare, or Pauses of the verse, are full as remarkable;" (3) "that the emphasis, arising from the sense of the verse, very often clashes with the cadence that would naturally result from the metre." "What Shakespear intended by all this," he adds, "I fairly own myself ignorant."

Before this, Johnson had observed that the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine, and that every other part might be easily conceived and easily written. Later, Coleridge, in 1819, distinguished Henry VIII. from Shakespeare's other historical plays as "a sort of historical masque or show-play." Even Knight was forced to acknowledge that the moral which he traces through the first four acts has to be clenched in the fifth by—referring to history for it! It was not, however, till 1850 that it occurred to anyone to follow out these clues by calling in question the entire authenticity of the play. In that year the suggestion was made by three independent investigators. Emerson, in his *Representative Men*, treating of Shakespeare, says passingly: "In Henry VIII. I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where—instead of the manner of Shakespeare, whose secret is, that thought constructs the time, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm—here the lines are constructed on a given time, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence. But the play contains, through all its length, unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs. What is odd, the compliment to Queen Elizabeth is in the bad rhythm." In taking it for granted that in Henry VIII. Shakespeare is to be seen altering an earlier piece of work, rather than working contemporaneously with another dramatist, or allowing his own work to be altered, Emerson simply follows in the line of Malone's investigations into the construction of the three parts of Henry VI. It

did not lie within his scope to investigate the matter further; the passage, indeed, in which he states his view, is a digression from his main argument. In August of the same year Mr. James Spedding published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a paper entitled "Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII.?" in which he dealt at considerable length with the question of authorship. "I had heard it casually remarked," he says, "by a man of first-rate judgment on such points [Tennyson] that many passages in Henry VIII. were very much in the manner of Fletcher. . . . I determined upon this to read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and see whether any solution of the mystery would present itself. The result of my examination was a clear conviction that at least two different hands had been employed in the composition of Henry VIII.; if not three; and that they had worked, not together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it." On August 24, 1850, a letter appeared in *Notes and Queries* from Mr. Samuel Hickson (the writer of an investigation into the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, published in the *Westminster Review* of April, 1847), stating that he himself had made the same discovery as Mr. Spedding three or four years back, and desiring (he adds) "to strengthen the argument of the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by recording the fact that I, having no communication with him, or knowledge of him, even of his name,¹ should have arrived at exactly the same conclusion as his own." In 1874 the New Shakspeare Society republished Mr. Spedding's essay and Mr. Hickson's letter, supporting the theory of double authorship by Mr. Fleay's and Mr. Furnivall's application of certain further metrical tests. In a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, November 13, 1874, Professor J. K. Ingram expressed himself as not so fully convinced that the non-Fletcherian portion of the play was by Shakespeare as that the non-Shakespearean part was by Fletcher. "In reading the (so-called) Shaksperian part of the play I do not often feel myself in contact with a

¹ Mr. Spedding's article was published under the initials J. S.

KING HENRY VIII.

mind of the first order. Still, it is certain that there is much in it that is like Shakspeare, and some things that are worthy of him at his best; that the manner, in general, is more that of Shakspeare than of any other contemporary dramatist; and that the system of verse is one which we do not find in any other, whilst it is, in all essentials, that of Shakspeare's last period. I cannot name anyone else who could have written this portion of the play" (New Sh. Soc.'s Transactions, 1874, p. 454). Finally, Mr. Robert Boyle, in an investigation into the Origin and Authorship of Henry VIII., read before the New Shakspeare Society, January 16, 1885, attempted to prove that Shakspeare had no share whatever in the play, but that the part formerly assigned to him was really written by Massinger, and that Massinger and Fletcher wrote the play in collaboration. Mr. Spedding had accepted the generally-received date of 1612 or 1613, and suggested that the play may have been put together in a hurry on the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage (February, 1612-13); Mr. Boyle contended that the play was not produced till 1616, probably not till 1617, and that it was written to supply the place of All is True (possibly Shakspeare's, possibly not), which was destroyed in the Globe fire of 1613.

Such, in brief, are the main theories with regard to the various problems raised by this puzzling play. I have purposely avoided saying much as to the question of date, both because I think there is little enough to be said, and because this little is rather an inference from, than a support to, whatever theory of authorship we may choose to follow.

That Shakspeare—or that any single writer—did not write the whole of Henry VIII., seems to me (to take a first step) practically beyond a doubt. So much we can hardly fail to accept; first, on account of the incoherence of the general action, the utter failure of the play to produce on us a single calculated effect; secondly, on the even stronger evidence of the versification. As Hertzberg remarks, Henry VIII. is "a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with

the birth of a child." Spedding rightly notes that "the effect of this play as a whole is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . . The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after." It is not merely that there are certain defects in the construction—defects in construction are to be found in nearly every play of Shakspeare. The whole play is radically wanting in both dramatic and moral coherence. Our sympathy is arbitrarily demanded and arbitrarily countermanded. We are expected to weep for the undeserved sorrows of Katharine in one act, and to rejoice over the triumph of her rival, the cause of all those sorrows, in another. "The effect," as Spedding expressively puts it, "is much like that which would have been produced by the *Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening." That Shakspeare, not only in the supreme last period of his career, but at any point in that career at which it is possible that the play could have been written, should be supposed capable of a blunder so headlong, final, and self-annulling, is nothing less than an insult to his memory. It is difficult to fancy that any single writer, capable of so much episodic power, could have produced a play in which the point of view is so constantly and so unintelligibly shifted.

This we say is difficult, but it is impossible to believe that any single writer could have produced a play in which the versification obeys two perfectly distinct laws in perfectly distinct scenes and passages. The unanswerable question is: Did Shakspeare at any period of his life write verse in the metre of Wolsey's often-quoted soliloquy (iii. 2. 350-

372)? If one's ears, unable that w trouble to ac finer magic, pression, wh ingly, his c some portio hear a cons versification in one play and verse w conclusion have been c and Hickso follows. T like Shakes Shakspeare (as far as li play they a Boyle, in 1 substantia to the Sha as I think lines 1-24 and v. 3. li parts of t metre of th unlike, as speare, we similar to this passag one of Fle

And study
My noble m
Ye are poo
That man t
The great t
Can never
Though I h
I gave you
Hasty to p
And but I
My fortune
My noble s
I durst not
Above the
You have
Swords, h
Demodisun
Are wont
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372) If one may believe the evidence of one's ears, never; nor is the metre so admirable that we can suppose he would take the trouble to acquire it, lacking as it is in all that finer magic, in all that subtler faculty of expression, which marked, and marked increasingly, his own verse. The versification of some portions of the play does undoubtedly bear a considerable resemblance to the later versification of Shakespeare. We have thus in one play verse which is like Shakespeare's, and verse which is unlike Shakespeare's. The conclusion is inevitable: two writers must have been engaged upon it. Messrs. Spedding and Hickson agreed in dividing the play as follows. To the writer whose versification is like Shakespeare's (and whom they took to be Shakespeare) they assigned i. 1. 2., ii. 3. 4., iii. 2. (as far as line 203), and v. 1. The rest of the play they assigned to the other author. Mr. Boyle, in his examination of the play, while substantially following this division, assigns to the Shakespeare-like author iv. 1. (rightly, as I think), and also adds to his share i. 4. lines 1-24, 64-108, ii. 1. lines 1-53, 137-169, and v. 3. lines 1-113. Reading the remaining parts of the play, the parts written in the metre of that soliloquy of Wolsey, so markedly unlike, as I have said, the metre of Shakespeare, we find that the metre is as markedly similar to that of Fletcher. Compare with this passage the following typical passage from one of Fletcher's plays, *The False One*, ii. 1.:

I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind as you have done my conquest,
Ye are poor and open; I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recognise the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths and friends about my person,
I durst not trust you, nor expect a courtesy
Above the pious love you shou'd to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,

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You wretched and poor seeds of sunburnt Egypt;
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That when the day gives light will be himself still,
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies.
Go and embalm the bones of that great soldier;
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabean bed, and place this phoenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.

This gives, in an extreme form, those characteristics which peculiarly distinguish the verse of Fletcher, and which (it will be seen) distinguish equally the passage of *Henry VIII.* to which I have referred, and all those portions of the play already indicated: there is the same abundance of double and triple endings, the same fondness for an extra accented syllable at the end of a line (a characteristic which is inveterate in Fletcher and of which scarcely an example is to be found in the work of any of his contemporaries), the same monotony, the same clash of metrical and sense-emphasis. Emerson, in the passage already quoted, defines admirably the difference between this metre and that of Shakespeare—a difference which is indeed so obvious as to make definition seem unnecessary. It may be doubted whether in the whole of Shakespeare there is such a line as this (iii. 2. 352):

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth—

where the double ending is composed of two equally accented syllables. Examples by the score could be cited at a moment's notice from any play of Fletcher's, and from Fletcher's plays alone. May we not therefore feel justified in assigning to Fletcher (in the absence, be it understood, of any distinguishing Shakespearean features in the characterization and the language) those portions of the play in which the versification is precisely like that of Fletcher and completely unlike that of Shakespeare or any other known dramatist?

We have now to consider the authorship of the remaining part of the play—the more important part, not only because it contains the famous trial-scene, but because the writer introduced, and doubtless sketched out, the various characters afterwards handled by himself

and his coadjutor. Are these characters, we may ask first, worthy of Shakespeare, and do they recall his manner of handling? Is their language the Shakespearian language, the versification of their speeches the Shakespearian versification? Or do the characters, language and versification seem more in the style of Massinger, or of any other writer?

In looking at the characters in Henry VIII. we must not forget that they were all found ready-made in the pages of Holinshed. The same might to a certain extent be said of all Shakespeare's historical plays: the difference in the treatment, however, is very notable. In Henry VIII. Holinshed is followed blindly and slavishly; some of the most admirable passages of the play are almost word for word out of the Chronicles; there are none of those illuminating touches by which Shakespeare is wont to transfigure his borrowings. Nor does Shakespeare content himself with embellishing; he creates. Take, for example, Bolingbroke, of whose disposition Holinshed says but a few words: the whole character is an absolute creation. Shakespeare's fidelity to his authorities is not so great as to prevent him from rejecting material ready to his hand where such material is at variance with his own conception of a character. For example, Holinshed records a speech of Henry V. before the battle. Shakespeare writes a new one, in marked contrast to it. Again, Holinshed gives a speech of Hotspur delivered shortly before the battle of Shrewsbury. Shakespeare puts quite other words and thoughts into Hotspur's mouth. In both cases Holinshed furnished a speech that might well have been turned into blank verse; nevertheless it was set aside. But in Henry VIII. Holinshed is followed with a fidelity which is simply slavish.

The character of Katharine, for instance, on which such lavish and unreasoning praise has been heaped, owes almost all its effectiveness to the picturesque narration of the Chronicles. There we see her, clearly outlined, an obviously workable figure; and it cannot be said that we get a higher impression of her from the play than we do from the history. The dramatist has proved just equal

to the occasion: he has taken the character as he found it, and, keeping always very close to his authority, he has produced a most admirable copy—transplanting rather than creating. To speak of the character of Katharine as one of the triumphs of Shakespeare's art seems to me altogether a mistake. The character is a fine one, and it seems, I confess, almost as far above Massinger as it is beneath Shakespeare. But test it for a moment by placing Katharine beside Hermione. The whole character is on a distinctly lower plane of art: the wronged wife of Henry has (to me at least) none of the fascination of the wronged wife of Leontes: there are no magic touches. Compare the trial-scene in Henry VIII. (ii. 4.) and the trial scene in *Winter's Tale* (iii. 2.). I should rather say contrast them, for I can see no possible comparison of the two. Katharine's speech is immeasurably inferior to Hermione's, alike as art and as nature. It has none whatever of that packed imagery, that pregnant expressiveness, that vividly metaphorical way of being direct, which gives its distinction to the speech of Hermione. It is, moreover, almost word for word from Holinshed (see note 171). As for the almost equally famous death-scene, I can simply express my astonishment that anyone could have been found to say of it, with Johnson, that it is "above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic." Tender and pathetic it certainly is, but with a pathos just a little limp, if I may use the word—flaccid almost, though, thanks to the tonic draught of Holinshed, not so limp and flaccid as Fletcher often is.

If Katharine is a little disappointing, Anne is an unmitigated failure. That she is meant to be attractive is evident from the remarks made about her in various parts of the play, in which we are told that she is "virtuous and well-deserving," that she is "a gallant creature and complete," that "beauty and honour" are mingled in her, and the like. And what do we see? A shadow, a faint and unpleasing sketch—the outline of one of those slippery women whom Massinger so often drew. She would sympathize with the queen,

and her words natural in her; affected primness, "hypocrisy," says and in what we quiet she is meagre; Shakespeare's work the character so intentionally degenerate manner rather think the with Lavinia the

Turning to the we find a showing king not without discover that the cover. The character, but adequately contented. What assume toward walk beside him be without difference more than after the Henry of believe—or with those "scruples" refers, not with illogical, insult presentment of figure, who with intense interest Shakespeare thought, his

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and her words of sympathy are stilted, unnatural in her; she is cunning, through all her affected primness ("For all the spice of your hypocrisy," says the odious Old Lady to her); and in what we see of her at Wolsey's banquet she is merely frivolous. In all Shakespeare's work there is no such example of a character so marred in the making, so unintentionally degraded (after Massinger's inveterate manner) as this of Anne. I would rather think that Shakespeare began his career with Lavinia than that he ended it with Anne.

Turning to the character of Henry VIII. we find a showy figure, who plays his part of king not without effect. Looking deeper, we discover that there is nothing deeper to discover. The Henry of history is a puzzling character, but the Henry of a play should be adequately conceived and intelligibly presented. Whatever disguise he may choose to assume towards the men and women who walk beside him on the boards, to us he must be without disguise. As it is, we know no more than after reading Holinshed whether the Henry of the play believed or did not believe—or what partial belief he had—in those "scruples," for instance, to which he refers, not without a certain unction. He is illogical, insubstantial, the merely superficial presentment of a deeply interesting historical figure, who would, we may be sure, have had intense interest for Shakespeare, and to whom Shakespeare would have given his keenest thought, his finest workmanship.

A greater opportunity still is lost in the case of Wolsey. We hear a great deal of his commanding qualities, but where do we see them? Arrogance we see, and craft, but nowhere does he produce upon us that impression of tremendous power—of magnificence, in good and evil—which it is clearly intended that he should produce. Is it credible that the dramatist who, in the shape of a swollen and deluded Falstaff, drives in upon us the impression of the man's innate power with every word that he utters, and through all his buffetings and disgraces, should, with every advantage of opportunity, with such a figure, ready made to his hand, as Wolsey, have given us this merely formal transcript from Holinshed,

this "thing of shreds and patches?" How dramatically would Shakespeare have worked the ascending fortunes of the man to a climax—with what crushing effect, and yet how inevitably, brought in the moment of downfall! As it is, the effect is at once trivial and spasmodic, and the famous soliloquies, even, when one looks at them as they really are, but fine rhetorical preachments, spoken to the gallery; fine, rhetorical, moving, memorable, but not the epilogue of a broken fortune, the last words of a bitterness worse than death, as Shakespeare or as nature would have given them. One feels that there is no psychology underneath this big figure: it stands, and then it is doubled up by a blow; but one sees with due clearness neither why it stood so long nor why it fell so suddenly. The events happen, but they are not brought about by that subtle logic which, in Hamlet or in Lear, constructs the action out of the character, and so enables us to follow, to understand, every change, however sudden and unlooked-for, in the uncertain fortunes of a tormented human creature struggling with the powers of fate and of his own nature.

Now all this, so incredible in Shakespeare, is precisely what we find again and again in his contemporaries, and nowhere more than in Fletcher and Massinger. In Shakespeare, never neglectful of the requirements of the stage, the picturesqueness is made to grow out of the real nature of things: Fletcher and Massinger, only too often, are ready to sacrifice the strict logic of character to the momentary needs of a dramatic spectacle, the stage-interest of sudden reverses. And in all that I have been saying of the character-drawing which we see in this play, little has been said which would not lead us to assign this work, so far beneath Shakespeare, to such fine but imperfect dramatic poets as Fletcher and Massinger.

I have spoken of the evidences of Fletcher's metre which we find in certain parts of the play, evidences which seem scarcely to admit of a doubt. But I confess that the metre and language of the non-Fletcherian portion do not seem to me by any means so clearly assignable to Massinger. Massinger's verse is

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a close imitation of the later verse of Shakespeare; but it is an imitation which stops short at the end of no very lengthy a tether. The verse of the non-Fletcherian portion of Henry VIII. rings neither true Shakespeare nor true Massinger, and I know of no other dramatist to whom it can be attributed. There are lines and passages which, if I came across them in an anonymous play, I should assign without hesitation to Massinger; there are also lines and passages to which I can recollect no parallel in all his works. Mr. Boyle, in his valuable paper already quoted, gives a certain number of "parallel passages" in support of the Massinger authorship, but I cannot say that they appear to me altogether conclusive. Nor is the argument from supposed historical allusions, by which he assigns the play to 1616 or 1617, a date which would favour the theory that Massinger and Fletcher wrote together, anything more than vaguely conjectural. As I have said before, we really do not know when this play was written; there is nothing to forbid the assumption that it was a new play in 1613, there is nothing to forbid the assumption that it was not written till 1616 or 1617. The backward limit of date is indeed fixed by the characteristics of the metre; but the very slight evidence which identifies the play of Henry VIII. as we have it, with the play *All is True*, which was being performed on the occasion of the Globe fire, is not conclusive enough to stand in the way of a later date, should a later date seem to be demanded by other considerations. We are thus free to deal with the question of authorship entirely on internal evidence. I have already given my reasons for believing that Shakespeare wrote neither the whole nor a part of the play, and that Fletcher did write certain portions of it. But I cannot hold with any assurance that the second author has yet been discovered. It seems not improbable that this second author was Massinger. But it is far from certain, and, at present, a definite judgment on this point would be premature.

STAGE HISTORY.

A strong light is cast upon the first known performance of King Henry VIII. While

this work was in course of performance at the Globe Playhouse on Tuesday, 29th June, 1613, through the "negligent discharging of a peal of ordnance, close to the South side thereof the Thatch took fire, and the wind suddenly disperst the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed and no man hurt; the house being filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the Eighth" (Howes; Stow, *Chronicles*, p. 1003; quoted by Mr. Fleay). References to this calamity are found in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, 8th July, 1613 (Winwood's Memorials, iii. 469), and in a second from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, 30th June, 1613 (see Fleay's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 250). According to the *Reliquie Wottonianæ* this event occurred at "a new play acted by the Kings players at the Bankside called *All is True* representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth." For a more extended account of this accident the reader is referred to the literary history of the play. To the literary rather than the stage history of the play belongs the question whether the piece then given was the Henry VIII. of Shakespeare or another of the many plays on a similar subject which saw the light early in the seventeenth century, and that also of how much of the existing Henry VIII. is by Shakespeare. Almost if not absolutely conclusive that the play then acted was not Shakespeare's is the evidence on which Halliwell-Phillipps and other commentators rely. The famous "sonnet upon the pittifull burninge of the Globe playhowse in London" says:

Out runne the knightes, out runne the lordes,
And there was great adoe;
Somo lost their hattes, and some their swordes;
Then out runne Barbridge too;
The reprobates, thoughte druncke on munday
Pray'd for the Foole and Henry Condy.

In a reputed endeavour to save some properties the fool and Henry Condy or Condell ran exceptionally narrow risks of their lives, hence the pious aspirations on their behalf on the part of those penitent after Saturday's debauch. It is just possible, however, that the fool, though in the house, was not concerned

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in the play. Concerning the performance we at least learn from the "sonnett" that in the representation Burbage, Condell, and old stut-terer Heminges, as he is called, took part. Roberts the player, who communicated some vague and not too trustworthy information concerning the early stage, says that Lowin performed King Henry the Eighth and Ham-let. So far as regards the latter character Roberts is at fault, since the *Historia Histri-onica* and Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus* both show that Joseph Taylor was its original ex-ponent, the former saying: "He performed that part incomparably well." Lowin was, however, King Henry VIII., and had his in-structions from "Mr. Shakespeare himself" (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 24). Some light upon stage matters is thrown by the prologue, obviously not by Shakespeare, to the extant play of Henry VIII., in which reference is made to the price of admission:

Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours.

No long time after the Restoration Henry VIII. was dragged to light and produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then as subse-quently it was regarded as a pageant. On 1st Jan. 1663-4, Pepys went to the Duke's House and "saw the so much cried up play of Henry the Eighth," and observed concerning it: "which though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done." Previous to this, under the date 10th Dec. 1763, he speaks of it, saying he is told by Wotton, his shoemaker, "of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's. The story of Henry the Eighth with all his wives." D'Avenant is guiltless of any known tampering with the play. Downes is unexpectedly diffuse and garrulous concern-ing Henry the Eighth, telling us how by order of Sir William D'Avenant it "was all new Cloathed in proper Habits." He gives a por-tion even of the cast, which is as follows:—

King	=	Betterton.
Wolsey	=	Harris.
Buckingham	=	Smith.
Norfolk	=	Nokes.
Suffolk	=	Lilliston.
Campeius and Cranmer	=	Medbourne.
Gardiner	=	Underhill.
Surrey	=	Young.
Lord Sands	=	Price.
Queen Katharine	=	Mrs. Botterton.

It was performed fifteen days consecutively with general applause. With not too articulate enthusiasm Downes says: "The part of the King was so right and justly done by Mr. Betterton, he being instructed in it by Sir William (D'Avenant) who had it from Old Mr. Lowen that had his instructions from Mr. Shakespear himself, that I dare and will aver, none can, or will come near him in this Age in the performance of that part." Harris, we learn from Pepys, had just returned to the theatre. His Cardinal Wolsey Downes places near Betterton's King in regard of merit, say-ing he does it "with such just State, Port and Mein, that I dare affirm none hitherto has Equalled him" (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 24). Beside the new scenery Downes notes that the dresses were new, not only of the King, but of all "the Lords, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the Doctors, Proctors, Lawyers, Tip-staves." This meant much in those days when dresses were so costly that monarchs and noblemen used to give their discarded costumes to the players.

Henry the Eighth was first produced at the Haymarket, 15th February, 1707, the theatre having then been opened by Swiney or Mac Swiney with a company of actors from Drury Lane. Betterton was once more the King; Verbruggen, Wolsey; Booth, Buckingham; Mills, Norfolk; Coiley Cibber, Surrey; Bul-lock, Lord Sandys; Mrs. Barry, Queen Ka-tharine; and Mrs. Bradshaw, Anne Bullen: an exceptionally strong cast. It was pro-duced at Drury Lane 21st May, 1722, the actors being Booth, Cibber, Wilks, Mills, Johnson, Thurmond, Miller, Williams, Pen-kethman, Norris, and Mrs. Porter. The dis-position of the characters is not given. Mrs. Porter was, however, Queen Katharine. Booth

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would, of course, be King Henry VIII., and Johnson was doubtless Gardiner, which was his great part. On Oct. 30, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, it was played, but no actors are mentioned. The cast, however, was probably the same that was assigned it at the same house on the 22nd of the following April, namely:

Henry VIII.	=	Quin.
Wolsey	=	Bohene.
Buckingham	=	Ryan.
Cromwell	=	Walker.
Queen Katharine	=	Mrs. Parker.
Anne Bullen	=	Mrs. Bullock.

Its next revival attained great celebrity for a reason not belonging intrinsically to the play. This took place at Drury Lane on 26th Oct. 1727, the principal actors being Booth, who played the King, Cibber = Wolsey, Wilks = Buckingham, Mills = Cranmer, Johnson = Gardiner, Mrs. Porter = Queen Katharine. On this occasion a spectacle of the coronation of Anne Bullen was added. Colley Cibber is very proud concerning the success of this. In his suit in Chancery against Sir Richard Steele, in which he was his own counsel, he said, addressing the court: "Now, Sir, though the Menagers" (of Drury Lane, consisting of himself, Wilks, and Booth) "are not all of them able to write Plays, yet they have all of them been able to do (I won't say as good, but at least) as profitable a thing. They have invented and adorn'd a Spectacle that for Forty Days together has brought more Money to the House than the best Play that ever was writ. The Spectacle I mean, Sir, is that of the Coronation-Ceremony of Anna Bullen." These words, with the entire speech, Cibber, with pardonable vanity, gives in the Apology (vol. ii. p. 206, ed. Lowe). The coronation of George the Second had taken place on the 11th of the month, and the popularity of the spectacle is thus easily conceived.

Apart from this adventitious aid the performance had signal merit. Barton Booth, then at the height of his powers, was an admirable King. Theophilus Cibber declares that "Mr. Booth in this part, though he gave full scope to the humour, never dropt the dignity of the character . . . When he appeared most familiar he was by no means

vulgar; when angry, his eye spoke majestic terror . . . he gave the full idea of that arbitrary Prince, who thought himself born to be obeyed" (Life of Booth p. 75). Colley Cibber was much praised as Wolsey, a character that seems totally unsuited to him. Davies holds that "his manner was not correspondent to the grandeur of the character. The man who was familiar in the greatest courts of Europe, and took the lead in the councils and designs of mighty monarchs, must have acquired an easy dignity in action and deportment, and such as Colley Cibber never understood" (Dram. Misc. i. 351). It is anticipating somewhat to say that in regard to this character Davies praises Mossop for speaking with the requisite feeling and energy, but declares that "his action, step and the whole conduct of his person were extremely awkward" (*Ibid.*). He concludes that but for extravagance of gesture and quaintness of elocution, West Digges would have been nearer the resemblance of Wolsey than any actor he had seen in the part. Ben Johnson was universally praised as Gardiner. What Davies calls "his chaste manner" would admit of no farce or buffoonery. "He preserved all the decorum proper to the character of a bishop and privy councillor" (*Ibid.* i. 427). Hippiusley, who came later, added "some strokes of humour which approached to grimace and Taswell degenerated into absolute trick and buffoonery." For Mrs. Porter as Queen Katharine is reserved the warmest eulogium of Davies. "The dignity and grace of a queen were never, perhaps, more happily set off than by Mrs. Porter. There was an elevated consequence in the manner of that actress, which, since her time, I have in vain sought for in her successors" (*Ibid.* p. 366). In spite of a bad voice she reached in the more pathetic scenes of Henry the Eighth a heart-touching tenderness which Mrs. Pritchard even was unable to approach.

Henry the Eighth was a great favourite with George the Second, and was in consequence frequently revived. It was commanded three several times in one winter. Colley Cibber notes (Apology ii. 216) that when the Cardinal whispers to Cromwell the words

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"Let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes.

—Act i. sc. ii.

The Solicitude of this Spiritual Minister, in filching from his Master the Grace and Merit of a good Action, and dressing up himself in it, while himself had been Author of the Evil complain'd of, was so easy a Stroke of his Temporal Conscience, that it seem'd to raise the King into something more than a Smile whenever that Play came before him" (*Ibid.*). On being asked by a "grave nobleman" after a performance of Henry the Eighth at Hampton Court how the king liked it, Sir Richard Steele replied, "So terribly well, my Lord, that I was afraid I should have lost all my Actors! For I was not sure the King would not keep them to fill the Posts at Court that he saw them so fit for in the Play." It may be added that in playing Buckingham Wilks took a part many actors of his reputation would have scorned. He scored, however, in it; was earnest and impetuous in the early scenes, and gentle, graceful, and pathetic in the later.

The coronation scene was not confined to Henry the Eighth, but was given after other plays. A rival coronation at Lincoln's Inn Fields was a failure.

Henry the Eighth was given at Drury Lane, 14th October, 1734, with a cast all but entirely changed. Harper was then the King; Mills, Wolsey; W. Mills, Buckingham; Milward, Cranmer; Miller, Lord Sands; Cibber, jr., Surrey; Shephard, Campeius; Boman, Suffolk; Mrs. Thimmond, Queen; and Miss Holliday, Anne Bullen. Johnson was still Gardiner. A performance which Genest is not at the trouble to index was given at Drury Lane 6th May, 1738, with Quin as the King, Milward as Wolsey, Havard as Norfolk, Mrs. Roberts as Katharine, and Mrs. Bennett as Anne Bullen. Mrs. Pritchard played Anne Bullen at Drury Lane 2nd January, 1740.

Henry the Eighth had escaped the kind of treatment that befell most plays of Shakespeare. It experienced some not very formidable opposition from the "Virtue Betrayed

or Anna Bullen" of Banks, in which some fine actresses from Mrs. Barry downward appeared.

On 24th January, 1744, Henry the Eighth was given for the first time at Covent Garden, the coronation ceremony being revived. It was played about seven times with the following cast: King=Quin; Wolsey=Ryan; Suffolk=Stephens; Campeius=Chapman; Gardiner (Johnson being dead)=Hippisley; Lord Sands=Woodward; Queen Katharine=Mrs. Pritchard; Anne Bullen=Mrs. Stevens. After this the play went apparently out of favour, and no revival of interest is chronicled until 6th November, 1772, when was announced at Covent Garden "Henry the Eighth not acted 20 years." Once more the coronation ceremony was introduced, and the play was acted thirteen times with a cast comprising Clarke as King, Bensley as Wolsey, Wroughton as Buckingham, Shuter as Gardiner, Gardner as Cranmer, Hull as Cromwell, Lewes as Lord Chamberlain, Mrs. Hartley as the Queen, and Miss Ogilvie as Anne Bullen. The performance is passed without notice by Gentleman in the Dramatic Censor, and we lose the interesting criticisms supplied on the performers in other Shakespearian plays. Judging by the reports in the various magazines the performance appears to have been indifferent. One of these, in language that recalls the criticism of to-day, taxes the management with mounting a piece without possessing a single actor who can pronounce blank verse with tolerable grace. Mrs. Hartley was a lovely woman, but a not very competent actress. Upon the revival of the play at the Haymarket, 29th August, 1777, Gentleman was himself the King, a part for which he had few qualifications; West Digges was Wolsey; Palmer, Buckingham; Parsons, Gardiner; and Mrs. Massey the Queen. Digges was favourably noticed in Wolsey, but failed to attract the public. A correspondent of the London Evening Post censured Parsons for buffoonery as Gardiner. Parsons imitated Taswell in playing Gardiner with a crutch, and at the close of the scene, when he followed Cromwell, held it over his head.

Henderson, the Bath Roscius, appeared for

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the first time as Wolsey at Covent Garden, 30th October, 1780. Miss Younge was the Queen; Mrs. Inchbald, Anne Bullen; and Clarke the King. Ireland, quoted by Genest, praises the sensible speaking and accurate elocution of Henderson, but complains of want of dignity. On 26th March, 1787, at the same house, Mr. Pope for her benefit played the Queen; Aikin was the King; Pope, Wolsey; Farren, Buckingham; Hull, Crommer; Macready (the elder), Surrey; Davies, Cromwell; and Edwin, Gardiner, a part which, contrary to what might have been expected, he is said to have acted without buffoonery.

Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance as Katharine at Drury Lane, 25th November, 1788. The cast comprised in addition King = Palmer; Wolsey = Bensley; Buckingham = Wroughton; Crommer = J. Aikin; Cromwell = Kemble; Surrey = Barrymore; Lord Chamberlain = R. Palmer; Gardiner = Suett; and Lord Sands, Baddeley. Queen Katharine became one of the favourite parts of Mrs. Siddons. On his first introduction to her, Dr. Johnson "asked her which of Shakespeare's characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catharine in Henry the Eighth, the most natural:—"I think so too, Madam, (said he;) and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble to the theatre myself" (Boswell's Johnson, ed. Hill, iv. 242). He did not, however, live to witness the performance. Boaden, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, gives a full analysis of her acting in the character, and exhausts himself in terms of eulogy. Each separate scene is praised to the height, and at the close he says: "I can hardly bring myself to think the Lady Macbeth a greater effort: one more perfect I am sure it was not" (Life of Siddons, ii. 266). A second and marvelously fine analysis of the performance, received from James Ballantyne of Edinburgh, and attributed to Terry the actor, is given by Campbell (Life of Siddons, vol. ii. pp. 140, *et seq.*). In this Terry declares the empire of Mrs. Siddons over the regions of tragedy to be unlimited, and her potency of terror and woe equal. Her death scene he calls "the

most entirely faultless specimen of the art that any age ever witnessed."

Performances of no special interest were given at Covent Garden, 24th May, 1793, with Pope as Wolsey, Mrs. Pope as the Queen, Farren as Buckingham, Miss Chapman as Anne Bullen, and Holman as the King; and 15th May, 1799, with Mr. and Mrs. Pope and Holman in the same parts, and with Lewis, H. Johnston, Murray, Munden, Fawcett, and Knight in other characters.

In 1804 Kemble published an acting version of Henry the Eighth with a cast comprising Cooke as the King, Brunton as Buckingham, Charles Kemble as Cromwell, and Munden as Gardiner. When on 23rd April, 1806, it was acted at Covent Garden, Pope was the King; Kemble, Wolsey; H. Johnston, Buckingham; Brunton, Cromwell; and Blanchard, Gardiner. Miss Brunton was Anne Bullen, Kemble played Wolsey, and Mrs. Siddons reappeared as the Queen. Of Kemble's play a full analysis is given in Genest, vol. viii. pp. 4-15. It is no better than the majority of similar alterations. The play is said to have been finely acted. Genest saw Henry VIII. in Bath, 30th December, 1820, with Young as Wolsey, Bartley as the King, and Mrs. Bartley as the Queen. He records that Young in delivering the lines:

"This candle burns not clear! 't is I must snuff it;
Then out it goes,
—Act iii. sc. 2.

kept his arms folded and slurred the metaphor completely" (Account of the Stage, ix. 122). Colley Cibber used at this point to snuff the candle. Kemble avoided this rather prosaic piece of realism, but "seemed to smell a stink" (*Ibid.*).

On 20th May, 1822, Kean made at Drury Lane his first appearance as Wolsey to the King of Cooper, the Cromwell of S. Penley, and the Queen of Mrs. W. West. The performance attracted comparatively little attention, and the play was only acted four times. Unimpressive in the early scenes Kean made his great effect in the third act. In the closing scenes he exhibited much pathos.

Less than a year subsequently, on 15th January, 1823, at Covent Garden, Macready

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INTRODUCTION.

first essayed Wolsey; Mrs. Ogilvie made her first appearance at the house as the Queen; Miss Foote was Anne Bullen; Egerton, the King; Abbott, Buckingham; C. Kemble, Cromwell; Bartley, Crammer; and Blanchard the Bishop of Winchester. Macready records that he had laboured at the part with unremitting diligence, and says "it remained among his most favourite Shakespearean assumptions" (*Reminiscences*, ed. Pollock, i. 278). He reappeared in the character at Drury Lane, 9th June, 1824, with Mrs. Bunn for the first time as the Queen, Miss Smithson (subsequently Madame Berlioz) as Anne Bullen, Pope as the King, Archer as Buckingham, and Terry as Lord Sands. In Wolsey, on 23rd June, 1824, he terminated his then engagement at Drury Lane.

Phelps's first season of management of Sadler's Wells closed 10th April, 1845, with Henry the Eighth, in which Phelps played Wolsey, and Mrs. Warner Queen Katharine. The part remained a favourite with Phelps, and was subsequently played at various theatres, though it does not seem to have been seen again at Sadler's Wells. A pleasing souvenir of the actor in this character is in the Garrick Club in the shape of a picture by Mr. Forbes Robertson, now of the Garrick Theatre, of Phelps in the robes of Wolsey.

Much pains and expense had been spent upon successive productions of Henry VIII. A thousand pounds had been expended on the coronation scene on its first production. Charles Kemble stated that under his brother's management Henry the Eighth was the most costly and the least remunerative of revivals. Previous expenditure was, however, surpassed in the famous revival by Charles Kean at the Princess's, 16th May, 1855. What was more important than dresses and upholstery was the restoration in the acting edition of portions of the text previously omitted. The character of Griffith, which had generally been merged in that of Cromwell, was now assigned a separate exponent, and the fine scene at the beginning of the third act, in which the two cardinals, for the purpose of prevailing on the queen to submit to a divorce, wait on her by command of the King in her apartment in the palace at Bridewell, was reinstated. This

scene, for some inexplicable reason, Mrs. Siddons had chosen to omit. In the last act, however, resort was had to customary processes of mutilation. This was cut down to the last scene of the christening, and a moving panorama conducting the spectator to the church of the Grey-Friars at Greenwich, where the ceremony was performed, was introduced.

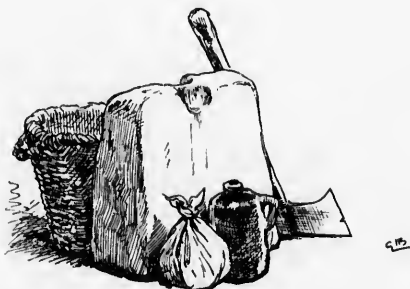
Mrs. Charles Kean, reappearing after an absence from the stage which had been misconstrued into retirement, appeared as the Queen. Her performance in this character is still remembered. The tragic intensity, the majesty of bearing, and the solemnly impressive dignity of Mrs. Siddons were not there, but the character had much truth to nature and infinite pathos. John Oxenford (*The Times*, 21st May, 1855) dwells at considerable length upon her dying scene, and says: "The attitude in which, half rising from her couch, she follows with her eyes the departing forms, might serve as a study for some picture of a saint's 'ecstasy.'" Charles Kean's Wolsey was not especially happy, and the criticism of the day glides over it lightly. Some pains had been taken with the archaeological details, and the figure of the Cardinal as described in the memoir by Cavendish was realized. Mr. Walter Lacy personated the King, a difficult thing for a slim actor, and played the part admirably. Miss Heath, subsequently Mrs. Wilson Barrett, was Anne Boleyn, Ryder played Buckingham, and Cooper accepted the restored part of Griffith. At the time of its production this was described as the most marvellous spectacle that had ever been put on the stage. No subsequent attempt has been made in London to mount the play with exceptional splendour, and such revivals as have been seen have little interest. In Edinburgh, however, Mr. Wyndham spent many months upon a reproduction of the play, which was given 2nd October, 1855. Mrs. Wyndham was Queen Katharine, and Harold the King, the parts of Wolsey and Buckingham being taken on alternate nights by Powrie and George Melville. In a part which has begun, though distant, to look obscure the name of Mr. John Lawrence Toole as Lord Sands stands out pleasantly conspicuous.

KING HENRY VIII.

Henry the Eighth was revived with the coronation scene in Amgier St. Theatre, Dublin, about 1735. Much pains were bestowed on the revival, but Hitchcock, the historian of the Dublin stage, has neglected to supply the cast. In America Henry the Eighth has been less popular than other plays of Shakespeare, and there is difficulty in finding an actor whose

reputation is associated with Wolsey. Charlotte Cushman played, however, the part, and was said in so doing to have "made old play-goers recall the times of Cooke, Kean and Macready" (Life by Emma Stebbins, Boston, U.S.A., 1878, p. 217). Garrick, it may be noted, did not include Wolsey among his Shakespearean characters.—J. K.

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"I come no more to make you laugh."

KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

[I come no more to make you laugh: things
now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad,¹ high, and working,² full of state and
woe,

Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to
see

Only a show or two, and so agree ¹⁰
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow

In a long motley coat guarded³ with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend, ²¹
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known

The first and happiest⁴ hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery: ³⁰
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.]

¹ Sad, grave.

² Working, i.e. of stirring interest.

³ Guarded, trimmed.

⁴ Happiest, i.e. best disposed.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter, on one side, the DUKE OF NORFOLK; on the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw¹ in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Audren.

[*Nor.* Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they
clung

In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.]

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory; men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day, the French,
All clinquant,² all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. [Their dwarfish pages were
As eberbins, all gilt: the madams too,

Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar.] The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them: him in eye,

Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'T was said they saw but one; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure.³ When these
suns—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-
leng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabu-
lous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

[*Buck.* O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship,⁴ and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was
royal;

To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.]

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good dis-
cretion

Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
freed

From his ambitions finger. What had he
To do in these fierce⁵ vanities? [I wonder
That such a keech⁶ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays of the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these
ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note

³ Censure, i.e. judgment between the two.

⁴ As I belong to worship, as I belong to the honoured
class

⁵ Fierce, immoderate.

⁶ Keech, a lump of fat.

¹ Saw, saw one another

² Clinquant, glittering

The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him; which buys
A place next to the king.]

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver
eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: [whence has
he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.]

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privy of the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up
the file¹
Of all the gentry; for the most part such



Vol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.—(Act i. 1. 118, 119.)

To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out, 79
Must fetch him in he papers.²

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors
on 'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not
values 88

The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded³
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is bidded out;
For France hath claw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?⁴

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and pur-
chas'd 98

At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.⁵

Nor. Like it your grace,

³ *Aboded*, foreshadowed.

⁴ *Silenc'd*, i.e. refused an audience.

⁵ *Carried*, managed.

¹ *File*, list.

² *Papers*, i.e. sets down in a list

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. [I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plentiful safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power.] You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be
said, 110

It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes
that rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before
him; certain of the Guard, and two Secre-
taries with papers. The Cardinal in his
passage fixes his eye on Buckingham, and
Buckingham on him, both fall of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor,
ha?

Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I 120

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores¹ me with some trick: he's gone to
the king; 128

I'll follow and outstare him.

¹ Bores, overreaches.

Nor.

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck.

I'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be ad-
vis'd;

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself.
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along 150
By your prescription: but this top-proud fel-
low,—

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligenes,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests² the king our mas-
ter

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
glass

Did break 't the rinsing.

² Suggests, tempts.

Nor.

Buck. Pray

cunning
The articles o
As himself p
As he cried,
As give a cr
cardinal

Has done this
Who cannot
Which, as I
To the old da
Under prete
For 't was in
To whisper
His fears we
England and
amity,

Breed him so
Peop'd harm
Deals with o
Which I do
Paid ere he
granted
Ere it was ask

And pay'd v
sir'd,—

That he wou
And break t
know—

Assoon he sh
Does buy an
And for his

Nor.

To hear this
Something r

Buck.

I do pronou
He shall app

*Enter BRANT
and*

and

Brant. Yo

Nor.

My lord the
Of Hereford
Arrest thee
Of our most

¹ Take me for

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Back. Pray, give me favour,¹ sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew 169
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: [but our count-
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it.] Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 't was indeed his colour,² but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their
amity, 181

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Pepp'd harms that menac'd him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus de-
sir'd,—

That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
know— 190

Assoon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Back. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDEX, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.*

Brax. Your office, sergeant: execute it.

Nor. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name 201
Of our most sovereign king.

Back.

Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.³

Brax.

I am sorry,
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on



Nor. He advis'd;
Hear not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.—(Act I. 1. 139-141.)

The business present: 't is his highness' plea-
sure

You shall to the Tower.

Back.

It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210
O my Lord Abergavny, fare you well!

¹ Give me favour, i.e. excuse me. ² Colour, pretext.

³ Device and practice, scheming and stratagem.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—
[*To Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the
bailiffs
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car;
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I
hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins!

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd al-
ready:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the
Cardinal's shoulder, the Nobles, SIR THOMAS
LOVELL, the Cardinal's secretary, and at-
tendants. The Cardinal places himself
under the King's feet on his right side.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood ? the
level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The King takes his state,¹ The Lords of
the Council take their several places.
The Cardinal places himself under the
King's feet, on his right side.*]

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!"

Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the
Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK; she
kneels. The King rises from his state,
takes her up, kisses and places her by his
side.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am
a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on²
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,—

It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,³ have put off
The spinsters,⁴ carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord car-
dinal,

¹ Patterson, instigator.

² 'Longing, belonging.

³ Spinsters, spinners.

¹ Takes his state, seats himself on his throne.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught 41
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and
yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
are 48

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.¹

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturesome
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'
grief

Comes through commissions, which compel
from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France; this makes
bold mouths: 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come
to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer² business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by 69
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
know 72

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. [We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope³ malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow 79
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once⁴ weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd;⁵ what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act.] If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from
fear;

Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent 91
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop,⁶ bark, and part o' the
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus
hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [Aside to the Secretary] A word with
you.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

³ Cope, encounter.

⁴ Once, i.e. at one time or another

⁵ Allow'd, acknowledged.

⁶ Lop, the smaller branches, cut from trees.

¹ Exclamation, outcry. ² Primer, more pressing.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.¹

K. Hen. It grieves many;
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker; 111

To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great
teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove

Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we, 119

Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeur'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his; these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point. 139
Not friended by² his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

¹ Is run in your displeasure, i.e. has incurred your displeasure.

² By, i.e. according to.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on: 143
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail³ to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

K. Hen. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

[*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped
to France, 151

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke

Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour

To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence⁴
This piously ensu'd,—] "Neither the king
nor's heirs, 168

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England."

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office

On the complaint of the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
[Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.]

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions

³ Upon our fail, in case of our want of issue.

⁴ With demure confidence, in a grave confidential manner.

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The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous
For him to ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd,
It was much like to do; he answer'd, "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank! Ah-ha!
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

Sarr. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Sarr. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant, 191
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Sarr. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been
committed,

As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presenee; which if
granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live
in freedom, 200

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out
of thee; what say'st?

Sarr. After "the duke his father," with
"the knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting¹ his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,²

To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;³

¹ Mounting, raising.

² His period, i.e. his end.

³ Attach'd, arrested.

Call him to present trial: if he may 211
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France
should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries!¹

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be humanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our Eng-
lish

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold 'em, yon would swear di-
rectly

Their very noses had been counsellors 9
To Pepin or Clotharins, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame
ones; one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt² reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gal-
lants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 't is there: now I would
pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

¹ Mysteries, fantastic fashions.

² Spavin or springhalt, two diseases causing lameness
in horses.

[*Lor.* They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants 24
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,

Short blister'd¹ breeches and those types of
travel, 31
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physick, their
diseases
Are grown so catching.



Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em.—(Act i. 3. 42, 43.)

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lor. Ay, marry
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons 39

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they
are going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
(Nor shall not, while I have a stump.)

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lor. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great
one, 52

To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lor. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dew falls every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord,—'has withal;
in him

¹ Blister'd, puffed.



Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine;
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. *M.* barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be.
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. The presence-chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests.
Enter, on one side, ANNE BULLEN and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, as guests; on the other, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As far's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
If my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Saw a fiddle running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em:] by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Loc. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

[Love.] Faith, how easy
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
Sir Harry, 19
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too: 23

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.]
Cham. Well said, my lord.

So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little entertainment,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended, and takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. *[Drinks.]*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen, 42
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em 41

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

[*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.]

[*Dram and trumpets, and chambers¹ discharged, within.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not; 51

By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and
landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the
French tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend
him. 60

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise,
and the tables are removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as
masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered
by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass
directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully
salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace,—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair
conduct, 70

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King
chooses Anne Bullen.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd!
O beauty,

Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. 81
[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.
[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll
make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. Ye have found him, cardinal:
[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithce, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter,— 92

¹ Chambers, small cannon.

ACT I. Scene 4.

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[*Unmasking.*
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ACT I. Scene 4.

The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'
women. 93

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.
Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you [*Kisses her*]. A health,
gentlemen!

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT II. Scene 1.

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet
ready

I the privy chamber?

Lor. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100



K. Hen. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.—(Act I. 4 96, 97.)

K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.
Sweet partuer,
I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry:

Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent.

O, God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent.

I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.



First Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.—(Act II. 1. 3-5.)

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

[*Sec. Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it? 10

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great
duke 11

Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *cicà voce*, to his face: 18
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same. The same,
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have thung from him, but indeed he
could not:

And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear
himself? 20

First Gent. When he was brought aguin to
the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly] 30
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

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Sec. Gent.
 Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
 They love and dote on; call him bounteous
 Buckingham, 52
 The mirror of all courtesy,—
First Gent. Stay there, sir,
 And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tip-
 staves before him; the axe with the edge
 towards him; halberds on each side: with
 him SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS
 VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common
 people.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear
 witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
 The law I bear no malice for my death;
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
 But those that sought it I could wish more
 Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against
 'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that
 lov'd me, 71

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
 name.

Lor. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart 80
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
 you

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; 83
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no
 black envy
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his
 grace;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and
 prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake
 Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years! 91
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lor. To the water-side I must conduct your
 grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
 And fit it with such furniture as suits 99
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
 Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant: I now
 seal it;
 And with that blood will make 'em one day
 grieve for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell; God's peace he with
 him! 111

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes
 me 119

A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both

Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most; 122

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and coun-
sels

Be sure you be not loose;¹ for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub² in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130

But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me,
Fare-well;

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God for-
give me!

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

[*First Gent.* O, this is full of pity! Sir, it
calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads

That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 141
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will
require

A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation 115
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent.

But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark;
but is't not cruel

That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* An ante-chamber in
the palace.

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord, — The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden,
and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and
of the best breed in the north. When they were ready
to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by commission and main power, took 'em from me;
with this reason, — His master would be serv'd before
a subject, if not before the king; which stopp'd our
mouths, sir." 10

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his
brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so:

¹ Loose, i.e. incautious

² Rub, impediment

t slander, sir;
ws again
ld for certain
t the cardinal,
out of malice
with a scruple
this too,
d lately; 160

the cardinal;
he emperor
s asking,
s is purpos'd.
nit the mark:

of this! The

e fall.

'T is woful.

his;

[*Exeunt.*]

e-chamber in

ading a letter.

our lordship sent
chosen, riddin,
handsome, and
they were ready
lord cardinal's,
k 'em from me;
bo serv'd before
which stopp'd our

10
m have them:

and SUFFOLK.

berlain.

graces.

d?

t him private,

es.

'T is the cause?

age with his

re.

his conscience

.

'T is so:

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT II. Scene 2.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day. 22

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know
himself else.

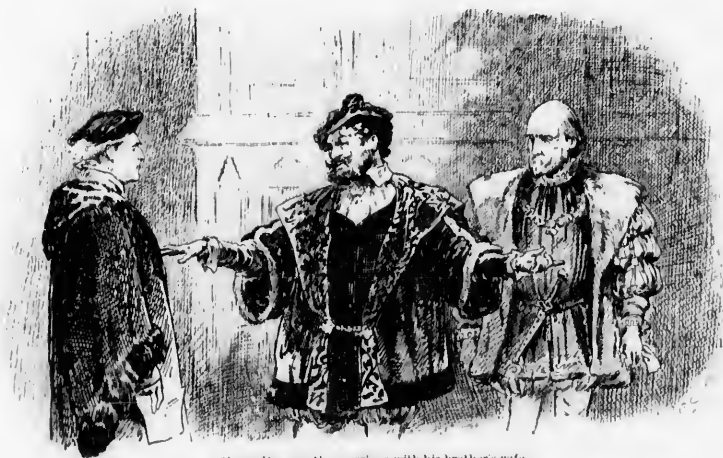
[*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd
the league

'Tween us and the emperor, the queen's great-
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scat-
ters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,



Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.—(Act II. 2. 17, 18.)

Fears, as I despair,—and all these for his mar-
riage; 23

And one of all these to restore the king, 30
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king; and is not this course
pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!

'T is most true

These news are everywhere; every tongue
speaks 'em, 39

And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all 47
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch¹ he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.]

Nor. Let's in;

¹ Into what pitch, i.e. to what height.

And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him. 58

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me elsewhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships!

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

*[Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens
a folding-door. The King is dis-
covered sitting, and reading pensively.]*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much
afflicted.

K. Hen. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all
offences

Malienn'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate;¹ in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of busi-
ness:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. *[To Campeius]*

You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. *[To Wolsey]* My good lord,
have great care 78

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. *[To Norfolk and Suffolk]* We are
busy; go.

Nor. *[Aside to Suffolk]* This priest has no
pride in him!

Suf. *[Aside to Norfolk]* Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. *[Aside to Suffolk]* If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. *[Aside to Norfolk]* I another.
[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely 87
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy² reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Cam-
peius;

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid
him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for. 101

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue—
The court of Rome commanding—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their
servant

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall
be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gar-
diner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd
her 110

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have;
and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Car-
dinal,

¹ Estate, state.
188

² Envy, hatred.

Prithce, call Gardiner to me, my new secre-
tary: 116
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [Aside to Gardiner] Give me your hand:
much joy and favour to you;

You are the king's now.
Gard. [Aside to Wolsey] But to be com-
manded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd
me, 120
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[They converse apart.]



K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best.—(Act II. 2. 114, 115.)

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace 122
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion
spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stiek to say you envied
him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so vir-
tuous,

Kept him a foreign man! still; which so griev'd
him, 129

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living mur-
murers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good
fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so neare else. Learn this, brother
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

1 A foreign man, i.e. employed abroad.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness. 110

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!

O, 't is a tender place! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber in the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang
that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her,
and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the
which

To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this pro-
cess,

To give her the avant! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be tem-
poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance paining
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

[*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would
you,

For all this spice of your hypoerisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
gifts— 30

Saving your minding—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;] you would
not be a queen!

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd
would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

[*Old L.* Then you are weakly made; pluck
off a little; 40

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!]

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing:¹ I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
long'd

No more to the crown but that. Lo, who
comes here!

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't
worth to know 50

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

¹ An emballing, i.e. a coronation (an investiture with the ball, one of the insignia of royalty).

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming 54

The action of good women: there is hope All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady, Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty Commends his good opinion to you, and 61 Does purpose honour to you no less flowing Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title A thousand pound a year, annual support,



Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?—(Act II. 3. 34.)

Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know What kind of my obedience I should tender; More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes More worth than empty vanities; yet 69 prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and pay obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;

Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham.

Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit¹ The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perus'd her well;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, That they have caught the king: and who knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem To lighten all this isle!—I'll to the king, And say I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

[*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see! 81

¹ Fair conceit, good opinion

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
 Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could 83
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late
 For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
 A very fresh-fish here,—lie, fie, fie upon
 This compell'd¹ fortune!—have your month
 fill'd up
 Before you open't.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty
 pence, no. 80

There was a lady once—it is an old story—
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioness of
 Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect!
 No other obligation! By my life,
 That promises mee thousands; honour's train
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
 I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
 Make yourself mirth with your particular
 fancy, 101
 And leave me out on't. Would I had no
 being,

If this salute² my blood a jot: it faints me,
 To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
 What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The same. A hall in Black-Friars.

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two
 Yeomen, with short silver canes; next them,
 two Seribes, in the habit of doctors; after
 them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
 alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN,
 ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next
 them, with some small distance, follows a
 Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great
 seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two priests,
 bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentle-*

*man-usher bare-headed, accompanied with
 a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace;
 then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver
 pillars; after them, side by side, the two
 Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two
 Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then
 enter the KING and QUEEN, and their trains.
 The KING takes place under the cloth of
 state; the two Cardinals sit under him as
 judges. The QUEEN takes place some dis-
 tance from the KING. The Bishops place
 themselves on each side the court, in manner
 of a consistory; between them, the Seribes.
 The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest
 of the Attendants stand in convenient order
 about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is
 read,

Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
 It hath already publicly been read,
 And on all sides the authority allow'd;
 You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.
 Seribe. Say, Henry King of England, come
 into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
 K. Hen. Here.

Seribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England,
 come into the court. 11

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.
 [The Queen makes no answer, rises out
 of her chair, goes about the court, comes
 to the King, and kneels at his feet;
 then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and
 justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions; having here
 No judge indifferent,³ nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you? what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven
 witness, 22

I have been to you a true and humble wife,

¹ Compell'd, involuntary.

² Salute, affect.

³ Indifferent, impartial.

accompanied with
a silver mace;
two great silver
sides, the two
AMPEIUS; two
d mace. Then
and their trains,
under him as
place some dis-
Bishops place
port, in manner
on, the Scribes.
ops. The rest
inconvenient order

from Rome is

at's the need?
lead,
allow'd;

so. Proceed.
England, come

d, &c.

of England,

England, &c.

suave, rises out
the court, comes
ts at his feet;

me right and

for
stranger,

aving here
ore assurance

ing. Alas, sir,
what cause

ur displeasure,
o put me off,

me? Heaven

22
humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable; 24
[Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends 29

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife; in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foull'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by
many

A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore

I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose coun-
sel

I will implore: if not, 't the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Vol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore boot-
less 61

That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

That longer you desire the court, i. e. that you desire a
longer session.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Vol. Your pleasure, madam!

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so,
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say 80
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Vol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
Overtopping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warrant'd 91
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me

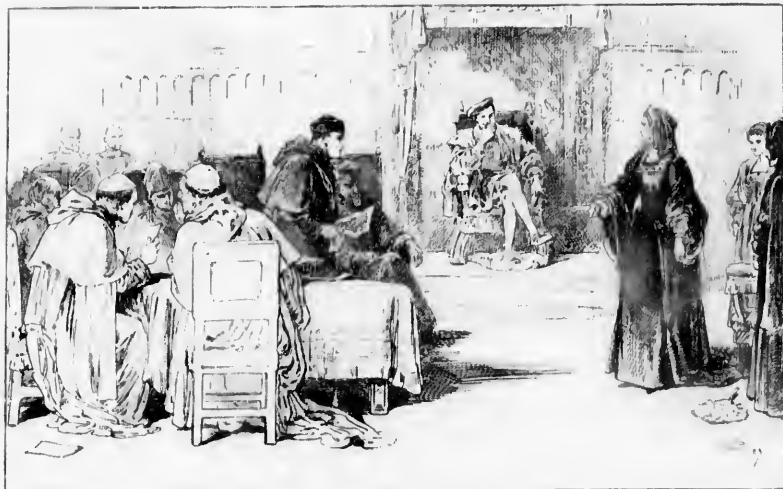
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is to 101
Remove these thoughts from you: the which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
ing, 104

And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in that seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride,
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
mounted 112
Where powers are your retainers; and your
words,



Q. Kath. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy.—(Act II. 2. 75-77.)

Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office, I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope, 119
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Dislaiful to be tried by't: 't is not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord
help,

They vex me past my patience! Pray you,
pass on: 120

I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other
Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man in the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone—

on still seeming,
on your heart
green, and wide.
business' favors,
and now are
112
ers; and your

It is rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
The meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else could speak thee
out— 140
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to direct me in hearing
of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did breach this business to your highness, or
had any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever 151
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
that you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen's put in anger. You're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
never 163

Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,
oft,

The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd
me to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;
give heed to't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 170
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: if the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. [This respite
shook 181

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a hitting power, and made to
tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many haz'd considerations did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought

I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than 190
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a
thought,

As a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
As worthy the best heir of the world, should
be

be shadd'd in't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling¹ in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are 201
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your-
self to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;

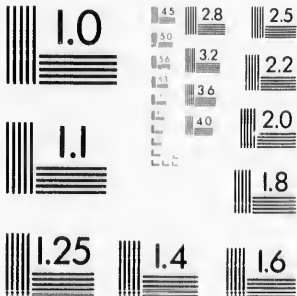
¹ Hulling, drifting to and fro.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:]
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest crea-
ture 229

That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cran-
mer,
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. Palace at Bridewell: a room
in the Queen's apartment.*

The QUEEN and some of her Women at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul
grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave
working.

Song.

Orphans with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze;
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever spring, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea, 10
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
cardinals

Wait in the presence.¹

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from
favour? 20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as
righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPELUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of
a housewife:

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science, 30

Deserves a corner: [would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!]

My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions

¹ The presence, i.e. the presence-chamber.

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
 Envy¹ and base opinion set against 'em,
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
 Out with it boldly:] truth loves open dealing.

*Vol. Tanto est erga te mentis integritas, re-
 gina serenissima,*—² 41

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
 suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will
 thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord
 cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed 49
 May be absolv'd in English.

Vol. Noble lady,
 I am sorry my integrity should breed—
 And service to his majesty and you—
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
 You have too much, good lady,—but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty differ-
 ence 58

Between the king and you, and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of York, out of his noble nature,
 [Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far.]
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
 Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye
 prove so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine
 honour,— 71

More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,

¹ Envy, malice.

² "Such is my integrity of purpose towards thee, most
 serene highness."

And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids, full little, God knows,
 looking

Either for such men or such business.
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Vol. Madam, you wrong the king's love
 with these fears: 81
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
 But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
 pleasure,—

Though he be grown so desperate to be
 honest,—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
 protection; 93

He's loving and most gracious: 't will be much
 Both for your honour better and your cause;
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Vol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
 my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men
 I thought ye, 102

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;
 Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your
 comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd!
 I will not wish ye half my miseries;
 I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;¹
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. You turn me into nothing; woe
upon ye,
And all such false professors! [Would you
have me—

If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates
me!

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already, 119
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me
speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true
one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-
sure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.]

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good
we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself
so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this Eng-
lish earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts. 145

What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.

[*To her Women*] Alas, poor wenches, where are
now your fortunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flour-
ish'd, 152

I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are
honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we,
good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this
carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper;
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. [You wrong
your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you;

Beware you lose it not:] for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and
pray forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make² seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my
prayers 180

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

¹ *Distraction. frenzy.*

ACT III. Scene 1.

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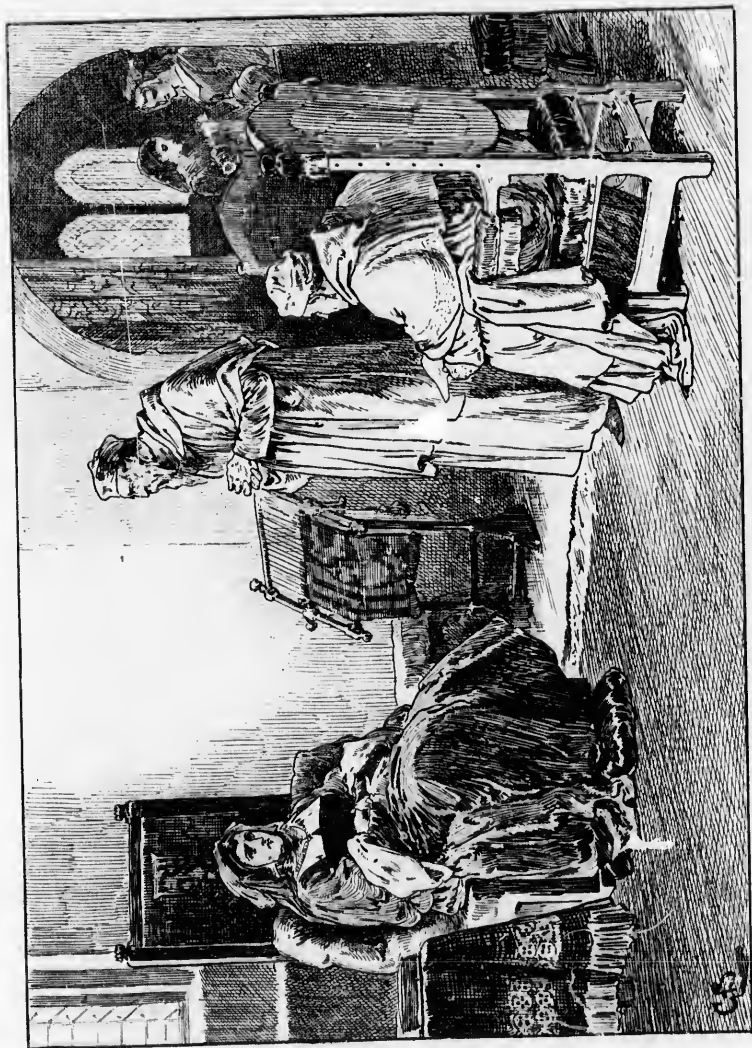
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THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT THERE

THE END

ACT III. See

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Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Ante-chamber to the
King's apartment in the palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force¹ them with a constancy, the cardinal
cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Suf. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontentu'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person 12
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars 21
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Suf. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Suf. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Suf. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the Pope mis-
carried, 30

And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Suf. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Suf. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts 35

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Suf. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord!

For, I profess, you have't.

Suf. Now, all my joy
Trace² the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,³ and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete 40
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Suf. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried "Ha!" at this.

¹ Force, i.e. enforce.

² Trace, follow.

³ Young, recent.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Hat!" louder!

Vor. But, my lord,
When returns Crammer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more ⁶⁹
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Vor. This same Crammer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Vor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Vor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,

Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed ⁸⁰

Was in his countenance. Yon he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. *[Exit Cromwell.]*

[Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of
Pembroke! ⁹⁰

Vor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Suf. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. *[Aside]* The late queen's gentlewoman,
a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress! mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving! yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Crammer; one ¹⁰²
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Vor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would 't were something that would
fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart!

Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the KING, reading a schedule, and LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he
accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name
of thrift, ¹⁰⁹

Does he rake this together! Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Vor. My lord, we have
stood here observing him: some strange com-

motion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,

Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange

postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. *[This morning*

Papers of state he sent me to peruse, ¹²¹
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found

There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—

The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which

I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Vor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,

To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen.]
His content
And fix'd on
Dwell in his
His thinking
His serious

*[Take
the*



To steal fr
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Wol.
For holy c
To think
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Her times
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Must give

K. Hen.

K. Hen.] If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid 133
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

*[Takes his seat, and whispers Lovell,
who goes to Wolsey]*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time 134



K. Hen. Read o'er this;
And after, this *[Gives him a letter]*; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have—(Act iii. 2. 201-203.)

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,¹ and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendence to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke to-
gether, 150
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,
But part'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

¹ An ill husband, a bad manager.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?
Sar. [*Aside to the others*] The Lord increase
 this business!

K. Hen. Have I not made you
 The prime¹ man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
 If what I now pronounce you have found true:
 And, if you may confess it, say withal, 164
 If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal
 graces,
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
 could

My studied purposes requite; which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
 Yet fill'd² with my abilities: [mine own ends
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
 My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
 Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
 A loyal and obedient subject is 180
 Therein illustrated: the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it; as, i³ the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd
 honour, more

On you than any, so your hand and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of
 duty,

As 't were in love's particular, be more 189
 To me, your friend, than any.]

Wol. I do profess
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own; that am, have, and
 will be,—

Though all the world should crack their duty
 to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils
 did

Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em,
 and

Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding³ flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis notly spoken.
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast.
 For you have seen him open 't. [*Gives him the*
incertory.] Read o'er this; 201
 And after, this [*Gives him a letter*]: and then
 to breakfast with
 What appetite you have.

[*Exit, frowning upon Wolsey; the Nobles*
throng after him, smiling and whisper-
ing.

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd
 it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed
 lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
 him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this
 paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me: 't is the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to-
 gether 211

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Pope-
 dom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross⁴ devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure
 this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
 Will bring me off again. What's this? "To
 the Pope!" 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to's holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my
 greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

¹ Prime, first, foremost.

² Fill'd, kept pace.

³ Chiding, resounding.

⁴ Cross, perverse.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

F. J. Stay.
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—

I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master—with his own hand
gave me; 247
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who'll take it?

Suf. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.

Suf. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Suf. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland;

Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou
gav'st him; 252

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour, 271
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Suf. Py my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
shouldst feel
My sword if the life-blood of thee else. My
lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded¹ by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Suf. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the king: your
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, 291
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

¹ Jaded, spurned.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Vol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise, 301
When the king knows my truth.

Nor. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Vol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Nor. I had rather want those than my head.
Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or know-
ledge, 310

You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the
king

To be your servant.

Suf. [Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Nor. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude, 321
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.]

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Nor. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance—

By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, 331
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'Tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
him

So little of his great self.

Nor. I forgive him.

[*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further
pleasure is,—

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legateine,² within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *premunire*,— 340
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.]

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your medi-
tations

How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you. 318

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*

Vol. So farewell to the little good you bear
me.

Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blis-
soms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easyman, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory; 360

But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:

I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes' and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women

have; 370
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

¹ *More*, utter.

² *Power legateine*, i.e. power as legate.

Enter

Crom. I ha

Vol.

At my misfo



I know my

A peace ab

A still and

eur'd n

I humbly

should

These ruin

A load wo

O 'tis a bu

Too heavy

Crom. I

right

Vol. I ha

Out of a fe

To endure

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

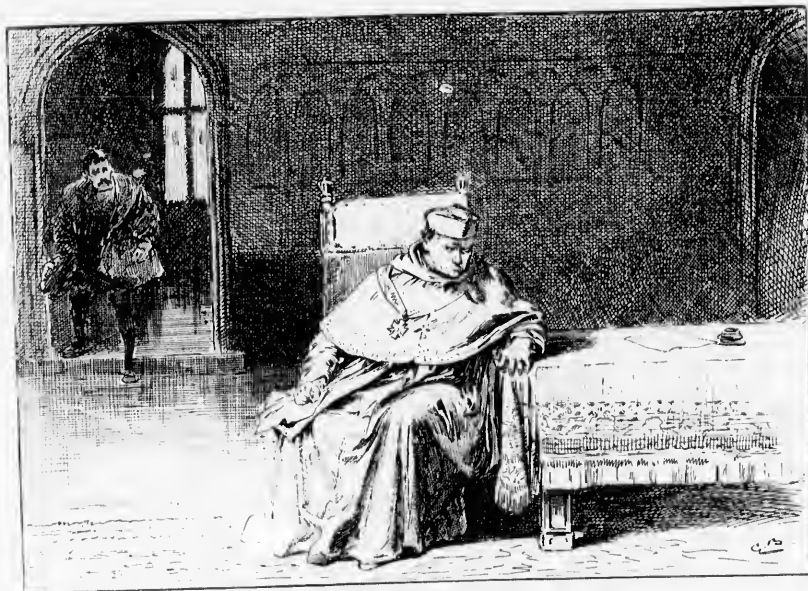
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.



Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!—(Act iii. 2. 350, 351.)

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has
cur'd me, 380
I humbly thank his grace; and from these
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that
right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have; I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel, 388
To endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in
blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
'em!—

What more? 400

Crom. That Crammer is return'd with welcome,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever: 410
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me,
Cromwell;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him

What and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let 419
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use! now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
tear 429
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me,
Cromwell; 422

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught
thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour, 437

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
Assure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that
hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the
king— 450

And, prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. 458

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

¹ Use, interest.

Sec. Gent.

So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand
here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

[*Sec. Gent.*
last enco
The Duke of
First Gent.
offer'd s
This, genera
Sec. Gent.
I am surc,
minds.



First Gent.
Of those tha
By custom o
The Duke o
To be high-s
He to be ear
Sec. Gent.
those e
I should ha
But, I besee
The prince
First Gent.
archbis
Of Canterb
Learned an

[*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal¹ minds.

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows, 10
Pageants and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?



Sec. Gent. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.—(Act iv. 1. 36.)

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known
those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.]
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The
archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dmstable, six miles off
From Amphill, where the princess lay; to
which 28

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late sentence, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is
coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.

¹ Royal, i.e. loyal.

3. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
 4. Choristers, singing. [Musicians.]
 5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then GARTER, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
 6. MARQUESS DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronet of gold. With him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
 7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand as high-steward. With him, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
 8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the BISHOPS OF LONDON and WINCHESTER.
 9. The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.
 10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.
- They pass over the stage in order and state.*

A royal train, believe me. [These I know:
Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That
should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent. 'Tis the same,—high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent. Yes.]

Sec. Gent. [Looking on the Queen] Heaven
bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

[Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.]

First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are
all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train 51
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are
stars indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have
you been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey;
where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it? 60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich
stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

[Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man; which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose 71
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
joy

I never saw before. Great-hellid women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams

In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living

Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were
woven 80

So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and
with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and,
 saintlike,⁸³
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly:

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
 When by the archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;
 As, holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
 blems,⁸⁹

Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
 You must no more call it York-place, that's
 past;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
 But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
 Were those that went on each side of the
 queen?¹⁰⁰

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one
 of Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary;
 The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
 The virtuous Crammer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
 However, yet there is no great breach; when
 it comes,

Crammer will find a friend will not shrink from
 him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
 A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
 A worthy friend. The king¹¹⁰

Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
 And one, already, of the privy-council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.—
 Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
 Which is to the court, and there ye shall be
 my guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither,
 VOL. VIII.

I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

*Enter KATHARINE, dowager, sick; led between
 GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the
 earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:
 So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
 me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he
 died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,¹ 10
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
 For after the stout Earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him for-
 ward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath.

Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
 Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his covent,² honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words,—“O father
 abbot,²⁰

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 Give him a little earth for charity!”

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
 After the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

¹ *Happily*, haply.

² *Covent*, convent.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
on him! 31

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; [One that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:] 40
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal, 48
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him, 50

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other
herald,

No other speaker of my living actions, 70
To keep mine honour from corruption,

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note¹
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit
down quiet,

For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six personages, clad in white robes,
wearing on their heads garlands of bays,
and golden visards on their faces; branches
of bays or palm in their hands. They first
conceal unto her, then dance; and, at certain
changes, the first two hold a spare garland
over her head; at which the other four
make reverent curtsies; then the two that
held the garland deliver the same to the
other next two, who observe the same order
in their changes, and holding the garland
over her head: which done, they deliver the
same garland to the last two, who like-
wise observe the same order; at which, as it
were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep
signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands
to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish,
carrying the garland with them. The music
continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are
ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness, 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
feel

¹ Note, tune.

Griffith.
t made me,
esty,
with him!
me lower:
od Griffith,
ad note¹
itating

80
lemn music.
ch, let's sit

e Patience.

ng one after
white robes,
ds of bays,
es; branches
They first
d, at certain
re garland
other four
he two that
same to the
same order
the garland
y deliver the
o, who like
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in her sleep
up her hands
cing vanish,
The music

are ye? are

s behind ye!

ou I call for:

one, madam.
ow, a blessed

right faces
se the sun?
ess, 90
ith, which I

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, 92
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music¹ leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me.
[Music ceases.]

Pat. [Aside to Griffith] Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she
looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. [Aside to Patience] She is going,
wench: pray, pray.
Pat. [Aside to Griffith] Heaven comfort her!



Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—(Act iv. 2. 44-46.)

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted great-
ness, 102
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is
staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but
this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the em-
peror, 109
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I
pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the
next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, an' by
me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

¹ The music, i.e. the musicians.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 120

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

[*Takes the letter from Patience, and gives it to Capucius.*]

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness 131

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well—and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—

And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.

The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over, to remember me by: 151
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer

life

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160

In all humility unto his highness:

Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,

My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;

Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like 171

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more. [*Exeunt leading Katherine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.
Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Whither
Loc. C
Gard.
prim
With the

As they
In them
That see
[*Loc.*
And dur
Much w
in l
They sa
She'll w
Gard.
I pray f
Good ti
The
I wish i
Loc.
Cry the

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lor. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at
primero¹
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lor. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter? ¹⁰

It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch² of your late business: affairs
that walk,



Lor. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work.—(Act v. I. 16-18)

As they say spirits do, at midnight have ¹⁴
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

[*Lor.* My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's
in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with ²⁰
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lor. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—
Till Crommer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lor. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd if the kingdom. As for
Cromwell, ²³

Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade³ of moe prefer-
ments,

¹ *Primero*, a game at cards.

² *Some touch*, i.e. some hint.

³ *Trade*, general course.

With which the time will load him. The arch-
bishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare
speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
tur'd 40
To speak my mind of him. and, indeed, this
day—

Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have
Incens'd¹ the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they
mov'd

Have broken with the king;² who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mis-
chiefs

Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board 51
He be convented.³ He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest
your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Enter King and SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-
night;

My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles; 59
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the
news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your
highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

[*K. Hen.* What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

¹ Incens'd, informed.

² Have broken with the king, have broached the matter
to the king.

³ Convented, summoned.

Lov. So said her woman; and that her
sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of 71
Your highness with an heir!]

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate¹ of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.
[*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop, 80

As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the
bishop spake:

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid⁵ the gallery. [*Lovell seems
to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns
he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire
to know 90

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.

[*Cranmer rises.*]

⁴ Estate, state.

⁵ Avoid, leave.

Come, you a
I have news
your ha
Ah, my goo
And am rig
I have, and
Heard man

You, patie
To make y
of us,
It fits we
Would cor
Cran. [
highn
And am ri
Most thro
And eorn
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tongu
Than I m

¹ You a bi

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me
your hand. 95

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being
consider'd, 100

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take



K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend.—(Act v. 1. 114-116.)

Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother
of us,¹

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [Kneeling] I humbly thank your
highness; 109

And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me my hand, stand up:

[Raises Cranmer.]

Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you! My lord, I
look'd

You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring to-
gether 120

Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard
you,
Without indurance,² further.

¹ You a brother of us, i.e. you being one of the council.

² Indurance, delay.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh¹
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.



Gent. [Within] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—(Act V. I. 139-161.)

[*K. Hen.* Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their
practices¹
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever²
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been
done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,

¹ *Weigh, value.*

² *Not ever, i.e. not always.*

I mean, in perjurd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth! Go to, go to; 139
You take a preepiece for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!]

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give
way to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring 141
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. [*Gives Cranmer a
ring.*] Look, the good man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]

He has strangled
His language in his tears.

[*Enter old Lady; Lovell following.*

Gent. [Within] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that
I bring 160

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by the looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

Sir? 171

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll
to the queen. [*Exit.*]

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light,
I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else musay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before the council-chamber.

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Doorkeeper, &c.,
attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
me

To make great haste.—All fast? what means
this?—Ho!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be
call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I
am glad

I came this way so happily: the king
shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace!
For certain.

This is of purpose laid by some that hate
me—

God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice—

To quench mine honour: they would shame
to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

1 Sound, give utterance to.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest
sight—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?



K. Hen. Ha! 't is he, indeed!
Is this the honour they do one another?—(Act v. 2. 25, 26.)

Butts. I think your highness saw this many
a day. 21

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pur-
suivants,

Pages and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 't is he, indeed!
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had
thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em—

At least good manners—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships'
pleasures, 31
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The council-chamber.*

Enter the LORD CHANCELLOR, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

[*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.]

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*Crommer enters and approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable 11
Of our flesh;¹ few are angels: out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have mislemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—

For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

[*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too, 20

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage.² If we suffer,
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Crom. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority

Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living—

I speak it with a single heart, my lords—
A man that more detests, more stirs against,³

Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do, 41

Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make

Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,

And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.]

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment, 51

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,

¹ Capable of our flesh, i.e. impressible through our flesh.

² Manage, rule.

³ Stirs against, bestirs himself against.

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my lord,
lor,

accuse you.]

business of
51

is highness?

of you,

gainst.

From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again, 55
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
thank you;

You are always my good friend; if your will
pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,— 61

'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:

Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me mo-

dest.

Guard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss
discovers, 71

To men that understand you, words and weak-
ness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a
little,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect

For what they have been: 't is a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Guard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst

Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?
Guard. Do not I know you for a favourer 80

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound? Not sound?
Guard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their

fears.
Guard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Guard. I have done.
Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; 89
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Guard. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-

some.—
Let some o' the guard be ready there!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Guard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my

lords; [Shows the ring.
By virtue of that ring I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told
ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-
rolling,

'T would fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!

Would I were fairly out on 't!

[*Crom.* My mind gave me,¹
In seeking tales and informations 110

Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at
ye!]

*Enter the KING, frowning on them; he takes
his seat.*

Guard. Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;

¹ My mind gave me, my mind told me, i.e. I suspected.

Not only good and wise, but most religions:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect.
His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to
win me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[*To Cromwell*] Good man, sit down. Now let
me see the proudest, 120

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee
not.

Sar. May't please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some under-
standing

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my com-
mission 141

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

[*Chorus*.] Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
pos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather— 150
If there be faith in men— meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—
I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.]

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
tism;

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Crom. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons: you shall have two noble part-
ners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk,
and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please
you? 170

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge
you,

Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Crom. And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. [Good man, those joyful tears show
thy true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of
Canterbury

A shrewd turn,¹ and he is your friend for
ever."]

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian. 180
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt*.]

[SCENE IV. *The palace-gard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and
his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye ras-
cals: do you take the court for Parish-garden?²
ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.³

[*Within*.] Good master porter, I belong to
the larder.

¹ A shrewd turn, i.e. a bad turn.

² Parish-garden, i.e. the Parish-garden, a celebrated
bear-garden.

³ Gaping, shouting with open mouth.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing christenings! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals! 11

Mum. Pray, sir, be patient; 't is as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—

To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd!

Mum. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port.

You did nothing, sir.

Mum. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, 22

To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any

That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Mum. What would have me do? 31

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields! to master in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Mum. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake² did I hit three times on the head,

and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me, till her pink'd porringer³ fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from far some twenty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 62

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadies that is to come. 70

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too: from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! What are these porters,

These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine band, fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies. When they pass back from the christening.

Port.

An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: 80
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham.

As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

¹ Moorfields, where the train-bands were exercised.

² Fire-drake, fiery dragon, meteor.

³ Pink'd porringer, a cap like a porringer, worked in small holes.

By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,¹ when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets
sound;

They're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea² shall hold ye play these two
months. 90

Port. Make way there for the princess!

Matt. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache!

Port. You? the camlet,
Get up o' the rail; I'll peck³ you o'er the pales
else! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen,
LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE
OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE
OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great
standing-bords for the christening-gifts;
then four Noblemen bearing a canopy,
under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK,
godmother, bearing the child richly habited
in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady;
then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET,
the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop
pass once about the stage, and GARTER
speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,
send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
the high and mighty princess of England,
Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling] And to your royal grace,
and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

¹ Baiting of bombards, tipping.
² Marshalsea, name of a prison.
³ Peck, pitch.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord,
[Cranmer rises,

With this kiss take my blessing: [Kisses the
child] God protect thee! 11

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too
prodigal;

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em
truth.

This royal infant—heaven still move about
her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall
be— 21

But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba¹ was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall
bless her; 21

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good
grows with her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir, 42
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,

¹ Saba, the Queen of Sheba.

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
shall be, and make new nations: he shall flour-
ish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.
Coun. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
land,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! But she must
die;

She must; the saints must have her; yet a
virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
[Thou hast made me now a man! never before
This happy child did I get any thing:]
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.

[I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords:]

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye;

She will be sick else. This day no man think
'Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

[Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis
clear,

They'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the
city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That 's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.]

handsomer than the King of France,—very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. . . . He is very accomplished, a good musician, composes well, is a most capital horseman, a fine joustier, speaks good French, Latin, and Spanish, is very religious, . . . is very fond of hunting, and never takes his diversion without bringing eight or ten horses." In England, the first part of Henry's reign was marked chiefly by its splendours and festivities. His great aim was to win for himself and for his country a leading position in Europe—an aim in which he was entirely successful. Shortly after coming to the throne he joined Ferdinand and Maximilian in a league against France. While in France Henry was winning the battle of Spurs (Aug. 18, 1513) Surrey at home was defeating the Scots at Flodden. In 1514 peace was made with France, and the king's sister Mary was married to Louis XII. In 1520 (after the accession of Francis I.) occurred the pseudo-chivalric episode of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which was followed in 1523-25 by a French war. In 1526 Henry's "scrupulosity of conscience" began to suggest the advisability of a divorce from his wife, and he already saw his way to a new queen in the person of Anne Boleyn. (See notes 27 and 28.) In 1533 the marriage with Anne took place, and, later in the same year, the former marriage was declared null. It was in consequence of the pope's refusal to sanction the divorce that Henry ere long found himself in open opposition to the papal authority. In 1534 the Act of Supremacy was promulgated, and in the next year two of the noblest victims of the reign—Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, bishop of Winchester—were executed for refusing to accept it. The dissolution of the monasteries followed, and in 1538 Henry was formally deposed by the pope. The English Reformation, as it is called, was largely, if not entirely, a party affair; nor was it very thorough in its Protestantism. Its success, however, was unquestionable, and not less so the firmness and sagacity by which the king, at this perilous crisis, avoided the dangers which menaced him on every side. In 1536 Anne Boleyn had been executed, and on the day after her execution Henry had married one of her maids of honour, Jane Seymour, who died in 1537, two days after giving birth to a son, afterwards Edward VI. In 1539 Cromwell had the charge of finding for the king a new and Protestant wife. The choice was unfortunate, and Anne of Cleves was divorced and pensioned off six months after her marriage. On August 8, 1540, she was succeeded by Katharine Howard, who was beheaded February 13, 1542. Henry's last wife, who had the happiness to survive him, was Katharine Parr, whom he married July 10, 1543. During the later part of his reign Henry's popularity had abated; faction, civil and religious, began to show itself; there was general discontent in the land. In 1542 James V. of Scotland invaded England, but his army was defeated at Solway Moss. The English troops invaded France in 1544, and Boulogne was taken. Peace was concluded, somewhat ineffectually, in 1546. On January, 28, 1547, the king died, leaving in the minds of his people as strong a feeling of relief as that with which they had welcomed him to the throne. Henry's character has been judged from every point of view; perhaps nothing better could be said than in these words, written of a later and a lesser man: "That mass of hum-

anity profusely mixed of good and evil, of generous ire and mutinous, of the passion for the future of mankind and enmity of person, magnanimity and sensualism, high judgment, reckless indiscipline, chivalry, savagery, solidity, fragmentariness, was dust."

The children of Henry who survived him were: 1. Mary, afterwards queen (by Katharine of Aragon); 2. Elizabeth, afterwards queen (by Anne Boleyn); 3. Edward, who ascended the throne on the death of his father (by Jane Seymour).

2. CARDINAL WOLSEY. Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, probably in 1471. He was the eldest son of Robert Wolsey, not, as was commonly reported, a butcher, but a grazier, and perhaps a wool merchant. Wolsey was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. at the age of fifteen. He afterwards became M.A. and was elected a fellow of his college. Through the interest of the Marquis of Dorset he obtained, on his taking orders, the living of Lymington. In 1501 he became chaplain to Henry Dean, archbishop of Canterbury. Two years later the archbishop died, and Wolsey obtained a chaplaincy with a favourite agent of the king's, Sir Richard Nanfan, treasurer of Calais, through whose "instant labour and special favour" he became chaplain to Henry VII. By 1509 we find him dean of Lincoln. On the accession of Henry VIII. Wolsey's rise was rapid. He was appointed king's almoner, then privy-councillor; in 1510 he was made canon of Windsor, in 1511 prebendary of York, in 1512 dean of York. Ere long we find him organizing the army which was to win the battle of Spurs in France in 1513. Wolsey was now appointed Bishop of Lincoln, and six months after (July, 1514) Archbishop of York. He had also Bath, Worcester, and Hereford in farn. In 1515 he was appointed lord-chancellor, and in the same year Pope Leo X., at the urgent desire of Henry, conferred upon him the rank of cardinal. In 1518 he was appointed legate, in conjunction with Cardinal Campeggio, and in 1524 the office was settled upon him for life. Henry showered upon him ecclesiastical honours and court preferments; his revenues were enormous, his pomp and splendour equal to that of the king. In 1519 the Venetian ambassador thus described him: "The cardinal is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal; and all state affairs are managed by him, let their nature be what it may. . . . He is in great repute, and seven times more so than if he were pope." In 1526 Henry began to raise the question of a divorce from his wife Katharine. Wolsey, though himself disapproving of the measure, did all in his power to convince the pope that it was right, even in his own interests, to oblige Henry, who was in danger of throwing off his allegiance to Rome. His policy was defeated at the papal court through the counter-influence of Charles V., Katharine's nephew. The pope's refusal precipitated the foreseen result, and brought Wolsey into disgrace along with Katharine. On October 9, 1529, a writ of premunire was issued against him, on the ground that his acts as legate were contrary to statute. A week later

the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk demanded from him the great seal, and on his refusal to surrender it to them, returned next day with letters from the king. He surrendered the seal, left York Place, and retired to a little house at Esher. Here, after some time, a portion of his money and goods was restored to him; he was allowed to resume his archbishopric, and to remove to Richmond. In November, 1530, he was again arrested, on a charge of high treason, as he was preparing for his re-installation at York. He was brought by easy stages as far as Leicester, where "he waxed so sicke, that he was almost fallen from his mule." He was lodged at the abbey of Leicester, where, at eight o'clock on the morning of November 29, 1530, he breathed his last. The next day his body was buried in the Grey Friars church, where, as Chapuys notes in his despatch to the emperor, Richard III. was also buried; "and the people call it The Tyrants' Sepulchre." "No man," says Brower in his *Reign of Henry VIII.*, "ever met with harder measure from his contemporaries; and never was the verdict of contemporaries less challenged than in his case by subsequent enquirers" (vol. ii. p. 450). "No statesman of such eminence ever died less lamented. . . . Yet, in spite of all these heavy imputations on his memory, in spite of all this load of obloquy, obscuring our view of the man, and distorting his lineaments, the Cardinal still remains, and will ever remain, as the one prominent figure of this period" (p. 457).

3. **CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.** Lorenzo Campeggio or Campeggi was born in Bologna, 1479. He was at first engaged in the legal profession, and was professor of law in the University of Padua, but after the death of his wife he entered the Church, and was appointed Bishop of Feltrio in 1512, and afterwards sent to Germany as papal nuncio. He was made cardinal in 1517, and two years later he was sent to England on a mission from the pope. On this occasion he received from Henry the title of Bishop of Salisbury. At the end of 1528 he again came to England, as co-adjutor with Wolsey in the trial of Katharine. "The whole consistorie of the college of Rome," says Holinshed, "sent thither Laurence Campeius, a preest cardinall, a man of great wit and experience." The trial lasted from May 31, 1529, to July 23, 1530, when it was prorogued by Campeius. Henry in consequence deprived him of his bishopric, and he returned to Rome, where he died in 1539.

4. **CAPUCIUS**, ambassador from the Emperor. The Capucius of this play was Eustace Chapuys, or Chapuis, named by Holinshed Eustachius Caputius. His interview with Katharine (iv. 2) is taken from Holinshed. (See note 235.) He was present at the queen's death, together with Lady Willoughby, who, as Maria de Salucci, had been one of her ladies in waiting. The despatches of Chapuys are printed among the State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.

5. **CRANMER**, Archbishop of Canterbury. Thomas Cranmer was born at Aslacton in Nottinghamshire, July 2, 1489. He came of an old family, and was trained in all intellectual and physical exercises. He was educated at Jesu College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of D.D. Having attracted the notice of the king he wrote a treatise in favour of the contemplated divorce. Henry

promoted him to the archdeaconry of Taunton, and in 1530 sent him to Italy on a mission connected with the divorce. In 1532 he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, upon which he repaid the favour by pronouncing the decree of divorce between Henry and Katharine. On September 10 he stood godfather to the Princess Elizabeth, and in all matters of ecclesiastical polity was in ready accord with the king's views. In 1536 he pronounced the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn to have been null and void. In 1540 he officiated at the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, and six months later became the chief instrument of her divorce. It was not long before several conspiracies were formed against him by the orthodox party, in view of his evident latitudinarianism. These intrigues would probably have been successful but for the king's personal intervention. On his death-bed Henry named Cranmer one of the council of government during the minority of Edward VI. On the death of the young king he became, somewhat unwillingly, a partisan of Lady Jane Grey, and on the accession of Mary he was put on trial for treason. He confessed the indictment, and was sentenced to death; his life, however, was spared, and he was kept prisoner in the Tower till March, 1554, when he was called upon, together with Ridley and Latimer, to justify himself from his heresies in public disputation. The decision was of course given against him, and he was afterwards judicially condemned, and his offices and dignities formally taken from him. After his degradation he signed seven successive recantations, but on being brought to the stake he declared to all the people his rejection of these submissions, "as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death." On being chained to the stake, he thrust his right hand into the flames, that it might burn first, and so died, March 21, 1555, not far from the spot now marked at Oxford by the Martyrs' Memorial.

6. **DUKE OF NORFOLK.** The dramatist has confused the second Duke of Norfolk (1443-1524) with the third duke (1473-1554). The Duke of Norfolk of i. 1 is the former—the Earl of Surrey of Richard III. (see note 12 to that play), who became Duke of Norfolk Feb. 1, 1514. In that year he was great chamberlain of England, and in 1520 he was guardian and lieutenant of England, and in the following year lord high-steward for the trial of the Duke of Buckingham. In the rest of the play the dramatic character is the third duke, Thomas Howard, created Earl of Surrey Feb. 1, 1514. He led the van of the English army at Flodden (Sept. 9, 1513), was appointed admiral in 1514, privy-councillor in 1516. From 1523 to 1522 he was lord-lieutenant of Ireland; from 1523 to 1525 he was lieutenant of the North. He succeeded his father as third Duke of Norfolk, May 21, 1524. He was lord high-steward of England for the trial of Anne Boleyn, and, though uncle of the queen, pronounced sentence upon her. In 1547 he was attainted for high treason, but in 1553 he was restored to his honours. He died August 25, 1554.

7. **DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.** This was Edward Stafford, third Duke of Buckingham, son of Henry, second duke, who appears as a character in Richard III. (See note 10

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to that play.) He was descended from the Bohuns, and in
il. 1. 103 he speaks of himself as "poor Edward Bohun."
(See note 129.) He was born Feb. 3, 1478, and until 1486
was styled Lord Stafford. In that year he was restored
to his father's dukedom. In 1495 he was made K.G.; in
1495 he was a captain in the royal army in the west; in
1500 he married Lady Alhamor Percy, eldest daughter of
Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland. On the occasion
of the enthronement of Warham, archbishop of Canter-
bury (March 7, 1504), he was high-steward of England, and
at the coronation of Henry VIII. (June 24, 1509) he was
lord high-constable. He was a member of the privy-
council in 1509, and from January to October 1513 was a
captain in the English army in France. Although in i. 1
he tells us that "an untimely ague" kept him prisoner
in his chamber on the occasion of the Field of the Cloth
of Gold, he is mentioned by Holinshed as having been
present: "The lord Cardinall in statelie attire, accom-
panied with the duke of Buckingham, and other great
lords, conducted forward the French King" (iii. 654).
According to Holinshed, and, indeed, the general belief of
the time, Buckingham's downfall was due to the enmity
of Wolsey. There is no certain foundation for this report,
and it seems very improbable. On the accusation of his
servants and surveyor the duke was arrested on a charge
of high treason, and committed to the Tower April 16,
1521. His trial took place on May 13 and the following
days; he was condemned, and on the 17th was beheaded
on Tower Hill. That he was really guilty of the charges
laid to his account it is impossible to believe. His exe-
cution was a state necessity; he was too powerful and too
dangerous to live.

8 DUKE OF SUFFOLK. This was Charles Brandon, the
son of William Brandon, who was Henry VII.'s standard-
bearer at Bosworth Field, and was there killed by Richard
III. in hand-to-hand encounter. Charles Brandon was
from the first in high favour with Henry VIII., who in
1513 created him Viscount Lisle, and in February, 1514,
Duke of Suffolk. In the latter year he was Henry's am-
bassador in France, and in 1515 he secretly and precipitately
married the king's sister Mary, the widow of Louis XII.,
thus, by his way of doing it, displeasing the king, who
was really in favour of the match. At this time he had
been twice married, and his second wife was still living.
He had owed many favours to Wolsey, which he repaid
by doing his best to accelerate the cardinal's fall. It was
he, together with the Duke of Norfolk, who endeavoured
to take the great seal from Wolsey without the written
commission of the king (see iii. 2). He afterwards
signed the bill of articles drawn up against the cardinal.
In 1532 he accompanied the king to France, and received
from Francis the order of St. Michael. In 1533 he was
sent with the Duke of Norfolk to announce the king's
auntage to Katharine, on which occasion he was ap-
pointed high-steward for the day. On the death of his
wife Mary, the "French queen," he immediately married
Katharine, daughter of the widowed Lady Willoughby.
his ward. On the occasion of the suppression of the
monasteries Suffolk obtained a large share of the abbey
lands; he received from the king numerous honours and
commissions, including the position of steward of the

NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

royal household; on August 24, 1545, he died at Guildford,
and was buried at the king's charge at Windsor.

9. EARL OF SURREY. Historically, this was Henry
Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet and scholar, executed
in 1547; but in iii. 2. 256 the dramatic character identifies
himself with his father—the third duke—who was
Buckingham's son-in-law. See note 6.

10. LORD CHAMBERLAIN. There were two lord chamber-
lains during the period of this play. The first was Sir
Charles Somerset, natural son of the third Duke of Somer-
set. (See III. Henry VI. note 4.) In May, 1508, he was
appointed lord chamberlain for life. He was created
Earl of Worcester Feb. 1, 1514; was chief ambassador
to France Nov. 1518 to March 1519, and again in July
1521; he died April 15, 1526. On his death the office
of chamberlain was given to William, Lord Sands, the
Lord Sands of the play. See note 15.

11. LORD CHANCELLOR. During the period of this play
the office of lord chancellor was held by Sir Thomas More
and Sir Thomas Audley. Sir Thomas More, son of Sir
John More, Chief-justice of the King's Bench, was born in
1480. He studied at Oxford, where he formed a friend-
ship with Erasmus; was called to the bar, and became
noted as the most eloquent speaker in the kingdom. He
became a great favourite with Henry VIII., and was em-
ployed in various public missions abroad. In 1516 he
was made a privy-councillor, and in the same year pub-
lished his *Utopia*. He was knighted in 1521, and in 1523
was appointed speaker in the House of Commons. In
1529 he was made chancellor, which post he resigned, in
consequence of his opposition to the king in the matter
of the divorce, on May 16, 1532. In 1534 he was attainted
for high treason, and, in spite of the failure of the evidence
against him, was found guilty, and beheaded, July 1535.
More was succeeded in the chancellorship by Sir Thomas
Audley, who is, historically, the chancellor named in the
"order of the procession," iv. i. 36.

12. GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester. Stephen Gardiner
was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1483. He is believed to
have been the illegitimate son of Dr. Woodville, bishop
of Salisbury, brother of the queen of Edward IV. He
studied at Cambridge, and afterwards distinguished him-
self in the canon and civil law. His abilities were noticed
by Cardinal Wolsey, who made him his secretary, and
in 1527 he accompanied Wolsey on his mission to France.
It was owing to his advocacy that the commission was
issued by the pope for the trial of Katharine. In 1529
he was appointed the king's secretary, and in 1531 he
became Bishop of Winchester, in succession to Wolsey.
In 1534 he wrote a treatise, *De vera Obedientia*, in de-
fence of the royal supremacy. In the following year he
had a dispute with Cranmer, and some years later he
endeavoured to fasten a charge of heresy upon the arch-
bishop, in which, but for the king's intervention, he
would probably have been successful. When Edward VI.
came to the throne Gardiner's opulence caused his com-
mittal to the Fleet, and afterwards to the Tower, where
he remained during the five years of Edward's reign.
Mary's first act on her accession was to release the
various state prisoners, among whom was Gardiner; he

was restored to his bishopric and became the leading councillor of the queen. The extent of his responsibility for the persecutions under Mary has been variously estimated; the later part of them, at all events, he had little or no share in the proceedings. In October, 1555, he fell ill, and on November 12 he died, and was buried in his cathedral at Winchester.

13. **BISHOP OF LINCOLN.** This was John Longland, born at Henley-on-Thames, 1476. He was appointed canon of Windsor in 1519, Bishop of London in 1528. He was the king's confessor, and is said, but incorrectly, to have first suggested the divorce of Katharine. Longland was only won to give his consent after long urging on the part of the king. (See ii. 4. 266 *et seq.*) It was he who, with the Bishop of Bath, served on the king and queen the citation to appear before the legates in June, 1529. The bishop was chancellor of the University of Oxford from 1532. He was a great lover of architecture, and designed the Longland Chapel in Lincoln Cathedral. He died in 1547.

14. **LORD ABERGAVENNY.** George Nevill, third Lord Abergavenny, was born about 1471. He succeeded to the title Sept. 20, 1492. In 1513 he was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports, and in the same year was a captain in the king's army in France. From May to August, 1514, he was chief captain of the English forces in the Marches of Calais; in 1516 he formed a member of the privy-council; in June, 1520, he was assistant marshal at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and in 1522 he was imprisoned in the Tower for concealment of treasonable words spoken by the duke on Sept. 10, 1519. He was, however, soon released and restored to favour. In 1530 he was summoned to parliament as premier baron of England by the title of George Neville de Bergevenny, chevalier. He died in 1535.

15. **LORD SANDS.** Sir William Sandys was descended from an old Hampshire family. In 1513 he was sent to assist Ferdinand of Aragon against the French; on the attainder of the Duke of Buckingham he obtained a grant of some of the forfeited estates; in 1523 he was treasurer of Calais, and in the same year, April 27, he was advanced to the rank of a baron of the realm by the title of Lord Sands of the Vine. In 1526 he succeeded the Earl of Worcester as lord-chamberlain. He died in 1542.

16. **SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.** The Guildford family was an old Kentish one. In Richard III. iv. 4. 502, a messenger tells the king: "In Kent, my liege, the *Guildfords* are in arms." Sir Henry was the son of Sir Richard Guildford, who, like his father, was comptroller of the royal household. He was K.G., master of the horse to Henry VIII., and standard-bearer of England for life. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold he was in close attendance on the king. He was an eminent soldier in the wars against the Moors in Spain. He died in 1533. His second wife, Joan, was a sister of Sir Nicholas Vaux. See note 19.

17. **SIR THOMAS LOVELL** was esquire of the body to Henry VII., who in 1485 appointed him chancellor of the exchequer for life. He was knighted after the battle of Stoke, 1487; treasurer of the household in 1502; and was named by Henry one of his executors. He was a member of the privy-council in the reigns of Henry VII. and

Henry VIII., a K.G., marshal of the house to Henry VIII., surveyor of the court of wards, and constable of the Tower, in which capacity he is represented in the play (ii. 1) at the committal of the Duke of Buckingham. In 1516 Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, writes in his despatch: "Sir Thomas Lovell, an old servant of the late and the present king, a person of great authority, seems also to have withdrawn himself [from the privy-council], and interferes little in the government." He died without issue May 25, 1524, and was buried, with great ceremony and full civic honours, in the chapel which he had built at the priory of Haliwell.

18. **SIR ANTHONY DENNY**, second son of Sir Edmund Denny, chief baron of the exchequer, was born Jan. 16, 1501. He was educated at Cambridge, where his reputation for scholarship made him known to the king, who summoned him to court and bestowed various offices upon him. He was knighted Sept. 30, 1544. In 1546 he was empowered, together with two others, to affix the royal seal to all warrants issued in the king's name. He was a promoter of the Reformation, an aider of learning, and a true friend to the king, whom he, alone of all the courtiers, had the courage to warn of his approaching death. Henry appointed him one of his executors, and one of the councillors to his son, Edward VI. He is believed to have died in 1549, leaving six children by his wife Joan, daughter of Sir Philip Champernon, herself an ardent and open friend of the Reformation.

19. **SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.** This was the son of the William Vaux of II. Henry VI. (See note 16 to that play.) On the accession of Edward IV. Sir Nicholas Vaux was despoiled of his estates in consequence of the act of attainder which had been passed against his father; he was, however, restored to his possessions on the accession of Henry VII. In April, 1523, he was summoned to parliament by Henry VIII. as Baron Vaux of Harrowden; on May 24 he died. Fuller describes him as "a jolly Gentleman, both for camp and courts; a great Reveller, good as well in a March, as a Masque." His son, Thomas, Lord Vaux (1511-1562), is now believed to have been the writer of two poems in Tottel's Miscellany (ed. Arber, pp. 172-174), one of which is ascribed by Pattenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, to Lord Nicholas Vaux.

20. **SECRETARIES TO WOLSEY.** These were William Burbank, who became archdeacon of Carlisle, and Dr. Richard Pace who is referred to in ii. 2. 110-130. (See note 140.) Holshed describes Pace as "courtuous, pleasant, delighting in music, highly in the king's favour, and well heard in matters of weight." He was sent by the king to Rome in 1524, to secure the papal election for Wolsey, whose embassy he had been in various foreign embassies and secret missions. His correspondence, largely with Wolsey, fills a considerable space among the State Papers. He filled various offices, among them dean of St. Paul's and secretary of state, and died at Stepney in 1532.

21. **CROMWELL**, servant to Wolsey. Thomas Cromwell was the son of Walter Cromwell, a blacksmith, fuller, innkeeper, and brewer at Putney. He was born probably about 1485, and is said to have been very ill-conducted in

his younger years. He has been a hear of him and Venice. Cromwell seems to have towards becoming prominence in the cardinal parliament. In connection and the for Ipswich, was prosperous. occurred. Wolsey selecting his benefices finally secured credit into favour of the king the church, and favour by a made a privy of him. "He made chamber pointed the rolls. all causes into effect Anne Boleyn which had Cromwell, and more a sion of the In 1530 he and in the with Anne have his de chose the of his new against his demerit support of Tower Hill Cromwell, his male R

22. **GRIFTH.** Little is known of him. He is called him the life of Wolsey. 133 of the making a thence. again to the out of the upon the Grifith," and his funeral in Henry V.

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NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

his younger days. In 1504 or thereabouts he seems to have been a soldier in the French army in Italy; we then hear of him at Antwerp; then again in Italy, at Rome, and Venice. About 1513, after his return to England, Cromwell married the daughter of an old neighbour and seems to have taken up part of his father's business, afterwards becoming a solicitor, and rising gradually into prominence. Through the favour of Wolsey he was placed in the cardinal's household, and afterwards admitted into parliament. In 1529, after various employments, chiefly in connection with the suppression of the monasteries and the foundation of the universities of Oxford and Ipswich, we find him secretary to Wolsey, and in very prosperous circumstances. In the October of that year occurred Wolsey's downfall, and Cromwell, while not neglecting his own interests, did not neglect the interests of his benefactor, advocating his cause in parliament and finally securing his pardon. The fidelity of his conduct won credit for him at court, and from this time his rise into favour was rapid. He seems to have suggested to the king the policy of declaring himself head of the church, and his ambition was viewed with general disfavour by all those whom it concerned. In 1531 he was made a privy-councillor, and by 1533 Chapuis could write of him, "He rules everything." On April 12, 1533, he was made chancellor of the exchequer, and in 1534 he was appointed the king's secretary and afterwards master of the rolls. Before long he was the king's viceregent in all causes ecclesiastical, and his main agent in carrying into effect the Act of Supremacy. After the execution of Anne Boleyn in May, 1536, the office of lord privy-seal, which had formerly belonged to her father, was given to Cromwell. He became more and more powerful and more and more unpopular. He aided the king in the suppression of the monasteries, and received substantial pickings. In 1539 he was made Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and in the same year he negotiated the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, through which, ere long, he came to have his downfall. The nobles, ever jealous of his power, chose the moment when Henry had already begun to tire of his new bride, and a bill of attainder was brought in against him. The charges of extortion and various misdemeanours were only too correct; he had now lost the support of the king; and on July 28 he was beheaded on Tower Hill. His son Gregory had been created Baron Cromwell. Gregory married a sister of Jane Seymour; his male line ceased in 1557.

22. GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine. Little is known of this "honest chronicler," as his mistress calls him in iv. 2. 72. His name occurs in Cavendish's life of Wolsey, in the passage corresponding to ii. 4. 121-123 of the play. "With that she [Katharine] rose up, making a low courtesy to the King, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her General Receiver, called Master Griffith" (p. 217). His proper name was Griffith Richardes, and his account as receiver-general to the queen will be found in the Calendar of State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII. vol. iv. p. 2731. The expression used by

Cavendish of the "leaning, as she was wont always to do, on the arm of her General Receiver," is enough to indicate the exact position which she was held, and may seem to give historical weight to the pleasant picture found in iv. 2.

23. DR. BUTTS, physician to the king. Sir William Butts was born in Norfolk, and was educated at Cambridge, taking the degree of A. B. in 1506, of M. A. in 1509, of M. D. in 1518. From 1518 to his death in 1545 he was employed as physician to the court at a salary of £100 a year, afterwards increased by forty marks. The king, Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, and the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary (whose life he is said to have saved), were among his patients. He is entered on the books of the College of Physicians as "vir gravis, eximia literarum cognitione, singulari judicio, summa experientia et prudenti consilio doctor." He was a staunch friend to both Wolsey and Crommer, and two of the prominent reformers, Hugh Latimer and Sir John Cheke, owed their advancement to his influence. He died Nov. 22, 1545, and was buried in Fulham Church, where the restored monument wrongly gives the date of Nov. 17. He was twice painted by Holbein: in the fine portrait now in the possession of Mr. W. H. Pole Carew, and again as the leading figure in the group of medical men to whom the king is presenting the charter of the Barber Surgeons.

24. GARTER KING-AT-ARMS. At the time of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, June 1533, this office was held by Thomas Wriothesley, who was appointed by Henry VIII. in 1529. He was the eldest son of John Wriothesley, Falcon herald in the reign of Edward IV. and Garter King-at-arms under Richard III., the founder of the College of Arms. Shakespeare's friend, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, was the grandson of the character in this play.

25. SURVEYOR TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. This was Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, the duke's cousin, and at one time his steward. He was dismissed from this office, which was no doubt one of the causes of his resentment against his former master. Another cause may be found in an information against the duke for "wrongfully withholding the goods of Elizabeth Knyvet, deceased" (Calendar of State Papers, ed. Brewer, vol. iii. p. 1288). (See the quotation from Holinshed in note 83.) The original informer against the duke, however, would seem to have been, not Knyvet, but Gilbert. See the misguessed letter addressed to Wolsey, quoted by Brewer, Reign of Henry VIII. vol. i. p. 379, 380. See also, concerning Gilbert, note 67 below.

26. BRANDON. The stage-direction in i. 1. 198 is "Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and two or three of the Guard," to arrest the Duke of Buckingham. This name does not occur in the Chronicles. The officer who really arrested the duke was Sir Henry Marney, captain of the guard, who afterwards obtained a grant of some of the forfeited estates of his prisoner. He was created Baron Marney in 1533. Perhaps the Brandon mentioned in the text may be meant for Sir Thomas Brandon, who, together with Sir Henry Marney, was a member of the privy-council in the early years of Henry VIII. (See Calendar of State Papers, vol. i. p. 507, note.)

27. **QUEEN KATHARINE.** Katharine of Aragon, first queen of Henry VIII., was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and on her mother's side was descended from John of Gaunt. She was born at Alcalá de Henares, December, 1485. Her first husband was Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., to whom she was married November 14, 1501. The marriage was probably one of ceremony only, and on April 2, 1502, the sixteen-year-old husband died at Ludlow. On June 25, 1503, Katharine was solemnly betrothed to Henry, the second son of Henry VII., and a special dispensation was received from the pope in order to legalize the union. The marriage, however, was delayed, and did not take place till after the death of the king Henry VIII., on coming to the throne, at once took steps to secure his bride, and the ceremony was performed on June 11, 1509, seven weeks after his accession. On January 31, 1510, Katharine was prematurely delivered of a still-born daughter, and on the 1st of January in the following year she gave birth to a son, who died on the 22nd of February. In 1513 she had a second son, who also soon died, and in November, 1514, she had another premature delivery. On February 18, 1516, the Princess Mary was born, and in November, 1518, another daughter was born, who did not live long. During her husband's absence in France, in 1513, Katharine acted as regent, and it was during this period that James IV. of Scotland was defeated at Flodden. In 1526 Henry began to profess "scruples" as to the legitimacy of his union. The course and consequences of the trial are dealt with elsewhere in the notes on *Dramatis Personae*. Katharine fought for herself with her best energies. She refused to take her cause out of the hands of the pope, into which she had put it; but, neglected by him and deserted by her husband, she fought in vain. Notwithstanding the popular sympathy, she was totally without friends at court. Henry secretly married Anne Boleyn, January 25, 1533, and on April 13 the marriage was openly declared. It was not till after this that Crommer pronounced the invalidity of Henry's first marriage. Katharine took no notice of her formal deposition from the queenship, and on being remonstrated with, vigorously asserted her claims. She was treated with every indignity, and it seems as if attempts were even made to hasten her end. In May, 1534, she was removed from Buckden to Kimbolton, her high spirit unbroken by every misfortune. In December, 1535, she grew dangerously ill, seemed to recover slightly, but on Friday, January 7, finally succumbed, and died about two o'clock in the afternoon. There were suspicions at the time that her end was hastened by poison. Probable as this seems from some points of view, it is not strictly carried out by what we know of the symptoms observed after her death. She was solemnly buried, by order of the king, in the abbey of Peterborough, where, half a century later, the same scurion, Scarlett, placed Mary Queen of Scots in her grave. Katharine was a fair complexion, somewhat plump, fond of her needle, devoted student of the Bible. She had been carefully trained in her youth, and Erasmus (who in 1526 dedicated to her his work on Christian Matrimony) speaks highly of her scholarship.

28. **ANNE BOLEYN.** Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire and Ormonde, was born in 1507. In her youth she spent some years at the French court, remaining there, as "one of the French queen's women," till 1521 or 1522. On returning to England she took part in one of the court revels in March 1522, and is known to have attracted the marked attention of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet. She also found a suitor in the person of Lord Henry Percy, heir to the earldom of Northumberland, but the match was peremptorily forbidden by Wolsey, at the direction of the king, who at that time planned for her a marriage with Sir Piers Butler, son of the Earl of Ormonde. Before this time Henry had dishonoured Anne's elder sister Mary, whom he married to Sir William Cary, and it was not long after Anne's return to England that his affections were transferred to her. From April, 1522, to 1525, her father received frequent grants of land, and in the latter year was created Viscount Rochford. It was not, however, till 1527 (after a long series of astonishing love-letters) that the king began to move for a divorce from his first wife Katharine. After certain abortive proceedings in the May of that year, Cardinal Campegio was sent from Rome, at the king's desire, to try the question of the lawfulness of Henry's marriage with the widow of his brother Arthur. While proceedings were pending Anne was installed near the king at Greenwich, and after his final, though not judicial, separation from his wife in 1531, she was publicly recognized as his mistress. The marriage took place in 1533, no decree having been granted by the pope; but after the ceremony the desired sentence was given by Crommer, pronouncing the marriage with Katharine null and that with Anne lawful; after which Anne was crowned on Whitsunday at Westminster Hall. Three months after her coronation (on September 7, 1533) she gave birth to her only daughter, the future Queen Elizabeth; in the following year she had a miscarriage, and on January 29, 1536, she was prematurely delivered of a dead child. Meanwhile the king's interest in his new wife had considerably cooled, and early in 1536 there was an open breach between them. Upon this Anne was committed to the Tower on a charge of incest and various charges of adultery; the trial took place on May 15, and every peer, including her father and her uncle (the latter of whom even pronounced the sentence), gave in a verdict of guilty. On the 17th her marriage with the king was pronounced invalid, and on Friday, May 19, she was decapitated on Tower Green. She protested her innocence to the last, her cheerful and courageous demeanour in the Tower being certainly in her favour. Few, however, seem to have had any sympathy for her in her fate, deserved or undeserved, and on the following day Henry married her maid of honour, Jane Seymour. A writer whose letter is included in Brown's *Calendar of Venetian State Papers* tells us that "Madame Anne" is "not one of the handsomest women in the world," and has nothing in her favour "but the king's great appetite, and her eyes, which are black and beautiful." Crommer, however, speaks with admiration of her long flowing hair, in which he describes her as sitting in her horse-litter.

PROLOGUE.

29. Lines 15, 16:

a fellow

In a LONG MOTLEY COAT guarded with yellow.

Steevens quotes: Marston's 10th Satire:

*The long fool's coat, the huge stop, the lugg'd boot,
I rom mimic Piss all doe claime their roote.*

"Thus also Nashe, in his Epistle Dedicatory to Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1596: '*fooles ye know, alwaies for the most part (especially if they bee naturall fooles) doe out 2 in long coats.*'"
Mottey was of course the customary dress of clowns.

30. Lines 18, 19:

*To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As FOOL AND FIGHT is.*

Compare Fletcher's Women Pleased, v. 1:

*T' what end do I walk? for men to wonder at,
And fight and fool!* —Works, p. 199.31. Line 24: *The first and HAPPIEST hearers of the town.*

Happy is used here, as *felix* in Latin, with the sense of favourable, propitious. Compare Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 32: "A happy star."

32. Lines 25, 26:

think ye SEE

The very persons of our noble STORY

Story as a rhyme for *see* does not sound like Shakespeare; and, obviously enough, a similar atrocity is perpetrated in the Epilogue, lines 8-10:

*All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only us
The merciful construction of good women.*

Monck Mason refers to another instance of the same kind of mistreatment of verse in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 1:

*Till both of us arrive, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham forest.*

ACT I. SCENE 1.

33. Lines 1, 2:

*How have ye done**Since last we SAW in France.*

Compare Cymbeline, i. 1. 124, and Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 59:

When shall we see again?

34. Line 7: *the tale of ANDREN.*—*Andren* is Hall and Holmshed's orthography for *Andres* (spelt in the latter part of the fine *Arde*), which, with *Guines*, is a town in Picardy. *Andres* belonged to the French, *Guines* to the English, and it was in the valley between them that the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was situated.

35. Lines 9-12:

*Behold them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throu'd ones could have
weigh'd!**Such a compounded one!*

Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, v. 3. 4-6:

*Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one, O, why, there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man!*

36. Line 19: *All CLINQUANT, all in gold.*—*Clinquant*, meaning glittering, from the French *clinqant*, tinzel, is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare. Steevens quotes A Memorable Masque performed before James I. at Whitehall in 1513: "his buckins *clinqant* as his other attire." Compare Florio, "Aguina, a kind of networke worne over tinsell or cloth of gold to make it show *clinkant*." Boyer defines the French word *clinqant* as "laine d'or ou d'argent qu'on met dans les broderies, les denteilles, &c."

37. Lines 36-38:

*that former fabulous story,**Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That BEVIS was believ'd.*

The reference here is to the popular story of Bevis of Southampton. See Camden's Britain (Translated newly into English by Philéaon Holland, MDCX): "Lower still and not far from this (Cité [Salisbury]), is situate upon *Arom, Duneton* or *Dunketon*, a burrough (as they say) of great antiquity, and well known by reason of the house therein of *Beaurois* of Southampton, whom the people have enrolled in the number of their brave worthies for his valour, commended so much in rhyme to posterity" (p. 250). "Bevis of Hampton, that is, Southampton, was" (says Halliwell, Folio ed. xii. 90) "a favourite old English metrical romance, several editions of which were published in the 16th and 17th centuries. A prose version of a later period long continued popular. An account of one of his exploits, which certainly partakes a little of the marvellous, is thus given in an early copy in a Cambridge manuscript:

*Now begynneth the foyght, as y saythe,
Betwene Belyse and the byte.
Then sayde Belyse hemle and gode,
To the people that be hym stode,—
I counceile you onto the yale,
And let me wynde swite ther ale
Then alle the can crye
I ylde the, trayour, thou shalt dye!
Tho Belyse smote with herte gode,
And bathed his swyrde yn ther blode.
V. hundred men he fellyd to grounde,
And hym-selfe never a wounde;
Alle the blode of the men
As swete out of ther bodyes ranne."*

—Halliwell, Folio ed. xii. 90.

In 11. Henry VI. ii. 3. 93, some editors insert, from The Contention: "as Benys of South-hampton fell upon Askepart." See note 139 to that play.

38. Lines 42-49 are arranged as by Theobald. Ff. print as follows:

*Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?*

39. Lines 48, 49:

*One, CERTES, that promises no ELEMENT
In such a businesse.*

Certes is used by Shakespeare in the Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 78; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 169; Tempest, iii. 3. 30; and Othello, I. 1. 16. In the last instance it *may* be pronounced as a monosyllable (and so Schmidt gives it), but I think it more likely that here, as in all the other examples save the one in the text, it is pronounced in two syllables. The use of *element* is also without a parallel in Shakespeare. The meaning of the sentence is, I think, correctly given by Schmidt: "One of whom it would not be expected that he should find his proper sphere in such a business." Johnson understands *element* to mean "imitation, previous practice," and Dyce, "rudimentary knowledge." Knight takes it to mean "constituent quality of mind." The expression is very obscure and awkward, however we take it.

40. Line 54: *these FIERCE vanities*.—Compare Lucrece, line 894:

Thy violent vanities can never last.

Fierce seems to be used here for immoderate, excessive, as in Timon, iv. 2. 30: "O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings." Johnson and Stevens suppose that *fierce* = the French *fier*, proud. Nares quotes from Ben Jonson, Poetaster, v. 3:

And, Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
One fit him with a pair of larger ears.

41. Line 55: *such a KEECH*.—A *keech* is defined by Nares as "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, a good deal resembling the body of a fat man." In II. Henry IV. E. 1. 191 Mrs. Quickly refers to "goodwife *keech*, the butcher's wife," and the word in the present passage derives its sting from the fact that Wolsey was said to be the son of a butcher. "It had," says Grant White, "a triple application to Wolsey, as a corpulent man, a reputed butcher's son, and a bloated favourite." It is most likely that the *tallow-eatch* of the Ff. in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 252 is a misprint for *tallow-keech*.

42. Line 60: *CHALKS successors their way*.—Compare Tempest, v. i. 203, 204:

For it is you that have *chalk'd forth* the way
Which brought us hither.

43. Line 63: *Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note*.—This is Capell's very generally accepted emendation of the Ff. reading:

Out of his Self-drawing Web. O gives vs note.

Capell conjectured that *O* was a misprint for *A* (i.e. *he*), and the Old-Spelling edd. print "a gives vs note." In Notes and Queries, 6th Ser. vol. II. Aug. 21, 1880, Mr. R. M. Spence well explains the passage (62-64): "Without the prestige of birth, and without external aid, Wolsey 'spider-like' had proved self-sufficient to be the architect of his own fortune, thus compelling even those who hated him most to acknowledge the force of his merit."

44. Lines 65, 66:

A gift that heaven gives for him; which buys
A place next to the king.

This is the reading of Ff., which Stevens explains: "What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys* a place, &c." Warburton read:

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him—

a transposition which certainly provides an easier sense, but which (*pace* Walker and Dyce) does not seem to be imperatively called for.

45. Lines 75, 76:

He makes up the FILE

Of all the gentry.

File is used here for list, as in a very closely parallel passage in Macbeth, v. 2. 8, 9:

I have a file

Of all the gentry.

46. Lines 78-80:

and his own letter,

The honourable board of council out,

Must fetch him in his PAPERS.

Pope no doubt rightly takes *papers* as a verb, and interprets: "his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down." The construction is much forced, but this would seem to be the meaning. See Holinshed: "The peers of the realm receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the King in this journey, and no apparent necessary cause expressed, why nor wherefore; seemed to grudge, that such a costly journey should be taken in hand to their importunate charges and expenses, without consent of the whole board of the council" (vol. iii. p. 644, ed. 1808). Compare Albion's England, ch. 80:

Set is the Sovereign Sunne did shine when *paper'd* last our penne.

47. Lines 83, 84:

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em.
Compare King John, ii. 1. 70:

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs;

and Beaumont and Fletcher, The Honest Man's Fortune, iii. 1. 20:

My back shall not be
The base on which your soothing citizen
Erects his summer-house.

Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, says: "Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a suite of apparel, to wear a whole manor on his back" (p. 482, ed. 1634).

48. Line 90: *the hideous storm that follow'd*.—Holinshed says: "On mondaye, the eighteenth of June, was such an *hideous storme* of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortliffe after to follow betwene princes" (iii. 6. 54). The expression *hideous storm* occurs in the famous dirge in the Duchess of Malfy, iv. 2:

Their death a *hideous storm* of terror.

49. Line 93: *aboded*.—This word (with a similar meaning to *forebode*) occurs in III. Henry VI. v. 6. 45, and the noun *abodement* in the same play, v. 13, but nowhere else in Shakespeare. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "With good abode, *auspicato*," &c.; "With ill abode, *contra auspicio*," &c.

50. Line 98: *A PROPER title of a peace*.—Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 60, 61:

O proper staff!

This is the very painting of your fear.

And Much Ado, i. 3. 54: "A *proper* squire!" The word is still used, colloquially, in this ironical way.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. Scene 1.

ACT I. Scene 1.

51. Line 112: BOSOM *up my counsel*.—There is no other instance in Shakespeare of the use of *bosom* as a verb. Compare Day, *Ile of Gulls*, i. 3:

Court spannell! mum; He *bosome* what I thinke:
Old Gills not blind; I see altho I winke.
—Bullen's Reprint, p. 25.

52. Line 120: *This BUTCHER'S CUR is VENOM-MOUTH'D*.—Compare Skelton's satire against Wolsey, "Why come ye not to Court," 293-296:

They dare not look out at doors
For dread of the mastiff cur;
For dread of the butcher's dog
Would worry them like a hog.

see note 41 above. *Venom-mouth'd* is Pope's emendation of the *Vf. venou'd-mouth'd*.

53. Lines 122, 123:

A beggar's BOOK
OUTWORTH is a noble's blood.

Book is again used for learning in *Henry VI.* iv. 7. 70, 77:

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my *book* prefer'd me to the king.

Outworths is not used elsewhere in Shakespeare.

54. Line 128: *He BORES me with some trick*.—*Bore* is here used figuratively for overreaches, or perhaps undermines—a word not used in this sense elsewhere in Shakespeare. Compare *The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, iii. 2: "No, I'll assure you, I am no earl, but a smith, Sir; one Hodge, a smith at Putney, Sir; one that hath gulled you, that hath *bored* you, Sir" (*Doubtful Plays*, ed. Tauchnitz, p. 103).

55. Lines 132-134:

anger is like
A FULL-HOT HORSE, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle TIRES him.

Compare Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, iv. 2. 6:

Let his passion work, and like a *hot-reined horse*
T will quickly *tire* itself;

and also Lucrece, 707:

Till, like a *jade*, Self will himself *doth tire*.

56. Lines 140, 147:

I say again, there is no English soul
MORE STRONGER to direct you than yourself.

Instances of the double comparative and superlative are not infrequently met with in Shakespeare and the contemporary literature. See note 297 to *Merchant of Venice*. Ben Jonson, perhaps erroneously, speaks of the idiom as "a certain kind of English atticism, imitating the manner of the most ancient and finest Grecians" (*Works*, ed. Gifford, 1883, p. 780).

57. Lines 148, 149:

If with the sup of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Stevens compares *Humlet*, iii. 4. 123, 124:

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.

There is all the difference, in these two distinctly parallel passages, between a bad metaphor and a good one.

58. Lines 154, 155:

And proofs as clear as founts in JULY, when
We see each grain of gravel.

F. 1 prints *July* (turned *u*). Compare *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1. 112:

There through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold them.

59. Line 164: SUGGESTS *the king*; i.e. tempts.—Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1. 34:

Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*;

and ii. 6. 7, 8, of the same play:

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy *tempted* subject, to excuse it!

60. Lines 166, 167:

and like a glass

Did break i' the RINSING.

Ff. have *wrenching*, which is no doubt a corruption of *rinsing* (Pope's emendation). Similar confusions are not uncommon—that between *lance* and *lanch* for instance. In *Richard III.* iv. 4. 224, *Ff.* read:

Whose hand sooner *lanch'd* their tender hearts;

and in *Howell's* instructions for *Forraine Travell*, 1642, the transposition is made in the opposite way: "not daring to *lance* out into the mine, to see the wonders of the deep" (*Arber's Reprint*, p. 15).

61. Line 168: *Pray, GIVE ME FAVOUR, sir*; i.e. give me your indulgence, excuse me. Compare *Macbeth*, i. 3. 149: "Give me your *favour*;" and *Tempest*, iv. 1. 204:

Good my lord, *give me thy favour* still.

62. Line 183: *HE pricily*.—So *F.* 2 and succeeding editors (except the *Old-Spelling* edd.); *F.* 1 omits *he*.

63. Line 184: 1 TROW.—*F.* 1, *F.* 2 spell *troa*.

64. Line 200: *Hereford*.—So *Capell*; *Ff.* print *Hertford*.

65. Line 211: *O my Lord ABERGANY, fare you well!*—Here and in i. 2. 137 *F.* 1 prints *Aburyany*; the Cambridge edd. spell the name in full, *Abergareyny*.

66. Lines 216, 217:

Here is a warrant from

The king to attach LORD MONTACUTE.

This was Henry Pole, grandson to George, duke of Clarence, eldest brother to Cardinal Pole, and son-in-law to Lord Abergavenny. On this occasion he was pardoned and restored to favour, only to become implicated in another treason, for which he was afterwards executed.

67. Line 219: *One Gilbert Peck, his CHANCELLOR*.—So Theobald; *Ff.* have *Conneellour*, but in ii. 1. 29 they print rightly "Sir *Gilbert Peeke* his Chancellor." *Peck*, or as *Holinshed* has it, *Perke*, seems to be a mistake. The man's real name was Robert Gillbert. Besides having the position of chaplain to the duke, he seems to have been employed as a confidential agent in various pecuniary transactions. His testimony against the duke betrays a strong animus, "not unlike the tone of a man who had been false to his master, and sought to cover his falsehood by exaggerated statements." The text of his "confession and deposition" is contained in the *Harleian MSS.* (283, f. 70) in the British Museum; it is reprinted in *Brewer's Reign of Henry VIII.* i. 301, 302. The duke's reply to the charge is given on the following page (foot-note).

68. Line 221: *O, NICHOLAS Hopkins!*—*Ff.* print *Michael Hopkins*, which was corrected by Theobald (after Hall

and Holinshed). The correct Christian name is given (with a wrong surname) in l. 2. 147. "In the MS., as Malone remarks, "*Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.*" Halliwell mentions, on the authority of Mr. D. D. Hopkins of Weycliffe, that the name was familiar to Shakespeare as a family surname in his own county, and that there was a Nicholas Hopkins who was Sheriff of Coventry in 1561.

69. Lines 224-226:

*I am the SHADOW of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.*

These lines, which have given a great deal of unnecessary trouble to editors, are thus explained by Grant White: "The speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity." Steevens (*Variorum* Ed. vol. xix. pp. 328, 329) quotes a number of similar figures from various parts of Shakespeare. Compare *King John*, ii. 1. 490-500:

The *shadow* of myself form'd in her eye ;
Which, being but the *shadow* of your son,
Becomes a *sun*, and makes your son a *shadow*.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

70. Lines 2, 3:

I stood i' THE LEVEL
Of a full-charg'd confederacy.

Compare Sonnet cxvii. 11, 12:

Bring me within the *level* of your frown,
But shoot not at me;

and *All's Well*, ii. 1, 158, 159:

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the *level* of mine aim.

The word is often used by Shakespeare in this sense. See *Winter's Tale*, note 68. Coles (Lat. Diet.) has: "The level of a gun, *scopus*."

71. line 24: *putter-on*; i.e. instigator. Compare Winter's Tale, ii, 1. 141:

You are abused, and by some *putter-on*.

72. Lines 25-7.—Mr. Robert Boyle, in his paper on the authorship of Henry VIII., read before the New Shakespeare Society, Jan. 16, 1885, sees in these lines an allusion to events occurring in the years 1615-17. See Gardiner's *History of England* between 1603 and 1642, p. 285. The conjecture may be given for what it is worth. The allusion is certainly doubtful, and might have referred to earlier events, mentioned in Holifushed or Hall. "From 1613 on, if not earlier" (I quote from Mr. Boyle's summary), "the king's attention had been directed to the state of the cloth trade. From time to time regulations had been issued in favour of the trade, with the particular purpose of providing that the cloth should not only be woven, but also dyed and dressed in England. With the greater part of the cloth exported, this legislation had been successful. But the great company of merchant adventurers trading in the country between Calais and Hamburg found no market for the cloth dyed and dressed in England. . . . Under these circumstances

they censed to export it. Alderman Cockayne pressed on the king the necessity of making a new effort in favour of the English trade. Permission to export undyed cloth was withdrawn. The merchant adventurers refused to trade under these conditions, and gave up their charter on the 21st of February, 1615. A new company, with Cockayne at its head, was formed. When in 1616 the Dutch saw that the English meant to force their dyed and dressed cloth on the market, they determined to take the remedy into their own hands. They promised a premium for every new loom started, and in a few weeks the sound of the shuttle was heard all over the country. The consequences were not long in showing themselves. Gloucestershire sent in a petition complaining of the numbers thrown out of employment by the new regulations. Worcester and Wiltshire joined in the complaint. In 1617 Cockayne's company were compelled to give up business, and the merchant adventurers resumed their charter on their own conditions."

73. Line 33: *The SPINSTERS*.—*Spuster* occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4. 45, and in *Othello*, i. 1. 24, always in the literal sense of one who spins. Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, gives the word in this sense, and then adds: "*Spuster* [in Law] *fœmina mariti expers, Vidua.*"

74. Line 55: *bolden'd*.—This word (probably a contraction of emboldened) is used again in *As You Like It*, li. 7. 91;

Art thou thus *bolden'd*, man, by thy distress?

75. Line 57: *comissions, which COMPEL*.—So Pope; Ff. print *compels*.

76. Line 67. *There is no PRIMER BUSINESS; i.e. business of "first" importance, pressing business.*—*Yf. have baseness*; the emendation is Warburton's, who says "The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons, which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured, then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest baseness; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

There is no *primer business*,
i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dis-
patch" (Varlornum Elix. 333). This reasoning is quite
conclusive, especially when all the typographical change
made (in the old spelling) is that of an *u* into a *u*, and an
e into an *i*. With this use of *prime* compare iii. 2. 162
below: "the *prime* man of the state;" and ii. 4. 229:
"the *primest* creature." In all the rest of Shakespeare
the word is only used in this sense four times.

77. Line 78: *To cope malicious censurers.*—*Cope* is used in Shakespeare not only in the phrase "to cope with," but by itself with the meaning of encounter, either in a friendly manner or as an adversary. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 34, 35: "They say he yesterday *cop'd* Hector in the battle, and struck him down."

78. Lines 79, 80:

As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is NEW-TRIM'D.

Trim is used
Pericles, v. 1
Lysimachus
His b

79. line 82:
time or anot
4. 103, 104:
1 th
Give
and Drayton?

80. Line 85
action (which
a trisyllabic)
original lead

81 Lines 9

From ev

hop is still g
 is cut off tre
 forbidden, s
 sec. xxi.

82 lines 1

That TH
And pa

Hollished so
the evil will
and advanci
be bruted a
had pardon

83. Line 1
Appendix I.

states that, variably according to the noun, on the one hand. Too much sleep might be necessary in some exceptional instances. History of the

84. Likes
had been to
before the
first he utte
of talke, to
he would a
to die with
of that man
Aburgauern
marriage; a
dinnell for h
his mortall

85 fine
Cymbeline,

By is used
paraphrase
pure (orlo)

the pressed on
rt lu favour of
undyled cloth
ers refused to
their charter
ompany, with
n in 1616 the
their dyed and
ed to take the
ed a premium
ecks the sound
try. The con-
selves. Glou-
of the numbers
lations. Wor-
aint. In 1617
re up business,
their charter on

cents again in
24, always in
s, in his Latin
and then adds:
Vidua."

ably a contrac-
on Like it, ii.

stress?

—So Pope; FF.

ESS; i.e. busi-
ness.—FF. have
n's, who says:
uffering of the
n the abuse of
ery reserved in
ility of it. We
conclusion, call
se of a word
t would incline
and therefore:

y presses a dis-
soning is quite
aphical change
to a u, and an
mpare iii. 2. 162
and ii. 4. 229;
of Shakespeare
ues.

—Cope is used
to cope with,"
ter, either in a
mpare Troilus
yesterday cop'd
n."

ollow

Trium is used of ships in the sense of prepare, fit out, in
Pericles, v. Prol. 18, 19:

1. ysmachus our Tyrian ship spies,
His banners sable, *trium'd* with rich expense.

79. Line 82: *sick interpreters, ONCE weak ones*; i.e. at one
time or another.—Stevens compares Merry Wives, iii.
4. 103, 104:

I thank thee; and I pray thee, *once* to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring;

and Drayton's *Idea*, Sonnet xliii.:

This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.

80. Line 85: *act*.—Capell completes the line by printing
action (which, however, would have to be pronounced as a
trisyllable). It is very possible that this may be the
original reading.

81. Lines 95, 96:

If thy, we take

From every tree LOP, bark, and part o' the timber.

Lop is still given in modern dictionaries as "that which
is cut off trees." The *act* described in these lines was
forbidden, says Schmidt, by statute 1 Jac. I. cap. 22.
see. xli.

82. Lines 105-107:

let it be nois'd

*That THROUGH OUR INTERCESSION this revokement
And pardon comes.*

Holinshed says: "The cardinall, to deliver himself from
the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring
and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to
be bruted abroad that *through his intercession* the king
had pardoned and released all things."

83. Line 118: *This man so COMPLETE*.—Schmidt, in his
Appendix I. § 1, on the changeable accent of adjectives,
states that, with this exception, the word *complete* is in-
variably accented on the first syllable when it precedes a
noun, on the last syllable when it is used in the predicate.
Too much should not be made of a metrical custom which
might be made to bend to metrical exigencies, but the
exception is interesting, and, so far as it goes, confirma-
tory of the non-Shakespearean authorship of the play.

84. Lines 132-138.—Holinshed says: "This Kneet [that
had beene the dukes srueror] being had in examination
before the cardinall, disclosed all the dukes life. And
first he vttered, that the duke was acenstomed by waile
of talke, to saie, how he meant so to vse the matter, that
he would attaine to the crowne, if king Henrie chanced
to die without issue; & that he had talke and conference
of that matter on a time with George Neill, lord of
Aburaganemie, vnto whome he had giuen his daughter in
marriage; and also that he threatened to pmish the car-
dinall for his manifolde misdoings, being without cause
his mortall enemie" (iii. 657).

85. Line 140: *Not FRIENDED BY his reish*.—Compare
Cymbeline, ii. 3. 51-53:

Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be *frended*
With aptness of the season.

By is used here for "in accordance with," or, as Abbott
paraphrases the passage, "to his heart's content." Com-
pare Coriolanus, iii. 2. 52-54:

Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you.

86. Lines 144, 145:

*How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our FAULT?*

Compare ii. 4. 197, 198:

I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's *fault*.

87. Lines 147, 148: *Nicholas HENTON*.—So FF.; Pope in
his 2nd ed. on the suggestion of Theobald printed *Hopkins*.
Compare i. 1. 221 (where in FF. he is called *Michael Hopkins*)
and ii. 1. 22. The man's real name was Nicholas
Hopkins (and so many editors read here). *Hopkins* was
a friar of *Henton*. Holinshed says that Buckingham was
"brought into a full hope that he should be king, by a
vain prophesie which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monke
of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called
Henton, sometime his confessor had opened vnto him"
(iii. 658). Brewer describes him as "a kind-hearted but
crazy enthusiast, Dan Nicholas Hopkyns, a monk of the
Charterhouse at Henton, who brought the duke unatten-
tionally into trouble, and died broken-hearted after his
fall" (Reign of Henry VIII. i. 386). See a letter of his to
the duke, quoted in the foot-note to that page.

88. Lines 151-171.—Holinshed says: "Beside all this, the
same duke the tenth of Male, in the twelfth year of the
kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within
the parish of saint Laurence Pontlike in Chauwike street
ward, demaunded of the said Charles Kneuet esquier, what
was the talke amongst the Londoners concerning the
kings iourne beyond the seas? And the said Charles told
him, that manie stood in doubt of that iournee, least the
Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the king. Whereto
the duke answered, that it was to be feared, lest it would
come to passe, according to the words of a certelue holie
monke. For there is (saith he) a Chartreux monke, that
diuerse times hath sent to me, willing me to send vnto
him my chapellain; and I did send vnto him Iohn de la
Court my chapleine, vnto whome he would not declare
anie thing, till de la Court had sworne vnto him to kéepe
all things seeret, and to tell no creature linig what hee
should heare of him, except it were to me.

"And then the said monke told da la Court, that
neither the king nor his heires should prosper, and that
I should indenour my seife to purchase the good wils of
the communaltie of England; for I the same duke and my
blond should prosper, and hane the rule of the realme of
England" (iii. 660, 661).

89. Line 156: *fear'd*.—So Pope; FF. print *fear*.

90. Line 164: *under the CONFESSOR'S seal*.—This is Theo-
bald's correction; FF. have "under the *Commissions Seale*,"
which is nonsense. Theobald confirms his conjecture by
the following passago in Holinshed: "The duke in talke
told the monke, that he had doone verie well, to blud his
chapleine Iohn de la Court, *under the seale of confession*,
to kéepe seeret the matter" (iii. 659). In the Roman
Catholic Church the priest is bound to secrecy in regard
to all confessions by an ecclesiastical law, which says:
"Confessio eorum sacerdoti in penitentiâ facta non

probat in iudicio: quic censetur facta coram Deo; imo, si sacerdos enim emmiciet, incidet in penam."

91. Line 167: with DEMURE confidence.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 59: "after a demure travel of regard," which the Clarendon Press editor interprets, "after allowing his look to pass gravely from one to another." See too Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 9. 30, 31:

Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers.

Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Demure, Adj. (Bashful, or Reserved) Froid, qui a une mine froide, sérieux, réservé, grave."

92. Lines 169, 170:

bid him strive
To GAIN the love o' the commonalty.

F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 omit gain, which is inserted by F. 4, and seems definitely to be required. See the words of the quotation from Holinshed: "purchase the good wils of the commonalty of England."

93. Line 180: For HIM to ruminate on this.—This is Rowe's correction of the Ff. misprint this.

94. Lines 188-210.—This follows Holinshed closely: "And further more, the same duke on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the Kings reigne. at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said vnto one Charles Kneuet esquier, after that the king had reprooued the duke for retaining William Bulmer knight into his seruice, that if he had perceived that he should haue bene committed to the Tower (as he doubted hee should haue bene) hee would haue so wrought, that the principall doores therein should not haue had cause of great reioicing: for he would haue plaid the part which his father intended to haue put in practise against king Richard the third at Salisbury, who made earnest sute to haue come vnto the presence of the same king Richard: which sute if he might haue obtained, he hauing a knife secretlie about him, would haue thrust it into the bolie of king Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him. And in speaking these words, he maliciouslie laid his hand vpon his dagger, and said, that if he were so euill vsed, he would doo his best to accomplish his pretended purpose, swearing to confirme his word by the blond of our Lord" (iii. 600). In the Variorum Ed. vol. xix. p. 341 there is an extract (in French) from the Year Book, 13 Henry VIII. confirming the main outlines of Holinshed's account.

95. Line 213: by day and night.—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 164:

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

ACT I. SCENE 3.

96. Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.—Malone observes: "Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house [in 1526], Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the chamberlain, himself possessed that office." The Lord Chamberlain who is supposed to be present was Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester. Sir William Sandys succeeded to his office on his death in 1526.

97. Line 10: *Pepin or Clotharius*.—*Pepin* was the founder of the Carolingian dynasty; *Clothaire* was the name of several kings of the Merovingian dynasty. *Pepin* is alluded to, as in the text, as a representative of antiquity, in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 121-123: "an old saying, that was a man when King *Pepin* of France was a little boy;" and in All's Well, ii. 1. 79. "King *Clothair*" is named in Henry V. i. 2. 67.

98. Lines 11-13:

They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the SPAVIN
OR SPRINGHALT reign'd among 'em.

Spavin and *springhalt* are two diseases of horses—the former consisting in a swelling of the joints, the latter causing a horse to twitch up his legs; both consequently producing lameness. *Spavins* occurs in Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 53, among the list of horse-diseases. In line 13 Ff. print *4*; which Pope replaces by *And*, and Verplanck by *Or*, which is adopted by the Cambridge editors. The same reading had been independently arrived at by Dyce and Collier's MS. Corrector.

99. Line 12: *saw*.—So Pope; Ff. have *see*.

100. Line 14: *Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too*.—Ff. read *too't*, which may be intended for *to't*, i.e. in addition to it—which is the reading adopted by the OIA Spelling editors.

101. Lines 24, 25:

those remnants

OF FOOL AND FEATHER, that they got in France.

The allusion here is at once to the feathers worn in the hat and carried as fans in the hand, and to those worn by fools in their caps. Donce quotes Rowley's Match at Midnight, i. 1: "Yes, yes, she that dwells in Blackfryers, next to the sign of *The Fool laughing at a Feather*." Halliwell gives the following note, contributed by Mr. Fairholt: "No better illustration of Shakespeare's minute truthfulness in his occasional descriptions could probably be offered than this passage, which so simply, and yet so pointedly, alludes to the extravagant follies of the French fashions exhibited at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. . . . A close skull-cap of velvet is worn upon the head, and the bonnet or hat slung at the back of it, with an enormous radiation of feathers set around it, which an old French writer compares to the glories of a peacock's tail." Compare Hall, who relates that some young Englishmen, when they came from France in 1518-19, "were all" *Frénche*, in catyng, drynkyng and apparell, yea, and in *Frénche* vices and bragges, so that all the estates of Englande were by them laughed at; the ladies and gentlewomen were dispraised, so that nothing by them was praised, but if it were after the *Frénche* turne" (ed. 1809, p. 507).

102. Line 27: *fights and fireworks*.—Steevens says: "We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's *Monuments de la Monarchie Française*, vol. iv., that some very extraordinary *fireworks* were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Gaynes and Ardres. Hence, our 'travelled gallants,' who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art."

103. Line 31:
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104. Line 34

105. Line 45:
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106. Lines 6

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NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. Scene 3.

103. Line 31: *Short BLISTER'D breeches*.—*Blister'd* doubt-
 less means pulled, and "describes," says Grant White,
 "with picturesque humour the appearance of the slashed
 breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin
 lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes."
 Compare with this passage, Beaumont and Fletcher's
Queen of Corinth, ii. 4:

Now you that trust in travel,
 And makes sharp beards and little breeches deties,
 You that enhance the daily price of tooth-picks,
 And hold there is no home-bred happiness,
 Behold a model of your mind and actions.

Halliwel gives a cut representing a dandy in *blistered*
breeches, with "tall stockings drawn high above the knee,
 where they are cut into points, the breeches very short,
 and gathered into close rolls or blisters."

104. Line 34: *WEAR away*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *wee*.

105. Line 48: *Your COLT'S TOOTH is not cast yet*.—Com-
 pare Massinger, *The Guardian*, i. 1, where Durazzo, an
 elderly person, having expressed some rather warm senti-
 ments, Camillo cries "Out upon you," and Donato exclaims
 "The colt's tooth still in your mouth!" Boyer (French
 dictionary) has "Colts-teeth, *Dents de Lait, les premières*
dents qui viennent aux Animaux."

106. Lines 63, 64:

My barge stays;

Your lordship SHALL ALONG.

"The speaker," says Malone, "is now in the King's palace
 at *Bridereth*, from which he is proceeding by water to
 York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall."
 Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 4:

And he to England *shall along* with you.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

107. The account of this banquet and masquerade is
 taken from Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*. He says:

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his re-
 creation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did
 divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no
 preparations or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest
 sort that might be provided for money or friendship. Such
 pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and
 consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined.
 The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries,
 in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a
 heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels
 sweet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the
 place for the time, with other goodly sports. Then was
 there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with ex-
 cellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the
 king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of
 other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of
 fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin panned, and caps
 of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy,
 their hairs and beards either of fine gold wires or else of
 silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-
 bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending
 upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the
 same colours. And at his coming, and before he came
 into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water
 to the water gate, without any noise; where against his

ACT I. Scene 4.

coming were laid charged many chambers, and at his
 landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble
 in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noble-
 men, gentlewomen and ladies to muse what it should mean,
 coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn ban-
 quet; under this sort. First, ye shall perceive that the
 tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise
 covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate,
 and there having his service all alone; and then was there
 set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentle-
 woman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the
 one side, which were made and joined as it were but one
 table. All which order and device was done and devised
 by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the king, and also
 by Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller to the king. Then
 immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal de-
 sired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what
 this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing
 of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the win-
 dows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that
 it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and
 strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some
 foreign prince. With that, quoth the cardinal, 'I shall
 desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the
 pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive
 them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into
 this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble
 personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them
 to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pas-
 time.' Then [they] went incontinent down into the hall,
 where they received them with twenty new torches, and
 conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number
 of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one
 time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber,
 two and two together, they went directly before the
 Cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently: to
 whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch
 as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have
 desired me to declare unto your grace thus: they, having
 understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where
 was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames,
 could do no less, under the supportation of your good
 Grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incom-
 parable beauty, as for to accompany them at mummance,
 and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them
 acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your
 Grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To
 whom the cardinal answered, that he was very well con-
 tented they should do so. Then the maskers went first,
 and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned
 to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold,
 with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set
 divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing
 all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they lost,
 and of some they won. And thus done, they returned
 unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down
 all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred
 crowns. 'At all!' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the
 dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy
 made. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamber-
 lain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth
 me that there should be among them some nobleman,

whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal oftsoons desired his Highness to take the place of estate; to whom the King answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my Lord's bed-chamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And, in the time of the King's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but to sit still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled" (ed. Singer, vol. I. pp. 49-55). The incident really took place on January 3, 1527. For an authentic account see the letter of Spinelli, the Venetian secretary (No. 4 in Brown's Venetian Calendar).

108. Line 4: *this noble BEVY*.—This word was originally used of a company of roebucks or a flock of quails. Cole's Latin Dictionary has: "A Bevy [as of quails, &c.] *grex, egis*." Boyer gives under *Bevy*, "A Bevy of Quails," "A Bevy of Roe-bucks," "A Bevy of Gossips," and "A Bevy of Ladies, *Un Cercele de Danes*." The Imperial Dictionary states that the word *bevy* is given as the correct term for a company of ladies by Dame Juliana Berners, 1496. In Hamlet, v. 2. 197, Fl. have "nine [F.I. mine] more of the same *Beuty*," where Q₁ print "many more of the same breed."

109. Lines 6, 7:

As FAIR'S good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

This is Dyce's conjectural emendation of the reading of Ff.:

As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

The Cambridge editors retain this reading (inserting a comma after "as"); Theobald joined "first-good" by a hyphen, and understood it to mean "the best in the land."

110. Line 12: *a running banquet*; i.e. a hasty refreshment. *Banquet* was frequently used for the dessert only. Compare Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1:

We'll dine in the great room; but let the music
And *banquet* be prepared here.

Malone quotes Habington's History of King Edward IV.: "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them."

111. Line 41: *I am BEHOLDING to you*.—We now say *beholden*, and so many editors print throughout Shakespeare, where the form is invariably *beholding*. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives both forms, but in all the examples he uses *beholden*. I take from Rolfe (p. 169) a quotation from Butler's Grammar, 1533, given by Grant White, and imperfectly quoted by Boswell: "*Beholding* to one:—of to *behold* or regard: which, by a *Synecdoche generis*, signifyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. . . . So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness. yet some, now-a-days, had rather write it *Beholden*, i.e., obliged, answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari*: which concept would seeme the more probable, if to *beholden* did signifie to *holden*, as to *bedek* to *dek*, to *besprinkle*, to *sprinkle*. But indeed, neither is *beholden* English, neither are *behold* and *hold* any more all one, than *become* and *come*, or *become* and *seem*."

112. Lines 47, 48:

Saunders. and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—
Anne. You cannot show me.

Mr. Robert Boyle, in the paper cited above, compares the following scrap of dialogue in *Women Pleased*, v. 2:

Isabella. He that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make show of,
Should do—
Claudio. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot show you.

113. Line 49. Stage-direction: *chambers* discharged.—*Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance standing on the breech, without a carriage, and used only in rejoicings and stage-fights. It was these *chambers* in this very play that caused the burning of the Globe Theatre (see quotation in Introduction). The word is used, quibblingly, in 11. Henry IV. ii. 4. 57. Coles has: "Chambers [sort of guns] *pyroboli*."

114. Line 62: *A GOOD DIGESTION to you all*.—Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 38, 39:

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. Scene 4.

115. Lines 65, 66:

*Because they speak no English, thus they PRAY'D
To tell your grace.*

So Fl. Collier added *me* in his second edition on the strength of his MS. Corrector, and Dyce, supported by Walker's approval, also adopts it.

116. Lines 92, 93:

*As't please your grace, SIR THOMAS BULLEN'S daughter,—
THE VISCOUNT ROCHFORD.*

Compare Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey* (ed. Singer, vol. i. p. 56): "This gentlewoman, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, being at that time but only a bachelor knight, the which after, for love of his daughter, was promoted to higher dignities. He bare at divers several times for the most part, all the rooms of estimation in the king's house, as comptroller, and treasurer, vice chamberlain and lord chamberlain. Then was he made Viscount Rochford; and at the last created Earl of Wiltshire, and knight of the noble order of the Garter, and, for his more increase of gain and honour, he was made Lord Privy seal, and most chiefest of the king's privy council."

117. Lines 95, 96:

*I we, e unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.*

Steevens quotes Thomas Lovell, *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelse:

*But some reply, what foole would daunce,
If that when daunce is doon,
He may not have at ladies lips
That which in daunce he wooon.*

I am unable to verify the quotation, as there is no copy of the book in the British Museum or the Bodleian. It is, according to Lowndes and Brunet, without date; but is entered in Stationers' Registers 23rd May, 1581. The connection of kissing and dancing is mentioned by Stubbes (*Anatomy of Abuse*, New Shakspeare Society's ed. pp. 155, 165) and by Taylor (*Works*, Spenser Soc. ed. p. 258). A more distinct reference is found in John Northbrooke's *Treatise wherein Dicing, Danching, Vaine playes, or Enterludes, . . . are reprov'd, &c.* The book was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1577; a second edition was published in 1579; the edition printed by Collier for the Old Shakspeare Society is unaltered. On p. 165 of this reprint occurs the following passage: "and wien the minstrels doe make a signo to stinte, then, if thou doe not kiss hir that thou leading by the haande didst daunce withall, then thou shalt be taken for a rusticall, and as one without good maners and nurture." This passage, and others before it, are prefaced by the words "Erasmus sayth," and this side-note: "Erasm. Roter. in *lib. de contemptu mundi* cap. 7." I quote the sentence translated by Northbrooke, with its context, from Erasmus' *Works* (Lugd. Bat. 1704), vol. v. pp. 1249, 1250: "Cujus animus sic compositus, sic firmus, sic marmoreus est, quem lascivi illi motus, agitataque in numerum brachia, ethare cantus, voces puellares, non corampanit, non lebeftacent, non emollient? . . . At ubi chorales, ethara ex more tacta, qualescendi signum dedit, mysticus habebis, ne eam enjuslavam complexus saltasti dissuaviatus fueris."

ACT II. Scene 1.

118. Line 108: *Let the music KNOCK IT.*—Steevens compares Marston, Antonio and Mellida:

Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

Fla. Pert Catzo, *knock it* then.

Halliwell quotes Raverncroft's *Briefe Discourse*, 1614, in which the following line occurs in the song of the Hunting of the Hare:

The hounds do *knock it* lustily.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

119.—The account of Buckingham's trial is found in Holinshed, iii. 661, 662 (copied almost verbatim from Hall). The play follows the chronicle very closely, and most of the significant expressions it contains are little more than copied. See lines 31-33 ("*he sweat extremely*"). Holinshed says: "The duke was brought to the barre sore chafing, and *sweat marvellouslie*." Buckingham's dying speech owes much to the chronicler. With lines 97-103 compare Holinshed: "Then was the edge of the sword turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Louell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordered for him. He said nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward's foehane the most cattife of the world."

120. Line 18: *have.*—So F. 4; F. 1 has *him*.

121. Lines 40-44.—Compare Holinshed, iii. 645: "At length there was occasion offered him to compass his purpose, by occasion of the earle of Kildare his coming out of Ireland. . . . Such accusations were framed against him when no bribes would come, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the king's depute, in lieu of the said earle of Kildare, there to remaine rather as an exile, than as lieutenant to the king, enen at the cardinals pleasure, as he himselfe well perceived."

122. Line 53: *The mirror of all courtesie.*—Steevens quotes from Henry VIII.'s Year Book, fol. 11 and 12, ed. 1597: "Dien a sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et *mirror de tout courtesie*."

123. Line 54: Stage-direction. Enter . . . Sir William Sands.—Ff. print *Sir Walter Sands*, by an evident oversight or misprint, which there seems no real reason for retaining. The correction was made by Theobald. Holinshed, in his account of the trial of Buckingham, says: "Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him sir Nicholas Vawse & sir William Sands baronets."

124. Line 67: *Nor build their EVILS on the graves of great men.*—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 170-172:

*Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?*

and see note 88.

125. Line 78: *o' God's name.*—So Theobald; Ff. have *a*.

126. Line 81: *now To forgive me frankly.*—Pope, whom some editors follow, omits *to*, and so very likely the author wrote. But the line as it stands is not beyond the limits of a possible license. Similarly in the fourth line from this one Dyce omits *that*.

127. Lines 85, 86:

*no black envy
Shall MARK my grave.*

Ff. print *make*. The emendation adopted in the text was first introduced by Hamner, after a conjecture of Warburton's. As Grant White very justly remarks, reference to *envy making* a grave, while expressive if used of another, can scarcely be applicable to the person who speaks, and for whom the grave is made. Steevens defends the reading of the Folio by interpreting it to mean: "No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life;" and again by suggesting that to *make* a grave means to close it. But surely either meaning is decidedly forced.

128. Line 89: *till my soul FORSAKE*.—Rowe, who is followed by many editors, adds *me*; but the expression seems more emphatic and significant if *forsake* is used absolutely. Schmidt compares the use of the German *verzeugen*.

129. Lines 102, 103:

*When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward BOHUN.*

The Duke of Buckingham's family name was Stafford (see note 7), but he was descended from the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, whose name expired in 1372, and he is said to have affected the earlier surname. "His reason for this might be," says Tollet (Var. Ed. xix. 362), "because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance from the Bohuns; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of Bohun?"

130. Lines 126, 127:

*Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not LOOSE.*

Compare Othello, iii. 3. 416, 417:

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

131. Line 168: *We are too OPEN here to argue this*.—Compare iii. 2. 405:

This day was view'd in *open* as his queen.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

132. Lines 31-33:

*a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.*

Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 307, 308:

Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck;

and see note 36 to that play.

133. Lines 42-44:

*Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have SLEPT UPON
This bold bad man.*

Compare Sonnet lxxxiii. 5:

And therefore have I *slept* in your report.

134. Line 62: Stage-direction. Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens a sliding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.—Ff. print: "Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the Curtaine and sits

reading pensively." The stage-direction in the text is Malone's, who says, in quoting the Ff.: "This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time was, to place such persons in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present ease,) drew back just at the proper time. . . . Norfolk has just said—'Let's in,'—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This, indeed in the simple state of the stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself."

135. Line 70: *business of ESTATE*.—Compare Richard III. ii. 2. 126, 127:

Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the *state's* green and yet ungeword.

136. Lines, 78, 79:

*My good lord, have great care
I be not found a TALKER.*

Steevens compares Richard III. i. 3. 350-352:

Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

137. Line 85: *I'll venture ONE HAVE-AT-HIM*.—So Dyce and Staunton; F. 1 prints *He venture one; have at him*, which the editor of F. 2 distorted into *He venture one have at him*. See iii. 2. 309: "Have at you!" and v. 2. 113: "now have at ye!"

138. Line 94: *HAVE their free voices*; i.e. have sent their free voices—a proleptic construction which is certainly awkward enough, but none the less likely to have been written by the author. Grant White reads *Gave*, which is as good as most conjectural emendations, and may quite possibly be right.

139. Line 107: *impartial*.—Shakespeare's spelling of this word is invariably *impartial*.

140. Lines 116-130.—This follows Hollinshed, who says: "About this time [1529] the king received into favour doctor Stephan Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of doctor Pace, the which being continually abroad in ambassages, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the cardinals appointment, at length he took such gréefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wits" (ii. 737).

ACT II. SCENE 3.

141. Lines 7-9:

*Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more better than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire.*

This is the arrangement of Ff. (several others have been proposed and adopted by various editors), and it follows them throughout in text except by the admission of Theobald's emendation—*leave's* in place of *leave*. Perhaps after all the addition is unnecessary; somewhat similar ellipses are certainly found in Shakespeare.

142. Line 9: *after this PROCESS*.—Compare Richard II. ii. 3. 123.

The tediousness and *process* of my travel.

143. Lines 14-16:

*Yet, if that QUARREL, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance PANGING
As soul and body's severing.*

It is doubtful whether *quarrel* here means (as Warburton supposed) an arrow (an old word for which was *quarrel*), or whether (according to Johnson) the act is put for the agent, and *quarrel* stands for quarreller. Nares gives a number of examples of the word in the former sense, and Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "A quarrel of a Cross-bow, *speculum quadratum*." *Pang* is used in an active sense in *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 97, 98:

how t'v memory

Will then be *pang'd* by . . .

Compare with the whole passage, Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 13. 5, 6:

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off;

and All's Well, ii. 1. 37: "I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body."

144. Line 21: *to be PERK'd UP in a glistening grief*.—To "*perk* oneself up" is still a familiar expression in the country for a vain and conceited dressing-up. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives "To perk up, *sepe erigere*."

145. Lines 22, 23:

Our content

Is our best HAVING

Compare iii. 2. 159: "par'd my present *havings*;" and Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 379: "my *having* is not much."

146. Line 31: *Saving your MISING*.—Compare Lear, iv. 6. 122, 123:

That *minces* virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name.

147. Line 32: *your soft CHEVERIL CONSCIENCE*.—*Cheveril* (kid (*peau de chèvre*)). A *cheveril* conscience was a proverbial expression. See note 160 to Twelfth Night, and compare also Dekker, Old Fortunatus, i. 2: "T was never merry world with us, since purses and boys were invented, for now men set lime-twigs to catch wealth; and gold, which riseth like the sun out of the East Indies, to shine upon every one, is like a cony taken napping in a purse-net, and suffers his glistening yellow-faced delty to be lapped up in lambskins, as if the innocency of those leather prisons should dispense with the *cheveril* consciences of the iron-hearted gailors." Halliwell quotes, among others, "*Proverbiale est, he hath a conscience like a cheveril's skin, i.e., it will stretch*" (Upton's MS. additions to Junius).

148. Line 36: *a THREE-PENCE BOW'd would hire me*.—Halliwell gives the following note of Fairholt: "This allusion to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin (one particularly affected by love-lorn country-folks) here involves an anachronism. No three-pences were coined by Henry 8, nor was the coin known in England until the close of the reign of Edward 6. They are very rare, and appear to have been scarcely issued, except as pattern-pieces. Mary did not attempt their issue. The first large and regular coinage of three-pences took place

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in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1561 was the first issued . . . ; it may be detected from the coins it nearly resembles in weight by the rose behind the Queen's head."

149. Line 37: *to queen it*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 460: "I'll *queen* it no inch farther."

150. Line 61: *Commends his good opinion to you*.—This is Pope's reading; Capell prints of *you*. Ff. have of *you*, to *you*, which is an obvious misprint, and leaves an open choice between the two forms of speech.

151. Lines 73, 79:

from this lady may proceed a GEM

To LIGHTEN all this isle.

Johnson supposes this to be an allusion to the carbuncle and its imagined quality of giving light in the dark. Steevens compares Titus Andronicus ii. 3. 226-230:

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A *precious ring*, that *lightens* all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit.

Holt White quotes from Amadis de Gaule, ed. 1619, h. iv. p. 5: "In the rooffe of a chamber hung two lamps of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchased two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

152. Line 87: *This COMPELL'd fortune*; i.e. a fortune forced upon one, coming involuntarily. Compare Hamlet, iv. 6. 16-18: "Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a *compelled* valour, and . . . boarded them."

153. Line 89: *How tastes it? is it bitter?* FORTY PENCE, no.—That is, "I wager forty pence, no." *Forty pence* was a conventional sum—half a noble—as its modern equivalent, three and fourpence, still is in law offices. Steevens quotes a comedy of 1570, The Longer Thou Livest, the More Fool Thou Art: "I dare wage with any man *forty pence*;" and an interlude of 1565, The Storye of King Darius: "Nay, that I will not for *forty pence*." The expression, in this form, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, but in other terms, "ten groats," it is found in All's Well, ii. 2. 22, 23: "As fit as *ten groats* is for the hand of an attorney;" and in Richard II. v. 5. 68.

The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear.

Forty was also a conventional term, used for an indefinite number.

154. Line 92: *For all the mud in Egypt*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 24, 25:

He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

155. Lines 97, 98:

honour's train

Is longer than his foreskirt.

"This line," says Fairholt in Halliwell's Folio Shakespeare, "is capable of a more literal explanation than at first sight appears. At the close of the 15th century, the superfluous use of cloth, and the vast expenses incurred at the funerals of the nobility and gentry, led to the enactment of sumptuary laws, by which the length of the train was regulated by the rank of the wearer. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, undertook in the eighth year of the reign of her son Henry VII., to regulate those of the

ladies; those highest in rank 'to wear the longest, their surcoats with a train before and another behind, and their mantles with trains, a tippet at the hood lying a good length upon the mantle."

156 Line 103: *If this SALUTE MY BLOOD a jot.*—Compare Sonnet cxxi. 5, 6:

For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?

157. Line 107: *What do you think me!*—This is Pope's reading, and the only one, so far as I know, adopted by any subsequent editor up to the Old-Spelling edd. Ff. print:

What doe you thinke me—

The Old-Spelling edd. point:

What! doe you thinke me—

And so, possibly, it may have been written, the line being supposed to be broken off, or the conclusion lost in the exit.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

158—The stage-direction is substantially that of Ff except that *Capell's* addition is admitted: "Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains." *Sennet*, which so frequently occurs in stage-directions, "seems to indicate," says Nares, "a particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish." Compare Dekker's *Satiromastix*: "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a sennet." (See note 286 to King Henry V.) The *two great silver pillars* borne before Wolsey are often referred to in contemporary accounts (Hales, Holinshed, More's Life of Wolsey, &c.).

In Holinshed's account of Wolsey's investiture as cardinal it is said: "No lesse adoo was there at the bringing of the cardinal's hat, who on a sundae (in S. Peters church at Westminster) received the same, with the habit, the *piller*, and other such tokens of a cardinall" (iii. 613).

Again, in the final summary of Wolsey's character and circumstances, we read: "This went he downe through the hall with a sergent of armes before him, bearing a great uace of silver, and two gentlemen earieng *two great pillers of silver*. And when he came at the hall doore, there was his mule, being trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same stuffe, & gilt stirrups. Then was there attending vpon him when he was mounted, his two cross-bearers: & his *piller*-bearers in like case vpon great horses, trapped all in fine scarlet" (iii. 703).

159 Lines 13-57.—Here, as in so many parts of the play, most of what is best in this famous speech of the Queen's comes directly from the prose account of the chronicles. Holinshed gives her speech as follows: "Sir (quoth she) I desire you to doo me iustice and right, and take some pittie vpon me, for I am a poore woman, and a stranger, borne out of your dominion, having héere no indifferent counsell, & lesse assurance of friendship. Alas sir, what hane I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure hane I showed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to my iudge, I hane béene to you a true & humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that neuer contraried or galesaid any thing thereof, and being alwaies contented with all things where-in you had any delight, whether litle or much, with out

grudge or displeasure, I loned for your sake all them whome you loned, whether they were my fréends or enimies.

"I hane héere your wife these twentie yeares and more, & you have had by me diserse children. If there be any iust cause that you can allenge against me, either of my dishonestie, or matter lawfull to put me from you; I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke; and if there be none, then I praie you to let me hane iustice at your hand. The king your father was in his time of exccellent wit, and the king of Spaine my father Ferdinando was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spaine manie yeares before. It is not to be doubted, but that they had gathered as wise counsellors vnto them of enerie realme, as to their wisdoms they thought méet, who déemed the marriage betwéene you and me good and lawfull, &c. Wherefore, I humble desire you to spare me, vntill I may know what counsell my fréends in Spaine will aduertise me to take, and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled" (iii. 737, 738). It will be seen that much of this is put into verse as nearly verbatim as versification will allow. Indeed, through all this scene the dramatist follows the authorities almost step for step.

160 Line 17: *No judge* INDIFFERENT. — *Indifferent* is again used in the sense of impartial in Richard II. ii. 3. 115, 116:

I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.

161 Line 32: *That had to him DERIV'D your anger; i.e.* that had brought your anger upon him; as in All's Well, v. 3. 265: "things which would *derieve* me ill will to speak of."

162 Line 62: *That longer you DESIRE the court.*—F. 4 reads *defer*, which is adopted by Dyce. The words as they stand in the earlier Ff. give a quite intelligible sense—*i.e.* that you desire a longer session—and there is no need to make any change.

163. Line 127: *Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.*—Ff give this line to a Gentleman-Usher. There is no doubt that Griffith is meant. Compare Holinshed: "The King being aduertised that shée was rendie to go out of the house, commanded the erier to call hir againe, who called hir by these words; Katharine quene of England, come into the court. With that (quoth maister Griffith) madame, you be called againe" (iii. 738).

164 Line 174: *A marriage.*—Ff. misprint *And*. The correction was made by Rowe in his second edition.

165 Line 182: *The usom of my conscience.*—So Ff.; Hammer, on a conjecture of Thirlby's, approved, though not adopted, by Theobald, reads: "The *bottom* of my conscience," on account of the occurrence of that expression in the passage of Holinshed paraphrased in the text. Holinshed says, in his report of the king's speech: "Which words once conceiued within the secret *bottom* of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinentlie accombred, vexed, and quieted." Considering the closeness with which the narrative is followed throughout the play, it seems very likely that *usom* is a misprint for *bottom*; but as it gives a perfectly legitimate sense in itself I have not ventured to alter it on a mere conjecture.

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166 Line 183: *Yea, with a splitting pace.*—So the later
F. F. I has *splitting*.

167 Line 199: *Many a groaning THROE.*—Ff print *throw*.

168 Lines 199, 200:

*Thus HULLING in
The wild sea of my conscience.*

Holinshed has "Thus my conscience being tossed in the
waves of a scrupulous mind" (iii. 738); and ("aveudish:
"Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous con-
science." To *hull* is, in nautical language, to drive or
float to and fro on the sea. Compare Richard III. iv. 4.
433-439:

Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back;
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they *hull*, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

Holwell quotes Donne, *Essays in Divinity* (1656): "So,
this question, where we cannot go forward to make Moses
the first author, for many strong oppositions, to *hulling*
upon the face of the waters, and think nothing, is a stupid
and lazy inconsideration, which (as Saint Austin says) is
the worst of all affections."

169. Line 225: *drive.*—So Pope and subsequent editors;
H. have *drives*.

170 Lines 238, 239:

*My learn'd and well-belov'd servant, Cranmer,
Prither, return.*

Johnson incorrectly added here a stage-direction: "The
king speaks to Cranmer." Cranmer was at this time
absent on an embassy. Compare III. 2. 62-67: "When
returns Cranmer?" &c. The words in the text are merely
a mental apostrophe.

ACT III. SCENE I.

171—Holinshed's account of the cardinals' visit to the
Queen is as follows: "The cardinals being in the queenes
chamber of presence, the gentleman vsher aduertised
the queene that the cardinals were come to speake with
hir. With that she rose vp, & with a skelne of white
thred about hir necke, came into hir chamber of presence,
where the cardinals were attending. At whose coming,
quoth she, What is our pleasure with aie? If it please
your grace (quoth Cardinall Wolseye) to go into your priuie
chamber, we will shew you the cause of our coming.
My lord (quoth she) if yee haue anie thing to saie, speake
it openlie before all these folke, for I feare nothing that
ye can saie against aie, but that I would all the world
should heare and see it, and therefore speake your mind.
Then began the cardinall to speake to hir in Latine. Naie
good my lord (quoth she) speake to aie in English.

"Forsooth (quoth the cardinall) good madame, if it
please you, we come both to know your mind how you
are disposed to doo in this matter betwene the king and
you, and also to declare secretlie our opinions and coun-
sell vnto you: which we doo oaelle for verie zeale and
obedience we beare vnto your grace. My lord (quoth she)
I thank you for your good will, but to make you aasser
in your request I cannot so suddenlie, for I was set among

NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

my maids at worke, thlaking full litle of aile such matter,
wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better
head than mine to make answer, for I need counsell in
this case which toucheth me so néere, & for anie coun-
sell or frendship that I can find in England, they are not
for my profit. What thinke you my lords, will anie Eng-
lishman counsell me, or be fréndts to me against the K
pleasure that is his subject? Naie forsooth. And as for
my own counsell in whom I put my trust, they be not
here, they be in Spaine in my owne countrie.

"And my lords, I am a poore woman, lacking wit, to
answer to anie such noble persons of wisdoms as you be,
in so weightie a matter, therefore I prae you be good to
me poore woman, destitute of fréndts here in a forren
region, and your counsell also I will be glad to hear. And
therewith she took the cardinall by the hand, and led him
into hir priuie chamber with the other cardinall, where
they tarried a season talking with the queene" (iii. 739,
740).

172. Lines 16, 17:

the two great cardinals

Wait in the PRESENCE.

Presence is used for *presence-chamber* in Richard II. i.
3. 289, and very similarly in Roareo and Juliet, v. 3. 86.

173. Lines 21-23:

*I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.*

The punctuation in the text is that of Rowe's second
edition, substantially the same as Ff. Capell, followed by
some editors, gives to the passage another sense by put-
ting a comma after *coming* and a full stop after *on't*.

Stage-direction: Enter Wolsey and CAMPEIUS.—Ff have
"Camplan" instead of "Campeius." The correction was
introduced by Rowe.

174. Line 23: *But all hoods make not monks.*—The Latin
proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, is quoted in
Twelfth Night, i. 2. 62, and Measure for Measure, v. 1.
263. See note 204 to the latter.

175. Line 42: *O, good my lord, no Latin.*—Compare
Webster, The White Devil, III. 1. 10-25:

*Lafayer. Domine index, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum
corruptissimam.*

Vitt. Cor. What's he?

Fran. de Med. A lawyer that pleads against you.

Vitt. Cor. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue;
I'll make no answer else.

Fran. de Med. Why, you understand Latin.

Vitt. Cor. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory
which comes to hear my cause, the half or more
may be ignorant in't.

Mont. Go on, sir.

Vitt. Cor. By your favour,

I will not have my accusation clouded
in a strange tongue; all this assembly
shall hear what you can charge me with.

Fran. de Med. Signior,

You need not stand on't much; pray, change your language.

Mont. O, for God's sake!—Gentle woman, your credit
shall be more famous by it.

175. Line 61: *And comforts to your cause.*—F. 1 mis-
prints *our*; the error is corrected in F. 2.

177. Line 143: *Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.*—This is perhaps a reference to the famous *Non Angli sed Angeli*, attributed to Augustine and to Pope Gregory the Great. Steevens compares Greene, The Spanish Masquerado, 1555: "England, a little island, where, as saint Augustin saith, there be people with angel faces, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions."

178. Lines 151, 152:

the lily

That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd.

Holt White compares Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, li. 6. 16:

The lily, Lady of the flowing field.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

179.—Compare Holinshed's Chronicle, in the year 1527: "This time a bill was set up in London, much contrarie to the honour of the cardinall, in the which the cardinall was warned that he should not counsell the king to marrie his daughter into France; for if hee did, he should show himselfe enemie to the king and the realme, with manie threatening words. This bill was delivered to the cardinall by sir Thomas Seimor maior of the citie, which thanked him for the same, & made much search for the author of that bill, but he could not be found, which sore displeased the cardinall. And upon this occasion the last daie of Aprill at night he caused a great watch to be kept at Westminster, and had there cart guns readie charged, & caused dinerse watches to be kept about London, in Newington, 8. Iohns street, Westminster, saint Giles, Islington, and other places neere London: which watches were kept by gentlemen & their servants, with householders, and all for feare of the Londoners because of this bill. When the citizens knew of this, they said that they marvelled why the cardinall hated them so, for they said that if he mistrusted them, he loved them not: and where love is not, there is hatred: and they affirmed that they never intended any harme toward him, and misused of this chance. For if five or six persons had made alarm in the citie, then had entred all these watchmen with their traine, which might have spoiled the citie without cause. Wherefore they much murmured against the cardinall and his vndersecret dooings" (iii. 716).

180. Line 30: *The cardinal's LETTERS to the Pope mis-carried.*—So FF.; Steevens, and many subsequent editors, read *letter*, on the authority of line 53: "this letter of the cardinal's;" and lines 221, 222:

*The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness.*

It seems more likely than not that *letter* is what the author wrote; but it is very possible that he wrote *letters*, whether of set intention or by inadvertence.

181. Lines 38, 39:

*The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And HEDGES his own way.*

To *hedge*, i.e. to creep along by the hedge, is used metaphorically once or twice by Shakespeare in the sense of shuffling, coming to an end by circumlocutions. Compare

Merry Wives, ii. 2. 26: "I . . . am faine to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch."

182. Lines 44, 45:

Noir, all my joy

TRACE the conjunction!

Grant White compares Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, iv. 4:

*Now all my blessing on thee! thou hast made me
Younger by twenty years*

Trace is used here in the sense of follow, as in Macbeth, iv. 1. 152, 153:

*His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his hne.*

183. Line 47: *Marry, this is yet but YOUNG.*—Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 144:

We are yet but young in deed;

and Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 166: "Is the day so young?"

184. Line 52: *memoriz'd.*—Compare Macbeth, i. 2. 40:

Or memorize another Golgotha.

185. Line 78: *Look'd he o' the inside of the PAPER?*—So FF.; Keightley and some following editors read *papers*, which may not improbably be correct, though no change is really necessary.

186. Lines 85, 86:

*It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.*

This was the daughter of Charles of Orleans, married in 1509 to Charles, duke of Alençon, and in 1527, two years after her first husband's death, to Henry of Navarre. "It was reported at the time," says Lingard, "that the great object of [Wolsey's] embassy to France in July, 1527] was to offer in the king's name marriage to a French princess; according to some, to Margaret, duchess of Alençon, and sister of Francis; according to others, to his sister-in-law, Renée, daughter of the late king, Louis XII. We are even told that Margaret refused, on the ground that the consequence would be wretchedness and death to Catherine: and that the proposal was made to Renée, at Compeigne, but, for reasons with which we are unacquainted, did not take effect. These stories, though frequently repeated by succeeding writers, are undoubtedly fiction, both as far as regards Margaret, for she was married to the King of Navarre on the 24th of January, 1527, five months before Wolsey set out on the embassy; and also with respect to Renée. . . . It may have been that, as Polydore asserts (p. 82), Wolsey, when the question of the divorce was first mentioned, suggested the benefit which would arise from a union with Margaret, and that, after her marriage with the King of Navarre, he substituted in his own mind Renée in her place" (History of England, ed. 1849, vol. iv. pp. 557, 558).

187. Lines 91, 92:

May be, he hears the king

Does what his anger to him.

Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 248: "I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me."

188. Lines 120-125.—The incident by which Wolsey's fall is here brought about, though of course incorrect in its present application, is clearly enough taken, as Steevens

pointed out, from the account given by Hollushed of a similar accident by which Wolsey himself brought about the ruin of another. Hollushed's account of the matter is as follows:

"This yeare [1508] was Thomas Routhall made bishop of barham by Henrie the seauenth. . . . This man . . . was after the death of King Henrie the seauenth, one of the prime counsell to King Henrie the eight; in whose court he was so continuallie attendant, that he could not steale anie time to attend the affaires of his bishoprike.

He was accounted the richest subject through the realm. To whom (remaining then at the court) the king gave in charge to write a booke of the whole estate of the kingdome, because he was knowne to the king to be a man of sufficientie for the discharge thereof, which he did accordingly.

"Afterwards, the king commanded cardinall Woolseie to go to this bishop, and to bring the booke awaie with him to deliuer it to his maiestie. But see this mishap! that a man in all other things so proudlent, should now be so negligent; and at that time most forget himselfe, when (as it after fell out) he had most need to haue remembered himselfe. For this bishop hauing written two bookes (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his owne priuate affaires) did bind them both after one sort in vellame, just of one length, breadth, and thickness, and in all points in such like proportion answering one another, as the one could not by anie especiall note be discerned from the other: both of which he also laid vp together in one place of his studie.

"Now when the cardinall came to demand the booke due to the king: the bishop vnadvisedlie commanded his servant to bring him the booke bound in white vellame being in his studie in such a place. The servant doing accordingly, brought forth one of those bookes so bound, being the booke intreating of the state of the bishop, and deliuered the same vnto his maister, who receiving it (without further consideration or looking on) gave it to the cardinall to beare vnto the king. The cardinall hauing the booke, went from the bishop, and after (in his studie by himselfe) vnderstanding the contents thereof, he gentlie reioised, hauing now occasion (which he long sought for) offered vnto him to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, deliuered the booke into his hands, and briefely informed the king of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's hand, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to aske further than to the coffers of the bishop. By the tenor of his owne booke had accounted his greater riches and substance to the value of a hundred thousand pounds. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence (what he had doon, how the cardinall vied him, what the king said, and what the world reported of him) he was stricken with such grieefe of the same that he shortly through extreme sorrow ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After whose death the cardinall, which had long before . . . after the said bishoprike, in singular hope to attaine the same, had now his wish in effect" (ii. 540, 541).

169. Line 123: *There, on my conscience, put UNWIT-*

TINGLY.—This word is only used elsewhere in Shakespeare in Richard III. ii. 1. 56.

190. Line 142: *I deem you an ill HUSBAND*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, v. 1. 71, 72: "while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university."

191. Line 142: *glad*—F. 1 misprints *gald*.

192. Line 162: *The PRIME man of the state*.—*Prime* is used here for first, foremost. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 72: "Prospero the prime duke;" and 425: "my prime request." See, too, in the present play, i. 2. 67, and ii. 4. 229.

193. Lines 169-171:

*my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet FILL'D with my abilities.*

F.1 print *fill'd*. The reading in the text (an obviously accurate correction) is Hammer's. *Fill'd* means kept pace with, as if walking in file. Compare i. 2. 41-43:

*I . . . front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.*

The verb is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare.

194. Lines 190-199:

*I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; THAT AM, HAVE, AND WILL BE,—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.*

It is not improbable that there is some corruption in this very puzzling passage. Many attempts have been made to mend it, and some to explain it. The best emendation, to my mind, is Grant White's, who reads: "that am true, and will be," which is really the alteration of only two letters. If the reading of the Folio is to be retained (as, in default of any conjecture approaching to certainty, seems best) it may be taken thus. The King, in his last speech, has said:

*I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any, so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.*

Wolsey, beginning a vehement protestation of his loyalty, and being in some confusion, intends by *that am, have, and will be* to answer Henry's closing words, and to assert that he is, has been, and will be, all that the King has just required of him. The only apology for such a construction lies in the perturbed state of mind into which the Cardinal has been thrown. Perhaps that is enough to account for it.

195. Line 197: *As doth a rock against the CHIDING flood*.—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 119-123:

*never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
245*

The skies, the mountains, every region near
 Secu'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
 So musical a discord, so 'h sweet thunder.

196. Line 214: *what cross devil*.—*Cross* is used here in the sense of perverse. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3. 3-5:

For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is *cross* and full of sin.

We still use the phrase, akin to this, "to be at *cross* purposes."

197. Lines 220-222:

*What 's this? "To the Pope!"
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness.*

Compare the account given by Holinshed of the circumstances which led to Wolsey's fall: "While the matter stood in this state, and that the cause of the queene was to be heard and iudged at Rome, by reason of the appeale which by hir was put in: the cardinall required the pope by letters and secret messengers, that in wile wise he should defer the iudgement of the diuorse, till he might frame the king's mind to his purpose.

"Howbeit he went about nothing so secretlie, but that the same came to the king's knowledge, who tooke so high dispensure with his cloked dissimulation, that he determined to abase his degreé, sith as an vnthankfull person he forgot himselfe and his dutie towards him that had so highlie advanced him to all honor and dignitie" (iii. 740).

198. Lines 225-227:

*I shall fall
 Like a bright EXHALATION IN THE EVENING,
 And no man see me more.*

Compare Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, v. 2. 318:

*In the evening,
 When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest,
 Wilt thou fall like a meteor?*

Fletcher, *John van Olden Barnavelt*, iv. 3:

Must all these glories vanish into darkness,
 And Barnavelt pass with them and glide away
 Like a spent *exhalation*!

and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and Theodoret*, iv. 1:

'T is of all sleeps the sweetest:
 Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
 And kings from height of all their painted glories
 Fall like spent *exhalations* to this centre.

199. Lines 228-349.—Holinshed's account of this interview is as follows: "In the mean time the king, being informed that all those things that the cardinall had done by his power legantine within this realme, were in the case of the prenuire and prouision, caused his attornie Christopher Hales to sue out a writ of prenuire against him, in the which he licensed him to make his attornee.

"And further the seventeenth of November the king sent the two dukes of Norfolk and Suffolke to the cardinals place at Westminster, who (went as they were commanded) and finding the cardinall there, they declared that the kings pleasure was that he should surrender vp the great seale into their hands, and to depart simple vnto Asher, which was an house situat nigh vnto Hampton court, belonging to the bishopricke of Winchester. The cardinall demanded of them their commission that

gaue them such an authoritie, who answered againe, that they were sufficient commissioners, and had authoritie to do no lesse by the kings mouth. Notwithstanding, he would in no wise agree in that behaife, without further knowledge of their authorities, saieing; that the great seale was deliuered him by the kings person, to inioy the ministration thereof, with the roome of the chanceller for the terme of his life, whereof for his suretie he had the kings letters patents.

"This matter was gentlie debated betwene them with manie great words, in so much that the dukes were faine to depart againe without their purpose, and rode to Windsor to the king, and made report accordingly; but the next daie they retruned againe, bringing with them the kings letters. Then the cardinall deliuered vnto them the great seale, and was content to depart simple, taking with him nothing but onelie certehne provision for his house" (iii. 740, 741). The "articles collected from his life," hurled at Wolsey by the two dukes (lines 310-332), are all found in Holinshed (iii. 747), with three others, one of which probably suggested lines 294-296.

200. Line 250: *letters-patents*.—Knight and Collier print *letters patent*, but it is *letters patents* in the extract given above from Holinshed, and in Richard II. ii. 1. 202 and ii. 3. 130. The term is not used elsewhere in Shakespeare.

201. Line 250: *To be thus JADED by a piece of scarlet*.—*Jade* is used twice in Shakespeare with a similar meaning of "spurn, treat like a jade." In II. Henry VI. iv. 1. 52 we have "a *jaded* groom;" and in Antony and Cleopatra, iil. 1. 33, 34:

*The n'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have *jaded* out o' the field.*

The same word is used in the sense of "make ridiculous" in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 178. Compare Cotgrave, s. v. "Rosse, a *jade*." "Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en devien-droit *rosse*: It would anger a salnt, or *crestfall* the best man living to be so used."

202. Line 252: *And dave us with his caplike larks*.—The allusion is to the scarlet hat of a cardinal, and to a way of catching larks by engaging their attention by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth. Steevens quotes from Skelton's satire on Wolsey, *Why Come Ye Not to Court*:

*The red hat with his lure
 Bringeth all thinges under cure.*

And Ralfe cites a parallel passage from Greene's *Never Too Late*, part I.: "They set out their faces as Fowlers do their during glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest may stoop soonest."

203. Line 292: *WHO, if he live*.—F. 1 has *Whom*, the later F. *Who*.

204. Line 295: *the sacring bell*.—This is the name given to the little bell rung at the elevation of the Host. Compare Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 95: "In the meane time being neere to a church, he heard a little *sacring bell* ring to the elevation of a morrow masse." Compare also *The Merry Devil of Edmonston*, iil. 1. 39-42:

Prioresse. You shall ring the *sacring Bell*,
 Keepe your howers, and toll your kneil,
 Rise at midnight to your mattins,
 Read your Psalter, sing your Lattins.

—Ed. Wanke and Proescholdt, pp. 27, 28.

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Sacring is from the French *sacerer*, to consecrate. Rossetti in his translation of the "Ballade que Vilon fait a la requeste de sa mère, pour prier Nostre-Dame," renders "La sacrement qu'on celebre à la messe" by "*sacring* of the mass."

205. Lines 305, 306:

*Now, if you can blinsh, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.*

This is the punnetuation of FF.; Pope read:

Now, if you can, blush and cry guilty, cardinal.

206. Line 321: *Gregory de CASSADO*.—So FF., which Rowe corrected into "*Gregory de Cassalis*." But Hall and Holinshed have *Cassado*. See the latter, iii. 747: "Item, he without the Kings assent, sent a commission en Gregorie do *Cassado*, Knight, to conclude a league betwene the King and the duke of Ferrara, without the Kings knowledge."

207. Line 339: *By your power LEGATINE*.—F. 1 has *Legatine* (turned a), which in F. 2, F. 3 became *Legantive*, and F. 4 *Legantine*. The correction was introduced by Rowe in his second edition. The word occurs in the passage of Holinshed quoted in note 199.

208. Line 343: *Chattels*.—So Theobald. FF. have *Castles*, doubtless a misprint for *Catelles*, the form of the word in Hall. Theobald says: "I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *premunire* is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure." Compare Holinshed: "After this, in the kings bench his matter for the premunire, being called vpon, two attornels, which he had authorised by his warrant signed with his owne hand, confessed the action, and so had indgement to foreit all his lands, tenements, goods and *catells*, and to be out of the kings protection."

209. Line 351: *Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!*—FF. have a note of interrogation after the first *Farewell*, and J. Hunter (New Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. 105) defends this punnetuation, finding in it much significance; but with little probability. Nothing is more common in the FF. than the substitution of a note of interrogation for a note of exclamation.

210. Lines 352, 353:

to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of HOPE.

So FF.; Steevens and most editors read *hope*, which is very likely right, though on the whole I am inclined to agree with Grant White, who says: "There is an appreciable, though a delicate distinction between the 'tender leaves of hope' and the 'tender leaves of hopes'; and the idea conveyed to me by the latter, of many desires blooming in to promise of fruition, is the more beautiful, and is certainly less commonplace."

211. Line 369: *That sweet aspect of princes, and THEIR ruin*.—*Their* has been unnecessarily altered, by Pope to *our*, by Hammer to *his* (who reads he instead of *we* in the preceding line). The meaning is, the ruin inflicted by them. Compare ii. 2. 44: "And froo us from *his* slavery,"

where "his slavery" means the slavery he imposes. Roife mentions the occurruce of three similar instances of the subjective genitive in a single scene (v. 1) of *The Tempest*: "your release," "their high wrongs," and "my wrongs."

212. Lines 397-399:

that his bones . . .

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'EM!

FF. print *him*, which is retained only by the Old-Spelling editors. The correction (for it seems to be certainly required) was introduced by Capell. Steevens compares with the expression Drummond's Teares for the Death of Moellades:

The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appeares.

213. Line 408: *There was the weight that pull'd me down*.—Compare Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey* (ed. Singer, vol. i. p. 55): "Thus passed the cardinal his life and time, from day to day and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph and glory, having always on his side the king's especial favour, until Fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured than she is disposed, began to wax something wroth with his prosperous estate, [and] thought she would devise a mean to abate his high port; wherefore she procured Venns, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument. To work her purpose she brought the king in love with a gentlewoman that, after she perceived and felt the king's good will towards her, and how diligent he was to please her, and to grant all her request, wrought the cardinal much displeasure. This gentlewoman, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn," etc. See remainder of passage in note 116 above.

214. Lines 421, 422:

make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

Use is Interest. Compare Venns and Adonis, 768:

But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Use, (Interest of Money) *int'êt*, *rente d'argent prêtée*," and below "To put one's Money to use, or to lend it out upon use, *mettre son Argent à Int'êt*."

215. Line 452: *There take an inventory of all I have*.—Donce says: "This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 540, edit. 1631. Among the Harl MSS. there is one intitled, 'An Inventory of Cardinal Wolsey's rich Household Stuffe, Temp. Henry VIII. The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers.' See Harl. Catal. No. 509" (Variorum Ed. xix. 433).

216. Lines 456-458:

Had I but ser'd my God with half the zeal

I ser'd my King, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Holinshed, in his account of Wolsey's last hours, states that the cardinal said to "master Kingston" (that is, Sir William Kingston) immediately before his death: "if I had serued God as diligentlie as I haue doone the king, he would not haue giuen me ouer in my greie haire: but it is the iust reward that I must receiue for the diligent paines and studie that I haue had to doo him seruice,

cardinal (as Edmund Campian in his historie of Ireland describeth him) was a man vndoubtedly borne to honor: I thinke (saith he) some princes bastard, no butchers some, exceeding wise, faire spoken, high minded, full of reuenge, vitions of his bodie, lofte to his enemies, were they neuer so big, to those that accepted and sought his frendship wonderfull courteous, a ripe schoolleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie, insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one ouerthrowne with his fall, the other vnfinshed, and yet as it lieth for an house of students, considering all the appurtenances incomparable thorough Christendome, whereof Henrie the eight is now called founder, because he let it stand. . . . In commendam, a great preferer of his seruants, an aduancer of learning, stout in emerie quarrel, neuer happie till this his ouerthrow. Wherein he shewed sacht moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honor, than all the pompe of his life passed" (iii. 756).

231 Line 78: *Canst the musicians play me that sad*
NOTE.—*Note* is used many times by Shakespeare for tune, melody. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 79-81:

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.

Give me a *note*.

232 Lines 87-91:

*Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands.*

Compare Dekker and Massinger, The Virgin Martyr, v. 1:

Theophelus. How can'st thou? to whom thy business?

Angelo. To you;

I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
That, when she came into that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise sav'd, are brought by me.

Theo. Cannot I see this garden?

Aug. Yes, if the Master

Will give you entrance.

[*He vanishes.*]

Theo. 'T is a tempting fruit,

And the most bright cheeked child I ever viewed.

233 Lines 97, 98:

*How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold?*

This is the reading of FF.; which Dyce, in his 2nd ed., on the conjecture of S. Walker, alters into *colour*, an emendation which gives decidedly worse sense than the original. *Earthy cold* is a very good and reasonable phrase, and the conjunction of *pale* and *cold* extremely natural; whereas people are not usually, even when they are dying, of an "earthy *colour*," and a reference to colour would be almost tautologous after "how *pale* she looks."

234 Line 102: *Knowing she will not lose her wonted*
gentleness.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *lance*, which was very generally used as a spelling of *lose*, which F. 4 prints.

1 Christ Church, Oxford.

235. Lines 108-173.—Holinshed gives but a brief account of the death of Katharine: "The princesse Dowager leing at Kimbalton, fell into hir last sicknesse, whereof the king being aduertised, appointed the emperors ambassador that was legier here with him named Eustachius Caputius, to go to visit hir, and to doo his commendations to hir, and will hir to be of good comfort. The ambassador with all diligence did his dutie therein, comforting hir the best he might: but she within six daies after, perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father vnto hir: and further desired him to haue some consideration for hir gentlewomen that had serued hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir seruants might haue their due wages, and a yeres wages beside. This in effect was all that she requested, and so immediately hereupon she departed this life the eight of Iannarie at Kimbalton aforesaid and was buried at Peterborow" (iii. 795, 796). "This letter," says Malone, after quoting part of the above extract (Var. Ed. xix. 453), "probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history." The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

ACT V. SCENE 1.

236.—The incident contained in the first two scenes of this act is taken from Foxe's Acts and Monuments, under date 1556. After relating the plot against Cranmer on the part of "his ancient enemy the bishop of Winchester," Foxe says: "The king perceiving their importunate suit against the archbishop (but yet meaning not to have him wronged, and utterly given over into their hands), granted unto them that they should the next day commit him to the Tower for his trial. When night came, the king sent sir Anthony Denny about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked, and tarried for him, his highness said, 'Ah, my lord of Canterbury! I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me, and the council, that you to-morrow, at nine of the clock, shall be committed to the Tower, for that you

and your chaplains (as information is given me) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm, such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contentions and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany; and therefore the council have requested me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witness in these matters, you being a councillor.'

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down and said, 'I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go thither at your highness's commandment. And I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my trial; for there be that have many ways slandered me: and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report.'

"The king, perceiving the man's uprightness, joined with such simplicity, said, 'O Lord, what manner a man you be! What simplicity is in you! I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such endurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is, to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you? Think you to have better luck that way, than your Master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you, for I have otherwise devised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow, when the council shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councillor, that you may answer their accusations before them, without any further endurance, and use for yourself as good persuasion that way as you may devise; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the King delivered unto the archbishop), and say unto them, 'If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this his token unto you all,' for' (said the king then unto the archbishop) 'so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well, that they shall understand that I have resumed the whole cause into mine own hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.'

"The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him-wards, had much ado to forbear tears. 'Well!' said the king, 'go your ways, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

"On the morrow about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman-usher for the archbishop, who when he came to the council-door could not be let in; but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys and serving-men all alone. Dr. Bluts the king's physician resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if

it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving-man: for yonder he standeth this half-hour without the council-door amongst them.' 'It is not so,' quoth the king. 'I trow; the council hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone,' said the king, 'and we shall hear more soon.'

"Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged, as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole council being therewith somewhat amazed, the earl of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, 'When first you began this matter, my lords, I told you what would come of it. Do you think the king will suffer this man's flatter to ache? Much more, I warrant you, will he defend his life against brabbling varlets!' And so incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness with a severe countenance said unto them, 'Ah, my lords! I thought I had had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the private of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a councillor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a councillor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him malevolently, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may be beholden unto his subject (and so, solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said), by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholden; giving him great commendations otherwise. And with that one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his endurance, it was rather meant for his trial, and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords,' quoth the king, 'take him and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado.' And with that every man caught him by the hand, and made fair weather of altogether, which might easily be done with that man' (ed. Rev. Joseph Pratt, n.d., vol viii. pp. 24-26).

237. Line 7: *primero*. — Nares, *sub voce*, has a very lengthy account of this game of cards. He quotes the following description of the game from Barrington, *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 132, corrected by Duchot's Notes on Rabelais: "Each player had four cards dealt out to him, one by one; the seven was the highest card in point of number that he could avail himself of, which counted

for now he is under his standeth amongst them.' The council hath metropolitan of one of their own king, 'and we

to the council is rehearsed. The king had delivered that no serve, he delivered into the king's mowhatamazed, confirming his first you began could come of it. man's finger to defend his life continually upon rose, and carried matter, as the

g's presence, his unto them. 'Ah, en of my council was this in you, and one of you in or amongst serv- that he was a such commission that you should an subject. But one against him have had your uttermost. But a prince may be mnly laying his I owe to God, I ary, to be of all and one to whom commendations f the chiefest of the king's re- vant for his trial. me and slander ved against him 'take him and d make no more him by the hand, which might easily Pratt, n. d., vol

for twenty-one; the six counted for eighteen, the five for fifteen, and ace for the same; but the two, the three, and the four, for their respective points only. The knave of diamonds was commonly fixed upon for the *quintola*, which the player might make what card or suit he thought proper; if the cards were of different suits, the highest number was the *primero* [or *prime*]; but if they were all of one colour, he that held them won the *flush*. The game was very fashionable till the introduction of *ombre*, after which, according to the Compleat Gamester, it went rapidly out of fashion. Compare Merry Wives, iv. 5. 104: "I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *primero*."

238. Line 36: *Stands in the gap and TRADE of ince pre-ferments*.—Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 155-157:

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common *trade*, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

where *common trade* means general traffic. Here the expression means the general course. Singer compares I did's Apothecary: "Although it repent them of the *trade* or way that they have chosen."

239. Lines 42, 43:

Sir, I may tell you, I think—I have
INCENSED the lords of the council that, &c.

The punctuation I have adopted is that of Dyce. That of the Ff, however generally followed, seems to me quite indefensible. Is it reasonable for a man to say (as with this pointing Lowell is made to say):

Sir, I may tell you, I think I have
Incensed, &c.?

Incensed means, according to Nares, instructed, informed. The word is more properly, as he says, *insense*, to put sense into: "A provincial expression still quite current in Staffordshire, and probably Warwickshire, whence we may suppose Shakespeare had it." The same meaning seems to attach to the word in two other passages, Much Ado, v. 1. 242: "*incensed* me to slander the Lady Hero;" and in Richard III. iii. 1. 151-153:

Think you, my lord, this little peating York
Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Halliwel quotes Talsgrave, 1530: "I *insence* with folye, *je infature*."

240. Line 52: *convented*; i.e. convened. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 2. 68, 69:

We are *convented*

Upon a pleasing treaty;

and Measure for Measure, v. 1. 158: "Whosoever he's *convented*." Cotgrave has: "Convenir en justice. To bring in suit, *convent* before a Judge, enter an action against."

241. Lines 68, 69:

her *suffrance* made

Almost each pang a death.

As Malone notes, this is almost a repetition of ii. 3. 15, 16:

'Tis a *suffrance* panging
As soul and body's severing.

242. Line 82: *Avoid the gallery*; i.e. leave the gallery. Compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 24-26:

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you avoid
the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt
Your hearth.

Compare, too, I. Samuel xviii. 11: "And David avoided out of his presence twice;" where the word is used intrinsitively. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "Avoid (begone), *abi facesse*."

243. Line 117: *by my HOLIDAME*.—In the Folio the word is spelt *Holydame*. Opinions differ whether *holidame* was a corruption of *halidom* (akin to the Anglo-Saxon word for holiness); or whether *halidom*, like *holidame*, was a corruption of *Holy Dame*, that is, Our Lady. *Halidom* occurs only once in Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2. 135 (where it is spelt *halidome* in the Folio); *holidame* in Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 99 (where it is spelt *holidam*), and Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 43 (where it is spelt *holy-dam*).

244. Line 122: *indurance*.—Steevens explains this word, which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, as meaning imprisonment (being in *durance*). It is taken from the passage in Fox, which is here paraphrased: "I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers stand together for your trial, without any such *indurance*." Schmidt takes the word quite literally, *endurance*, suffering; Johnson gives it in his dictionary as *delay*. Perhaps this is the most probable explanation.

245. Lines 140, 141:

You take a PRECIPICE for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

F. 1 prints *Precepit* and *woe*, which are corrected in F. 2.

246. Lines 161-163:

Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 103, 104:

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!

247. Lines 176, 177:

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else *unsay*'t.

In Samuel Rowley's chronicle-play on the reign of Henry VIII., When You See Me, You Know Me, there is a passage reminding me of this (B, verso, ed. 1532):

King. Ladies attend her, Countess of Salisbury, sister Mary,
Who first brings word that Harry hath a Sonne,
Shall be rewarded well.

Wd. I, he be his surety; but doe you heare Wenches, she that brings the first tydings howsoever it fall out, let her be sure to say the Child's like the father, or else she shall have nothing.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

248. Line 19: Stage-direction: Enter the King and Butts at a window above.—Steevens observes, in reference to this stage-direction: "The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among Andrew Boorde's instructions for building a house, (see his Dietarie of Health,) is the following: 'Many of the chambers to have

a view into the chapel.' Again, in a letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573: 'And if it please her majesty, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dymer time, at a *window opening thereunto*.'" In Massinger's Roman Actor, ii. 1, the same contrivance is made use of for dramatic purposes. See the stage-direction: "Domitia appears at the window."

ACT V. SCENE 3.

249.—I have followed the Cambridge editors in beginning a new scene here—an innovation which almost every editor has acknowledged to be justified. The Cambridge edd. say (note x.): "Mr. Grant White suggests that a new scene should begin here, although the stage-direction in the Folio is only 'A Conneell Table brought in with Chayres and Stoodes, and placed vnder the State,' &c. But this is plainly the mere result of the absence of scenery of any kind on Shakespeare's stage, and the audience were to imagine that the scene changed from the lobby before the Conneell Chamber to that apartment itself." We have adopted his suggestion, thinking that the obvious propriety of changing the scene outweighs any inconvenience which might result for purposes of reference. Hamner, Warburton, and Johnson all follow Pope in calling this Scene V. Theobald also supposes a new scene to begin here, although in his edition the scenes are not numbered. Capell, by his stage-direction, indicated that the scene presented the Conneell-chamber and the lobby both at once to the eyes of the spectator."

250. Lines 11, 12:

*In our own natures frail, and CAPABLE
Of our flesh.*

Capable, several times in Shakespeare, means impressionable, susceptible. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 135, 137:

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them *capable*.

Some understand the word to mean here, capable of fleshly weaknesses, or susceptible to the temptations of the flesh.

251. Line 24: *Till they obey the MANAGE*.—This word is very frequently used by Shakespeare in reference to horses. Compare Richard II. iii. 3. 179:

Wanting the *manage* of unruly jades;

and Pericles, iv. 6. 68-70 (the non-Shakespearean part): "My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you must take some pains to work her to your *manage*." The word is from the French *manège*. Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "To manage a horse, *Manier un cheval, le dresser*;" and below: "A horse well managed, *Cheval qui fait bien le manège, qui est bien dressé, qui manie bien*." In the French part of the Dictionary he has: "Manège (exercice qu'on fait faire à un Cheval pour le dresser) *manage* or *managing* of a Horse."

252. Lines 23-31:

*as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly reitress,
Yet freshly pited in our memories.*

This is probably an allusion, as Grey remarks (Variorum Ed. xix. 473), "to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522."

253. Line 39: *stirs against*; i.e. bestirs himself against. The term occurs again in Richard II. i. 2. 1-3:

Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To *stir against* the butchers of his life!

254. Line 41: *Defacers of a public peace*.—Rowe prints *he*, which Dyce adopts, and which may not improbably be right.

255. Lines 76, 77:

't is a cruelty

To load a falling man.

Compare iii. 2. 332, 333:

O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far!

256. Lines 85, 86, 87-91.—These two speeches are in Ff given to the Chamberlain, but as *Cham*, is so very easy a misprint for *Chan*, it is more natural to suppose that this is the case here. The emendation was made by Capell. As Malone observes, "the Chancellor's apologizing to the King for the committal in a subsequent passage [147-153], likewise supports the emendation."

257. Lines 123-125:

But know, I come not

*To hear such FLATTERY now, and in my presence
They are too thin and BARE to hide offences.*

Rowe, in his second ed., prints *flatteries*, which is very likely right, though they may refer to commendations above. *Bare* is the conjecture of Malone, adopted by Dyce. Ff have *base*. Capell, whom many editors follow, introduced a semicolon after *presence*; but the turn of the phrase does not seem to me improved by the change. In Ff. line 125 ends with a comma, and the next line reads:

To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, &c.

I have adopted the pointing of Monck Mason, which is followed by Dyce and the Cambridge edd.

258. Line 133: *THIS place*.—Ff. print *his*, which Malone defends on the ground that *his* refers to the office of privy councillor; the correction in the text was made by Rowe.

259. Line 146: *had ye MEAN*.—*Mean* is used a good many times by Shakespeare in the sense of *means*, as, for example, in Richard III. i. 3. 90, 91:

You may deny that you were not the *mean*
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment,

the reading of the Ff.; the Qq. have *cause*.

266. Lines 192, 193:

*THAT is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.*

Rowe reads "There is," which certainly makes a smoother sentence; but the change is quite unnecessary. The kinz has just said, "I have a suit which you must not deny me;" and now he continues, "That is," or, in other words, "my suit is," &c. It is open to us to take the sentence in another way, and (changing the semicolon after *baptism* into a comma) understand (as Malone puts it), "My suit is, that you would be a godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened." In this sense *her* would be redundant; just the contrary construction is found in li. 1. 47, 48:

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whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment—
where we should expect the addition *et for*.

261 Line 167: *Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.* — *Spoons* were in Shakespeare's time, as (says Schmidt) they are to this day in Germany, the usual gifts of the sponsors at a christening. Those who could afford it gave twelve gilt spoons, called "apostle spoons," because the figures of the apostles were carved on the handles. See the numerous references from contemporary literature given in the Variorum Ed. xlx. 480-482. In Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, iii. 2, there is a very interesting and instructive christening scene, in which "Enter Sir Walter Whorehound, carrying a silver standing-cup and two spoons."

Sir Wal. A poor remembrance, lady,
To the love of the babe; I pray, accept of it.
[*Giving cup and spoons.*]

Mrs. All. O, you are at too much charge, sir!
and, Gos. Look, look, what has he given her?
What is't, gossip?
3rd Gos. Now, by my faith, a fair high standing-cup.
And two great 'posle spoons, one of them gilt.
ist. Fur. Sure that was Judas then with the red beard.

262. Line 175: *Good man, those joyful tears show thy true HEART.*—So F 2; F. 1 has *hearts*.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

263 Line 2: *do you take the court for PARISH-GARDEN?*—The *Parish-garden* was a bear-garden on the Bankside at Southwark, so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of Richard II. It was near the Globe Theatre, and in a line with Bridewell. Compare Dekker, *Gull's Hornbook*, ch. i.: "How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years; so that it is no more like the old *theatre du monde*, than old *Paris Garden* is like the King's Garden at Paris." I have retained *Parish-garden* (the reading of F. 1, F. 2, F. 3) as a characteristic vulgarism of the Porters; F. 4 has *Paris-garden*, which is of course the correct word. Porters are not always correct speakers, as I can testify in reference to a certain gatekeeper who prefers to speak of the Comte de Paris as "the Paris count."

264 Line 3: *leave your GAPING.*—The word *gape* has lost part of the sense it once had, which was, not merely to open the month wide, but to shout with open mouth, to bawl. Boyer, *French Dictionary*, has (s. v. *Gape*) "He ever gapes, (or bawls) when he speaks, *Il crie, ou criville toujours quand il parle.*" In *Merchunt of Venice*, iv. 1. 47, 54, "a gaping pig," it is not certain whether the word is used in this sense or whether it refers to roasting as served at table.

265 Lines 12-15:
*'Tis as much impossible—
'Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On MAY DAY MORNING; which will never be.*

"The custom," says Nares, "of going out into the fields early on May-day, to celebrate the return of spring, was observed by all ranks of people." *Edwarde Hall hath*

noted," says Stowe, "that K. Henry the Eighth, in the 7th of his reign, on May-day in the morning, with queene Katherin his wife, rode a *Maying* from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's hill" (*Survey of London*, p. 72, where some curious sports then devised for him are described). Stowe says also, "In the moneth of May the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes together, had their several *Mayings*, and did fetch in May-poles," &c. (p. 73)." See *Twelfth Night*, note 217.

266. Line 16: *Paul's.*—So F. 4: the earlier FF. have *Poles*, which may perhaps be a vulgarism like *Parish-garden* above, but is more probably a mere variation in spelling.

267. Lines 22, 23:
*I am not Samson, nor SIR GUY, nor COLBRAND,
To mow 'em down before me.*

One of the famous exploits of Guy of Warwick was his encounter with the Danish giant Colbrand at Winchester. Sir Guy is said to have been the son of Siward, baron of Wallingford, and to have become Earl of Warwick through marriage with Felicia, daughter of Rohand, a warrior of the time of Alfred. He was nine feet high, and his sword, shield, breastplate, helmet, and staff are still to be seen in the Porter's Lodge at Warwick Castle, together with some of the gigantic bones of the dun cow which he killed at Dunsmore Heath, and other relics, no doubt equally authentic. His "porridge-pot" (capable of containing 102 gallons) is in the Great Hall. After his battle with Colbrand Sir Guy retired to a hermitage at Guy's Cliff, where he died in 929. The metrical romance of Guy of Warwick (Auchinleck and Chans MSS.) was edited by Professor Kolbing for the Early English Text Society in 1883 and 1887.

268. Lines 26, 27:
*Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!*

Stunnton says: "The expression, 'my cow, God save her!' or 'my mare, God save her!' or 'my sow, God save her!' appears to have been proverbial; thus, in Greene and Lodge's *Looking Glasse for London*, 1598, 'my blind mare, God bless her!'" Dyce quotes from a writer in the *Literary Gazette* of January 25, 1862, who states that a similar phrase is in common use to-day in the south of England. "Oh! I would not do that for a cow, save her tail," may still be heard in the mouths of the vulgar in Devonshire." This quite disposes of the delicate suggestion of Collier's MS. Corrector, who for *chine* substituted *queen*, and for *cow*, *crown*. In a communication to Notes and Queries, 7th Ser. vol. iv. Oct. 15, 1887, W. C. M. B. writes: "[The passage in the text is] an allusion to a vulgar saying, common then, viz.: 'A cow and a queen have one time.' Something of the sort I fancy I have heard myself, and Barnaby Googe, 1578, alludes to it as common, while it is of that rustic humour likely to be widely known and used without appearing in print, except as it may here, by allusion."

269. Lines 34, 35: *or have we some STRANGE INDIAN with THE GREAT TOOL COME to court?*—Mr. Robert Boyle, in his paper on Henry VIII., already quoted from, has an in-

teresting conjecture in connection with this line. After stating that in the Ff. the word "tool" is printed *Toole* (in italics, and beginning with a capital) after the manner of proper names, Mr. Boyle remarks: "There must evidently be some allusion intended. Now in Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*, which appeared in 1617, we have, Act IV. scene iv.:

I yield; the great O Toole shall yield on these conditions.

Dyce explains in a note that, in 1622, *Arthurus Severus* O Toole was the subject of a poem by Taylor the Water Poet, to which a portrait of the celebrated Irishman is prefixed. His youth had been devoted to Mars, and his old age to the town of Westminster, which was at the date of the poem honoured with his residence.

"In Middleton's *Fair Quarrel* an Indian is mentioned in the same scene a little earlier 'How I and my Amazon stripped you as naked as an Indian.' That Middleton was poking his coarse fun at the comical Irishman is plain. What has escaped all commentators till now is, that Fletcher is doing exactly the same in *Henry VIII.* In 1611 five Indians came to England. In 1614 three of them returned, one went to the Continent, one died and was exhibited as a show. The allusion in the text is probably to the latter. But we must not forget that in the year 1617 there was much talk of the Indians. In that year the famous Pocahontas came over to England, and was presented to the queen ('come to court') by the equally famous Captain Smith."

In the argument to his poem in honour of the Irishman Taylor says: "*The Great O Toole, is the toole that my Muse takes in hand*" (Works, Spenser Society ed. p. 1-3). A good deal of chaff—about four pages of the Spenser Society's folio reprint—is devoted to him, but few biographical details are given. The context, certainly, in the Porter's speech in *Henry VIII.* suggests another explanation, but the printing of *Toole* as though it were a surname scarcely seems likely to have been accidental. Probably enough there is a play on the two senses in which the word might be taken.

270. Line 46: *fire-drake*.—Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "A fire drake [meteor] *draco volans*." The word means a fiery dragon, and was used both for a meteor and for the will-o'-the-wisp, as well as metaphorically for a man with a fiery face. Halliwell quotes Fulke's *Meteors*, 1670: "flying dragons, or as Englishmen call them, *fire-drakes*" (p. 67).

271. Line 49: *a haberdasher's wife of small wit*.—Malone points out that this same expression occurs in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*: "And all haberdashers of small wit, I presume."

272. Line 50: *till her PINK'D PORRINGER fell off her head*.—Compare Tanning of the Shrew, iv. 3. 63-70:

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer.

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pinked means pierced in small holes. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "To pink, *perfero*; pinked, *pertusus*." Halliwell, in his Folio edition, gives a cut illustrative of

porringer caps. He quotes from Fairholt: "This seems to be an allusion to the Milan bonnet extremely fashionable at this period. . . . They were generally made of velvet, and certainly bore an unlucky resemblance to an inverted porringer."

273. Lines 58-61: *suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to crave mine honour in, and let 'em win the work*.—Taylor, writing before 1617, thus describes the prowess of London "youths" who "put Play-houses to the sacke," &c.: "What auailes it for a Constable with an army of reuerend rusty Bill-men to command pence to these beasts, for they with their pockets in stead of Pistols, well char'd [sic] with stone-shot, discharge against the Image of Authority, whole volleys as thicke as hayle, which robustions repulse puts the better sort to the worse part, making the band of unscowred Halberdiers retyre faster than euer they enme on, and shew exceeding discretion in prouing tall men of their heeles" ("Jack-a-Lent," in Taylor's Works, Spenser Soc. ed. p. 125).

274. Lines 63-67: *These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but THE TRIBULATION OF TOWER-HILL, or THE LIMBS OF LIMBHOUSE, their dear brothers, are able to endure*.—The allusions in this passage have never been explained; it contains, probably some contemporary allusion, the sense of which has escaped us. Four very lively pages are given up to the subject in the Variorum Edition (lix. 488-491, but it remains uncertain whether the skit (such as it is) is at the expense of the Puritans (which seems not unlikely) or falls merely upon the play-going youth of the period. On the latter supposition Stevens remarks: "*The Tribulation* does not sound in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed for the use of Religion's prides, the Puritans. *Merentio* or *Truewit* would not have been attracted by such an appellation, though it might operate forcibly on the saint-like organs of Ebenezer or Ananias."

"Shakespeare, I believe, meant to describe an audience familiarized to excess of noise; and why should we suppose the *Tribulation* was not a puritanical meeting-house because it was noisy? I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre has been exceeded by the bellowings of puritanism against surplices and farthingales; and that our upper gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober consistory, compared with the vehemence of fanatic harangues against Bel and the Dragon, that Idol Starch, the anti-christian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon."

"Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbs of Limbhouse* could be called 'young citizens,' according to Malone's supposition. . . . The phrase, *dear brothers*, is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance."

275. Line 68: *I have some of 'em in LIMBO Patrum*. *Limbus Patrum* is, literally, the purgatory of the fathers, or the place where, in the middle ages, the saints who lived before the coming of Christ were supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. *In Limbo* was used jocularly (as it still sometimes is) for being imprisoned, or perhaps

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it means here in the stocks. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 149:

As far from help as *Limbo* is from bliss;

Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 32:

No, he's in Tartar *limbo*, worse than hell;

and All's Well, v. 3. 260-262: "for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satau, and of *Limbo*, and of Furies, and I know not what."

276. Lines 69, 70: the RUNNING BANQUET of two headles that is to count.—Compare i. 4. 12 above, where the term, as here, is used in *double entendre*. See note 110.

277. Lines 85, 86:

And here ye lie baiting of BOMBARDS, when
Ye should do service.

A *bombard* was a large leather vessel for holding liquor, perhaps so named from its similarity to the *bombards* used in war: "large machines for casting heavy stones in the attack and defence of fortified places, called also *lithoboli* and *petrariæ*; they subsequently became improved into large cannons." Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 47, 49s: "that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge *bombard* of sack;" Tempest, ii. 2. 20-22: "youd same black cloud looks like a foul *bombard* that would shed his liquor;" and Ben Jonson, Masque of Angurs: "The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bombard* of sack."

278. Line 94: I'll peck you o'er the pales else!—Johnson read *pick*, for which *peck* is probably a vulgarism, and which means pitch. It is used again in Coriolanus, i. 1. 203, 204:

as high

As I could *pick* my lance.

Boyer, French Dictionary, has "To *pick* (or throw) a dart, *Jeter, lancer un dard, darder un javelot*;" and Coles gives "To *pick* a dart, *jacular*." "To *pick* or cast" is in Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

279. Stage-direction: standing-bowls.—These are mentioned by Holinshed among the christening gifts: "Then the archbishop of Canterburie gave to the princesse a standing cup of gold: the ditches of Norfolke gave to hir a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearly: the marchionesse of Dorset gave three gilt bolles, pounced with a coater; and the marchionesse of Exceter gave threë standing bolles grauen, all gilt with a corner" (iii. 787). There is a cut of some *standing bowls* (bowls elevated on feet or pedestals) in Rolfe, p. 205. See the reference to "standing-cups" in the passage quoted from Middleton in note 261.

280. Lines 1-4: *Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!*—This proclamation is taken, nearly verbatim, from Holinshed: "When the ceremonies and christening were ended, Garter cheefe king of armes cried aloud, God of his infinite goodnesse send prosperous life and long to the high and mightie princesse of England Elizabeth: and then the trumpets blew" (iii. 787).

281. Line 24: *Saba*.—In the Septuagint and Vulgate the Queen of Sheba (as our English version calls her) is spoken of as *Saba*, and so she is very generally known in our older literature, nor is the pretty name quite lost yet Dyce quotes Marlowe's *Faustus*:

But she was chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

—Works, 1859, p. 87.

and Peecie, Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamylde:

Diana for her dainty life, Susannah being sad,
Sage *Saba* for her soberness, &c.

—Works, 1861, p. 529;

and an unpublished copy of Latin verses addressed by William Gager to Queen Elizabeth:

Deservit Cassandra tibi: te *Saba* salutat.

282. Lines 37-39:

those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

F. 1 prints *way*, which F. 4 corrects. The accuracy of the correction is proved by the word *those* in the next line; and Stevens compares the similar expression occurring earlier in the play (iii. 2. 436): "Wolsey, that once trod the *ways* of glory."

283. Lines 60-63:

But she must die;

She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

This is, virtually, the punctuation of Ff.; Theobald read:

She must; the saints must have her yet a virgin;—

which does not seem a pretty way of pointing a compliment.

284. Lines 70, 71:

To you, my good lord mayor,

And YOU good brethren, I am much beholding.

Ff. have "And you good Brethren," which is obviously out of place in the mouth of the king. The correction was made by Theobald on the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY VIII.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VIII.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line	
Admirer.....	i.	1	3	Decent.....	iv.	2	145	King-cardinal..	ii.	2	20	Rod 17.....	iv.	1	39, 89	
Allegiant.....	iii.	2	176	*Devil-monk...	ii.	1	21	Larder.....	v.	4	5	Sacring bell...	iii.	2	296	
Appointment ¹ ..	ii.	2	134	Discerner.....	i.	1	32	Legatine.....	iii.	2	339	Sectary ¹⁸	v.	3	70	
Archbishopric..	ii.	1	164	Disciples (sub.)	v.	3	112	Londoners.....	i.	2	154	Seemly ¹⁹	iii.	1	178	
Arrogancy ²	ii.	4	110	Discourser.....	i.	1	41	Lop (sub.).....	i.	2	96	Self-drawing..	i.	1	63	
Assent.....	iii.	2	310	Dog-days.....	v.	4	43	Lutheran.....	iii.	2	99	Self-mettle....	i.	1	134	
Avant (sub.)..	iv.	1	31	Domestics (sub.)	ii.	4	114	Marchioness... {	ii.	3	63, 94	Shire.....	i.	2	103	
Baiting ³ (verb)	v.	4	85	*Down-bed....	i.	4	18	Sleekened ²⁰ (vb. tr.)	i.	1	82	Simony.....	iv.	2	36	
Benefit (vb. intr.)	i.	2	80	Emballing.....	ii.	3	47	Master-cord... {	iii.	2	90	Snuff ²¹ (verb) .	iii.	2	96	
Blistered.....	i.	3	31	Equal (adv.)... i.	1	159	Mention (sub.)..	iii.	2	434	Spanned.....	i.	1	223		
Board ⁴ (sub.)..	i.	1	79	Faluts (vb. tr.)	ii.	3	103	Meridian.....	iii.	2	224	Spare (sub.)....	v.	4	21	
Bores ⁵ (verb)..	i.	1	128	*Fair-spoken..	iv.	2	52	Misdemeaned..	v.	3	14	Spider-like....	i.	1	62	
Bosom (verb)..	i.	1	112	Fiddle (sub.)... i.	3	41	Mortar-piece... v.	4	48	Spleeny.....	iii.	2	99			
Brazier.....	v.	4	42	Fiddle (verb) .	i.	3	42	Murmurers....	ii.	2	131	Springhalt....	i.	3	13	
Broomstaff....	v.	4	57	Filed ¹⁰ (verb)..	iii.	2	171	*New-trimmed	i.	2	80	Stagger ²²	ii.	4	212	
*Brother-love..	v.	3	178	Fire-drake....	v.	4	45	O'er-great.....	i.	1	292	State-statues..	i.	2	83	
Cumlet.....	v.	4	93	Fore-recited... i.	2	127	O'er-mount.....	ii.	3	94	Support (sub.)	ii.	3	64		
Carders.....	i.	2	33	Foreskirt.....	ii.	3	98	Out-speaks....	iii.	2	127	Top-proud....	i.	1	151	
Cardinal (adj.)	iii.	1	103	*Fresb-fish....	ii.	3	86	Outworks.....	i.	1	123	Tribulation....	v.	4	65	
Censurers.....	i.	2	78	Friendless.....	iii.	1	80	Papers (verb)..	i.	1	80	Truncheoners..	v.	4	54	
Choice ⁶ (adj.)..	i.	2	162	Front ¹¹ (verb) .	i.	2	42	Pausingly.....	i.	2	168	Uphomded....	iv.	2	34	
Choir ⁷	iv.	1	90	Full-charged..	i.	2	3	Perked.....	ii.	3	21	Uncontemned..	iii.	2	10	
Choir ⁸	iv.	1	64	Fullers.....	i.	2	33	Peck ¹⁴ (verb)..	v.	4	94	Undoubtedly..	iv.	2	49	
Christening (sub.)	v.	4	10, 38, 73, 87	*Full-hot.....	i.	1	133	Perked.....	ii.	3	21	Unhanded ²³ ..	iii.	2	53	
*Clique-ports..	iv.	1	49	Glory ¹² (verb).. {	ii.	1	60	Periciously... i.	1	50	Unite (vb. intr.)	iii.	2	1		
Cited ⁹	iv.	1	29	Grievingly....	i.	1	87	Phrase (verb)..	i.	1	34	Unpartial.....	ii.	2	107	
Climpant.....	i.	1	19	Grubbed.....	v.	1	23	Pinked.....	v.	4	50	Unqueened....	iv.	2	171	
Coarse.....	iii.	2	239	Haberdasher... v.	4	49	Pipedom.....	iii.	2	212	Unrecounted..	i.	2	48		
Conclave.....	ii.	2	190	*Hard-ruled... iii.	2	101	Præmunire....	iii.	2	340	Unthink.....	ii.	4	194		
Considering (sub.)	{	ii.	4 185	Harm-doing... ii.	3	5	Precipice.....	v.	1	140	Used ²⁴ (vb. refl.)	iii.	1	176		
	{	iii.	2 135	*Have-at-him..	ii.	2	85	Prejudice (sub.)	{	ii.	4 154	Venom-mouthed	i.	1	120	
Count cardinal	i.	1	172	High-blown... iii.	2	361	Privty.....	i.	1	74	Viscount.....	i.	4	53		
Creed.....	ii.	2	51	Hloods ¹³	iii.	1	23	Questioned ¹⁵ ..	ii.	4	50	*Water-side....	ii.	1	95	
Crowd (sub.)..	iv.	1	57	Humble-mouthed	ii.	4	107	Rail (sub.)....	v.	4	93	Weak-hearted..	iii.	2	390	
				Illustrated....	iii.	2	181	Reciprocally..	v.	1	102	Wild (adv.)....	i.	4	26	
				Innumerable... iii.	2	329	Remarked.....	i.	1	33						
				Inscribed.....	iii.	2	315	Retainers.....	ii.	4	113					
				Irresolute.....	i.	2	209	Revokement... i.	2	106						
				Jewel-house... {	iv.	1 111	Rinsing.....	i.	1	107						
					{	v. 1 34	Roads ¹⁶	iv.	2	17						

1 = direction; frequently used in its other senses.

2 = *Arrogancy* is used elsewhere.

3 = *brauchting*?

4 = an assembly; need elsewhere in its other senses.

5 = overreaches.

6 = appointed.

7 = a band of singers; *Venus and Adonis*, 840.

8 = part of a church; *Son. lxxiii.* 4.

9 = summoned; used in other poems elsewhere.

10 = *Fept* pace with.

11 = to march in the front; frequently used in other senses.

12 *Son. xci.* 1.

13 = *cowls*.

14 = *pitch*.

15 = doubted; often used in other senses.

16 = *journeys*.

17 = a kind of sceptre.

18 = a dissenter.

19 *Son. xxii.* 6.

20 = *impaired*.

21 *id. a wick*.

22 = *bewilder*; = make to reel.

23 *Rich. II.* v. 5. 110.

24 = *not treated*; = not broken in; *Merch. of Ven.* v. 1. 72.

25 = *behave*.

1 = direction; frequently used in its other senses.
2 = *propose* is used elsewhere.
3 = *branching*?
4 = an assembly; used elsewhere in its other senses.
5 = overreaches.
6 = appointed.
7 = a band of singers; Venus and Adonis, 840.
8 = part of a church; Son. lxxiii. 4.
9 = summoned; used in other senses elsewhere.

10 = *Fept* pace with.
11 = to march in the front; frequently used in other senses.
12 Son. xcl. 1. 13 = crows.

14 = pitch.
15 = doubted; often used in other senses.
16 = journeys.

17 = a kind of sceptre.
18 = a dissenter.
19 Son. xxii. 6.
20 = impaired.
21 i.e. a wick.
22 = bewilder; = make to reel, Rich. II. v. 5. 110.
23 = not treated; = not broken in, Merch. of Ven. v. 1. 72.
24 = behaved.

VIII.

that the word is
cited.
s in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
.....	iv.	1	39, 89
g heii...	iii.	2	295
19.....	v.	3	70
19.....	iii.	1	178
awing...	i.	1	63
ettle....	i.	1	134
.....	i.	2	103
ed ²⁰ (vb. tr.)	i.	1	82
.....	iv.	2	36
(verb)...	iii.	2	96
ed.....	i.	1	223
sub.)...	v.	4	21
like....	i.	1	62
y.....	iii.	2	99
halt.....	i.	3	13
t ²²	ii.	4	212
atures...	i.	2	88
t (sub.)	ii.	3	64
oud.....	i.	1	151
ation....	v.	4	65
neongrs.	v.	4	54
nded....	iv.	2	34
tennued.	iii.	2	10
htedly...	iv.	2	49
dded ²³ ...	iii.	2	58
vb. intr.)	iii.	2	1
trial.....	ii.	2	107
ened....	iv.	2	171
ounted...	iii.	2	48
nk.....	ii.	4	104
(vb. refl.)	iii.	1	176
n-mouthed	i.	1	120
nt.....	i.	4	93
r-side...	ii.	1	95
hearted.	iii.	2	390
adv.)...	i.	4	26

a kind of sceptre.
a dissenter.
a. xxii. 6.
impaired.
a wick.
bewilder; = make to reel,
I. v. 5. 110.
not treated, = not broken
ch. of Ven. v. 1. 72.
behaved.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY
P. Z. ROUND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
 PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
 HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
 ESCANES, }
 SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
 CLEON, governor of Tarsus.
 LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
 CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
 THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
 PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
 LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
 Marshal.

A Pander.
 BOULT, his servant.
 Three Fishermen.
 Two Sailors.

A Princess, daughter to Antiochus.
 DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
 THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
 MARINA, daughter to Pericles and
 Thaisa.
 LYCORIDA, nurse to Marina.
 A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Virgins, Knights, Gentlemen, Squires, Citizens, Sailors,
 Pirates, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE—Dispersedly about the borders of the eastern Mediterranean.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Early part of the second century, B.C.

TIME OF ACTION, as given by Mr. Daniel.¹

A period of from 15 to 16 years, of which 14 days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the choruses.

Day 1: Act I. Scene I.—Interval.
 Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval.
 Day 3: Act I. Scene 4.—Interval. 2d Chorus.
 Day 4: Act II. Scene 1.
 Day 5: Act II. Scenes 2 to 4.
 Day 6: Act II. Scene 5.—Interval. 3d Chorus.
 Day 7: Act III. Scene 1.
 Day 8: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
 Day 9: Act III. Scenes 3 and 4.—Interval, 14 years.
 4th Chorus.

Day 10: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
 Day 11: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval. 5th
 Chorus (Act IV. Sc. 4).
 Day 12: Act IV. Scenes 5 and 6.—Interval. 6th
 Chorus.
 Day 13: Act V. Scene 1.—Interval. 7th Chorus
 (Act V. Sc. 2).
 Day 14: Act V. Scene 3.

¹ In the Qq. no "Acts and Scenes" are marked: but the Gower choruses distinctly divide the drama into *seven* acts. The division into five acts in F. 3 is quite arbitrary. Malone improved on it; but keeping to five acts he was compelled to cram the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th choruses-divisions into his acts iv. and v., and in so doing

has marked the 5th and 7th choruses as *scenes*, which they are not: and of course, therefore, cannot be so reckoned when the number of days of the *action* represented on the stage is the object in view. Malone's division, however, has been followed by all subsequent editors, and, for convenience of reference to the standard editions, and in accordance with our plan, has necessarily been adopted here also.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Two quarto editions (Q. 1, Q. 2) of this play were published in the year 1609, both having the following title-page: "THE LATE, | And muchadmir'd Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banck-side. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Pater-noster row. &c."

It was formerly supposed that Q. 1 and Q. 2 belonged to one and the same edition, and that the numerous differences between the copies were due to corrections made during the printing; but careful examination shows that, as the Cambridge editors have pointed out, there were two separate editions, Q. 2 being printed from Q. 1. See, for instance, iii. 1. 4-6, where Q. 1 reads:

O still

Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes.

Q. 2 prints *O*, and *sulphurous*, and for *gently* it reads *dayly*. So, again, in iii. 3. 18, 19, the text in Q. 1 stands thus:

your Grace,

That fed my Countre with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you;

while Q. 2 substitutes *dayly* for *still*. Other varieties are given in the course of the notes, showing the superiority of the text of Q. 1.

A third edition (Q. 3), "Printed at London by *N. S.*," appeared in 1611, and in 1619 another (Q. 4), "Printed for *T. Pavier*," of piratical renown; the signatures of this last

show it to have been a continuation of the same volume which contained *The Whole Contention betwene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke* (see II. Henry VI., Introduction, p. 4). In this Quarto there are a number of conjectural emendations.

On August 4, 1626, *Pavier's* widow assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde "Master *Paviers* right in Shakespeares plaies or any of them" (*Stationers' Registers*, *Arber's Reprint*, iv. 164, 165); the next edition, in 1630, was "Printed by *I. N[orton]* for *R. B[irde]*" and are to be sold | at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the | *Bible*." This edition (Q. 5) is very incorrect.

Another edition (Q. 6) was printed in 1635 from Q. 4, "at London by *Thomas Cotes*." *Bird* had assigned "Persiles" and other Shakespearian plays to Richard Cotes on November 8, 1630.

In 1664, *Pericles* was reprinted in the third Folio; it is there paged separately from what precedes, and also from the six additional plays that follow it. Earlier editions of these six plays bear Shakespeare's name, or initials, on their title-pages, but they are almost universally regarded as spurious.

The exclusion of *Pericles* from the first Folio at once casts a doubt on its genuineness. Pope rejected it from his edition, and was followed by subsequent editors until Malone. It is, however, spoken of as Shakespeare's by two or three writers of the time. In 1646 *S. Sheppard* wrote, in *The Times* displayed in Six Sestiyads (quoted in *Centurie of Prayse*, 2nd ed. p. 261):

with *Sophocles* wo may

Compare great *Shakespear*; *Aristophanes*
Never like him his *Faney* could display;
Witness the *Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*.

J. Tatham, in commendatory lines prefixed to *Brome's Jovial Crew*, 1652 (*Centurie, ut supra*,

PERICLES.

p. 295), mentions that a faction of that time would say:

Shakespeare, the Plebeian Driller, was
Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.

And Dryden, in his Prologue to Davenant's
Circe, 1675, says:

Shakespeare's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*:
'Tis miracle to see a first good play
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.

That Shakespeare had a share in the composition is now generally acknowledged. The text is by far the most corrupt of all his plays; it was put together, most likely, from short-hand notes made surreptitiously during a performance, and abounds in blunders and omissions. But in the latter part we can plainly discern Shakespeare's hand. Some critics, to account for the general weakness of construction in the play, have assumed, as Dryden did, that it was an early work; but Hallam rightly pointed out that the language is that of Shakespeare's later manner. The play should be divided, as by Sidney Walker and Mr. Fleay,¹ into three portions: the last three acts, excluding Gower's speeches and the prose scenes (iv. 2, 5, 6), are to be assigned to Shakespeare; the prose scenes in act iv., together with Gower's two speeches immediately preceding and following scenes 5 and 6, all in style and contents quite disconnected from the rest of the play, were probably written by William Rowley; while the remaining speeches of Gower in their stiffness and obscurity agree closely with the contents of acts i. and ii. Nearly all the rhyming lines in the play (outside of Gower's speeches) occur in these two acts, which Mr. Fleay and Mr. R. Boyle, following a suggestion of Delius, attribute to George Wilkins. This writer is connected with our play in another way; a tale, based upon its incidents, was published by him in 1608, with the title: "THE | Painfull Adventures | of *Pericles* Prince of | Tyre. | Being | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet *John Gower*. | At

LONDON | Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter."² Wilkins was author of a play, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, produced at the Globe, and published in 1607; and joint author, with John Day and William Rowley, of another play, *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, published in the same year, but performed by the Queen's players at the Curtain. In both these plays we can see the same use of borrowed figures, harsh ellipses and inversions, and even false rhymes, as in the former part of *Pericles*. The Travels also introduces the artifice of a Chorus, whose speeches, occasionally interspersed with dumb-shows, connect the scenes together and explain the story, just like Gower's speeches in the present play. We conclude, as Mr. Fleay does, that Shakespeare left his work unfinished, and that it was put into the hands of others to complete for the stage. Rowley and Wilkins had just been collaborating with Day to fit up a rambling sort of play out of a book of adventure; they now in the same fashion added scenes and shows to what Shakespeare had written.

The date of the play is fixed as not later than 1608 by the appearance in that year of Wilkins's novel. On May 20th of the same year "*The booke of Pericles prince of Tyre*" was entered on the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount, afterwards one of the publishers of the first Folio. We have seen that the play was ultimately published elsewhere, and in an unauthorized version. I cannot agree with Mr. Fleay (Introduction to *Shakespearean Study*, p. 28) that in *The Puritan*, which was acted in 1606, the scene of Thaisa's restoration (iii. 2) is "palpably imitated." Certainly the internal evidence would lead us to put the composition of Shakespeare's part of the play in or about 1608; after Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, and Timon, and before *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*. To account for the supposed allusion in *The Puritan* Mr. Fleay now assumes (*Chronicle History*, pp. 156, 243, 245) that Wilkins wrote a play of *Pericles* in 1606, in which Shakespeare's version of the Marina story was afterwards substituted—

¹ See New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1874, p. 200, &c.

² The references in the notes to this novel of Wilkins's are to the Reprint, edited by Professor Tycho Mommsen. Oldenburg, 1857.

INTRODUCTION.

Nat: Butter."²
The Miseries of
at the Globe,
nt author, with
of another play,
English Brothers,
t performed by
tain. In both
me use of bor-
and inversions,
the former part
introduces the
eches, occasion-
shows, connect
tain the story,
ne present play.
es, that Shake-
ed, and that it
ers to complete
ilkins had just
to fit up a ram-
of adventure;
n added scenes
re had written.
ed as not later
in that year of
th of the same
rince of Tyre."
s' Registers by
one of the pub-
e have seen that
shed elsewhere,
sion. I cannot
action to Shake-
n The Puritan,
cene of Thaisa's
imitated." Cer-
ould lead us to
espeare's part of
ter Antony and
mon, and before
To account for
uritan Mr. Fleay
ry, pp. 156, 243,
ay of Pericles in
s version of the
ls substituted—

is novel of Wilkins's
or Tycho Mommsen.

probably without the consent of either Wilkins or Shakespeare. It is true, as Mr. Fleay observes, that Shakespeare's part of the play is not closely reproduced in Wilkins's novel; but I do not think this justifies his theory. Much of the novel is simply borrowed from Lawrence Twine's story (on which the play was partly founded), and its version even of Wilkins's own share of the play is not exact; but several fragments of Shakespeare's part are embedded in it.

The story of Apollonius, King of Tyre, on which the plot is founded, is supposed to have been written in Greek before the fifth century A.D.; the earliest extant version is a Latin one, probably made soon after that date. It is edited by A. Riese in Tenbner's series (1871). During the middle ages the story was translated into several languages, and a version of it found its way into the *Gesta Romanorum*. It appears in English verse in the eighth book of the *Confessio Amantis* of John Gower, who professes to have taken it from that version of the story which, in the twelfth century, Geoffrey of Viterbo inserted in his *Pantheon* or chronicle. A translation of the Latin story was made by Lawrence Twine, under the title (afterwards copied by Wilkins) of *The Patterne of Paynfull Adventures*; this was entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1576 (Arber, *ut supra*, ii. 301), but the earliest known edition of it is supposed to have been published about 1595. It was reissued in 1607. The play of *Pericles* is mainly based on Gower, but Twine's story appears to have been occasionally used.

STAGE HISTORY.

That *Pericles* was seen on the stage of the Globe Theatre in 1608, when it was given by the King's company of players, is conceded by commentators who agree on few other points concerning the play. It was received with favour, evidences of its success being found in contemporary dramas. In "*Pimlico* or *Rumie Red-Cap*. 'Tis a mad world at Hogsdon," 1609, the anonymous author writes:

Amazle I stood, to see a Crowd
Of *Civill Throats* stretch'd out so lowd;
(As at a *New-play*) all the Roomes
Did swarm with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*

So that I truly thought all These
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*;

and in Robert Tailor's "*The Hogge* hath lost his Pearle" the last two lines of the prologue are:

And if it prove so happy as to please,
Weele say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.

Ben Jonson's well-known allusion to
some mouldy tale
Like *Pericles*,

bears direct if grudging testimony to its popularity. It seems, however, to have caused some opposition, unless the lines in Owen Feltham's answer to Ben Jonson in his *Lusoria* or *Occasional Pieces*, added to the eighth edition of his *Resolves*, 1661,

As deep as *Pericles*, do displease

must be taken as referring to Jonson's own petulant show of discontent.

Dryden, it is known, would assign an earlier date to *Pericles*, speaking of it as the first in date of the poet's works; but Dryden's evidence on such matters is of slight value.

Sir Gerrard Herbert, writing on the 24th of May (O.S.) 1619, relates that "the play of *Pirrocles*, Prince of Tyre" was played the previous week before the marquis Tremouille and other French Lords at Whitehall in the king's great chamber. (See *Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare*, ed. for New Shakspeare Society, pp. 83, 84).

A revival of *Pericles* is recorded in 1631, under which date the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, notes: "Received of Mr. Benfield, in the name of the kings company, for a gratuity for their liberty gaind unto them of playing, upon the cessation of the plague, this 10 of June, 1631—*3l. 10s. 0d.*—This was taken upon *Pericles* at the Globe."

Allusions to the value of *Pericles* are frequent in subsequent literature; but the play escaped the manglers of Restoration days only to encounter a neglect almost unprecedented in the case of any other work in which the hand of Shakespeare can be indubitably traced. It was one of the plays revived at

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the Cock Pit in Drury Lane by the company formed by Rhodes the bookseller, sometime, it is supposed, wardrobe-keeper to the company of comedians of King Charles the First in Blackfriars, and was probably played, in 1659, previous to the Restoration. Of Betterton, then but twenty-two years old, who played Pericles, Downes says he "was highly Applauded for his Acting in all these Plays, but especially, For the Loyal Subject; The Mad Lover; *Pericles*; The Bondman; *Deflores* in the Chauling; his Voice being then as Audibly strong, full and Articulate, as in the Prime of his Acting" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 18).

Women had then not made a regular appearance on the stage, and it is probable that Marius was played by Kynaston, of whom Downes records that he played many women's parts, and "being then very Young made a Compleat Female Stage Beauty, performing his Parts so well, especially Arthiope and Aglaure, being Parts, greatly moving Compassion and Pity; that it has since been Disputable among the Judicious, whether any Woman that succeeded him so Sensibly touch'd the Audience as he" (Ibid. p. 19). Plausible as is this view, it is, however, conjectural. Something stronger than mere conjecture justifies the assignment to Mosely and Floid of two of the characters taking part in the opening of act iv. sc. 5, Downes, after giving the list of six players who commonly acted women's parts, having a note to the effect that Mosely and Floid commonly acted parts of the description introduced in this scene (Roscius Anglicanus, pp. 18, 19). From this time forward until near two centuries later, when it was included in the famous series of revivals under the Phelps and Greenwood management at Sadler's Wells, *Pericles* was practically banished from the stage. In the index to the stupendous chronicle of Genest the name only appears with a reference to another play.

Doubts as to the part that Shakespeare had in its composition began at an early period. Johnstone and Steevens omit it from their edition of Shakespeare. Malone gives it only in a supplement, and Dyce even includes it with The Two Noble Kinsmen in a concluding volume. It is futile, however, to suppose that

doubts as to authorship had any more to do with its banishment from the stage than had squeamishness with regard to the scenes exhibited. Strange, indeed, would have been any dubiety as to the teaching of *Pericles* on the part of a public that tolerated Limberham and hailed the Relapse with rapture.

On 1st August, 1738, at Covent Garden, was given Marius, a three-act adaptation of *Pericles*, the responsibility for which falls upon George Lillo. More justification than could be pleaded by Dryden or D'Avenant for meddling with Shakespeare's work could be put forward by Lillo, whose treatment was the most trenchant that has often been adopted in a similar case. Cutting off the first three acts, he confines the action to the sorrows of Marius. His vindication of this course is furnished in the opening lines of a long prologue the homage to Shakespeare in which is at least as sincere as that of Dryden, Settle, or Tate.

Hard is the task, in this discerning age,
To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
And hold our hands, their low harsh strains to bring
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;
Best parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
Well may that genius every heart command,
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand;
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
With the same vigour and immortal heat;
As thro' each element and form she shines:
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's
lines.

Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.
We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of *Pericles* on him; yet let us say,
As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines
So do his bright inimitable lines.
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd
stand

And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

—Lillo's Works, ii. 61, ed. 1775.

Portions of this apology or explanation may be allowed to pass. Apart from the sufficiently apparent fact that most of the early scenes were by an inferior hand, it is difficult to interest the public in an action extending

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over a long space of time and embracing many sets of characters. Five more lines from the same preface show the treatment adopted:—

With humour mix'd in your fore-fathers way,
We've to a single tale reduc'd our play.
(Charming Marina's wrongs begin the scene;
Pericles finding her with his lost queen,
Concludes the pleasing task.

Lillo's alterations are necessarily not confined to omissions. In order to render the whole consecutive and intelligible, he is compelled to make considerable additions to the text. Some of these are fairly in keeping with the later portion of Pericles. The extreme grossness of certain scenes is modified, but some silly matter is introduced. On the impropriety of calling a Greek character Mother Coupler Genest comments. He passes over, however, the corresponding absurdity of making a character outside the shrine of Diana swear by Old Nick. It may, of course, be granted that the poet who peopled the Athenian glades with Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, and their associates, and showed us in Illyria characters such as Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch, would not have hesitated at the anachronisms of which Lillo is guilty, but different days had then been reached. The cast, then, of Marina is as follows:—

Pericles (King of Tyre)=Stephens.

Bolt (a pander)=Pinkethman.

Lysimachus (governor of Ephesus)=Hallam.

Leonine (a young lord of Tharsus)=Stevens.

Escanos (chief attendant on Pericles)=Shelton.

Vallies (captain of a crew of pirates)=Bowman.

Marina (daughter to Pericles and Thaisa)=Mrs.

Vincent.

Philoten (Queen of Tharsus)=Mrs. Hamilton.

Thaisa (Queen of Tyre)=Mrs. Marshall.

Mother Coupler (a bawd)=Mr. W. Hallam.

Gentlemen, two Priestesses, Ladies, Officers, Guards,
Pirates, and Attendants.

Most of these characters explain themselves. Cleon and Helicanus are among those who are heard of, not seen, and Philoten answers in part to Dionyza, whose daughter she is. The mother is dead, and the daughter is jealous of the beauty of Marina, which deprives

Philoten, now, by the death of her parents, Queen of Tharsus, of the admiration of the suitors who throng her court. By the promise of her hand she bribes Leonine, a young lord, to the murder of Marina, in the attempt at which he is, as in the original, foiled by the arrival of the pirates. After the departure of Pericles, who believes in the tale he is told, Philoten refuses to fulfil her promise to Leonine, whose death by poison she brings about. Before he expires, however, Leonine has strength to stab the queen and reveal her misdeeds to certain of the court. Gower the Poet, whose authorship of a version of the story caused his introduction into the earlier play, disappears from the later. Much of his narration is interpreted in action, as well as words, and the Dumb Show (act iv. sc. 3) is turned into dialogue. Considerable change is made in the third act, the conclusion being brought before the public in the Temple of Diana. Among adaptations of Shakespeare Marina is entitled to a fairly respectable place. It is, however, overpraised by Genest. No scene so strong as that in which Dionyza reveals to Cleon her supposed murder of Marina (act iv. sc. 3) is retained, but the play is touching on perusal, and would probably prove fairly effective in representation. It was acted but three times. For this the lateness of the season and the weakness of the cast may perhaps be held responsible. Mrs. Marshall is not to be confounded with her distinguished predecessor, nor Mrs. Hamilton with her celebrated successor. Mrs. Vincent was an actress of no great merit. W. Hallam, who played Mother Coupler, was seldom seen on the English stage. He was a Whitechapel victualler, who was gazetted a bankrupt in 1745, and subsequently (1752) went to America, where he was, according to Dunlap, "the father of the American stage." This position is disputed by Mr. George O. Seilhamer, the latest and most trustworthy historian of the American theatre, who prefers to call him "the first 'lucker' of an American theatrical enterprise" (History of the American Theatre before the Revolution. Philadelphia, 1888, p. 13).

The only representation of Pericles, concern-

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ing which full information is supplied, is now reached. On the 14th of October, 1854, in the eleventh season of his management, Phelps produced *Pericles*. Of the many Shakespearian performances which he had given during his tenure of Sadler's Wells, this inspired most interest. It was mounted with what was then considered luxury, and obtained a conspicuous, and, as it has been called, a "crowning success." As the only existing cast of *Pericles* at any fully recognized London theatre, the entire list of performers is given, with the exception of the attendants and so forth, whose names serve no purpose but to swell the bill. As is unavoidable in a play, the action of which covers so wide a space, the characters are classified in acts and scenes:

ACT I. *The Palace of Antiochus.*

Antiochus (King of Antioch)=Mr. T. C. Harris.
Thaliard=Mr. William Belford.
Pericles (Prince of Tyre)=Mr. Phelps.
The Daughter of Antiochus=Miss Parker.

Tyre—Interior of the Palace.

Helicanus and Escanes (two lords of Tyre)=Mr. Barrett and Mr. Parslo.
First Lord=Mr. Evans; Second Lord=Mr. Laey;
Third Lord=Mr. Mason.

Tharsus.

Cleon (Governor of Tharsus)=Mr. Henry Marston.
Dionyza (Wife of Cleon)=Miss Atkinson.

ACT II. *Peintopolis—The Sea-shore.*

First Fisherman=Mr. Josephus; Second Fisherman=Mr. Lewis Ball; Third Fisherman=Mr. Charles.

Corridor in the Palace of Simonides.

Simonides (King of Peintopolis)=Mr. Lunt.
First Lord=Mr. Franks. First Knight=Mr. Thompson.
Thaisa (Daughter to Simonides)=Miss Cooper.

A Hall of State.

ACT III. *A Ship at Sea.*

First Sailor=Mr. Stanley; Second Sailor=Mr. Weston.
Lychorida=Mrs. Henry Marston.

Ephesus—A Room in Cerimon's House.

Cerimon=Mr. J. W. Ray. Philemon=Mr. C. Mortimer.
First Gentleman of Ephesus=Mr. Perfitt.
Second Gentleman of Ephesus=Mr. White.

ACT IV. *Tharsus—An open place near the Sea-shore.*

Leonine=Mr. Meagreson.
First Pirate=Mr. Rolson; Second Pirate=Mr. Willis; Third Pirate=Mr. Gibson.
Marina (Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa)=Miss Edith Heraud.

Mitylene.

Boulton=Mr. Hoskin.
Lysimachus (Governor of Mitylene)=Mr. F. Robinson.
An old woman of Mitylene=Mr. Charles Fenton.

ACT V. *On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene.*

Diana (in a Vision)=Miss T. Bassano.
First Tyrian Sailor=Mr. Morley; Second Tyrian Sailor=Mr. Smythson.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

The representation was received with a "hurricane of applause." Professor Henry Morley has preserved in his *Journal of a London Playgoer*, 1866, the record of his impressions which first saw the light in the *Examiner*. Following Dryden, he speaks of the play as "that Eastern romance upon which Shakespeare first tried his power as a dramatist, and which he may have re-adapted to the stage even while yet a youth at Stratford." After giving a description of the story, in which he is on less debatable ground than he has previously occupied, he comes to the one important alteration which was made by Phelps, the entire omission of Gower. This, though "a loss to the play in an artistic sense," he is disposed to approve, regarding as an extremely hazardous experiment the "frequent introduction of a story-telling gentleman in a long coat and long curls;" and he condones the introduction by Phelps in certain scenes of passages of his own writing which the omission of Gower necessitated. The compression into one of the two scenes at Mitylene, in which Marina's innocence is exposed to the contaminating advances of the "old woman of Mitylene" as by a pardonable euphemism the Bawd is called, won his admiration, the result of the treatment being that "although the plot of the drama was not compromised by a false delicacy, there remained not a syllable at which true delicacy could have conceived offence. The calling of

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Boulton and his mistress was covered in the pure language of Marina with so hearty a contempt that the scene was really one in which the purest minds might be those which would take the most especial pleasure" (*Journal of a London Playgoer*, p. 96). No less favourable is the opinion of Douglas Jerrold, who says, "The greatest theatrical purist need not be afraid to visit that foul room at Mitylene, since it has been white-washed and purified by the pen of Mr. Phelps. As for the grace and grandeur with which the whole play has been made visible to the eye, we recommend all who love to see their poetical dreams realized to pay Sadler's Wells a visit, with the full certainty of deriving from it a pleasure pure and classical, such as their quickened imagination could possibly have formed no conception of" (*Lloyd's Weekly London News*, quoted in *Robertson and Phelps' Life of Phelps*, p. 143).

In the *Times*, John Oxenford, a sounder and subtler critic than either, or indeed than any English theatrical critic of the latter half of the century, is less enlogistic. On the marvels of the spectacle, on the admirable equipment of Diana, and on the "moving panorama of excellently painted coast scenery," by aid of which Pericles is, in the imagination of the spectator, conducted to Ephesus, he bestows warm praise. The play itself, however, he pronounces "a work utterly without developed character and utterly without dramatic unity," the latter a self-evident proposition. Faint "indications of characters afterwards brought into strong relief" may be found. "Dionyza may be considered a feeble germ of Lady Macbeth; Marina may suggest a thought of Imogen; the reappearance of Thaisa may recall to mind the reappearance of Hermione. . . . To call it (Pericles) an indifferent drama would be a mistake, as well as an injustice; it is, really, not a drama at all" (*The Times*, quoted in *Robertson and Phelps' Life of Phelps*, p. 145).

Characters such as Pericles presents offer in Oxenford's opinion few opportunities for acting, and the "personages in general," he holds, "do little else than walk on and walk off the stage without betraying or exciting an

emotion." One touch of acting, however, on the part of Mr. Phelps as Pericles, he considers too admirable to be passed over. "This is the manner in which he portrays the feelings of the father while gradually recognizing his daughter, in the fifth act. Grief has rendered him almost incapable of hope, and, unwilling to believe the unaccustomed approach of joy, he looks at his child with fixed eye and haggard cheek, gasping with anxiety, till doubt at last gives way to certainty, and he falls weeping on the neck of Marina. This scene was the only opportunity for acting throughout the piece, and Mr. Phelps availed himself of it most felicitously" (*Ibid.*). Of Miss Edith Heraud, whose short theatrical career began on that occasion, he says that she sustained the part in an artless manner, . . . though it has lost much of its significance by the necessary omission of the bestialities in the fourth act.

Jerrold credits Miss Heraud with great simplicity and sweetness, and with grace and dignity that carried off the most dangerous scene in the play. Phelps, he says, acted with wonderful strength and feeling. Professor Morley's sentence coincides with that of Oxenford, and he selects for warmest approval the scene of the recognition of Marina. He also praises the Thaisa of Miss Cooper. One at least of the other actors concerned, Henry Marston, was a capable elocutionist of the Kemble school, and more than one of them won recognition in the presentation of tragedy. The reception of Pericles was regarded as a success of curiosity. No subsequent management has cared to risk a second experiment, and the stage history of Pericles ends, as it practically began, with the solitary and eminently creditable venture of Phelps.—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Only a part of the play of Pericles is the work of Shakespeare's hand; and that part consists of fragments of a play which, we may strongly suspect, was never completed by its author. Pericles served, as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* had done previously, as material from which to draw characters and incidents for service in later plays. Instances of

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this will be found in the notes. The development of the characters in this play is only partially shown; and no help to the understanding of them is to be gained from the additions which were made to Shakespeare's works by others.

What strikes us in Pericles' disposition is his inability to bear up against misfortune. Lysimachus's news that his wife is dead overcomes him completely; when she calls on him to be manly, take comfort, and have patience, he is unable to respond. He is a fatalist, with a conviction that fortune has a grudge against him. When he rouses himself to bless his child, it is almost with a foreboding of ill; and he cuts short Dionyza's proffered sympathy with the words (iii. 3. 9-12):

We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is.

He attempts, however, to propitiate Diana in favour of his child by the vow to go unshorn. But he fears to see his child again, and she is left in charge of strangers, far from her father's kingdom, while he, the old story says, departed into the uttermost parts of Egypt. It is not clear whether this long absence was merely in fulfilment of the vow; but it seems almost as if Pericles avoided the sight of his daughter for fear of the sad memories which the remembrance of her birth would bring back. If he sought in solitude and travel to attain forgetfulness, he failed miserably.

Marina, on the other hand, learns in her isolation the power of endurance which her father lacks. Her only intimate friend has been the nurse Lysimachus; she cannot have had any deep friendship with Dionyza's daughter. Calmness is her chief characteristic, while in her appeals to Leonine she shows not only youthful innocence, but readiness of wit. She had grieved for the loss of her nurse; but after escaping Dionyza's treachery, her spirits

rise, and she is able to overcome difficulties and dangers to which a more craven spirit might have succumbed. The old story tells how the governor of Mitylene saw the beautiful maiden offered for sale in the public market, and sought to buy her, but was outbid by the Pander. In some such circumstances, perhaps, Marina had been "gazed on like a comet;" but Shakespeare has left us no description of how she and Lysimachus met. We only hear of her repute for "her sweet harmony, and other chosen attractions," which had so wrought upon Lysimachus that he vainly sought to know whether his hopes that she might be of noble birth were indeed well founded. The two main personages of the play are brought together before us in the fifth act; and Pericles at last finds that in power of endurance of grief he has been surpassed by a girl. The scene is "an anticipation of that in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter, but the scene in Pericles is filled with a rarer, keener passion of joy."

Dionyza is described for us by Cleon (iv. 3. 46-48):

Thou'rt like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Calculating treachery is veiled by her behind a beautiful mask in the same way as by the wife of Cymbeline. Her husband is a cipher, whom she rules as absolutely as she does the servant Leonine.

The physician Cerimon has been described as the kind of man that Bacon would have desired for a friend. He is the first of the learned men of Shakespeare with something sympathetic about him; and if there is any lesson in the play, it is from him that we must learn it. He has unselfishly devoted himself to the pursuit, not of learning alone, but of the good of mankind, two objects which are only perfectly attained when we have recognized their dependence one upon the other.



Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring.—(Act i. l. 12.)

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ACT I.

PROLOGUE.

Antioch. Before the palace. Heads are seen impaled above the gates.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. To sing a song that old¹ was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eyes and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.²
The purchase³ is to make men glorious;
*Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.*⁴
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that⁵ to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,

¹ Old, of old, long ago.

² Restoratives, recreation (literally, strengthening medicines). ³ Purchase, gain, advantage.

⁴ "And the older a good thing is, the better it is."

⁵ And that, and if it be that.

I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.

[This Antioch,⁶ then; Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,⁷
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:—
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should⁸ be done by none:
But custom⁹ what they did begin
Was with long use account¹⁰ no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,¹¹
To seek her as a bed-fellow,

⁶ This Antioch, i.e. this (that you see) is Antioch.

⁷ Fere, mate, wife.

⁸ Should, i.e. such as should.

⁹ Custom, i.e. by custom or habit.

¹⁰ Account, reckoned.

¹¹ Frame, i.e. shape (or direct) their course.

In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not,¹ lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die.

As yon grim looks do testify. 40

[*Pointing to the impaled heads.*

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.] [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at
large receiv'd²

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus; and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
bride,

[*For the embracements even of Jove himself;*
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10
To knit in her their best perfections.³]

Music. Enter the PRINCESS, attended.

[*Per. [Aside]* See where she comes, ap-
parell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives⁴ renown to men!

Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious⁵ pleasures, as⁶ from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.⁷

You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire⁸ in my breast 20
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!]

¹ Told not, not having been expounded.

² You have at large receiv'd, you have been fully made
acquainted with.

³ Perfections, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

⁴ Gives, i.e. that gives.

⁵ Curious, exquisite.

⁶ As, as if.

⁷ Her mild companion, i.e. the companion of her mild-
ness.

⁸ Desire, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Ant. Prince Pericles,— 25

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:⁹

Her face, like heaven, entice thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;

And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

You sometimes¹⁰ famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

Tell thee, with speechless tongues and sem-
blance pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on¹¹ death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath
taught 41

My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare

This body, like to them, to what I must;¹²

For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who¹³ tells us life's but breath, to trust it
error.

I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling
woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;

So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50

And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth, from whence they
came;—

[*To the Princess*] But my unspotted fire of
love to you.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,

I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: [*giving Pericles a
paper*] read the conclusion, then:

Which read¹⁴ and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Princess. Of all say'd yet,¹⁵ mayst thou prove
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

⁹ Hard, strongly, greatly.

¹⁰ Sometimes, formerly.

¹¹ For going on, lest you should fall into.

¹² To what I must, the state to which I must come.

¹³ Who, i.e. death who.

¹⁴ Which read, i.e. which having been read.

¹⁵ All say'd yet, all who have hitherto made the trial.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists;
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[*Reads the riddle.*]

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you."¹

Sharp physic is the last;² but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read
it?—

[*To the Princess*] Fair glass of light, I lov'd
you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But, I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
[*You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;*
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to
hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
[*Good sooth,³ I care not for you.*]

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy
life,

For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would braid⁴ yourself too near for me to tell
it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated⁵ 's like the wandering wind,
Blows⁶ dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

¹ Resolve it you, do you solve the problem.

² The last, i.e. the final condition.

³ Good sooth, in truth.

⁴ Braid, reproach.

⁵ Repeated, recounted, talked about.

⁶ Blows, that blows.

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them.⁷ The blind
mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth
is through'd⁸

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's
their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to
smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my
head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head!
he has found the meaning:

But I will gloze⁹ with him.—Young Prince of
Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,¹⁰
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,¹¹
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all except Pericles.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!¹²
[*If it be true that I interpret false,*
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son
By your uncomely claspings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they
feed

⁷ To stop the air would hurt them, how to stop (for the future) the gust that would hurt them.

⁸ To tell the earth is through'd, to tell how the earth is burdenned.

⁹ Gloze, use deceit.

¹⁰ Misinterpreting, i.e. being an incorrect interpretation.

¹¹ Our secret be undone, i.e. our problem be solved (by you).

¹² Sight, i.e. outward appearance.

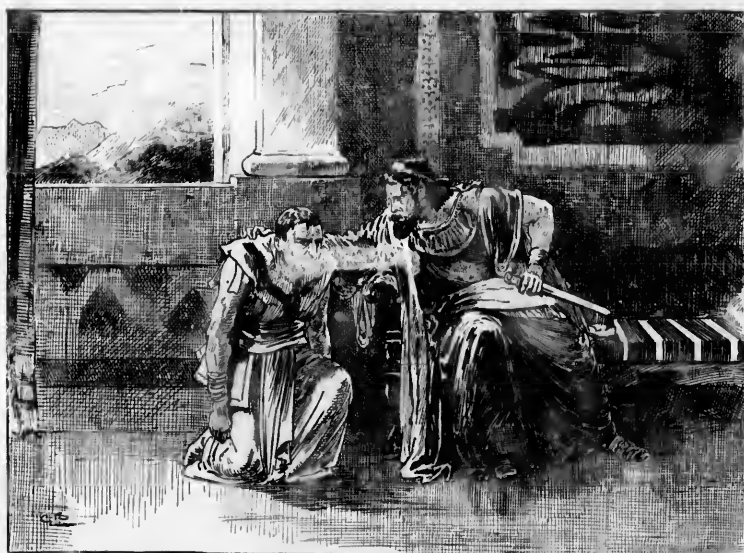
On sweetest flowers,¹ yet they poison breed.]
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush² not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the
 light.

[One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
 Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke :
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin, 139

Ay, and the targets,³ to put off the shame :
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.]
 [*Erit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which
 we mean to have his head.



Ant. [To Thaliard] As thou wilt live, fly after; and,
 like an arrow
 Shot from a well-experienc'd archer, hits

The mark his eye doth level at: so thou:
 Never return
 Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."—(Act i. 1. 163-167.)

[He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy.
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner;
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.—]
 Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call? 150

Ant. Thaliard,

You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes⁴ 152

Her private actions to your secrecy:
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must
 kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord, 't is done.

Ant. Enough. 159

¹ *Flowers*, pronounced as a dissyllable.

² *Blush*, who blush.

³ *Targets*, shields.

⁴ *Partakes*, imparts.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*]

Ant. [To *Thaliard*] As thou wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow

Shot from a well-experienced archer, hits
The mark his eye doth level at, so thou:

[Never return

Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

Thal. My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,²
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to
your highness.

Ant. *Thaliard*, adieu! [*Exit Thaliard.*] Till

Pericles be dead 170

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Tyre.* A room in the palace.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [To those without] Let none disturb us.

Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so-us'd a guest³ as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,—
The tomb where grief should sleep,—can
breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine
eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, 's at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,⁴
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be
done,

Grows elder now, and cares⁵ it be not done.

And so with me:—the great Antiochus—
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can⁶ make his will his act—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence;

¹ Level, aim.

² Length, i.e. range, reach.

³ My so-us'd a guest, so constant a companion of mine.

⁴ Mis-dread, mistrust, apprehension.

⁵ Cares, takes heed, makes provision.

⁶ So great can, so great that he can.

Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be
known;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent of war⁸ will look so huge,
Amazement⁹ shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
offence:

[Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 30
Which fence the roots they grow by, and
defend them,—
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.]

Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your
sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you
return to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him
For flattery is the bellows blows¹⁰ up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger
glowing; 41

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth¹¹ here does proclaim a
peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's¹² in our
haven,

And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Helicanus, thou 50

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

⁷ Boots it me, is it any use to me.

⁸ Th' ostent of war, i.e. the mere display of his armament.

⁹ Amazement, consternation.

¹⁰ Blows, that blows.

¹¹ Sooth, flattery.

¹² Lading, cargoes.

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord. 52

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger¹ to our face!

Hel. How dares the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I've power To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling*] I've ground the axe myself; Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise. Sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60

I thank thee for't; and heaven forbid That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince, Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon your-
self.

[*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,

That minister'st a potion unto me That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me,² then: I went to Antioch, 70 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase³ of a glorious beauty, From whence an issue I might propagate Are⁴ arms to princes, and bring joys to sub-
jects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as in-
cest:

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:⁵ but thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80

Under the covering of a careful night, Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed. 83

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than their years: And should he doubt⁶ it,—as no doubt he doth,—

That I should open to the listening air How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, To keep his bed of blackness unladen open;— To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him; 91

When all, for mine, if I may call offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: Which love to all,—of which thyself art one, Who now reprov'dst me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir! *Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts, How I might stop this tempest, ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you've given me leave to speak,] 101

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who either by public war or private treason Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot, Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. Your rule direct to⁸ any; if to me, 109 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith; But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus

Intend⁹ my travel,—where I'll hear from thee; And by whose letters I'll dispose myself. The care I had and have of subjects' good On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it. 119

¹ Move anger, i.e. cause anger to come.

² Attend me, listen to me.

³ Purchase, acquisition.

⁴ Are, such as are.

⁵ Smooth, flatter

⁶ Doubt, fear, suspect.

⁷ Unladen open, undeclared.

⁸ Direct to, devolve on.

⁹ Intend, direct.

st, what might
83
tyrants' fears
than their years:
as no doubt he.
ening air
oods were shed,
unlaid ope,⁷—
band with arms,
hat I have done
91
call offence,
s not innocence:
thyself art one,
t,—
Alas, sir!
ine eyes, blood

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relieve them,
o grieve them.
on've given me
101
as you fear,
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private treason

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thee, then, and

hear from thee;
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bjects' good
s' strength can
119

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack
both; 121
But in our orbs¹ we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er con-
vince;²
Thou show'dst a subject's shine,³ I a true
prince. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do
it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis
dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise
fellow and had good discretion, that, be-
[Exeunt.]



Hel. [Kneeling] I've ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.—(Act I. 2. 58, 59.)

bid to ask what he would of the king, desired
he might know none of his secrets: now do I
see he had some reason for't; for if a king
bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the in-
denture⁴ of his oath to be one.—Hush! here
comes the lords of Tyre. [Goes aside.]

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers
of Tyre, 11

¹ *Orbs*, spheres.

² *Time of both this truth shall ne'er convince*, time shall
never overthrow this truth about both of us.

³ *Shine*, lustre.

⁴ *Indenture*, covenant.

Further to question me of your king's depar-
ture: 12

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch,—

Thal. [Aside] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I
know not— 20

Took some displeasure at him,—at least he
judg'd so;

And doubting¹ lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, 24
With whom each minute threatens life or
death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, this the king's ears must
please,—

He scap'd the land, to perish at the seas.
I'll present myself. [*Comes forward.*—Peace
to the lords of Tyre! 30

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-
come.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown
travels;

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire² it,
Commended to our master, not to us 32

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. An open place.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd,³ they higher
rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants
it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Grief makes our tongues and sorrows to sound
deep

¹ Doubting, fearing.

² Desire, i.e. ask; pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ Topp'd, lopped.

Our woes into the air; our eyes to weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
them louder;

That, if heav'n⁴ slumber while their creatures
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll, then, discourse⁵ our woes, felt several
years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with
tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the
government,

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd
the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at,⁶
Whose men and dames so jetted⁷ and adorn'd,

Like one another's glass to trim them by;⁸
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,

And not so much to feed on as delight;⁹ 25
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,

The name of help¹⁰ grew odious to repeat.—
Dio. O, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this
our change,
Those mouths who but of late, earth, sea, and
air,

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abun-
dance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who, not yet two summers
younger, 30

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
[Those mothers who to nurse up¹¹ their babes,
Thought nought too curious,¹² are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.]
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:

⁴ Heav'n, i.e. the gods.

⁵ Discourse, relate.

⁶ And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at, i.e. and
which strangers ne'er beheld but with wonder.

⁷ Jetted, strutted.

⁸ Glass to trim them by, pattern after which to dress
themselves.

⁹ As delight, as to delight.

¹⁰ Help, i.e. charity.

¹¹ Nurse up, cherish, rear.

¹² Curious, delicate.

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y proclaim
ir creatures
nfert them.
felt several
p me with
20
I have the

hand,
the streets;
they kiss'd

onder'd at;⁴
and ador'd,
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nd the sight,
light;⁹ 20
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lo! By this
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please,
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use,
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the taste,
I beg for it:
their labes,
e ready now
they lov'd.]
man and wife
ngthen life:

urse, relate.
er'd at, i.e. and
onder.

r which to dress

p, i.e. charity.
ious, delicate.

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them
fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true? 50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness
it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these
tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in
haste,

For comfort is too far for us t' expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbour-
ing shore, 60

A portly sail¹ of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,²
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Where as³ no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the
semblance⁴
of their white flags display'd, they bring us
peace,

And come to us as favourers,⁵ not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's intutor'd to
repeat:⁶

Who makes the fairest show means most
deceit.

But bring they what they will and what they
can,

What need we fear?

¹ A portly sail, imposing fleet.

² Nation, pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ Where as, where.

⁴ Seemblance, pronounced as a trisyllable.

⁵ Favourers, succourers, relievers.

⁶ Hea's intutor'd to repeat, him that has not been
taught the lesson.

The ground's the lowest,⁷ and we're half-way
there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he
comes, 80

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;⁸
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants; some people
of Tarsus follow.*

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fir'd, t' amaze⁹ your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets.
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily¹⁰ may think
Are like the Trojan horse was¹¹ stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half
dead.

All. [*Knelling*] The gods of Greece protect
you!

And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourselves, our ships, and
men. 100

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their
evils!

Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be
seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ The ground's the lowest, i.e. the grave is the worst
depth (of misfortune).

⁸ If he on peace consist, if he be set on (or disposed for)
peace.

⁹ Amaze, perturb

¹⁰ You happily, which you perchance.

¹¹ Was, which was.

ACT II.

*The same.**Enter GOWER.*

Gow. [Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I-wis,¹ to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful² both in deed and word;
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.³
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation⁴—
To whom I give my benison— 10
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?]

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES, talking with
CLEON; their Trains with them. Enter,
from the other side, a Gentleman, with a
letter to PERICLES; who shows the letter to
CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward,
and knights him. Exit severally PERI-
CLES and CLEON, with their Trains.*

Good Helicme, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours;—for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive, 20
And to fulfil his prince's desire,—
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest,
He, doing so,⁵ put forth to seas,
Where when men bin,⁶ there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below, 30

Make such iniquity, that the ship 31
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perisken of man, of self,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs⁷ the text.

*[Exit.*SCENE I. *Pentapolis. The sea-shore.*PERICLES, *recit.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly
man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath⁸
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery
grave, 10
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.**First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!*Sec. Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets!*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!*Third Fish.* What say you, master?*First Fish.* Look how thou stirr'st now!
come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.¹⁰*Third Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking
of the poor men that were cast away before us
even now. 20*First Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieveth my
heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to¹ *I-wis*, in truth.² *Awful*, law abiding, conscientious.³ *Necessity*, misfortune, distress.⁴ *Conversation*, conduct; pronounced as five syllables.⁵ *Doing so*, i.e. acting accordingly (?). ⁶ *Bin*, are.⁷ *Should*, which should.⁸ *This longs*, this (that follows) belongs to.⁹ *Breath*, i.e. life.¹⁰ *With a wanion*, i.e. "had trick to you!"

us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves. 24

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounc'd and tumbled? they say they're half-fish, half-flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look

to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. 30

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land,¹—the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor



Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!—(Act II. I. 61, 62.)

fly before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral. 39

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides! 49

Third Fish. He would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the funny subjects of the sea

These fishers tell th' infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect² All that may men approve, or men detect!—Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? If it be a day fits you,³ search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast— 60

¹ A-land, by land.

² Recollect, i. e. select.

³ Fits you, distracts you, makes you mad.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast¹ thee in our way! 62

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our country of Greece gets more
with begging than we can do with working

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then? 71

Per. I never practis'd it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure;
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless
thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man through'd up² with cold: my veins are
chill, 77

And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid!
I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep
thee warm. Now, afore me,³ a handsome fellow!
Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll
have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days,
and more'er puddings and flap-jacks;⁴ and
thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend,—you said
you could not beg. 90

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver
too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for
if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish
no better office than to be beadle.—But, master,
I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth
becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir,—do you know
where ye are? 101

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called
Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to
be call'd for his peaceable reign and good
government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains
from his subjects the name of good by his
government. How far is his court distant
from this shore? 111

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey;
and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and
to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are
princes and knights come from all parts of the
world to just⁵ and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they
may; and what a man cannot get, he may law-
fully deal for his wife's soul. 121

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen,
drawing up a net.*

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in
the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots
on't,⁶ 't is come at last, and 't is turn'd to a
rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let
me see it.—

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heri-
tage, 129

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
"Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
"Twixt me and death;"—and pointed to this
brace;—

"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like neces-
sity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—'t
may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in, though ead'd have given't
again;

¹ Cast, cast up, vomit.

² Through'd up, oppressed, numbed.

³ Afore me, "on my word!"

⁴ Flap-jacks, pancakes.

⁵ Just, tilt.

⁶ Bots on't, a plague on it!

I thank thee for't; my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir? 111

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat
of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,¹
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou journey for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, d'ye take it, and the gods
give thee good on't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend;
't was we that made up this garment through
the rough seams of the waters; there are cer-
tain condolements, certain vails.² I hope, sir,
if you thrive, you'll remember from whence
you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture³ of the sea, 161
This jewel holds his building⁴ on my arm:—
Unto the value⁵ I will moimt myself
Upon a comber, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide thee: thou
shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair;
and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. The entrance to the lists;
with the royal pavilion overlooking them.*

*A flourish. Enter SIMONIDES, THAISSA, Lords,
and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph?⁶

¹ Better, mend.

² Vails, perquisites.

³ Rapture, violence, seizure.

⁴ Holds his building, keeps its place.

⁵ Unto the value, i.e. to as high a value (as the jewel will
fetch).

⁶ Triumph, tournament.

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them;⁷ we are ready; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:

As jewels lose their glory if neglected, 12
So princes their renown if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire
presents his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer him-
self?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun; 20
The word,⁸ *Lux tua vita mihi.*⁹

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life
of you.

[The Second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Mas por dulzura
que por fuerza.*¹⁰

[The Third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, *Me pompe procevit apex.*¹¹ 30

[The Fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth?

⁷ Return them, take them word.

⁸ Word, motto.

⁹ "Thy light is life to me."

¹⁰ "More by gentleness than by force."

¹¹ "The crown of the triumph drew me on."

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;³²

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*¹

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his² power and will, Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*³

[*The Sixth Knight (Pericles) passes over.*]

Sim. And what 's The sixth and last, the which the knight himself⁴⁰ With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present⁴ is A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;

The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*⁵

Sim. A pretty moral; From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show Can any way speak in his just commend;⁶ For, by his rusty outside, he appears⁵⁰ T' have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan⁷

The outward habit by⁸ the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming;

We will withdraw into the gallery. [*Exeunt.* *Great shouts within,* "The mean knight"⁹

¹ "That which nourishes me, quenches me."

² His, its. ³ "So faith is to be tested."

⁴ His present, that which he presents.

⁵ In this hope I live.

⁶ In his just commend, in just commendation of him.

⁷ Scan, study.

⁸ By, concerning.

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state; a banquet prepared.*

SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants. Enter the Marshal, conducting Pericles and the other knights, armed.

Sim. Knights, To say you're welcome were superfluous, To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms, Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit, Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast: You are princes and my guests.

Thai. [*To Pericles*] But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,¹⁰ And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours; And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed; And you're her labour'd scholar.⁹—Come, queen o' the feast,

For, daughter, so you are, here take your place:— Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We're honour'd much by good Simonides.²⁰

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.— [*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These eates resist me,¹⁰ he not thought upon.¹¹

⁹ Her labour'd scholar, the scholar over whose training she took special pains.

¹⁰ These eates resist me, these delicacies are distasteful to me.

¹¹ He not thought upon, if he be not in my thoughts.

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Sit, sir, sit.—

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thought upon.¹¹

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encies are distasteful

in my thoughts.

Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,¹ 30

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did veil² their crowns to his supremacy;

Where³ now his son's like glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

First Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,— 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress⁴ lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:

You knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail⁵ his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is't to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter: princes, in this,
Shoul⁷ live like gods above, who freely give
To every one that comes to honour them: 60
And princes not doing so are like to gaats,
Which make a sound, but kill: I are wonder'd at.
Therefore, to make his entertain⁶ more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bow¹ of wine
to him.

¹ Marriage, pronounced as a trisyllable.

² Veil, lower. ³ Where, while, whereas.

⁴ Mistress', mistresses'.

⁵ A show might countervail, an aspect such as would equal.

⁶ Entertain, entertainment.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! 70

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could
not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire
to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name,
Pericles; 81

My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,—

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names him-
self Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas

Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his mis-
fortune, 90

And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other
revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,⁷
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

[I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.]

[*Music.* The Knights and Ladies
dance; Pericles remains seated.

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well per-
form'd.—

[*To Pericles*] Come, sir; 100
Here is a lady that wants breathing⁸ too:

⁷ As you are address'd, i.e. just as you are.

⁸ Breathing, i.e. exercising (with a dance).

And I have heard, yon knights of Tyre 102
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are,
my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be
denied

Of your fair courtesy.]

[*Dance renewed, Pericles and Thaisa
leading.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best.—Pages and
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!—

[*To Pericles*] Yours, sir, 110

We have giv'n order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;

And that's the mark I know you level¹ at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow all for speeding do their best.²

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's
house.*

Enter HELICANE and ESCANES.

[*Hel.* No, Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter
with him,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so
stunk, 10

That all those eyes ador'd³ them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escan. 'T was very strange.

¹ Level, aim

² All for speeding do their best, let all do their best to
achieve success.

³ Those eyes ador'd, i.e. those eyes which adored, those
whose eyes adored.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no
guard 14

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Escan. 'T is very true.]

Enter several Lords.

[*First Lord.* See, not a man in private con-
ference

Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve⁴ without
reproof.

Third Lord. And curs'd be he that will not
second it. 20

First Lord. Follow me, then.—Lord Heli-
cane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome:—happy day,
my lords.]

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen
to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the
prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble
Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd⁵ he lives to govern us, 31
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death's indeed the strong-
est in our censure;⁶

And, knowing this kingdom, if without a
head,—

Like goodly buildings left without a roof,—
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suf-
frages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I⁷ your wish, I leap into the seas,

⁴ Grieve, be grievous (to us).

⁵ Resolv'd, assured, satisfied.

⁶ Strongest in our censure, most certain in our judgment

⁷ Take I, if I should take.

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Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear¹ the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love, 49
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous
worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will
not yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Heli. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

SIMONIDES, reading a letter. Enter to him
three Knights.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good
Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her,
my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means: she hath so
strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons² more she'll wear Diana's
livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,
They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger
knight,

¹ Forbear, i.e. endure (?)

² Twelve moons, twelvemonth.

Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with
mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20
Well, I do commend her choice:



Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.—(Act II. 5. 36, 37.)

And will no longer have it be delay'd.—
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I'm beholding
to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.¹

Per. [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,
And thou art a villain!

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy² offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain³ her love or your dis-
pleasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king's—

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd⁴ of a base descent.
I came into your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to your state;
And he that otherwise assaults me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve⁵ your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make⁶ me
glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?—[*aside*] who, for aught I
know,

May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:—

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it
too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes de-
stroy:—

And for a further grief.—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes,—if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters
it.

[*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see
you wed;

And then with what haste you can get you to
bed.] [*Exeunt.*

¹ Else, i.e. to the contrary.

² Levy, i.e. imagine, contemplate.

³ A deed might gain, a deed which might gain.

⁴ Relish'd, gave indication.

⁵ Resolve, acquaint.

⁶ That would make, i.e. that which would make.

ACT III.

*The same.**Enter COWER.*

Enter. [Now sleep yslaked hath¹ the rout:
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast²
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with line of burning coal,
Now crouches i' the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attend,
And time, that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly chee:³
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.]

DUMB-SNOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES and SIMOXIDES
with Attendants; a Messenger kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter;
it to SIMOXIDES; the Lords kneel, and PERICLES.
Then enter THAISA with a child, and LYCORIDA.
SIMOXIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES
take leave of her father, and depart with LYCORIDA
and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMOXIDES and the rest.*

By many a dern⁴ and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense⁵
Can stead the quest.⁶ At last from Tyre—
Fame answering the most strange inquire⁶—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:⁷—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyre on the head

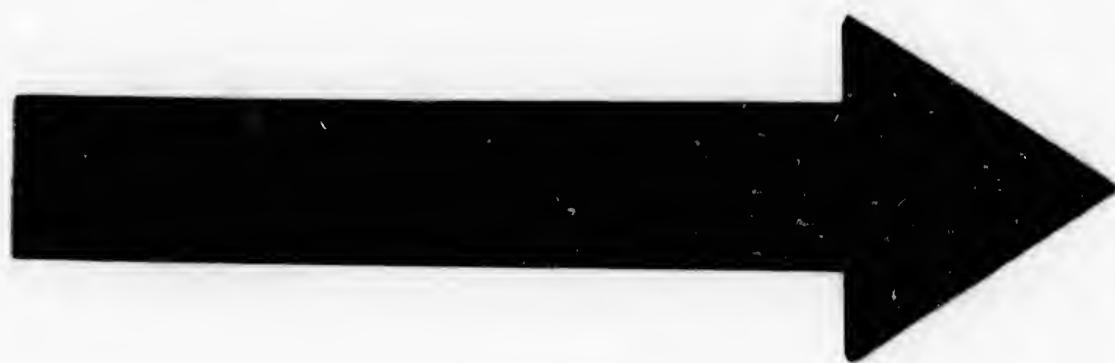
Of Helicams would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes to appease;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yraved the regions round,
And every one with claps and sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—
Lycorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzled⁹ north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-nea!¹⁰
Does fall in travail with her fear.
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will¹¹ relate, action¹² may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak

[*Exit.*]SCENE I. *At sea.*

PERICLES discovered, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
that hast

¹ *Yslaked hath*, hath quieted (literally, "hath abated").² *Breast*, chest.³ *Quaintly chee*, cleverly lengthen out.⁴ *Dern*, dreary.⁵ *Stead the quest*, aid the search.⁶ *Most strange inquire*, most particular inquiry.⁷ *The tenour these*, the contents being as follows.⁸ *Can sound*, began to cry out.⁹ *Grizzled*, grim.¹⁰ *Well-a-nea*, alas!¹¹ *Will*, will not.¹² *Action*, pronounced as a trisyllable.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.0



1.1



1.25



1.4



1.6



1.8



2.0



2.2



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6.3



7.1



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10



11



12.5



14



16



18



20



22.5



25



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Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still
 Thy deafning, dreadful thunders; gently
 quench
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how,
 Lycorida,
 How does my queen?—Thou stormest venom-
 ously;
 Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's
 whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—Lycorida!—Lucina, O 10
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; makeswift the pangs
 Of my queen's travail.

Enter LYCORIDA with an Infant.

Now, Lycorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a
 place,
 Who, if it had conceit,¹ would die, as I
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
 Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lycorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the
 storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
 A little daughter: for the sake of it, 21
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away? We here
 below

Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Vie honour with you.²

Lyc. Patience,³ good sir,
 Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
 For a more blustering birth had never babe:
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions!⁴
 For thou'rt the rudest welcome to this world
 That e'er was prince's child. Happy what
 follows! 31

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

¹ *Conceit*, understanding.

² *Vie honour with you*, contend with you in honour.

³ *Patience*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

⁴ *Conditions*, disposition (pronounced as a quadrisyllable).

To herald thee from the womb: even at the
 first 34
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
 With all thou canst find here.—Now, the good
 gods
 Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;⁵
 'T hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
 I would it would be quiet. 42

First Sail. Slack the bolins there!—Thou
 wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room,⁶ and the brine and
 clondy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard:
 the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will
 not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition. 50

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it
 hath been still observed; and we are strong in
 custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she
 must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched
 queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my
 dear;

No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time 59
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining lumps, the belching whale
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
 corpse,

Lying with simple shells.—O Lycorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Niander
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say 60
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lycorida.*]

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the
 hatches, caul'd and bitm'd ready.

⁵ *Flaw*, blast.

⁶ *But sea-room*, only let there be sea-room.

vomb; even at the
thy portage quit,
re.—Now, the good

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, sir? God save you!
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offin'd, in the ooze;
pon thy bones,
the belching whale
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—O Lycorida,
es, ink and paper,
; and bid Nicander
lay the babe
whiles I say
suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lycorida.*
a chest beneath the
d ready.

there be sea-room.

Per. I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast
is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mari-
ner:

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus.* A room in Cerimon's house.

CERIMON, a Servant, and some poor people.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I've been in many; but such a night
as this,

Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minster'd to nature
That can recover him.—[*To Philemon*] Give
this to th' apothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all except Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow. 10

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals¹ did seem to rend,
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you
so early;

Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. 20

First Gent. But I much marvel that your
lordship, having 21

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer.

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning² were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former, 30
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—

Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which

doth give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, 41

To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd;

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Ceri-
mon 47

Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

First Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches
upon us.

¹ Principals, corner-posts.

² Cunning, i.e. skill.

Sec. Gent. 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
entreasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too!—
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

"Here I give to understand,—

If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—

I, King Pericles, have lost 70

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chane'd to-
night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too
rough 79

That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.—

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The oppress'd spirits. I've read of an Egypt-
tian

That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said,¹ well said: the fire and cloths.—

The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The vial once more!—how thou stir'st, thou
block!— 90

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been en-
tranc'd 94

Above five hours: see how she gins to bow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part 100
Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear,
To make the world twice rich.—O, live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair
creature,

Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber
bear her.—

Get linen:—now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal.² Come, come; 110
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying out Thaisa.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's
house.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LY-
CORIDA with MARINA in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious³ peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness!⁴ The
gods

Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your strokes of fortune,
Though they have hurt you mortally, yet
lance

woundingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!

² Mortal, fatal.

³ Litigious, precarious.

⁴ Take from my heart all thankfulness, receive my most
heartly thanks.

¹ Well said, i.e. well done.

wakes; a warmth
th not been en-
94
ne gins to blow

e heavens,
onder, and set up

alive; behold,
eavenly jewels
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[*She moves.*
r Diana,
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Most rare.
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must be look'd to,
Come, come; 110

rying out Thaisa.

in the Governor's

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ACT II

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That the strict Fates had pleas'd you had
brought her hither,
T^h have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina,—

Whom, for¹ she was born at sea, I've nam'd
so,—here

I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think



Thais. But since King Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er shall see again,

A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.—(Act iii. 4. 8-11.)

Your grace, that fed my country with your
corn,—

For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you,—

Must in your child be thought on. If neglecton
should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!²

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,

Without your vows.—Till she be married,
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Which shall not be more dear to my respect³
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge
the shore,

¹ For, because.

² To the end of generation, i.e. throughout my posterity.

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³ To my respect, in my affection.

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lycorida, no tears: 39
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

CERIMON and THAISA discovered.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are at your
command.
Know you the character?¹

Thai. It is my lord's,
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Ev'n on my eaning time;² but whether there
deliver'd
By the holy gods, I cannot rig¹ly say.
But since King Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye
speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing³ scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack, 11
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife;
And in this kind:⁴ Cleon doth own
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
[Ev'n ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight⁵ Philoten: and it is said]
For certain in our story, she

Would ever with Marina be: 20
Be't when she weav'd the sleided⁶ silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle⁷ wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the nite
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan;⁸ or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill 30
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white.⁹ Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,¹⁰

¹ Character, handwriting.

² Eaning time, time for childbirth.

³ Fast-growing, growing up (to Marina's maturity) as quick as thought.

⁴ In this kind, i.e. as follows.

⁵ Hight, is called.

⁶ Sleided, untwisted, floss.

⁷ Needle, pronounced "neele."

⁸ Records with moan, warbles dolefully.

⁹ Vie feathers white, compete about white feathers.

¹⁰ Stead, aid.

is my lord's.
I'll remember,
whether there

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[*Exeunt.*

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efully.
out white feathers.

Lycorida, our nurse, is dead: 42
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest¹ for this blow. 'Tis unborn event
I do commend to your content;²
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey, 49
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing if the world so
soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
science,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely;³ nor let pity, which
Ev'n women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I'll do it; but yet she is a goodly
creature.
Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have
her.—Here 10
She comes weeping for her only mistress'
death.—
Thou art resolv'd?
Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,⁴
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows,
blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last.—Ay me! poor
maid,
Born in a tempest, while my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
Whirling me from my friends.

¹ *Prest*, ready.

² *To your content*, i.e. to your pleasure (in viewing it).

³ *Nicely*, over scrupulously.

⁴ *Weed*, dress.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone? 22
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your
favour
Is chang'd with this unprofitable woe!
[Come, go you on the beach; give me your
flowers.
Ere the sea mar it, walk with Leonine;
The air's quick⁵ there, and it pierces
And sharpens the stomach. [*Marina hesitates*].

—Come, Leonine,
Take her by the arm, walk with her. 30
Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here; when he shall come, and
find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great
voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have
taken 38
No care to your best courses.⁶ Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve⁷
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I've no desire to it.
Dion. Come, come,
I know 't is good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I've said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
while: 48

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit Dionyza.*

Is this wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

⁵ *Quick*, fresh.

⁶ *Your best courses*, i.e. the habits best for you.

⁷ *Reserve*, be careful of.

Leon. Was't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never
 fear,
 But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors,
 galling
 His kingly hands, haling ropes;
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea

That almost burst the deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born:
 Never was waves nor wind more violent;
 And from the ladder-tackle washes off⁶¹
 A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt
 out?"



Mar. Why will you kill me?—(Act iv. 1. 71.)

And with a dropping industry they skip⁶³
 From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
 and
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. [*Drawing his sword*] Come, say your
 prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for
 prayer,
 I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for⁶⁹
 The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
 To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as¹ I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life:
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature:
 Believe me, la, I never kill'd a mouse,
 Nor hurt a fly: I trod upon a worm⁷⁹
 Against my will, but I wept for it. How
 Have I offended her, wherein my death
 Might yield her any profit, or my life
 Imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

¹ As, according as, if.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks fore-
show

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so
now: 59

Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

First Pirate. Hold, villain!

[Leonine runs away.]

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.]

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving¹ thieves serve the
great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear
she's dead,

And thrown into the sea.—[But I'll see
further: 100

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me beslain.]
[Exit.]

[SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't,—

Boul't. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Myti-
lene is full of gallants. We lost too much
money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of crea-
tures. We have but poor three, and they can
do no more than they can do; and they with
continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones,
what'er we pay for them. If there be not a

conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall
never prosper. 13

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 't is not our bring-
ing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have
brought up some eleven,—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven; and brought them
down again.—But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have,
a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are
so pitifully solden.² 21

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too un-
wholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transyl-
vanian is dead, that lay with the little bag-
gage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she
made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go
search the market. *[Exit.]*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins
were as pretty a proportion³ to live quietly,
and so give over. 30

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it
a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the
commodity, nor the commodity wages not
with the danger: therefore, if in our youths
we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were
not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides,
the sore terms we stand upon with the gods
will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as
we. 40

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too;
we offend worse. Neither is our profession
any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes
Boul't.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boul't. [To Marina] Come your ways.—My
masters, you say she's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone through⁴ for
this piece you see: if you like her, so; if not, I
have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities? 50

Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well,
and has excellent good clothes: there's no

² *Solden*, i.e. overdone.

³ *As pretty a proportion*, i.e. as good a competency (as
need be).

⁴ *Gone through*, i.e. made a bargain.

¹ *Rogving*, vagabond.

farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd. 53

Bard. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated¹ one doit² of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bard. Boult, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—

Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

Bard. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bard. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bard. You are light³ into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault 79

To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bard. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bard. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bard. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman? 89

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bard. Marry, whip thee, gosling! I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

¹ I cannot be bated, i.e. they will not hate me (or remit).

² Doit, the smallest coin, worth about half a farthing.

³ Light, lighted, fallen.

Mar. The gods defend me! 95

Bard. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's return'd.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice. 102

Bard. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bard. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on. 111

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' his hams?

Bard. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bard. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun. 122

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bard. [*To Marina*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere⁴ profit. 132

Mar. I understand you.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bard. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they

⁴ Mere, pure.

must; for your bride goes to that with shame
which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul. Faith, some do, and some do not.
But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the
joint,— 141

Bowl. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Bowl. I may so.

Bowl. Who should deny it!—Come, young
one, I like the manner of your garments
well.

Bowl. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be
chang'd yet.

Bowl. Boul, spend thou that in the town:
report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose
nothing by custom. When nature fram'd this
piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore
say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the
harvest out of thine own report. 153

Bowl. I warrant you, mistress, thunder
shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving
out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined.
I'll bring home some to-night.

Bowl. Come your ways; follow me.

Mur. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters
deep,

Untied I still my virgin-knot will keep. 160
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bowl. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's
house.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA, in mourning
garments.*

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be un-
done?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed.—O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' th' earth
I'll the justice of compare!—O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too; 10

If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a
kindness

Becoming well thy fact;¹ what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the
Fates, 14

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross
it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,



Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.—(Act iv 3. 2-4.)

And for an honest attribute² cry out 18
"She died by foul play."

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heaven, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

¹ Fact, deed.

² For an honest attribute, i.e. to be accounted honest.

Dion. Be't so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came
dead,
Nor none can know Leonine being gone. 30
She did distain¹ my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes; none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was hurt at, and held a maw-
kin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me
thorough;²
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles, what should he
say? 40
We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn:
Her monument's almost finish'd, and her
epitaphs

In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou'rt like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the
flies: 50

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[*Eceunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A public place before
the monument of Marina.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making³—to take your imagination—
From bouru to bouru, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you,

¹ *Distain*, i.e. eclipse, sully (by contrast).

² *Thorough*, through.

³ *Making*, i.e. voyaging.

The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting⁴ the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight, 11
To see his daughter, all his life's delight:
Old Helicanus goes along.⁵ Behind
Is left to govern it,⁶ you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought
This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on— 19
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like notes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES with his Train;
from the other, CLEON and DIONYZA,
in mourning garments. CLEON shows
PERICLES the tomb of Marina; whereat
PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on
sackcloth, and in a mighty passion de-
parts. Then eceunt CLEON, DIONYZA,
and the rest.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion⁷ stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears
o'ershower'd,

Leaves Tarsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit⁸
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*]

"The fairest, sweet'est, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th'
earth:

⁴ *Thwarting*, crossing.

⁵ *Goes along*, goes with him.

⁶ *Govern it*, act as governor.

⁷ *Borrow'd passion*, counterfeit grief.

⁸ *Wit*, know, take note of.

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erthrow'd,⁴⁰
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does—and swears she'll never stint—
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor doth become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
[Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And 'ear his courses to be ordered
By lucky Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,⁵⁰
And think you now are all in Mytilene.]
[Exit.

[SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a
place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preach'd
there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more
bawdy-houses;—shall's go hear the vestals
sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is
virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting
for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the
worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.
We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of
her. When she should do for clients her fit-
ment, and do me the kindness of our profes-
sion, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her
master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that
she would make a puritan of the devil, if he
should cheapen¹ a kiss of her.¹⁰

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all
our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sick-
ness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't
but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the
Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown,
if the peevish baggage would but give way
to customers.²¹

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How² a dozen of virgini-
ties?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good
health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you
that your resorters stand upon sound legs.
How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you
that a man may deal withal, and defy the
surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would
—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou
wouldst say.³³

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say
well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

[Exit Boult.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and
red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose
indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

40

Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd,
no less than it gives a good report to a num-
ber to be chaste.³

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the
stalk,—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voy-
age at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me
leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.⁵²

Bawd. [To Marina] First, I would have
you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may
worthily note him.

² How, how go, what price.

³ To be chaste, i.e. of being chaste.

Bard. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 61

Bard. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bard. My lord, she's not pac'd¹ yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.²—Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways. 71

[*Exeunt Bard, Pander, and Boult.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven? 81

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 90

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;

¹ *Pac'd*, broken in, taught her paces (like a horse).

² *To your manage*, i.e. to be managed or governed by you.

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it. 101

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest

bird

That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold

for thee:

Perséver in that clear³ way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten⁴

That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Fare thee well. Thou'rt a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—

Hold, here's more gold for thee.— 120

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper! Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away!

[*Exit.*]

Boult. How's this! We must take another course with you. If your peevish elastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways. 134

Mar. Whither would you have me?

³ *Clear*, virtuous (pronounced as a dissyllable).

⁴ *Be you thoughten*, i.e. be assured.

ment good
101
—Some more;

For me,
gentle fortune
here, since I

an physie,—

allow'd place,
the meanest

did not think
ne'er dream'd

ed mind,
l, here's gold

u goest,

preserve you!
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for to me
your vilely.
of virtue, and
been noble.—

— 120
thief,

If thou dost
my good.

, one peece for

oorkeeper!
that doth prop

u. Away!
[Exit.

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evish chastity,
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like a spaniel.

ve me?
134

a (dissyllable).
ed.

Boul. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? 140

Boul. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boul. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boul. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. 149

Bawd. Boul, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boul. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit.

Boul. Come, mistress; come your ways with me. 162

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boul. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boul. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boul. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress. 170

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every

Coystril¹ that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy fool is such 178
As hath been beleh'd on by infected hungs.

Boul. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest.

Empty

Old receptacles, or common shores,² of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:

Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, 189

Would own a name too dear.—O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!—
Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from
boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boul. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, 200

And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boul. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boul. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.]

¹ Coystril, blackguard.

² Shores, sewers.

ACT V.

[PROLOGUE.]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays;
 Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle¹
 composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
 berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses;
 Her inkle,² silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,³
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
 lost:

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Herewhere his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from
 whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His⁴ banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy⁴ Pericles; think this his bark:
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd;⁵ please you, sit, and hark.
 [Exit.]

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene.
 A pavilion on deck, closed. The barge of
 Lysimachus is lying alongside the ship.*

*Two Sailors, one belonging to Pericles' ship, the
 other to Mytilene; enter to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where
 is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve⁶ you.*

¹ Needle, pronounced "neele."

² Inkle, thread or wool.

³ His, i.e. the ship's.

⁴ Heavy, sorrowful.

⁵ In action . . . discover'd, shall be shown in the play,
 as more should be were it possible.

⁶ Resolue, inform.

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
 And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your
 will?

Hel. That he have his. [Exit Mytilenian
 Sailor.] Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth
 would come aboard:

I pray ye, greet them fairly. 10

Enter, from the barge, LYSIMACHUS and Lords.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
 This is the man that can, in aught you would,
 Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve
 you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
 And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
 Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's tri-
 umphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
 I made to it, to know of whence you are. 19

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor
 Of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
 Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
 A man who for this three months hath not
 spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance
 But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground
 Is his distemperature?

Hel. 'T would be
 Too tedious to repeat; but the main grief
 Springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 20

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
 To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him [*The curtain is drawn, and Pericles discovered*]. This was a goodly

person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir! 40
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd

parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all;
And her fellow maid is now upon 50
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers First Lord; who descends to the barge of Lysimachus.*]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff¹ would send a caterpillar, 60
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir; I will recount it to you:—
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, with MARINA and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assur'd

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.— 69

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous artificial feat²
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided

That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let's leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! 80

[*They retire. Marina sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

[*Touching Pericles. Thrusts her away.*]

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign³ my state,
My derivation was from ancestors 91
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties⁴
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows up in my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage, 100
You would not do me violence.

² Prosperous artificial feat, felicitous and skillful doing.

³ Did malign, dealt malignantly with.

⁴ Awkward casualties, adverse chances.

Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What country-woman!

Here of these shores!

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe,
And shall deliver weeping. My dearest wife
Was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's
square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like, in
And cas'd as richly; in pace! another Juno;



Per. What country woman?
Here of these shores?—(Act v. 1. 103, 104.)

Who starves the ears she feels, and makes
them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do
you live!

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the
deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?²

Mar. If I should tell
My history, it would seem like lies

Disdain'd in the reporting.³

Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou
look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy
friends?

¹ Pace, gait. ² To owe, i.e. by your possession of them.

³ Disdain'd in the reporting, deemed unworthy of belief
even while they are told.

great with woe,
y dearest wife
one
n: my queen's
-like straight;
vel-like, in
mother Juno:



chee, speak:
nee; for thou
121
n't a palace
n: I'll believe
relation
or thou look'st
that were thy

unworthy of belief

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou
can'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
said'st 130

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance,¹ thou'rt a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most
kind virgin? 141

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.²
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name 149
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For³ I was born at sea.

¹ My endurance, what I have undergone.

² Patient, pronounced as a trisyllable. ³ For, because

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lycorida hath oft
Deliver'd⁴ weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!—

[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me;
T were best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred? 171

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus
leave me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn⁵ to
do't,

A crew of pirates came and resen'd me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you
weep? It may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that, 190
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,

⁴ Deliver'd, related.

⁵ Drawn, drawn his sword.

And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,
 Thon that begett'st him that did thee beget;
 Thon that was born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
 And found at sea again!—O Helicanus, 199
 Down on thy knees, thank th' holy gods as loud
 As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
 What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
 My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you
 said

Thou hast been godlike perfect,
 The heir of kingdoms, and another like
 To Pericles thy father 219

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
 To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
 Thaisa was my mother, who did end
 The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! Rise; thou art
 my child.—

Give me fresh garments.—Mine own, Helicanus;
 She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have
 been,¹

By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
 When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-
 ledge²

She is thy very princess.—Who is this? 220

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mytilene,
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
 Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.—
 Give me my robes.—I am wild in my behold-
 ing.—
 O heavens bless my girl!—But, hark, what
 music?—

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
 O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
 How sure you are my daughter.—But, what
 music!

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None! 230
 The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him
 way. 232

Per. Rar'st sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*]

Per. Most heavenly music!

It nips me into listening, and thick slumber
 Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. [*Sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head:—

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion friends,
 If this but answer to my just belief,
 I'll well remember you. 240

[*All except Pericles go aside.*]

DIANA descends.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee
 thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met to-
 gether,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
 And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;
 Do it, and happy;³ by my silver bow!

Awake, and tell thy dream. 250

[*Ascends and exit.*]

Per. [*Awaking*] Celestial Dian, goddess ar-
 gentine,⁴

I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, &c.

Hel. Sir,

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to
 strike

Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; oftsoons⁵ I'll tell thee
 why.—

[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon
 your shore,

And give you gold for such provision⁶

As our intents will need?⁷

Lys. Sir, 260

³ Happy, i.e. thou wilt live happy.

⁴ Argentine, i.e. of the silver moon.

⁵ Oftsoons, presently.

⁶ Provision, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

⁷ Our intents will need, our purpose will require (to carry away).

¹ Should have been, i.e. was said to have been.

² Justify in knowledge, confirm upon fuller information.

him; give him
not hear?
hear. [Music.
nick slumber
rest. [Sleeps.

panion friends,
relief,
rides go aside.

nesus: hie thee

re.
s are met to-

se thy wife;
daughter's, call,
e life.
liv'st in woe;
bow!

ends and exit.
n, goddess ar-

s, MARINA, &c.

Sir,
rsus, there to

on
Ephesus
I'll tell thee

h us, sir, upon

vision⁶

260

able.
will require (to

With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I leave another suit.

Per. You shall prevail, 262
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Ephesus. The Temple of Diana.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,—



Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—(Act v. 3. 13, 14)

That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilin,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promis'd to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he¹ had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.²
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,

10

Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom.³ [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same; Thaisa, as high priestess, standing near the altar; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Ephesians attending.*

Enter PERICLES, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and Attendants.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

¹ He, i.e. Pericles. ² Confound, consume, regard as past.
VOL. VIII.

³ Thankful doom, kindly judgment.
305 211

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did
 Wed at Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
 I sought to murder: but her better stars
 Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
 Rolling, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
 us, 11
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
 she
 Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[*Flourish.*]

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help,
 gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
 If you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer,¹ no;
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-
 joy'd.— 21

Early in blustering morn this lady was
 Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
 plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to
 my house,

Whither I invite you.—Look,
 Thaisa is recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
 If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30
 But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
 A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
 And drown'd.

¹ Reverend appearer, i.e. you who appear reverend or
 worthy of respect

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
 When we with tears parted² Pentapolis,
 The king my father gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

Per. [*Showing his ring*] This, this; no more,
 you gods! your present kindness 40
 Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do
 well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
 Melt, and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried
 A second time within these arms.

Mar. [*Kneeling*] My heart
 Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
 flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
 For³ she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You've heard me say, when I did fly
 from Tyre, 50

I left behind an ancient substitute:
 Can you remember what I call'd the man?
 I've nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
 Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
 Now do I long to hear how you were found;
 How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the
 man,

Through whom the gods have shown their
 power, that can 60

From first to last resolve⁴ you.

Per. Reverend sir,
 The gods can have no mortal officer
 More like a god than you. Will you deliver⁵
 How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
 Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
 Where shall be shown you all was found with
 her;

How she came plac'd here in the temple;
 No needful thing omitted.

² Parted, left.

⁴ Resolve, satisfy.

³ For, because.

⁵ Deliver, relate.

you better.—
Pentapolis,
Behold a ring.
[Shows a ring.]
This no more,
Admiration 40
you shall do

I may
come, he buried
as.

My heart
er's bosom.
Flesh of thy

Marina

and mine own!
Queen!
know you not.
when I did fly
(50)

ute:
and the man?

Helicanus then.

s is he.
t were found;
cho to thank,
miracle.
ard; this is the
e shown their
60

Reverend sir,
fficer
ill you deliver⁵

will, my lord.
to my house,
was found with

the temple;

or, because.
ever, relate.

Per. Pure Dian, bless¹ thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations² to thee.— 70

Thaisa,
Thou prince, the fair betrothed of your dugh-
ter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now
This ornament,
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd.
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit, sir,

My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him!
Yet there, my queen, 75
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following
days:

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way
[Exeunt.]

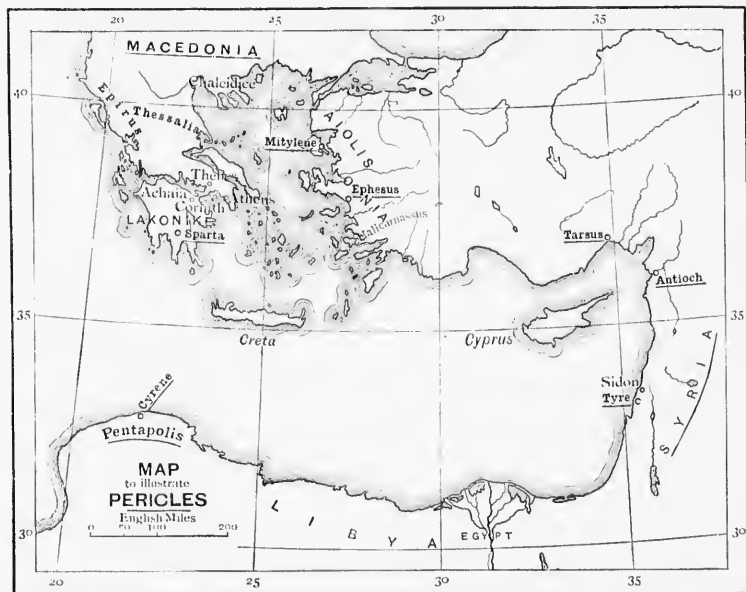
¹ Bless, i.e. I glorify.

² Oblations, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

[EPILOGUE.]

Enter COWER.

Cow. In Antiochus and his daughter you
have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well desery 91
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them,—although not done, but
meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending, 100
New joy wait on you! Here our pla-
ending. [Exit.]



NOTES TO PERICLES.

ACT I. PROLOGUE.

1.—The choruses in this play are distinguished from those of Shakespeare by the dumb-shows which accompany them. Another difference is that most of them, as is the case with this prologue, require a scene; whereas Shakespeare's do not. We are to understand that the presenter of the play is a phantom,—the poet Gower's spirit, which has returned to earth from the *ashes* of the tomb, and is glad for a while to resume a mortal life, provided what follows may bring pleasure. Accordingly, in Gower's last speech before the close of the play (v. 2. 1-4) the hearers are reminded that he will presently be dumb; when he makes a request of them, it is as his *last boon* before leaving the world. But this idea of a re-embodied spirit is not anywhere dwelt on, nor turned to any use in the development of the story. Our Presenter in this play is as much without individuality as his fellows elsewhere, who are either nameless, as the Chorus in *Romeo and Juliet* or *Henry V.*, or are only abstractions, like Time in the *Winter's Tale*, and Rumour at the opening of *Henry IV.*

2. Lines 1, 2:

*To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come.*

The false rhyme in this complement is remarkable, and seems beyond hope of amendment. Stevens proposed *sprung* instead of *come*, but the idea of the phoenix, which this would suggest, is out of place. The author of these choruses of Gower's has in several places treated words ending in *m* and *n* as rhyming together; as in *home* and *drone*, *soon* and *doom*, *run* and *dumb*. We may hence conclude that the rhyme of *sung* with *come* was satisfactory to the writer. In several places, indeed, he seems to have been satisfied with the mere assonance of vowels, as in *lavour* and *father* (l. 1. 66, 67). These imperfect rhymes mostly occur in Gower's choruses, and some have thought them to be intentional, and meant, like the archaisms in the same choruses, to give an air of antiquity to the lines.

3. Line 6: *On ember eyes and holy-ales*.—The *ember-eyes* are the eyes preceding the ember-days, or days of fasting and humiliation. The Quartos and Folios give

holidays, variously spelt, in place of *holy-ales*, which was suggested by Farmer in order to save the rhyme. The word *ale* was formerly used to denote a festival. See Two gentlemen of Verona, note 56. *Holy-ale* doubtless means the same as *Church-ale*, or wake.

4 Line 9: *The PURCHASE is to make men glorious.*—*Purchase* was used formerly in a wider sense than that of acquisition by means of money. Compare i. 2. 72:

I sought the *purchase* of a glorious beauty.

And see I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 45, and note 107 on that play. The line means: The use and advantage of this story is to show what men can be and do; i.e. this is a romance of chivalry.

5 Line 11: *THESE latter times.*—Q. 1. reads *those*.

6 Lines 15, 16:

I *LIFE* would wish, and that I *night*
Waste it for you, like *TAPER-LIGHT*.

Mr. Boyle, in his paper on Wilkins's share in Shakespeare's *Pericles*, quotes the same figure from the play of the Travels of Three English Brothers (1607), the joint work of Day, Wilkins, and W. Rowley:

Our lives are lighted tapers, that must out.
—Day's Works, p. 13 of play.

7. Lines 17-20:

This ANTIOCH, then; Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what mine authors say.

The common punctuation of lines 17, 18 is as follows:—

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;

the words *this city* being taken as pleonastic. But the arrangement given in the text makes the sentence much more direct. The statement is taken from Twine, Patterns of Painefull Adventures, ch. i., who says, "the most famous and mightie king Antiochus . . . builded the goodly citie of Antiochia in Syria, and called it after his own name, as the chiefest seat of all his dominions" (Hazlitt, Shakespeare's Library, pt. I. vol. iv. 1 p. 253).

Antioch, in Syria, was founded B.C. 300 by Seleucus. It was the chief of the cities enlarged by Antiochus Soter (B.C. 280-261). Antiochus the Great (B.C. 223-187) is said to have added to it, and it was again enlarged and beautified by his son Antiochus Epiphanes. In reputation and wealth it was inferior only to Rome and Alexandria, until Constantinople arose to overshadow it. It is now Antakieh, in the province of Aleppo.

8 Line 21: *This king unto him took a FERE.*—So Malone, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *peer* or *peer*, which was very likely a misprint for *peerce*. It would, however, be possible to interpret *peer* as meaning a consort of rank suitable to his greatness. *Fere* is the Anglo-Saxon *gefēra*, companion: it translates the word *socium* of the Latin vulgate in Genesis iii. 12: "Thet wif thet thū mē forgeāfe to gefēra." This is the usual meaning of *fere*, but it is occasionally found with the sense of "wife." See also Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 89, 90, and note 101 thereon.

9 Line 23: *buxom, blithe, and full of faec.*—Compare

† All the references to Twine are to the reprint in this volume.

Milton, L'Allegro, 23, 24; and Troilus and Cressida, note 76. Shakespeare only uses the word *buxom* in Henry V. iii. 6. 28, where it appears to mean lively or sprightly, which is probably the sense here. It originally denoted obedient, then courteous, complaisant, gentle. The expression *full of faec* may be corrupt. Possibly, however, *faec* is incorrectly taken to mean beauty; or else *full* may signify plump.

10. Lines 27, 28:

to entice his own

To evil should be done by none.

The omission of the relative pronoun before *should* in line 28 is to be noted. Such omissions, as Mr. Boyle has observed, are very characteristic of Wilkins. See notes 32, 38, 52, &c.

11. Lines 29, 30:

But CUSTOM what they did begin

Has with long use ACCOUNT no sin.

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 here read *account'd*, the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 *accounted*. Malone made the correction. Wilkins, in his Novel, chap. i., says: "they long continued in these foule and unlist imbracements, till at last, the custome of sinne made it accompted no sinne" (p. 14). *Custom* seems, as indicated in the foot-note, to be used adverbially. Perhaps we ought to read:

But *custom* what they did begin

Was with long use *account*, no sin.

Compare, *inter alia*, Wilkins, The Miseries of Infort Marriage:

Who once doth cherish sin, begets his shame;
For vice being foster'd ouce comes impudence,
Which makes men count sin custom, not offence.

—Dodsley, ix. p. 125.

12. Lines 39, 40:

So for her MANY A WIGHT did die,

As you GRIM LOOKS do testify.

So F. 3, F. 4. Qq. have *many of wight*, which was perhaps intended to mean many of valour or of nobility or worth. *Wight* as an adjective commonly means quick, active, valiant; and there was a substantive *wightness*, which denoted agility or strength. But nothing is known of an abstract substantive *wight* having the sense of bravery or boldness.

The *grim looks* are those of the heads of slain suitors, which are supposed to be seen impaled on the gate or wall of the palace. Gower, in narrating this part of the story, says:

And thus there were many dead,
Here heedes standing on the gate;²

—Paul's edn. iii. p. 257.

and Twine states that the heads of the suitors were "set up at the gate, to terrile others that should come, who beholding there the present image of death, might advise them from assaying any such danger" (Hazlitt, p. 255).

ACT I. SCENE 1.

13.—It may be well, at the beginning of the scene, to throw together slight varieties and obvious blunders in

² The references to Gower are to the Confessio Amantis, edited by Pauli, 1857, vol. iii. The quotations are not, however, given literally from that edition, but are amended after comparison with some of the MSS. of the poem.

the old texts; weightier questions of reading being taken by themselves.

Line 73, Q₁ and F. 3, F. 4 read *gives*; the text is Malone's. Line 127, Q₁ read *you for you're*. Lines 151, 152, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 transfer *Thaliard* to follow *chamber*.

14. Line 6: Ant. *Bring in our daughter*.—Q₁ and F. 3, F. 4 read, "Int. Musicke bring in our daughter." Malone saw that *music* must be a stage-direction which had crept into the text. It remained, however, for Dyce to point out that this "Music" was intended to accompany the entrance, five lines lower, of the Daughter of Antiochus; and he conceives that it was set down thus early in the prompter's book, that the musicians might be in readiness. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 229. If the compiler of the text of this play had access to the theatre-copy it must have been by stealth.

15. Line 7: *For the embracements even of Jove himself*.—The Q₁ and F. 3, F. 4 omit *the*, which was inserted by Malone. Some such reading as *Meet for embracements* would perhaps better suit the context.

16. Lines 8-11:

*At whose conception, till LUCINA reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.*

Whose refers, of course, to daughter in line 6. *Lucina*, the goddess who brings to light, was regarded as presiding over childbirth. Compare iii. 1. 10, *infra*, and *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 43. The meaning of these four lines is that at the princess's conception and until her birth, in order to make her presence welcome in every place, all the planets held session for the purpose of combining in her those good qualities over which they preside: and this endowment was the gift of Nature (by whom the planets are controlled). Steevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*, book ii.: "For what fortune only soothsayers foretold of Musidorus, that all men might see prognosticated in Pyrocles; both Heavens and Earth giving tokens of the coming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfectiō in a man, as at that time all folkes skilful therein did acknowledge" (edn. 1598, p. 123). Other instances might be added.

17. Lines 12-14:

*apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the KING
OF EVERY VIRTUE, gives renown to men!*

Steevens believed this passage to be corrupt; but it is no more than a repetition of the idea in *graces her subjects*. "Inwardly," Pericles says, "she holds all graces in her control, and inwardly she rules or possesses all virtues that ennoble mankind." On the omission of the relative after *virtue* see note 10.

18. Lines 15-18:

*Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever read, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.*

Compare Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "a demeanour, where in the booke of Beautie there was nothing to be read but

Sorrow; for Kindnesse was blotted out, and Anger was neuer there" (edn. 1605, p. 244).

19. Lines 27-29:

*Before thee stands this fair HESPERIDES,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.*

We may compare Milton, *Comus*, 393-396. The ancients believed that in gardens on a far-off island there grew a tree bearing golden apples, tended by singing maidens called the *Hesperides*, and guarded by the sleepless dragon *Ladon*. The name *Hesperides* occasionally means the islands where the gardens were believed to be. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 341, the word denotes the gardens, while in the present passage the tree is meant. Pericles has already spoken of the princess under the same figure in line 21.

Mr. Daniel proposes to read in line 29:

For death, like dragons, here affrights thee hard.

The sense would certainly be improved by this reading.

20. Lines 32, 33:

*And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.*

Thy is Malone's correction. Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 have *the*. All *thy whole heap* is a clumsy periphrasis which may perhaps mean "you with all your greatness."

21. Lines 34-40.—See note 12. Wilkins's Novel says: "Antiochus then first beganne to persnade him from the enterprise, and to discourage him from his proceedings, by shewing him the frightfull heads of the former Princes, placed upon his Castle wall, and like to whome he must expect himselfe to be, if like them (as it was most like) hee failed in his attempt" (p. 16). The words *You sometimes famous princes* might be supposed to signify that impaled heads were actually seen by the audience. Compare i. ProL 40, *supra*. But *you fight of stars* (line 37) can hardly denote any visible representation of the sky. The scene passes within Antiochus' palace; and impaled heads and sky must alike be supposed outside the scene.

22. Line 40: *For going on death's net, whom none resist*.—For this pregnant use of *for* compare II. Henry VI. note 231. Malone altered *for* to *from*, with some plausibility.

23. Lines 47-49:

*as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did.*

No better explanation of this obscurely-expressed passage has been given than the following, by Malone: "I will act as sick men do; who, having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for fatuity."

24. Lines 55-58:

*I wait the sharpest blow,
Ant. Scorning advice: [giving Pericles a paper] read the
CONCLUSION, then:*

*Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, that thyself shalt bleed.*

and Auger was

RIDES,
to be touch'd,
at the hard.

66. The ancients
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Conclusion means problem, in which sense Gower has it.
Q4. read (substantially) as follows:

I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

F. 3 has—

I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice. Reade the conclusion then.
Ant. Which read and not expounded, tis decreed
As these before thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

It is noteworthy that in F. 3 the abbreviated name "Ant.," prefixed to the third of these lines, ranges with the lines preceding as though the speech continued. It was probably inserted only by an afterthought. In F. 4 the line is inserted, as is usual when a new speech begins. According to Wilkins's Novel: "Pericles . . . replied, That he was come now to meete Death willingly, if so were his misfortune, or to be made ever fortunate, by enjoying so glorious a beauty as was inthroned in his princely daughter, and was there now placed before him: which the tyrant receiving with an angry brow, *threw downe the Riddle*, bidding him, since perswasions could not alter him, to reade and die" (p. 16).

This bears out the arrangement adopted in the text, which was first proposed by Malone.

25. Line 59: *Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!*—*Say'd* is an abbreviation of *assayed* (or *assayed*), and, as indicated in the foot-note, has the sense of tried or attempted. Shakespeare does not use this verb, though the substantive *say*, meaning taste or "smack," occurs in King Lear, v. 3. 143. The word may have been suggested by the words of Gower:

The remenant that weren wise
Escheweden to make assay;

—See Pauli, iii. p. 267.

and, a little afterwards, speaking of Pericles, Gower says (p. 288):

He thoughte assaye how that it ferde.

The verb *say*, in the sense of attempting or trying, is more than once used by Ben Jonson.

Mason proposed to read,

In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

He observes: "She cannot wish him more prosperous, with respect to the exposition of the riddle, than the other persons who had attempted it before; for as the necessary consequence of his expounding it would be the publication of her own shame, we cannot suppose that she should wish him to succeed in that." But these judicious considerations never presented themselves to the author of this part of the play. Pericles, as he depicted him, must subdue all hearts. Wilkins in his Novel gives the princess's sentiments thus: "All the time that the Prince was studying with what truth to unfold this dark Enigma, Desire flew in a robe of glowing blushes into her cheekes, and Love informed her to deliver thus much from hir owne tongue, that he was sole souveraigne of all her wishes, and he the gentleman (*of all her eyes had ever yet behelde*) to whom shee wished a thriving happiness" (pp. 16, 17).

26. Line 62, 63:

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

NOTES TO PERICLES.

This, as Steevens pointed out, is borrowed from Sidney. Arcadia, bk. iii: "Ismenms . . . sawe his maisters horse killed vnder him. Whereupon, asking advice of no other thought but of faithfulness and courage, hee presently lighted from his owne horse" (p. 257, ed. 1613; the preceding editions read "asking no advise of no thought").

27. Lines 64-69.—The riddle is thus given by Gower:

With felony I am upbore,
I ete, and have it not forbore,
My modres fleish, whos husebonde,
My fader, for to seche I fonde,¹
Which is the sone cck of my wif.

—See Pauli's edn. vol. iii. p. 269.

In the old Latin Historia Apollonii Regis Tyri, it stands thus:—"Scelere vehor, maternam carnem vescor, quæro fratrem meum, meae matris filium, uxoris meae virum, nec invenis." Twine translates, with some difference: "I am carried with mischief, I eat my mother's flesh: I seek my brother my mother's husband and I can not finde him." The belief that young vipers fed on their mother's flesh was once wide-spread. Professor Boyle has cited Wilkins, Miseries of Enforced Marriage:

He is more degenerate
Than greedy vipers that devour their mother.

—Dodsley, ix. 520.

The application is made clear in lines 130, 131. The doctrine that husband and wife are one flesh explains how the figure of the viper's brood is applied to an incestuous daughter.

28. Lines 71, 72:

"As you will live, resolve it you."
Sharp physie is the last.

According to Gower, the king repeated the riddle to the prince, and then went on to say:

Heerof I am inquisitiſ,
And who that can my tale save;²
Al quyt he shall my daughter have;
Of his answer and if he faile,
He shal be deed withoute faile.

—See Pauli, iii. p. 269.

The substance of this is contained in lines 70, 71. This final requirement of a correct solution as the price of his life Pericles calls *sharp physie*; i.e. a bitter potion. The same figure is used with more propriety in the next scene, lines 68, 69.

29. Lines 76, 77:

Fair GLASS OF LIGHT, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill.

The words *glass of light* perhaps mean mirror of brilliance or shining beauty. Schmidt interprets them, doubtfully, as "reflection, image of light." Mr. Tyler suggests that, having regard to the words *glorious casket*, the idea may be that of a resplendent and dazzling glass vase. Malone has here a stage-direction that Pericles takes hold of the hand of the princess.

30. Line 81: *You're a fair viol, and your SENSE the strings.*—*Sense*, here, apparently means passion or fleshly appetite, which should in mortals be controlled by reason. For this use of *sense* compare v. 3. 30, and Measure

for Measure, ii. 2. 142, 169. Richardson quotes Sidney, Arcadia, bk. i.:

Palms do reioyce to be ignyd by the match of a male to a female,
And shall sensive things be so senseless as to resist sense?
—Edm. 1613, p. 83.

31. Line 87: *touch not, upon thy life*.—Steevens observes that this prohibition comes from the jealousy of Antiochus, who cannot bear to see the object of his passion touched by another. He compares the impatient words in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 123-125.

32. Lines 96-100:

*For vice repeated's like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them.*

The ellipse of the relative between lines 96 and 97, and in line 100, will be readily perceived. See note 10.

The teller of vicious actions is likened to the *breath* or gust of wind which, as it flies about, blows dust in men's eyes. Those who feel themselves hurt at once recognize that they must prevent a repetition of the deed. This is what the lines seem to mean, but the similitude is loose and inapposite. *To spread* = in spreading; see note 244.

33. Lines 100-102:

*The blind mole casts
Com'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is THROG'D
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.*
"He who complains of the wrongdoing of the great, though but insignificant and feeble, will incur condign punishment." Sherwood's Index to Cotgrave translates *copped by accresté, hupé*, i. e. crested or conical. *Throng'd* means pressed, squeezed, or crushed; compare ii. 1. 77: "A man *throng'd* up with cold;" where the meaning seems to be "shrunken," the parts of the body being, as it were, pressed closely together. Wilkins there writes "overcharged" in the Novel. The English Chronicle, A.D. 1137, describing the *peine forte et dure* (in which a man was tortured by cramming him in a chest of sharp stones), uses the words "threngde the man therrine" (Earle, Two Saxon Chronicles, p. 262). Compare the Scotch use of the word *thring*. Gavin Douglas, Æneid, book iii., uses it to translate the Latin *urgeri*:

The rumour is, down *thring* vndir this mout
Enclaudes body with thundir lyis holf brout.

—Bannatyne Club ed. vol. i. p. 164.

34. Line 113: *We might proceed to CANCEL OF YOUR DAYS*. Qq. read

We might proceed to *counsell* of your dayes.

F. 3, F. 4 have

We might proceed to cancel *off* your daies.

The text follows Malone, *cancel* being a substantive, with its usual sense of suppression; a sense, however, which seems to be confined nowadays to printing. The omission of the article after a verb of motion is frequently found. Compare Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, §§. 89, 90. The reading of Ff. would make *cancel* a verb. If the reading of Qq. were retained, the line would mean "We proceed to deliberate concerning your life," i. e. concerning its termination.

35. Lines 114, 115:

*hope, SUCCEEDING from so fair a TREE
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.*

t do not understand the significance of the word *tree*, and suspect some corruption. *Succeeding* means resulting; compare i. 4. 104, where *succeed* means follow upon.

36. Line 120: Exitunt all except Pericles.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *Manet Pericles solus*, which the other copies repeat, with the addition of *Exit* before *Manet*. The exit is not very well managed.

37. Line 128: *By your UNSCOMELY claspings with your child*.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *untimely*, but the Navel by Wilkins speaks of "his *uncomely* and abhorred actions with his owne child" (p. 18). This gives a better sense, and I have accordingly introduced the word into the text. *Untimely* would easily arise from a misprint, and can hardly be defended by the words of Pericles to the princess in line 84, *supra*.

38. Lines 134-136:

*those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will smite no course to keep them from the light.*

The text is Malone's. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *shew* instead of *shun*. There is again an ellipsis of the relative pronoun before *blush*. (Compare note 10.) The lines recall the familiar passage in the Gospel of St. John, iii. 19, 20

39. Line 142: Re-enter Antiochus.—This direction was introduced by Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have *Enter Antiochus*, by which, doubtless, a new scene is indicated. The scene of what has preceded is a hall or reception-room in the palace of Antiochus; the colloquy with Thaliard would naturally be held in a private apartment. In Wilkins the interview takes place in the evening, "Antiochus being now private in his lodging" (p. 18). An interval of some part of a day is needed in order to give time for Pericles to have made his escape. Were it not that to disturb the usual numbering of the scenes would be inconvenient for purposes of reference, I should mark a new scene here.

40. Lines 143-149.—These lines are plainly corrupt. The first sentence cannot be scanned as verse at all. Wilkins says in the Novel: "Antiochus being now private in his lodging, and ruminating with himselfe, that Pericles had found out the secret of his euill, which hee in more secret had committed: and knowing that he had now power to rip him open to the world, and make his name so odious, that as now heaven did, so at the knowledge hereof all good men would contemne him . . . he hastily calleth for one Thalyart, who was steward of his householde, and in many things before had received the imbracement of his minde" (p. 18).

41. Lines 163-167:

*As thou wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow
Shot from a well-experienc'd archer, hits
The mark, his eye doth level at, so thou;
Never return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."*

Editors, generally, have followed the text of Malone—

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot

otherwise,

the word *tree*, and
means resulting;
follow upon.

—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3
r copies repeat,
The exit is not

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direction was in-
Enter *Antiochus*,
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like an arrow
er, hits
thou :

is dead.'
 xt of Malone—

sw shot

From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

But this arrangement is imperfect both in rhythm and in sense. There is no connexion between the hitting of the mark and the never returning unless successful.

Qq. and F 3, F. 4, which do not mark the exit of the messenger, print these lines as prose. All the old copies except Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, read in line 165 *so do thou*. This would require *level* to be pronounced as a monosyllable. I suspect that in this and the next line some words have dropped out. We might read:

dropped out. We might read:

go thou,
Pursue, and smite him; see thou ne'er return.

Wilkins, in the *Novel*, says that when the messenger brought news of Pericles' flight, Antiochus "commanded his murdering minister Thalyart to dispatch his best performance after him, sometime perswading him, at others threatening him, in Tyre to see him, in Tyre to kill him, or back to Antioch never to return" (pp. 18, 19).

ACT I. SCENE 2.

42. Minor differences of text in this scene.—Line 11, all the copies but Q. 1 read that *passions*. Line 20, *him* was inserted by Rowe. Line 55, all the copies but Q. 1 read *planets*. Line 61, Q. 1 reads *heane*. Line 93, for *sparcs* all the copies but Q. 1 read *fearcs* (or *fears*). Line 100, all the copies but Q. 5 (so the Camb. edd. say) read *quere* for *them*. Line 121, Qd. omit *surre*.

43. Enter Pericles.—This direction was given by Lyeo. Q₁ have the direction *Enter Pericles with his lords*, and Q₂, F 3, 4 give the same, adding *Helicannus* after *Pericles*. This enumeration, at the beginning of a scene, of all the persons who are to appear in it, is not uncommon in the contemporary texts of old plays. *Pericles*' speech, however, is a soliloquy, as the first line is meant to show, and Q₁, Q₂ have, after line 33, the stage-direction, *Enter all the Lords to Pericles*. Q₃ reads with for to; the other Quartos and F 3, 4 omit the direction, but quite wrongly. None of the old texts mark any exit for the Lords; the direction at line 50 was inserted by Malone.

Wilkins, in his *Novel*, tells us that Pericles had been missing ever since his return from Antioch. The opening soliloquy is indicated, Helicæus breaking in upon it with a rebuke to Pericles. In words which have the flow of verse he tells him "he did not well so to abuse himself, to waste his body there with pining sorrow, upon whose safety depended the lives and prosperity of a whole kingdom; that it was ill in him to do it, and no less in his counsel to suffer him, without contradicting it." In the play, naturally, certain counsellors themselves come in; but the text fails to justify their entrance: the two short speeches given them are pointless; and Pericles' direction on their exit, "then return to us," is out of place. The passage just quoted shows what is wanted after, or instead of, lines 44, 45. The *Novel* then continues: "although the Prince bent his brow against him, he [Helicæus] left not to go forward, but plainly told him, as it was fit for him being a Prince to hear of his own error, as it was lawful for his authority to command; that while he lived so slant up, so vnsence, so careless of his government, order might be disorder for all him, and what

detriment sooner his subjects should receive by this his neglect, it were iustitice to be required at his hands: which chiding of this good olde Lord the gentle Prince courtously receiving tooke him into his armes, thank him that he was no flatterer, and commanding him to send himselfe by him, he from poynt to poynt related to him all the occurrences past, and that his present sorrow was for the feare he had of Antiochus tyranny, his present studies were for the good of his subjects, his present care was for the continuing safety of his kingdome, of which himselfe was a member, which for slackness chide him: which uprightness of this Prince calling teares into the olde mans eyes, and compelling his knees to the earth, he humbly asked his pardon, confouring that what he had spoke, sprung from the power of his dutie, and grew not from the nature of disobedience. When Pericles, . . . lifting him up, desired of him that his counsell now would teach him how to anode that danger which his feare gaue him cause to mistrust." Helicanns advice was "That he should forthwith betake himself to trauel, keeping his intent whither as private from his subjects as his Iourney was suddaine; that vpon his trust he should leane the government: groundling which counsel vpon this principle, Absence abates that edge that Presence whets" (pp. 19, 20).

If the arrangement of the *Novel* be adopted we can see what it is to which lines 94, 95 refer. Lines 50-59 may disappear, though something partially resembling them is suggested after line 95. Lines 65, 66 will be extended, unless we look on them as forestalled by the previous rebuke of Helicannus. Lines 63-65 will come in after line 100, and there is thus something definite to call forth Helicannus' speech, lines 101-108.

The story of Apollonius, on which the play is based, makes no mention of any deputy of Pericles; Helicanus (Helleniens in the Latin *Historia*) is an old man from Tyre, whom Apollonius meets by the sea at Tarsus, and from whom he receives advice like that which, in act ii. (Gower, lines 21-25, Helicanus sends by letter to Pericles.

44. Line 1: *this CHANGE of thoughts*.—*Change*, most probably, here signifies perturbation or disquietude. Or it may mean “this new course of my thoughts,” viz. towards sadness. Many editors, following Stevens and Malone, read *charge*, i.e. burden. Perhaps the sentence should be regarded as unfinished, breaking off at the end of this line.

45. Line 3: BE MY *so-us'd a guest*.—So Dyce. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *by me so us'd a guest*. If this reading be retained the sentence lacks a principal verb.

46. Line 8: *If hose ARM seems far too short to hit me here.*—*Aim* is Dyce's correction for *arm*, the reading of all the old editions. On the whole the old reading gives a better sense. Mr. Kinnear compares *Richard II.* iv. 1. 11, and *II. Henry VI.* iv. 7. 87.

47. Line 25: *And with TH' OSTENT of war will look so huge*.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *the stint*. The correction was made by Tyrwhitt.

48. Lines 29-32:

Which care of them, not pity of myself —
Who AM no more but as the tops of trees,

Which FENCE the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish.

For *am*, the conjecture of Farmer, all the old copies read *once*. Other corrections have been proposed. With *fence*, meaning guard, compare III. Henry VI. ii. 6. 74:

Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

49. Line 41: To which that BLAST gives HEAT and stranger glowing.—For *blast*, the reading of Mason and Collier, Q1, and F. 3, F. 4 read *spark*, which has occurred in the previous line. Malone proposed *breath*, which Mr. Kinnear defends, quoting Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 28:

When the sweet *breath* of flattery conquers strife;

and King John, iv. 1. 110. *Heat* is found only in Q. 1. The other copies read *heart*.

50. Line 44: When SIGNIOR SOOTH here does proclaim A peace.—A was inserted by Malone. I suspect corruption both here and in the next line. (See note 43.) *Sooth* with the sense of "flattery" occurs in Richard II. iii. 3. 136, in the phrase "words of *sooth*." Malone quotes, in illustration of *Signior Sooth*, Winter's Tale, i. 2. 196: "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

51. Lines 61, 62:

That kings should let their cars hear their faults hid!

The most probable interpretation of the words is that of Holt White: "Heaven forbid that kings should suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated!" Dyce, however, reads *child* for *hid*, and takes *let* to mean "hinder."

52. Lines 73, 74:

From whence an ISSUE I might propagate
ARE arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
There is a very harsh ellipsis here of which, or such as, before *are*. (Compare note 10.) Shakespeare uses *issue* as a plural in Winter's Tale, iv. 2. 29.

53. Line 83: Bethought ME what was past.—Me was inserted by Rowe.

54. Lines 84, 85:

Deereuse not, but grow faster than THEIR years.
So Steevens. Q1, and F. 3, F. 4 read *thc*, which, however, is less forcible. *Fears* is the reading of F. 4; Q1, have *feare*; F. 3, *fear*.

55. Line 86: And should he DOUBT IT.—For *doubt* it, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *doe't*, the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 *think*. The text is Malone's, and is justified by the words "lop that *doubt*" in line 90.

56. Line 92: for mine, if I may call offence.—The meaning evidently is, "for my so-called offence."

57. Line 95: Who now REPROVEDST me FOR IT.—Q. 1, Q. 2 read:

Who now *reprovd'st* me *fort*;
Q. 3 has for *it*. The text follows the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4. Malone reads *reprov'dst*, which most editors have adopted. But with the light thrown on this scene by the Novel (see note 43) the use of the past tense can readily be justified. Pericles means, "you who only a few moments ago rebuked me."

58. Line 122: But in our ORBS WE'LL live so round and

safe.—For *we'll* Q. 1 reads *will*; the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 have *we*. Malone made the correction. The idea in this and the next lines is illustrated, as Rolfe points out, by I. Henry IV, v. 1. 17-19:

move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor.

In ancient astronomy the stars, the sun, the several planets, and the moon were supposed to be set in concentric revolving *orbs* or spheres. See All's Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 96-100; Antony and Cleopatra, note 273; and Midsummer Night's Dream, note 64. With the last part of the line compare Jonson, Epigram 98:

He that is round within himself, and straight,
Need seek no other strength, no other height.

—Works, p. 673.

Both in this passage and in the text there may be a recollection of Horace's description of the man that is *sapiens*, or possessed of wisdom:

totus teres, atque rotundus.

—Satires, ii. 7. 86.

Malone thinks, perhaps rightly, that the reading of Q. 1 is the true one, a line having been lost just before this.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

59.—The whole of this scene is printed as prose in Q1, and F. 3, F. 4. The scene is the court (see line 1), and the fact of Pericles' departure is as yet known to few, or Thaliard would have learned it before reaching the court. There can be hardly any interval between this scene and the last. In Gower and Twine, Thaliard learns from the sorrowing citizens that their prince has suddenly departed, and does not present himself to the "lords of Tyre." The action, indeed, seems foolish, and likely to have aroused suspicion. It is a clumsy expedient for acquainting Hellenicus of Thaliard's mission. In the old story, Antiochus publicly puts a price on the prince's head, and it is this news of which Apollonius is apprised by Hellenicus.

60. Lines 4-7: Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.—Steevens remarks: "Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnaby Rudge's Soldier's Wish to Briton's Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 27: 'I will therefore commend the poet Philpides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the King, that your majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets.'"

61. Line 10: HUSH! here COMES the lords of Tyre.—Q1, and F. 3, F. 4 read *Husht*, another form of *hush* which was occasionally used. Most editors read *come*, with F. 4, instead of *comes*; but the change is unnecessary.

62. Line 22: And doubting LEST THAT he had err'd or sinn'd.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 omit *that*, while Q. 4, F. 3, F. 4 omit *lest*.

63. Lines 28, 29:

But since he's gone, THIS the king's EARS must please,—
He scap'd the land, to perish at the SEAS.

Q1, and F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially) as follows:

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rection. The
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again
light,

in, the several
e set in concen-
Well that Ends
, note 273; and
th the last part

straight,
height.

—Works, p. 673.
may be a recol-
that is *suspicious*,

—Satires, ii. 7, 86,
e reading of Q. 1
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story, Antiochus
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Helleniens.

a wise fellow and
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Barnabie Rielae's
Captain Skill and
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ards of Tyre.—Qq.
m of hush which
ad come, with F. 4,
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T he had er'd or
le Q. 4, F. 3, F. 4

ARS must please,—
EAS.
s follows:

but since hee's gone, the Kings *seas*
must please: hee scape the Land to perish at the *Sea*.
This is nonsense, and no attempt to make sense of it is
likely to be quite satisfactory. Percy suggested for the
first line:

But since he's gone, the king *it sure* must please.
sir P. Perring has proposed:
But since he's gone, the king *this news* must please.
Dyce and Grant White give:

But since he's gone, the king's *ears* it must please.
This, however, requires an unusual emphasis on *it*, which
is avoided by the arrangement adopted in the text.

Seas for *sea*, in line 29, is the correction of Malone.

64. Line 35: *Your lord HAS BETOOK himself to unknown*
travels.—Q. 1 reads *betake* for *betook*, and Ef. have *hath*
instead of *has*.

65. Line 36: *My message*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *now*
message.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

66.—Steevens make the scene "A Room in the Gover-
nor's house," and subsequent editors have followed him.
In Twine's story, Apollonius, having met Stranguillio
(= Cleon) outside the city, comes with him into the market-
place, and there offers his corn to the furnishing citizens.
Wilkins, in the Novel, puts the meeting of Pericles and
Cleon in the market-place, where Pericles, after the speech
contained in lines 85-96, proffers his corn to the multitude
whom he causes to be summoned thither, and then, in
words partly borrowed from Twine, asks their protection.
If the scene be out of doors, there is room for the con-
course to which Cleon refers in line 103. There is nothing
hostile to this view in line 8, and line 1 seems inappropriate
if spoken in Cleon's own house.

Tarsus, a wealthy city in the fertile plain of Cilicia, lay
on both sides of the river Cydnus. Here Cleopatra first
met Mark Antony. The origin and early civilization of
the city appear to have been Semitic, though it was after-
wards Hellenized, and became the centre of a philosophic
school. The inhabitants had the reputation of being vain,
effeminate, and luxurious, more like Phœnicians than
Greeks.

67. Lines 7-9:
ev'n such our griefs are ;
Here they're but felt, AND SEEN with MISCHIEF'S EYES,
But like to groves, being TOPT'D, they higher rise.

For *mischief's eyes* Steevens proposed *wistful eyes*;
Walker, *misery's eyes*; and Singer, *mistie eyes*. Malone
would read *unseen* for *and seen*: he interprets *mischief's*
eyes to mean "the eyes of those who would feel a malign-
ant pleasure in our misfortunes." This, however, hardly
fits on to the next line. Mr. T. Tyler proposes *not seen*,
making the words mean "not seen with the eyes of despair"
(which would prompt to deeds of mischief). The mean-
ing both of this line and the next is certainly obscure.
Perhaps we ought to leave out the comma after *felt*. The
meaning of the two lines will then be: "our griefs are at
this moment neither felt nor seen, except with the eyes
of mischief (i.e. by those who look for them with vexatious
intent); but if we attempt to disguise them (by talking of
the woes of others) they will grow more burdensome, as
trees spring to a greater height after being pruned.

Cotgrave translates *desbranchir* by "to top, or lop the
boughs; to cut or pluck off the branches of a tree." Under
escouppeller he has "to top, or cut off the top of a
tree. (v. m.)."

68. Lines 13-15:
GRIEF MAKES *our tongues* and *sorrows* to sound deep
Our woes into the air; *our eyes* to weep,
Till TONGUES fetch BREATH that may proclaim them louder.
For the introduction of the words *grief makes* I am re-
sponsible. It seems suggested by the previous sentence.
Q. 1 has, instead of lines 13, 14:

Our tongues and sorrows to sound deep:
Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep.

The other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 read *do* instead of *to* in
the first line. This leaves to *weep* in the second line with-
out any principal verb to depend on. Editors have fol-
lowed Q. 2 in line 13, and in line 14 have adopted Malone's
conjecture *do* for *to*. Malone himself preferred *too* in both
places. *Our tongues* and *sorrows* seems to mean "our
sorrowing tongues," "the tongues of us who sorrow."
Hudson has the following rearrangement:

Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes.
We might read:

Grief makes our tongues to sound our sorrows deep,
And woes into the air, &c.

For *tongues*, in line 15, Steevens proposed to read *lungs*,
and this ought perhaps to be adopted. Compare, how-
ever, Richard II. 1. 3. 173:

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath.

69. Lines 16, 17:
That, if HEAVN'S slumber while THEIR creatures want,
They may awake THEIR HELPS to comfort them.
Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *helpers* instead of *helps*. The
emendation is Malone's. *Heaven* is often used as a plural
noun. Compare Richard II. note 50; Richard III. notes
661 and 508. Rolfe quotes *Macheth*, ii. 1. 4, 5:

There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.

70. Line 23: *For Riches strew'd herself even in THE*
streets.—Q. 1, Q. 2 repeat *her* before *streets*, omitting *the*.
The correction was made in Q. 3. *Riches* is properly a
singular noun, and so Shakespeare generally uses it.

71. Lines 26, 27:
Whose men and dames so JETTED and AWOX'D,
Like ONE ANOTHER'S GLASS to trim them by.
With regard to *jetted* see Richard III. note 287. Steevens
compares *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 35-37: "Contemplation
makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his
advanced plumes!" And as to *one another's glass* Malone
appropriately adduces *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 161:

The glass of fashion and the mould of form;
and II. Henry IV. ii. 3. 21, 22:
he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
Compare note 157 of the latter play; and see Webster,
Duchess of Malfi, i. 1:

Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,
And dress themselves in her.
—Works, Dyce's ed. p. 61.

Apparently *adorn'd* here means *were adorn'd*, or *adorn'd*

themselves. The construction is awkward. Wilkins says: "whose people were . . . rich in attire, envious in looks," and "the ornaments of whose attire Art it selfe with all inuention could not content" (pp. 21, 22).

72. Lines 39, 40:

*Those palates, who, not yet two SUMMERS younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste.*

Q. 1 reads, instead of line 39:

Those palates who not yet two summers younger.

Summers, the conjecture of Mason, is justified by the words of the Novel: "the ground of which forced lamentation was, to see the power of change, that this their City, who not two summers younger, did so excell in pompe, and bore a state, whom all his neighbors envied for her grentines: . . . the dignitie of whose pallats the whole riches of Nature could hardly satistie . . . are now so altered, that . . . in steade of full furnished tables, hunger calles out now for so much bread, as may but satistie life" (pp. 21, 22). Both Novel and play make Cleon's lament open with an incomplete sentence. The period of *two summers*, here named, does not agree with *several years* in line 18. Some corruption very likely exists in the previous speech.

73. Line 42: *to NURSE up their babes*.—There are number of instances of the verb *nurse* being used with the sense of "nurture." Kingston Oliphant, *New English*, i. 453, after observing that the word is formed from *nose*, like speckle from speck, says: "It seems to have been confounded with *nursle* (=train), and was used in this latter sense throughout this [16th] century." Compare Sidney, *Arcadia*, bk. ii: "olde men long nursed in corruption, scorning them that would seek reformation" (ed. 1590, ff. 127).

Marston, *Antonio's Revenge* (second part of *Antonio and Mellida*), 1602, Prologue, has:

*from his birth being hugged in the armes
And nursed twixt the breastes of happinesse.*

Marston probably understood the word to mean cherish, fondle.

74. Line 54: *HEAR these tears*.—Dyce is probably right in thinking that *hear* means *hear of*. Collier gave *heed these tears*.

75. Line 58: *which THOU bring'st in haste*.—So Q. 4 and subsequent editions. Q. 1, Q. 2 read *thee for thou*; Q. 3 has *ye*.

76. Lines 65-67:

some neighbouring NATION

HATH stuff'd THESE hollow vessels with THEIR power.

Hath is Rowe's correction for *that*, the reading of Q₁ and F. 3, F. 4, as is also *the*, for which *these* was substituted by Malone. It will be noticed that *nation* takes a singular verb, but has the possessive pronoun of the plural form.

77. Lines 69, 70:

*And make a conquest of unhappy ME,
Where as no glory's got to overcome.*

There is probably some corruption here. *Me* seems un-

suitable. Wilkins says: "hee [Cleon] commanded the bringer [of the news] vpon their landing, to this purpose to salute their Generall, That Tharsus was subdued before their coming, and that it was small conquest to subdew where there was no abilitie to resist" (p. 22).

78. Lines 76-78:

*But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we FEAR?*

Then answer to the lowest

Q. 1, which Q. 2, Q. 3 follow, reads:

*But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need wee leave our grounds the lowest?*

The necessary correction was made in Q. 4.

79. Lines 90, 91:

*Nor come we to add sorrow to your TEARS,
But to relieve them of their heavy load.*

To mend the sense Walker altered *tears* to *hearts*.

80. Lines 92-94:

*And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow.*

Compare line 67. The construction would appear to be, "And these our ships you, expecting overthrow, happily (happily) may think are like the Trojan horse (which)," &c. *Bloody* probably means cruel or murderous. The story of the capture of Troy, by means of armed men concealed in the interior of a great wooden horse, is told by Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii. 13-197, 232-267.

81. Line 98:

And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise.

Q. 1 reads "*Arise* I pray you, rise." The other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 adopt this, but read *arise* at the end of the line as well. The text is Steevens's.

ACT II. PROLOGUE.

82. Lines 7, 8:

*I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.*

Malone's interpretation is, "I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness." This is doubtless the sense, but it seems impossible to explain what is the grammatical construction of the sentence.

83. Lines 11, 12:

*where each man
Thinks all is WRIT he SPEKEN can.*

W'rit probably means scripture,—gospel, as we might say. *Spoken* is Grant White's correction for *spoken*, the reading of Q₁ and F. 3, F. 4. Another example of the old infinitive in *-en* is *killen* in line 20.

84. Lines 17-22:

*Good Helicane, that stay'd at HOME,
Not to eat honey like a DRONE
From others' labours;—for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,
And to fulfil his prince's desire,—
SENDS WORD of all that haps in Tyre.*

commanded the
to this purpose
was subdued
all conquest to
sist" (p. 22).

at they can,

they can,
lowest?

TEARS,
bad.
to hearts.

may think
d within
role.

Id appear to be,
erthrow, happily
rse (which)," &c.
rons. The story
d men concealed
is told by Virgil,

you, rise.
the other Quartos
at the end of the

reign,
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temporary evils,
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to explain what is
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can.
as we might say.
spoken, the reading
of the old infinitive.

OME,

ugh he strive

Tyre.

For the rhyming of *drone* with *home* see note 2. Wilkins has: "Good Helycanus as proud as at home, as his Prince was prosperous abroad, let no occasion slip wherein hee might send word to Tharsus of what occurrences soever had happened in his absence" (Novel, p. 24). *Sends word* was suggested by Stevens. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *said* (or *said*) *one*, which is nonsense. Possibly we should read in line 19: "for he doth strive." As it stands, the line is meaningless and ungrammatical.

85 Line 36: *No aught escapen but himself.*—*Escapen*, the correction of Percy, is adopted by most editors. It is awkward, however, to have this plural form of the verb, when *ought* is singular. Q. 1 reads *escapend*, the other old copies *escapen'd*, and we might regard *escapend* as the present participle. The old participial ending *-ende* is common in Gower.

ACT II. SCENE I.

86.—The district of *Pentapolis* in North Africa was, until the time of the Ptolemies, known by the name of *Cyrenaica*. In the Latin *Historia Apollonii* the place is called *Pentapolis* *Cyrenavorum terre*. "The parts of Libya about Cyrene" are mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Cyrene, the first of the five towns from which the district took its name, was the chief Hellenic colony in Africa. We see from line 65 that the writer of this scene treated the locality as in Greece.

87. Lines 6, 7:

*Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left ME breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.*

The meaning may be, "Has left me life, but yet with inevitable death awaiting me." The early editions have, however, "*my breath*;" and it is by no means certain that this reading is to be rejected. We should have to take *breath* as equivalent to life, soul, mind. See i. 1. 46.

88. Line 12: *What, no, PILCH!*—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *What, to perch?* *Pilch*, for *perch*, was suggested by Tyrwhitt. Compare line 52, where the old editions give *fenny* instead of *finny*. The word means a coarse leathern coat (see *Romco* and *Jaliet*, note 110). *Ho*, for *to*, is Malone's correction. He observes that the first fisherman appears to be the master, and the others servants.

89. Lines 18-24:

Third Fish. *Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.*

First Fish. *Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.*

The Rev. W. A. Harrison has suggested a comparison with *The Tempest*, i. 2. 5-9:

O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart: 'Poor souls, they perish'd!

Malone compares Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 91, foll.: "O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the

NOTES TO PERICLES.

land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help." These parallelisms, and some other matters to be noticed, suggest to Mr. Tyler the influence of Shakespeare on this scene, though it would be too much to assert that it was written by him.

90. Lines 25-29: *Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpoises, how he boune'd and tumbled! . . . they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd.*—Malone observes, "The rising of porpoises, near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors as the forerunner of a storm." He quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfy* (1623), iii. 3: "He lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm" (*Works*, ed. Dyce, p. 81).

91. Lines 29-32:

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. *Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up the little ones.*

Mr. Boyle has appropriately compared *Day, Law-Tricks*, 1607-8, i. 2:

But, Madam, doe you remember what a multitude of fishes we saw at sea? and I doe wonder how they can all live by one another.

Em. Why foole, as men do on the Land, the great ones eate up the little ones. —*Works*, p. 15 (of play);

and Wilkins, *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*:

O, the most wretched season of this time!
These men like fish do swim within the stream,
Yet they 't eat one another. —*Dodsley*, vol. ix. p. 59.

92. Lines 36-47: *such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.*

Per. [Aside] *A pretty moral.*

Third Fish. *But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.*

Sec. Fish. *Why, man!*

Third Fish. *Because he should have swallow'd me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again.*

Here again there is a parallel in *Day, Law-Tricks*, ii.:

Em. Are you a lawyer?

Jal. I faith, Madam, he hath sit on the skirts of law any time this thirtie yeares.

Ad. Then he should be a good Trencher-man by his profession.

La. Your reason, Adam?

Ad. I knew one of that facultie in one terme eate up a whole Towne, Church, Steeple, and all.

Jal. I wonder the Bells rang not all in his belly.

Ad. No, sir; he sold them to buy his wife a Taffety gowne, and himself a velvet Jacket. —*Works*, p. 26 (of play).

On the whole the passage in *Pericles* is an improvement on that in the *Law-Tricks*. Girding at lawyers may be observed in our present play just below, lines 122-125.

93. Line 52: *the FINNY SUBJECTS of the sea.*—*Finny* is Malone's reading, *subjects* Stannton's. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read "the *fenny subiect* of the sea." It would be possible to take *subject* as a collective noun with a plural signification, but Wilkins agrees with the text. His *Novel* says: "prince Pericles, wondering that from the *finny subiects* of the sea these poore country people learned the infirmities of men, more than mans oldrury and daimes could learne one of another" (p. 27).

94. Line 55: *All that may men approve, or men DETECT.*—The meaning appears to be "all that may serve to commend men's good actions or make their bad ones apparent." *Detect*, with the sense of discovery, is found in III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 143, and in many other places.

95. Lines 56-59:
Peace be at your labour, HONEST fisherman.

See Fish *Honest* and fellow, what's that? If it be a day FITS you, search out of the CALENDAR, and nobody look after it.

Knight suggested that the fisherman was "laughing at the rarity of being honest;" but no one seems to have noticed the remarkable parallel with Hamlet, ii. 2. 173-179:

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

The verb *fit* occurs in Sonnet exix. 7, 8:

How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!

It is made, of course, from the noun *fit*, and means "to give a fit or paroxysm." Pericles, the fisherman tells him, must be mad, to talk as if such a thing as honesty existed in the world. But, in accordance with the old idea of *lunacy* (i.e. moon-madness, madness depending on the changes of the moon), the madness of Pericles is regarded as periodical, and depending on a particular day. This day he is advised to search for and expel from the calendar, and no one is then to look for it to bring it back again. Mr. Tyler, by whom the foregoing is written, compares Job iii. 3-6. See also King John, note 131.

Mr. Kinneer, *Critics Shakespeareana*, p. 484, guided partly by the readings *scratch it* and *will look*, of Malone, proposes to read:

If it be a name fits you, *scratch* 't out of the calendar, and nobody'll look after it.

Honest, he observes, is a term used in addressing inferiors, as by Leonato to Dogberry, "*honest* neighbour;" Bottom to Peaseblossom, "*honest* gentleman;" and Shallow to "*honest* Bardolph." Pericles appeared to the fishermen a naked beggar, and, probably, anything but *honest*. With "a name fits you" the same critic compares Much Ado, iii. 2. 114: "think you of a worse *title*, and I will *fit* her to it." *Calendar* he interprets as register, catalogue, comparing Hamlet, v. 2. 114: "He is the card or *calendar* of gentry;" All's Well that Ends Well, i. 3, 4, 5: "might he found in the *calendar* of my past endeavours."

96. Line 60: *MAY see the sea hath east upon your coast.*—Having regard to the numerous imperfect and elliptical lines in this play, this place can scarcely be regarded as of special difficulty. The folios give "Y" may see the sea hath east me upon your coast." Malone at one time proposed to change the *y* into *you* and *upon* into *on*. This, however, spoils the rhythm. *Me*, for *may*, has been conjectured by an anonymous critic mentioned by the Cambridge editors, and is also proposed by Mr. Kinneer.

97. Lines 86, 87: *Flesh for HOLIDAYS, . . . and MORE/ER puddings and flap-jacks.*—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read "Flesh for all day . . . and more; or puddings and Flap-jacks." The corrections were made by Malone, the latter on the suggestion of Farmer.

98. Line 94: *are all your beggars whipp'd.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *are you Beggars whipt*. Whipping was the regular punishment for vagrants in Shakespeare's time and long afterwards. Players were liable to be accounted vagrants (see Troilus, note 227), and Mr. Tyler here suggests a comparison with Hamlet, ii. 2. 552-555:

Pol. My lord, I will use them [the players] according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping?

99. Lines 114-116: *to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to JUST and TORNEY for her love.*—The princess's birthday, with its tournament, is an invention of the writer of this part of the play. In the Historia Apollonii, and Twine, *Patterne of Painefull Adventures*, we are told that Prince Apollonius, on entering the city, heard one who invited all persons, citizens and strangers alike, to the gymnasium or "place of exercise." According to Gower, it was the appointed day for every one to "pleye . . . her comm game." Tourneying (obviously an anachronism) is mentioned by Gower and Twine afterwards; but only as part of the festivities at the marriage of the Prince and Princess. The incident of the armour (which occupies the rest of this scene) is also invented, to enable Pericles to take part in the tournament.

100. Lines 119-121: *O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully DEAL for his wife's soul.*—Here we have another place which has been regarded as excessively obscene. Knight says it is useless to attempt to explain it, and the editors of the Globe Shakespeare place an obelus before "his wife's soul," to indicate that there is a lacuna. Yet, by the simple emendation of *deal* into *steal*, a fairly consistent sense can be obtained. Pericles wishes to be present at the tournament, but he is in a position of extremity, and knows not how to procure what is necessary for the enterprise. The fisherman answers that, whatever may be the course of Fortune, there are extreme occasions on which a man may lawfully steal, as, for instance, for his wife's soul, that is, for her life, or her salvation. "A man may steal for his wife's soul" may indeed have been a current maxim. [This ingenious proposal of Mr. Tyler's is the best elucidation that has been given of the passage; but the question is so uncertain that I have refrained from altering the text.—P. Z. R.]

101. Lines 127, 128:

*Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all THY crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repayre myself.*

Qq. and Ft. omit *thy*. Wilkins, in the Novel, says: "thanking Fortune, that after all her crosses, shee had yet given him somewhat to repayre his fortunes" (p. 29). The correction in the text was made by Delius.

102. Line 129: *And THOUGH it was mine own, part of my heritage.*—If *though* is correct, we have here a long

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the Novel, says:
crosses, shee had
fortunes" (p. 29).
Delius.

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have here a long

subordinate clause; the principal verb of the sentence will be *thank*, in line 139. But we might better read:

I know it; 't was mine own.

This would seem to be justified by the words of the Novel: "the Armour is by Pericles viewed, and *knowne* to be a defence which his father at his last will gano him in charge to keepe" (p. 29).

The *armour* (line 125) seems to be a "corslet," including both back and breast pieces (see line 142) and also arm or shoulder guards, which are apparently indicated by the word *brace* of line 133. Yet it is hard to see how a defence for the arm could be a shield twixt the wearer and death. We may suspect that the right word should be *brutise* or *diat*, showing where the armour had warded off a deadly stroke.

103. Lines 134, 135:

"For that it sa'd me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee FROM!—T MAY defend thee."

Q4. and F. 3, F. 4 read for the latter of these lines:

The which the Gods protect thee, *Fame* may defend thee

The text is Malone's. Staunton reads *may't for 't may*, but either reading is cacophonous. Possibly what was intended was:

The which the gods *avert*, the same may defend thee.

104. Line 137: *the rough seas, that SPARE not any man.*—So Malone. Q4. and F. 3, F. 4 give *sparres*.

105. Line 151: *I'll show the virtue I have BORNE in arms.*—Wilkins has in the Novel: "telling them, that with it hee would shew the vertue hee had learned in Armes" (p. 29).

106. Line 152: *Why, I' YE take it.*—For *d'ye* Q. 1 has *do'e*; Q. 2, Q. 3 *d'v'e*. The others omit the word.

107. Line 153: *you'll remember from whence you had IT.*—So Malone. The old editions all have "had them."

108. Lines 161-163:

*spile of all the RAPTURE of the sea,
This jewel holds his BUILDING on my arm:—
Unto THE value I will mount myself.*

Q4. and F. 3, F. 4 read *rupture* for *rapture*, the reading of Rowe. The emendation is justified by the words of the Novel: "a Jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arme" (p. 29). *Building* may mean the setting, or *holds his building* may be an artificial way of saying "keeps its place." For *the*, in line 163, the old copies have *they*. The correction was made by Walker.

109. Line 167: *a pair of BASES.*—This denotes the skirts, gathered or puckered lengthwise, which were worn appended to the doublet, and reached from the waist to the knee. They were often worn over the armour. The term sometimes denotes the eaparisous or housings of a horse.

Friends, in the previous line, is Dyce's emendation. The old copies read *friend*; but the fishermen are addressed collectively throughout this scene, and the Second Fisherman presently answers with *We*, not *I*.

ACT II. SCENE 2

110.—According to the Historia Apollonii, the Prince comes to the notice of King Archistrates at the gymnasium (see note 99), where, after putting off his mean

garments . . . thing, he distinguished himself as an opponent of King . . . the game of ball (*lusus pila*, which Twain . . . pret . . . "temil"). Gower, who does not specify the game, says . . . in a large place . . . it even before the . . . face . . . the play was played . . . of dale . . . who most worth . . . of dale . . . eive he shoulde . . . in me . . . And in the cite bare a pri . . .

"Apollinius," Gower adds, "fel among her . . . game, and of course comes off victorious.

The manner of the entrance of the competitors in this scene may, perhaps, have been suggested by the *Arma* of Sir Philip Sidney (books I. and II.), where similar pageants are described. The choice by humorous or ambitious gallants of fanciful emblems such as these was an Italian custom, which became very fashionable in England in Tudor times. The present anachronistic scene is only introduced for the sake of the parade; and there is no particular reason why Thaisa should have to unmoose the knights. Simonides could surely see for himself.

111. Lines 14, 15:

*'Tis now your honour, daughter, to EXPLAIN
The labour of each knight in his device.*

For *explain* Q4. and F. 3, F. 4 have *entertain*. Steevens suggested the necessary correction. Schmidt proposes *interpret*, as being more Shakespearian.

112. Line 27: *MAS por dulzura que por fuerza*—Q 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads *Pue Per dolcera kee per forsa*. The Novel has "*Pue per dolcera qui per sfora*," more by lenitie than by force." But when the text tells us the words are Spanish, we can hardly print *puu*, which is Italian. The observation and correction are Malone's. The motto seems really to have been taken from a French source. *Plus par douceur que par force* is emblem 28 of Corrozet's *Hecatomgraphie*, Paris, 1540, according to Mr. H. Green, *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers* (p. 164). There is only a far-off likeness between this and the proverb *mas vale maña que fuerza*, "more avails cunning than force," mentioned by J. Collins, *Dictionary of Spanish Proverbs*, 1823.

113. Lines 29, 30:

*And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, Me pompe provexit apex.*

The practice of giving a chaplet of leaves to the victor in the Greek athletic contests was followed in the games of the Roman circus. Roman soldiers were rewarded with a crown of olive leaves for conspicuous bravery, and a wreath of laurel or bay was worn by a victorious commander in his triumphal procession or *pompæ*. It is this last which the Latin motto seems to have in view. Paradin, *Devises Heroïques* (quoted by Mr. Green, *at supra*, p. 168), gives this motto when writing of the laurel wreath, which he describes as the highest reward that the Romans could offer to generals, emperors, captains, and victorious knights. Often the wreaths were made of gold. In one shape or the other they were sometimes given as the reward of the victor in a tournament. Lacroix has an engraving (No. 134 in *Military and Religious*

Life of the Middle Ages) from an Ivory of the 13th century, showing ladies at a tournament holding out wreaths to successful combatants.

114. Lines 32, 33:

*A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, Quod me alit, me extinguish.*

Quod is Malone's reading. Q₄ and F₃, F₄ read *Qui*, as does the Novel, which interprets the words to mean "that which glues me life glues me death." Mr. Green quotes from Symeon, Tetrastich Morali (1561, 1574), the story of the Signor di San Valiere, who bore this device, with the motto as in Wilkins, "to signify that, as the beauty of a lady whom he loved nourished all his thoughts, so she put him in peril of his life." Dyce defends Malone's reading of *quod* for *qui* by the citation of Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, Discourse of Impresses, 1585, where *quod* is the word used.

115. Lines 36-38:

*an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the TOUCHSTONE tried;
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.*

As regards the *touchstone*, see Richard III. note 467, and compare King John, iii. 1. 100, and Coriolanus, note 234. This device and motto appear in Paradin (*ut supra*) and in Whitney, A Choice of Emblemes, 1586.

116. Lines 50, 51:

*by his rusty outside, he appears
T' have practis'd more the WHIPSTOCK than the lance.*
Stevens observes (on Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 28) that a *whipstock* is the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself.

The iden of the ill-clad knight may have been borrowed from the following passage in Sidney, Arcadia, book i.: "the next commer . . . was no lesse marked than all the rest before, because he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor device, his armor of as old a fashion (besides the rustle poorenesse,) that it might better seeme a monument of his grandfathers courage: about his middle he had in steede of bases, a long cloake of silke, which us unhandsonely, as it accedes must, became the wearer: so that all that lookt on, measured his length on the earth alreadie" (ed. 1598, p. 63).

117. Lines 56, 57:

*Opinion's but a food, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.*

By, with the sense "concerning," occurs in Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 26; see note 189 on that play. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 150:

I would not have him know so much *by* me;
and 1 Corinthians iv. 4: "I know nothing *by* myself." The Novel says: "hee tolde them, that as Ver . . . was not to be approued by wordes, but by actions, so the outward habite was the least table of the inward minde" (p. 30).

ACT II. SCENE 3.

118. Line 3, Q₄, F₃ read *I place*. Line 26, Q₁, Q₂, Q₃ have *shall* for *do*. Line 111, Q₁, Q₂ omit *to*. Line 113, Q₁, Q₂ continue the speech to Pericles.

119. Line 23:

Marshall. *Sir, yonder is your place.*

Per.

Some other is more fit.

It is plain from these words, and those of the First Knight, which follow, that Pericles is seated in a place of honour. Compare Gower:

At souper thise, natheles,
The king amiddes al the yres
Let clepe him up amonge hem alle
And bad his marshal of his name
To setten him in such degre
That he upon him mighte se.

And he, which hadde his pns deserved,

Was maad begonne a middel bord,
That bothe king and queene him syde.

—See Pauli's ed. p. 279.

The Novel only says: "all [the Knights] being seated by the Marshall at a table, placed directly over-against where the king and his daughter sat" (p. 31).

120. Lines 27-29:

Sim.

Sit, sir, sit.—

(Aside) *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These eyes resist eye, he NOT thought upon.*

It is an awkward arrangement that Simonides should have only the three words "sit, sir, sit" to say to Pericles. The next two lines are obscurely expressed, but their meaning, no doubt, is that Simonides' liking for Pericles is so strong that it has taken away his appetite.

Wilkins says: "As it were by some diuine operation, both King and daughter at one instant were so stricken in love with the noblesse of his worth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayes" (Novel, p. 31). The king's sentiments must be regarded as much the same as his daughter's. But, which Dyce suggests, instead of *not* in line 29, would make the sense clearer. Stevens and Dyce rightly object to the proposal, made by Malone and by Mason, to give these two lines to Pericles, whose thoughts as yet are only employed on his past misfortunes.

121. Line 43: *Where now his SON'S like glow-worm in the night.*—So Dyce. Q₁, which the other Q₄ and F₃, F₄ follow, reads:

Where now his *sonne* like a glowworme in the night.

122. Lines 62, 63:

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but KILL'D ARE wonder'd at.

The wonder is because of the insignificance of the gnat which has made so much noise. Stevens's explanation is that the worthless monarch and the idle gnat have only lived to make an empty bluster; and, when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it. The parallel is a strained one. Mr. Daniel would read, "but *still* ne'er wonder'd at," for the latter part of line 63. Mr. Kinneer, in his Cruces Shaksperianæ, proposes, "but *little* are wonder'd at."

123. Line 64: *to make his ENTERTAIN more sweet.*—This is Walker's emendation, adopted by Dyce. Compare i.

119. *Entrance, or entrance*, is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4; the meaning being, then, "his coming among us."

124. Line 65: *standing-bowl*, or *standing-cup*, was a drinking vessel having a foot or pedestal. Compare the stage-direction in Henry VIII. v. 5, where "great *standing-bowls* for the christening-gifts" are mentioned. In Elizabethan times they were not uncommon.

125. Lines 81, 82:

*A gentleman of Tyre,— my name, Pericles;
My education BEEN in arts and arms.*

So, in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 80, the Grecian youths are described as "flowing o'er with *arts and exercise*." Malone, to avoid the elliptical mode of expression, gave *being* instead of *been* in line 82; but harsher ellipses occur in this and the preceding act. In the Novel the words are put as in the text, and the alteration would not better the sense.

126. Lines 87-89:

*A gentleman of Tyre,
Who ONLY by misfortune of the seas
Deft of ships and men, cast on this shore.*

The confused construction is, no doubt, the result of mutilation. This explains the broken line. No satisfactory emendation has been proposed. *Only*, of course, means alone.

127. Lines 94-97:

*Even in your armours, as you are ADDRESS'D,
Will VERY well become a SOLDIER'S DANCE.
I will not have excuse, with saying THIS
LOUD MUSIC is too harsh for ladies' heads.*

In lines 94, 95 we have another incomplete sentence, whether due to the carelessness of author or of transcriber we cannot now say. The Qq. omit *very*, which was inserted by F. 3. *Address'd*, in Shakespeare, means prepared, ready. Here, however, it seems to mean accoutred or dressed, a sense in which *ready* is often used elsewhere. In line 96 Q. 1, Q. 2 have a comma after *this*; the other copies omit the stop, and read *that*. The text is Malone's; but the line is a bad one. Most likely the *loud music* is the noise made by the armour in dancing. Steevens quotes Twine, *Patterne of Painefull Adventures*, where "dancing in armour" is enumerated among the entertainments at the wedding of the prince and princess (p. 279). In A Briefe Treatise Concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing: collected out of the works of the most excellent Deuine Doctor Peter Martyr, by Maister Robert Massonius: and translated into English by I. K. (about 1580), we are told: "Besides these, there was another kinde exercised by younge men in martiall affayres. Forasmuch as they were commaunded to leappe and make much gesture and signes of mirth in their Harness, to thend they might be readier and apter for battell, when the cause of y^e common welath so required. This manner of dauncing was called *Pyrrhicha*, and because it was used in armour, armed, hercof mentio is made in the ciuill lawes, (that is to say) in the digest of punishmentes; F. *de penis*: L. ad damnum" (sig. C. iii., verso). The versified Dialogue, from which Malone quotes (Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 85), would seem to be based on this Treatise.

VOL. VIII.

Sidney, Arcadia, book II., mentions "the matachline dunce in armour" (ed. 1598, p. 118), as danced by one of the characters of his story. In this the performers are said to have wielded sword and buckler, and another interpretation of the *loud music* of line 97 is hereby suggested. But all that is meant in the present passage is that the knights dance *without removing their armour*. In Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 the stage-direction, after lines 98 and 107, is simply *They dance*. Malone gave *The Knights dance* for the first, and *The Knights and Ladies dance* for the second direction, and this alteration has been generally followed. I have enlarged the directions in accordance with the view I have just expressed.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

128. Lines 7-10:

*When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
THEIR bodies, EVEN to LOATHING.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *those*, instead of *their*, in line 10. The transcriber perhaps caught the word up from the next line. Steevens made the correction, which is confirmed in the Novel.

Steevens altered lines 7, 8 thus:

*When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value.*

This mends the rhythm, but throws the sentence out of balance. There is probably some mutilation. In the Novel, thirty lines (printed as prose) are occupied with the account which in this speech is condensed into ten. The following passage explains *even to loathing*: "as thus they rode . . . Vengeance with a deadly arrow drawne from forth the quiver of his wrath, prepared by lightning, and shot on by thunder, hitte and stricke dead these proud incestuous creatures where they sate, leauing their faces blasted, and their bodies such a contemptfull obiect on the earth, that all . . . scord now to touch them, loathd now to look upon them" (p. 33). The death of Antiochus by lightning is mentioned in all the versions of the story. No historical personage of that name met with such a death.

129. Line 15: *To bar heaven's shaft, BUT sin had his reward.*—So Q. 1. Q. 2, which the other copies follow, has to barre heauens shaft.

By sinne had his reward.

130. Line 25: *Your griefs! for what? wrong not THE PRINCE you love.—Your prince is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Steevens made this correction. As Dyce points out, the error arose by confusion between *yr* and *ye*.*

131. Lines 31-34:

*And be resolu'd he liues to govern vs,
Or dead, GIVES cause to mourn his funeral,
And LEAVES us to our free election.*

Sec. Lord. *Whose DEATH 's indeed the strongest in our censure.*

Q. 1, followed by the other copies, reads as follows:

And he resolu'd he liues to gouerne vs:

Or dead, GIVE 's cause to mourn his funeral,

And LEAVE vs to our free election.

2. Lord. *Whose death in deed, the strongest in our censure.*

The text is Malone's. The Cambridge editors, however, retain the reading of the old copies in lines 32, 33. *Give's* must, in this case, be taken as an abbreviation for *give us*, and the sentence must be regarded as a request. In old texts the omission and insertion of *s* is one of the commonest of typographical mistakes.

132. Lines 35, 37:

And, knowing this kingdom, if without a head,—

Will soon to ruin fall.

If is Malone's correction for *is*, the reading of the old copies. In line 37 these read *soon fall to ruin*. Steevens made the transposition, and inserted *will*.

133. Lines 37, 38:

your noble self,
That best know how to rule.

Know is the reading of Q. 1, Q. 2. Q. 3 has *knowes*, which the other copies adopt. Malone read *know'st*, but this hardly agrees with *your self*.

134. Line 41: For *honour's cause*.—This is Dyce's correction. "*Try* honour's cause" is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Dyce compares ii. 5. 61.

135. Lines 49, 50, 52, 53:

But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

This passage lacks not only grammar and rhythm, but sense also. Something has, perhaps, fallen out to which *love* might refer. Wilkins, in the Novel, merely says: "nothing but this only preailed with them, that since he only knew their Prince was gone to traucell, and that, that traucell was undertaken for their good, they would abstaine but for three months longer from bestowing that dignity which they call'd their lone, though it was his dislike vpon him" (p. 34). Line 50 may have originally read

Go search your noble prince, like noble subjects.

There would thus be an antecedent to *whom* (line 52).

136. Line 56: *Ife with our travels will endeavour it*.—It was added by Steevens. For the use, indefinitely, of *it* as the object of a verb, see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 226; and compare ii. 5. 23.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

137.—According to the old story, Apollonius, after supper at the palace, enchanted every one by his masterly playing on the harp. The princess became his pupil, and fell every day more deeply in love with him. Gower describes her as losing her appetite and keeping her chamber, until the king is in doubt of her life. To the three princes who come seeking her hand, the king—

Sith she is seek, and of that speche
Tho was no time to deseeche.
But eche of hem do make a bille
He bad, and write his owne wille;
His name, his father, and his good:
And when she wiste how that it stood,
And hadde here billes overscin,
Thel shokten have answer ayein.

The king sent the letters to his daughter, who wrote in answer:

'The shame which is in a maide
With speche dar nought ben unloke,
But in writinge it may be spoke.
So write I to you, fader, thus:
But if I have Appolimus,
Of all this world what so betyde,
I wol non other man abide.
And, certes, if I of him faile,
I wot right wel, withoute faile,
Ye shul for me be doughterles.

Twine says that the king found means to put off the suitors, "for that present, saying that he would talk with them farther concerning that matter another time." According to Gower

He yaf hem answer by and by;
But that was do so prively,
That non of othres counsel wiste.
They toke here leve, and wher hem liste
They wente forth upon here wey.

—See Paul's ed. p. 304, 305.

The very jejune scene with the suitors is omitted by Wilkins in the Novel, but he gives the succeeding portion of the present scene with great elaboration. The childishness of the king's feigned anger has been often noticed. Simonides cannot plead the excuse of Prospero:

They are loth in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

—Tempest, i. 2. 450-452.

The character has been made ridiculous, for the sake of showing off Pericles and Thaisa in the parts of a hero falsely accused and a heroine ready to sacrifice her life for the man she loves. There is a similar scene by Wilkins in *The Travels of Three English Brothers*: Robert Sherry is ordered off to execution for aiming at the Sophy's crown by a lawful contract with his niece; a head, supposed to be his, is brought in, whereupon the lady avows her affection and begs the body for burial. The Sophy answers:

Take it, with our best love and furtherance.
And, having joynd his body to the head,
His winding sheet be thy chaste marriage bed. [Enter Sherry]
—Day's Works, pp. 71-74 (of play).

138. Line 6: Which YET from her by no means can I get
—Yet was first inserted in F. 3.

139. Lines 49, 50:

Thou hast breitch'd my daughter,
And thou art a villain!

Brabantio accuses Othello similarly, but with more apparent justification. (See *Othello*, i. 2. 63.) Mr. Tyler compares the dissembling of Prospero, when he addresses Ferdinand: *Tempest*, i. 2. 453-456:

thou dost . . . usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

140. Line 62: *not to be a rebel to your state*.—So Walker. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *her* instead of *your*; but the correction is confirmed by the words of the Novel, "affirming, that he came into his Court in search of honour, and not to be a rebel to his state" (p. 39).

141. Line 87: *And for a further grief*.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit *a*, which was inserted by Malone.

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142. Line 89: *Euen as my life MY blood that fosters it.*
Q 5, which the succeeding copies follow, has "or blood
that fosters it." But the figure of the love of the life for
the blood is not very different from that in i. 2. 119:

Day serves not tight more faithful than I'll be.

Compare The Maid in the Mill, iv. 2:

the young men were friends
As is the *life* and *blood* coagulate
And curdled in one body.

—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, ii. 599.

ACT III. PROLOGUE.

143. Lines 1, 2:

*Now sleep ystaked hath the rout;
No din but snores THE HOUSE ABOUT.*

The reading is Malone's. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read for line 2:

No din but snores about the house.

144. Lines 5-8:

*The cat, with egue of burning coal,
Now crouches FORE the mouse's hole;
And CRICKETS sing at th' oven's mouth,
AYE the blither for their drowth.*

Fore and *crickets* are Malone's emendations. The old
copies have *from* and *cricket*, and, in the next line, *ave*,
for which *aye* was first substituted by Dyce. A resen-
blance to this speech of Gower's has been seen by some
in A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 380, &c.

As regards the house cricket, we are told they "live in
a kind of artificial torrid zone, are very thirsty souls, and
are frequently found drowned in pails of water, milk,
broth, and the like. Whatever is moist, even stockings
or linen hung out to dry, is to them a *bonne bouche*"
(Kirby and Spence, p. 140).

145. Lines 12, 13:

*Time, that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly ECHE.*

We may set beside this, but for contrast rather than com-
parison, the words of the Chorus in Henry V. v. 1-6:

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented.

The form *eche* occurs in Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 23,
and in Henry V. iii. ProL 35; modern editors, however,
substitute *eke* in both passages. It is found in Chaucer.

146. Lines 15-52.—Gower thus tells the story:

It fel a day thel riden oute,
The king and queene and al the route,
To plegen hem upon the strandes,
Whereas they seen toward the londre
A ship sailende of great aray.

Til he come they abide.

They nxen when the ship is come.
'Fro Tyr,' anon answerde some.

The cause why they comen for
Was for to seche an4 for to finde
Appolunus, which is of klude
Her lege lord.

He was right glad, for they him tolde
That for vengeance, as god it wolde.
Antiochus, as men may wite,
With thunder and lightning is forsuite.
His daughter hath the same chance.

'Forthy, our lege lord, we seye,
In name of al the londre and preye
That, left al othere thing to done,
It like you to come sone
And se your owne lege men.'

This tale, after the king it hadde,
Pentapolim al overspradde.
Ther was no ioie for to seche,
For every man it hadde in speche,
And seiden alle of oon acord
'A wortai king shal ben oure lord,
That thoughte us ferst an hevynesse
Is shape now to gret gladnesse.
Thus goth the tidinge over al.

Appolunus his leve took.

To ship he goth, his wif with childe
wolde noight departe him fro.

Lichorida for her office
Was take, which was a norrice,
To wende with this yonge wif,
To whom was shape a woful lif.
Withinne a time, as it betidde,
Whan they were in the see amiddre,
Out of the north they sythe a cloude:
The storme aros, the wyndes lowle
They blewen many a dreddful blast.
The welken was al overcast.

This yonge lady wepte and cryde,
To whom no comfort mighte availe,
Of childe she began travaile.

—See Pauli's ed. pp. 308-310.

147. Lines 15-19:

*By many a DERN and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing COIGSS
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence.*

Coigns was substituted by Rowe for the *erignes* of Qq.,
F. 3, F. 4. It seems here to mean "quarters;" its literal
sense is "corner" (French *coin*). *Dearn*, meaning dreary
or solitary, is the reading of Qq. In King Lear, iii. 7. 63.
The sentence means "the careful search for Pericles is
made over many a lonely and toilsome mile of country,
through the four quarters of the world."

148. Line 29: *The mutiny he there hastes t' APPEASE.*—
Appease is Stevens' conjecture for *oppress* of the Qq.,
F. 3, F. 4. It is confirmed by the words of the Novel:
"grave Helycenus had not without much labour, appeased
the stubborn mutiny of the Tyrinus" (p. 42).

149. Lines 31, 32:

*in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms.*

The same imperfect rhyme occurs again, v. 2. (Gower)
19, 20. *Dooms* means judgments or suffrages.

150. Line 35: *VRAVISHED the regions round.*—Q. 1 reads
Irangshed, which the later editions made into *irony shed*.

324

ist. —So Rowe.

! O, still
ENTLY quench

he observes, is
etre, in place of
Gently, in line 5,
and daily.

monously;

sly. The text is
osed by Malone.

Lycorinda in the
the noise of his
whistle; and his
hear me?" He
ding of Q₁, *spet*
Venice, note 98.
ii. 7. 44, 45;
us head

FE gentle.

r copies, reads:

gentle.
at
gentle.
see l. 1. 8, and

the pangs

Elsewhere Shake-

—The old copies
may mean, "may
respect to honour-
the emendation,
his: 'We poor mo-
re in that respect
'" He compares

so
the crow

the words *vie* and
to suppose that the

wants stuff

y.
copatra [v. 2. 97, 98]"

can thy PORTAGE
u hast already lost
an thy safe arrival
e, with all to boot
a similar view of
and Schmidt accept,

though with some uncertainty. *Portage* properly means a toll or impost paid on reaching port. But we ought, I think, to interpret *thy loss* as the loss of which thou art the cause, the loss through thee, viz. Thaisa's death.

163. Lines 43, 44: *Slack the BOLINS there!—Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.*—*Bolin*, or *bow-line* (literally, "side-line"), is a rope fastened near the perpendicular edge of the square sails, and used to keep the weather edge of the sail tight forward when the ship is close-hauled. They are slackened when the wind is very strong. The person addressed in the next sentence is not certain. From iv. 1. 62 it might seem that someone falls overboard, but whether these words refer to him I cannot say. If they do, we should read "*Thou wilt out.*" Mr. Nicholson, I find, makes the same conjecture.

164. Lines 45, 46: *But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not; i.e.* Let there but be sea-room, and I care not how much the tempest may rage. Compare Tempest, i. 1. 8: "Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!"

165. Lines 47-49: *Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.*—Stevens quotes from Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre*, book iv. chap. 27: "The sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth; and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of." Almost the same words as in Fuller's last clause are in the earliest version of the story of our play. The superstition still exists.

166. Lines 51-55: *with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.*
Per. *As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 6, F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially) as follows:

with vs. at Sea it hath bin still observed.

And we are strong in custom, therefore briefly yeel'Per,

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight;

Most wretched Queene.

Q. 5 inserts *this is a lye* before *with us*. This is evidently some marginal annotation, which the printer mistook for a correction of the text. Malone made the transposition, which has since been universally adopted. *Custom*, for *custome*, is the conjecture of Boswell. There can be little doubt that it is the right word.

167. Line 56: *Here she lies, sir.*—Lycorinda most likely draws back a curtain, disclosing Thaisa within a sort of deck cabin, presumably in the after part of the ship. Compare Gower, p. 310:

Of childre she began travaile

Wher she lay in a caban clos.

Hir woful lord fro hir aros.

Just in the same way Pericles is discovered to Lysimachus, v. 1. 36. See note 272.

168. Line 61: *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in THE OZE.*—So Stevens. Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 omit *the*, and read *oze* (or *oar*) instead of *oze*. The word occurs in *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 100: "my son! the oze is bedded."

169. Lines 62-64:

*Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
AND AYE-REMAINING LAMPS, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse.*

And aye-remaining lamps is the conjecture of Stevens. He interprets: "Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head." The Quartos and Folios have "The air-remaining lamps," variously spelt. This reading Mr. Tyler proposes to interpret as denoting the stars, the "gold candles fix'd in heaven's air" (Sonnet xxi.). *O'erwhelm thy corpse* could then only refer to the *humming water*. Holt White cites Milton, *Lycidas*:

Where thou perhaps under the *humming* tide

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world.

Milton, he says, afterwards changed *humming* to *whelm-ing*.

170. Line 68: *Bring me the satin coffer.*—The old copies have *coffin*. This is a mere blunder of the scribe or printer, who repeated the ending of the preceding word. The coffer may have contained the "cloth of state," in which Thaisa was to be shrouded. See the next scene, line 65.

171. Lines 75, 76:

We are near Tarsus.

Per.

Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre.

Pericles means, "alter thy course which has hitherto been for Tyre;" or else he means that the skipper is to divert his course, so as to take Tarsus on his way, and then continue towards Tyre. We may conjecture that the vessel, having been driven out of her course by the storm, had somehow got to the north-west of Cyprus, so as to be nearer Tarsus than Tyre. In such a position the courses for the two places would be quite different. The introduction to this act (lines 47, 48) implies that the storm began from the north, and so Marina says, iv. 1. 52. Gower, p. 310, wrote:

Out of the north they syde a cloude;

but probably neither author attended much to a geographical or nautical question.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

172.—Wilkins, in the *Novel*, puts the events of this scene on the next morning (*i.e.* the morning of the next day) after the preceding.

173. Line 26, as Malone: Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 have *hold for held*. Line 37, *I* was added by Malone. Line 77, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *ever* for *even*.

174. Lines 8, 9:

Give this to th' apothecary,

And tell me how it works.

"The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients. The preceding words show that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here" (Malone).

175 Lines 21-23:

*But I much marvel that your lordship, having
RICH TIRE ABOUT YOU, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden SLEEPER OF REPOSE.*

Steevens remarks: "The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest." Dyce is of the same opinion; see his Glossary. The passage is, no doubt, mutilated. In the next line the tautology *slander of repose* must be a corruption.

176 Lines 28-31:

*careless heirs
May the two latter PARKEN and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.*

Careless heirs may darken rank and wealth, staining their glory by misuse and excess. As to men being made divine by virtue and cunning, wisdom and art, compare Bacon, *Novum Organum* (129), "Again let a man only consider what a difference there is between the life of men in the most civilized province of Europe, and in the wildest and most barbarous districts of New India; he will feel it be great enough to justify the saying that 'man is a god to man,' not only in regard of aid and benefit, but also by a comparison of condition. And this difference comes not from soil, not from climate, not from race, but from the arts." N. Holmes, in his *Authorship of Shakespeare* (3rd ed. p. 65), recognized a Baconian colouring in this portrait of Cerimon. This we may allow without in the least assenting to the absurd notion that Bacon composed either *Pericles* or any other work with which Shakespeare's name is usually associated. Dr. Furnivall (Introd. to *Leopold Shakspeare*, p. lxxxviii) says: "Seeing with what contempt he (Shakespeare) treated the apothecaries in the *Errors* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and how little notice he took of the Doctor in *Macbeth*, we are struck with the very different character he gives to the noble, scientific, and generous Cerimon here. He is a man working for the good of all, the kind of man that Bacon would have desired for a friend." This note is Mr. Tyler's, to whom I am indebted for the subsequent illustrations of this scene from Bacon's writings.

177 Line 36: *That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones.*

—Steevens compares *Romeo and Juliet*, II. 3. 15, 16:
O, nickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

178 Lines 41, 42:

*Or tie my TREASURE up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.*

Instead of *treasure* the old editions have *pleasure*, but this need not vary greatly the sense. It seems impossible to explain this passage satisfactorily. Steevens seems to think that there is here an allusion to some pictorial representation, for he says: "I have seen, indeed, (though present means of reference to it are beyond my reach,) an old Flemish print in which *Death* is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated

by his bauble, &c.) is standing behind, and grinning at the process." This explanation would certainly be attractive, if we could find the print, and ascertain that it was widely known in Shakespeare's time. The mention of the *fool and death* reminds us of Measure for Measure (see note 111 on that play). But the resemblance is merely superficial. Mr. Tyler observes, on the present passage, that the fool, delighting in his treasure, is like an ass bowed down with golden ingots. Death is amused with the whole proceeding, as he takes away for ever the load of heavy riches.

179 Lines 46-48:

*but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never RAZE.*

Even this generous liberality is quite Baconian. We read at the end of the *New Atlantis*: "And so he left me; having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats, for a bounty to me and my fellows. For they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions." *Raze* was added by Dyce; in the first three Quartos the line ends with *never*. Q. 4, Q. 5, Q. 6 and the Folios read *never shall decay*.

180 Line 55: *'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belekes upon us.*—It is a good thing that fortune has compelled the sea to discharge the chest upon our shore. Malone aptly compares *The Tempest*, III. 3. 53-56:

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to beach up you.

181 Lines 66, 67:

*A passport TOO!—
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!*

The old copies have "A passport to Apollo." The text is Malone's. It seems likely that the passage is corrupt. *With full bags of spices* is a very unrhymed passage. In Wilkins's *Novel* Cerimon is described as "invoking Apollo to his empericke" (*i.e.* experiment) when taking means to revive *Thaisa*. This hints that line 67 is out of place, and should, in some shape or other, follow line 88. The text, however, contains an invocation to *Esculapius* at the end of the scene.

182 Lines 82-84:

*Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And get the vice of life kindeled again
The d'express'd spirits.*

Compare Bacon, *New Atlantis*: "Wherein we find many strange effects; as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seemed dead in appearance; and the like." The queen presents signs of life in the accounts of Gower and Twine, which are not to be found in Shakespeare.

183 Lines 84-86:

*I 'VE READ of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good APPLIANCES recover'd.*

The old copies have *I heard*. In Wilkins's *Novel*, which makes *Egyptian* refer to those who recovered persons

apparently dead, Cerimon says: "I have read of some Egyptians, who after four hours death (if a man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, into their former health" (p. 48). I have introduced the correction into the text. *Appliances* is Dyce's emendation for *appliance*, the reading of Qq., F. 3, F. 4.

184. Line 87: *the fire and cloths*.—In the previous accounts we read of oil and wool for the anointing; thus in the Latin *Historia Apollonii Regis Tyri*, "Calefecit oleum, madefecit lanam, fudit super pectus puellæ." Twine says: "Then tooke he certaine hote and comfortable oyles, and warming them upon the coales, he dipped faire wooll therein, and fomented all the bodie over therewith" (p. 287). Probably the idea is that of a medicated hot-water bath or fomentation. Bacon (*De Augmentis Scientiarum*, l. ch. iv.) insisted on the importance of imitating Nature by artificial baths.

185. Line 88: *The rough and weoful music that we have*.—Such music as would be most likely to waken the dormant sense of hearing. Malone compares Winter's Tale, v. 3. 28, where, when Paulina pretends to bring Hermione to life, she orders music to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also the Physician, when King Lear is about to wake from sleep after his frenzy (iv. 7. 25): "Lend me the music there!"

186. Line 90: *The VIAL once more*.—The first three Quartos have *viol*, but the probability is that Cerimon requires a bottle or other vessel of strong perfume. This at least suits what follows, *how thou stir'st, thou block!* which would scarcely agree with the idea of *viol* as a musical instrument.

187. Lines 93, 94;
*Nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her.*

Q 1 has "Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her." The other old copies have *warne* instead of *warmth*. The text is Malone's.

188. Lines 101-104:
*the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear,
To make the world twice rich.—O, live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature.*

For *do*, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *doth*. They omit *O* in line 103. Both alterations are Malone's. With lines 99-103 Stevens compares Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "Her faire liddes then hiding her fairer eyes seemed unto him sweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselves but containing in them farre richer Jewels" (ed. 1598, p. 351, which, however, reads *fairer liddes*).

189. Lines 106: *Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?*—The same words are found in Gower:

Ther leide hire on a couche softe,
And, with a shete warmed ofte,
Hir colde brest bigan to hete.
Hir herte also to flakke and hete.
This malisier hath hir every joint
With certein oil and balsame anoint,
And putte a licour in hir mouth
Which is to fewe clerkes couthe;
So that she covereth atte laste,
And ferst hir yhen up she caste,

And, when she more of strengthe caughte,
Her armes bothe forth she straughte,
Held up hir hond, and pitously
She spak, and seide: 'Where am I?
'Where is my lord? what world is this?'

—See Pauli's ed. p. 315.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

190.—F. 3, in which for the first time this play is divided into acts, makes act iii. begin with this scene.

191. Lines 5-7: .
*Your STROKES of fortune,
THOUGH they HAVE HURT you mortally, yet glance
Full wouNDINGLY on us.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other Quartos, reads:

*Your shakes of fortune, though they hurt you mortally
Yet glance full wouNDINGLY on us.*

F. 3, F. 4 have *hate* instead of *hurt* (or *haint*). *Hurt* is Stevens's reading. The arrangement is due to Walker, but the insertion of *have* is Fleay's suggestion. Walker read *although* instead of *though*. I have substituted *strokes*, for which *shakes* is an easy misprint. *Shafte*, the conjecture of Stevens, differs more from the Quarto text, and is less suitable. *WouNDINGLY* was proposed by Mr. Kinnear in his *Cruces Shakspearianæ*. He compares Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 103-105:

I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

192. Lines 27-30:
*Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
UNCESSAR'D shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I showe ill in't.*

Uncessar'd is Stevens's correction. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *unsister'd*. In the next line *ill* appears to have been proposed independently by Malone and by Dyce. The corrections are confirmed by the following from Wilkins's *Novel*: "vowing solemnly by othe to himselfe, his head should grow unclaserd, his beard untrimmed, himself in all vncomely, since he had lost his Queene, and till he had married his daughter at ripe years" (p. 51). The incident belongs to the oldest versions of the story.

193. Lines 36, 37:
*Then give you up to the MASK'D Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.*

Mask'd perhaps means fair-seeming. His strength and fury are disguised for the nonce. Malone compares Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 97, 98:

the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea.

But any suggestion of the sea's treacherous and deceitful nature is hardly in place in the present connection.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

194.—The early Qq. are in confusion here about Thaisa's name. Q. 1, Q. 2 head this scene with the words, "Enter Cerimon, and *Tharsa*." Her first speech (line 4) is assigned to *Thar*; and the other to *Thin*. The right form, however, appears in act v.

195. Line 6: *Ev'n on my EASING time*.—So F. 3, F. 4.

Q₁. wrongly read *learning*; Mason and Grant White suggested *yeaning*. But Shakespeare elsewhere uses the form in the text. See Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 80, 88. Compare note 90 on the same play.

196. Line 14: *Where you may ABIDE TILL your DATE expire*.—Date is here used of an appointed term of life. Compare, for example, Sonnet cxxiii. 5, 6:

Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old.

Dyce proposed "*hide until*," for the sake of the metre.

ACT IV. PROLOGUE.

197.—Unlike the subsequent speeches of Gower, the prologue to this act contains no indication of the scene upon which he appears.

198. Lines 3, 4:

*His awful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a VOTARESS.*

So Malone. Q₁, Q₂, Q₃ read, for line 4,
Unto Diana ther's a votarisse.

This is followed, substantially, by the other old copies. Shakespeare uses *votress* in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 123, 163. Elsewhere *votarist* is the form which he prefers. Possibly we ought here to read *Ephesus* and *votariss*; thus obtaining a rhyme, which the text lacks.

199. Lines 7, 8:

by Cleon train'd

In MUSIC, letters.

So Malone. Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 read "*musicks letters*." See act v. Prologue, and l. 43-46.

200. Lines 10, 11:

*Which makes HER both the HEART and place
Of general wonder.*

Q₁, followed substantially by the other Q₁ and F. 3, F. 4, reads:

Which makes *hie* both the *art* and place
Of generall wonder.

We have adopted Steevens's emendation. The meaning, he thinks, is "such as rendered her the centre and dwelling of general wonder."

201. Lines 12-14:

*That monster envy . . .
. . . Marina's life
SEEKS to take off.*

So Rowe. Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 read *seek* (and *seeke*).

202. Lines 15, 16:

*And in this kind Cleon BOTH OWN
One daughter, and a wench full grown.*

Q₁, F. 4, F. 4 read:

And in this kinde, *our* Cleon *hath*
One daughter and a full grown wench.

The emendation in line 15 is due to Mr. P. A. Daniel; line 16 is arranged as by Steevens.

203. Line 17: *Ev'n RIPE for marriage-RIE*.—Q₁ reads "*Even right* for marriage *fight*." *Ripe* was substituted in Q₂. *Rite* is the reading of Collier, Singer, and Dyce. Percy conjectured *rites*. Malone reads *fight*.

204. Line 21: *Be't when SHE weav'd the SLEIDED silk*.—Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 read *they* for *she*, a correction which is due to Malone. *Sleided silk* (mentioned in A Lover's Complaint, line 48), is, says Percy, untwisted silk, prepared for use in the *stey* or *slay*, i.e. the reed of the weaver's loom. Compare Trolius and Cressida, note 287. *Filoselle* is suggested as a modern equivalent.

205. Lines 23, 24:

*Or when she would with sharp NEEDLE wound
The canbric.*

Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, § 465, observes that *needle* is often pronounced as a monosyllable. It rhymes with *feele*, *steale*, and *veele* in Gammer Gurton (see i. 3 and 4, and v. 2 of that play), though in the middle of a line the dissyllable form also occurs there. A similar elision is found in the word *ucll*, used instead of *meddle*. All's Well That Ends Well, iv. 3. 257. Just as *vile* became *ucll*, so *needle* was sometimes corrupted to *ucll*; compare King John, note 290.

206. Lines 26, 27:

made the NIGHT-BIRD mute,

That still RECORDS with moan.

Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 misprint *bed* for *bird*. The night-bird is the nightingale, whose "doleful ditty" is a frequent theme. See Passionate Pilgrim, Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music (xvi.), line 383; Lucrece, 1128-1142; Romeo and Juliet, note 138. *Record* occurs, in the same connection, in Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 4. 5, 6:

To the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and *record* my woes.

Compare Peele, Old Wives Tale:

hear the nightingale *record* her notes;

—Works, p. 449

where Dyce quotes Coles, Dictionary: "To *record* as birds: certatin modulari, alternis canere." The *recorder*, a kind of English flute, with a sound somewhat like the human voice, was used for teaching captive birds to *record* or pipe. Cotgrave (quoted by Dyce in his Glossary to Shakespeare) has "Regazoniller. To report, or to *record*, as birds one anothers warbling." The original idea seems to have been that of repetition or imitation. And so Fletcher, The Pilgrim, v. 4:

Hark, hark! oh sweet, sweet! how the birds *record* too!
. . . The birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they emulate one another

—Works, vol. i. p. 613.

207. Line 29: *VAIL to her mistress Dian*.—Steevens observes, "To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—"When she would compose supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Dionysa." Malone and Singer read *vail*.

208. Lines 31-33:

*With the DOVE of PAPHOS might the crow
Vie feathers white.*

The old copies have—

So

The dove of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white.

This misplacement was rectified by Mason. As regards *vie*, compare note 161. *Paphos* was a shrine of Venus,

gleided silk. —
on which is due
A Lover's Com-
ly, prepared for
wenver's loom.
Filoselle is sug-

OLE wound

s, observes that
able. It rhymes
Gurton (see i. 3
the middle of a
here. A similar
instead of *meddle*.
Just as *etc* be-
tempted to *neeb*;

-BIRD mute,

night-bird is the
frequent theme.
Notes of Music
in Romeo and Juliet,
connection, in Two

notes
woes.

notes;
—Works, p. 419

To record as birds:
the recorder, a kind
at like the human
birds to record or
Glossary to Shake-
or to record, as
iginal idea seems
imitation. And so

birds record too!

Works, vol. i. p. 613.

Dian.—Steevens
page. The author
suppose supplicatory
of her gratitude to
ail.

83

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he crow

ason. As regards
a shrine of Venus,

who was attended by *dores*; see *The Tempest*, iv. 1.
92-94.

209. Lines 47, 48:

Only I CARRY WINGED time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme.

With my slowly spoken words I make Time fly with per-
ternatural swiftness. The old copies have *carried* for
carry, which is Steevens's correction. As to the sense
of these and the next lines, Malone aptly compares King
Henry V. iii. Prologue, 1-3:

Thus with imag'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

210. Lines 4-8:

Let not conscience,
Which is but COLD, inflaming LOVE IN THY bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Ee'n women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Q1. and "3, F. 4 print all of this scene but lines 23-30 as
prose. In lines 4-6 we have adopted Knight's alteration.
The reading of Q 1, which the other old copies follow, is:

let not conscience, which is but
cold in flaming thy love bosome, enflame too nicelie.

The repetition of *inflame*, in line 6, is highly suspicious,
and probably the whole passage is corrupt. Why should
conscience be called *cold*? Mr. Kinnear suggests (Crucis
Shakespeareanae):

let not conscience,
Which is a coward, but inflaming love
I th' bosom, thine inflame too nicely, nor
Let pity, which even women have cast off,
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.

He quotes Richard III. i. 4. 133-143: "[conscience] makes
a man a coward . . . 't is a blushing shame-lac'd spirit
that mutinies in a man's bosom;" and v. 3. 179: "coward
conscience." Malone read *inflame love in thy bosom*, and
proposed to omit *inflame too nicely*, which he thought
might be a mere duplication.

211. Lines 10, 11:

Here
She comes weeping for HER ONLY MISTRESS' death.
Her only mistress is a strange appellation for the nurse
Lycorida. Percy's conjecture, *her old nurse's death*, has
been adopted by several editors.

212. Lines 14-18:

No, I will rob TELLUS of her weed,
To strew thy GREEN with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last.

Tellus (i.e. the Earth, personified) occurs only in Haralet,
iii. 2. 166, along with *Phœbus*, *Neptune*, and *Hymen*, in
the Player King's opening speech. The *green* is the
grassy hillock above Lycorida's remains. Ff. substitute
grace, which, however, occurs in line 17, just afterwards.
Malone has compared *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 218-222. There
is, in that scene, a marked insistence on the practice of
strewing graves with flowers or leaves. The meaning

NOTES TO PERICLES.

of *No*, Marina's first word, remains unexplained. The
rhythm is imperfect, since the line lacks a syllable at the
beginning.

213. Line 22: *How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone!*—So Q 1. The other copies have *weep*.

214. Lines 27-29:

Come, GO YOU ON THE BEACH; give me your flowers.
Ere the sea mar it, walk with Leonine;
The air's quick there.

The words *go you on the beach* are a conjecture of Mr.
Fleay's. It is plain that something has been lost, to
which it and *there* must refer. Q1, F. 3, F. 4 arrange as
follows:

Come give me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
Walke with Leonine, the ayre is quicke there.

The rhythm, with such an arrangement, is assuredly not
Shakespeare's. Malone, taking a similar view to Mr.
Fleay, had already proposed:

Walk on the shore with Leonine.

Halliwell substitutes "*On the sea margent*" for "*ere the
sea marre it*."

215. Line 36: *Our paragon to all reports thus blasted.*—
The loveliness thus blasted of one whom all reports had
previously represented as a paragon of beauty.

216. Lines 40-42:

RESERVE

That excellent complexion, which did STEAL
THE EYES of young and old.

Malone observes that to *reserve* is here to guard, to pre-
serve carefully. So in Shakespeare's 32nd sonnet, 7:

Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme.

This sense of the word is taken from the Latin. With
the sentiment of *stealing the eyes* Malone compares the
use of the phrase in Sonnet xx. 5.

217. Line 52: *When I was born, the wind was NORTH.*—
So the prologue to act iii. Lines 47, 48. See note 171.

218. Line 53: *My father, as nurse said, did never fear.*
—So Malone. Q 1, Q 2, Q 3 have *ses*, the other old copies
saith.

219. Lines 63, 64:

And with a DROPPING industry they skip
From STEM TO STERN.

Dropping is perhaps to be understood of constant falls
in going the length of the ship. Collier, however, con-
jectured "*dripping*." The old copies, instead of *from
stem to stern*, have *from stern to stern*, which Malone
corrected.

220. Line 70: *I trod upon a worm.*—The three later
Quartos and the Folios insert *once after worm*.

221. Lines 80-82:

How

Have I offended HER, wherein my death
Might yield her any profit.

Her was inserted by Fleay, whose arrangement of this
speech is here adopted.

222. Line 97: *the great pirate VALDES.*—Who this in-
dividual was is not stated by the commentators. Malone
thinks there is here a scornful reference to Don Pedro de

Valdes, a Spanish admiral who was taken by Drake in the combat with the Armada in 1588.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

223. Line 22: THEY'RE TOO *unwholesome*.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read "*ther's two unwholesome*." The text is Malone's.

224. Line 28: *Three or four thousand chequins*.—*Chequin* is the Italian *zecchino*, which Florio calls "a coin of gold current in Venice." It was in use in various parts of the Levant, and the Imperial Dictionary says was worth 9s. 4d. In the form *sequin* the word is familiar to readers of the Arabian Nights. The author of this scene may have meant to suggest Turkish manners by the use of the word. The *Transylvanian*, mentioned just before, belongs to a district on the border of the Turkish empire, and Mytilene was, and still is, in Asiatic Turkey.

225. Lines 33-35: *our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger*.—That is, while we make profit by our trade we lose in reputation; and the profit is no equivalent for the danger, i.e. the terrors of the law.

226. Lines 36, 37: *'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd*.—It would seem from the context that the Pander means "it would be well to keep the door closed," i.e. to cease our traffic. *For hatch* as a substantive see King John, note 287. Halliwell (quoted by Skeat, Dictionary, *sub voce*) says that the verb *hatch*, in provincial English, means fasten; and Skeat compares the Anglo-Saxon *hæc*, meaning a bolt, bar, or fastening.

227. Line 47: *I have gone through*.—To go through is to strike a bargain. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 2. 43-47: "The whoreson smooth-pates [merchants] . . . if a man is *through* with them in honest taking up [purchasing on credit] then they must stand upon security." But if's next words show that he had contracted to buy Marina at an agreed price, and to clench the bargain had paid a deposit or earnest. Wilkins says, "he forthwith demanded the price . . . and in the end went thorow, and bargained to have her . . . and so presently having given earnest he takes Marina" (Novel, p. 60).

228. Lines 52, 53: *there's no farther necessity of qualitt'es can make her be refus'd*.—The meaning is, no other quality is requisite, for want of which she would be rejected.

229. Line 80: *To scape his hands where I was like to die*.—*Like* is omitted in Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3.

230. Lines 137-139.—This speech is given to Marina by Q. 1.

231. Lines 154, 155: *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels*.—Whalley quotes Marston, Satires, book 11. satire vii.:

They are nought but eels, that never will appeare,
Till that ten . . . estuous winds, or thunder, teare
Their slimy beds. —Ed. 1764, p. 204.

232. Lines 155, 156: *as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined*.—So Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *stirs*.

233. Line 160: *Untied I still my virgin-knot will*

keep.—Malone calls this a classical allusion, and compares The Tempest, iv. 1. 13: "If thou dost break her *virgin knot*." Literally, the *virgin-knot* is the knot of the lower girdle which was anciently worn by maidens round the hips, and untied by the bridegroom on the marriage night.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

234.—Twine's account, Patterne of Painefull Adventures, chap. xli., is as follows: "Straungilio himselfe consented not to this treason, but so soone as hee heard of the foule mischance, being as it were a mope, and mated with heaviness and griefe, he clad himselfe in mourning array, and lamented that wofull case, saying, 'Alas in what a mischief am I wrapp'd? what might I doe or say herein?' . . . Then casting his eyes vp towards heauen, 'O God,' said hee, 'thou knowest that I am innocent from the blood of silly Tharsia, which thou hast to require at Dionysiaides handes; and therewithall he looked towards his wife, saying: 'Thou wicked woman, tell me, how hast thou made away Prince Apollonius' daughter? thou that livest both to the slander of God, and man?' Dionysiaides answered in manie wordes cuernore excusing herselfe, and moderating the wrath of Straungilio, shee counterfeited a faulced sorrowe by attriting her selfe and her daughter in mourning apparell'" (Hazlitt, pp. 294, 295). The poisoning of Leonine (line 10) is a refinement upon the earlier story. It will be seen that all but the bare suggestion of the characters of Cleon and Dionysia is original.

235. Lines 11, 12:

*If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact.*

That is, if you had poisoned yourself by drinking Leonine's health from the same cup, it would have been in keeping with this ingratitude of yours (towards Pericles). Qq., F. 3, F. 4 give *face* for *fact*, the reading of Dyce, who cites II. Henry VI. i. 3. 176, 177:

a fouler fact

Didst never traitor in the land commit,

Macbeth, iii. 6. 10:

To kill their gracious father! damned fact!

236. Line 16: *She died at night; I'll say so*.—This is from Gower, who says that Dionisè—

wepeth, she sorweth, she compleigneth,
And of seknesse, which she felgneth,
She seith that 'Thaise sodely
By nighte is dede, as she and I
To-gidder lien nigh my lord.' —See Paul's ed. p. 326.

237. Line 17: *Unless you play the pious innocent*.—*Pious* is Collier's reading, after the conjecture of Mason. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *impious*; the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit the word. Wilkins's words are: "For Pericles' quoth she, 'If such a *pious innocent* as your selfe do not renewe it vnto him, how should he come to the knowledge thereof, since that the whole City is satisfied, by the monument I caused to be erected, and by our dissembling outside, that she died naturally; and for the gods, let them that list be of the munde to think they can make stones speake . . . for my parte I haue my wish, I haue my safety, and feare no daunger till it fall upon me'" (p. 59).

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233. Lines 21-23:

*Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles.*

Compare Ecclesiastes x. 29: "a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." This early instance of a common saying I owe to Mr. Tyler.

239. Lines 25-28:

*To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his PRIME CONSENT, he did not flow
From honourable sources.*

Malone compares King John, iv. 3. 125, 126:

*If thou I but consent
To this most cruel act, do not despair.*

See also Hubert's words just afterwards (lines 135, 136):

*If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath.*

Prime consent is Dyce's reading. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *prince consent*, the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 *whole consent*. The sense is, he who would approve such a deed after it is done, even though he were not an accessory before the fact,—comes of no honourable parentage. *Sources* is Dyce's correction for *courses*, the reading of Qq., F. 3, F. 4, and is justified by "noble strain" (line 24) in the preceding speech. Dyce compares All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 1. 14: 143:

*great floods have flown
From simple sources*

240. Line 31: *She did DISTAIN my child.*—So Dyce and Singer, following the conjecture of Steevens. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *disdain*, which Clarke interprets "cause to be disdained."

241. Lines 34, 35:

*Whilst ours was BLURTED at, and held a MAWKIN,
Not worth THE TIME OF DAY.*

To blurt means to make a scornful noise with the lips, to pooh-pooh. *Mawkin*, a coarse wench (thus spelt by Qq.), is the same as *makkin*, a diminutive of *Mal* or *Moll*. (See Coriolanus, ii. 1. 224.) Dionysa says in the next line that in Marina's presence people thought her own daughter not worth the most common salutation, or, as we might say, not worth a "good-day." See II. Henry IV. note 76, and II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 13, 14:

*be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,*

To pass the time of day is an expression still heard occasionally.

242. Lines 49, 50:

*You are like one that SUPERSTITIOUSLY
BOTH swear to the gods that winter kills the flies.*
Howell thus explains this passage: "You are so affectively humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter, in killing the flies." But the use of *superstitious* is unique. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *doe* instead of *doth*.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

243.—F. 3, F. 4 begin act iv. here. Q. 1, Q. 2 read *long* in line 1 instead of *longest*.

NOTES TO PERICLES.

244. Lines 3, 4:

*Making—to TAKE YOUR imagination—
From bourn to bourn, region to region*

Both rhyme and metre are faulty beyond remedy. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *our*. The text is Malone's. Steevens thinks *take* here means captivate, as in the phrase "to take your fancy." But to *take* means "by taking," and not "in order to take." See Abbott, § 357, and compare v. 1. 11s. The speaker asks the audience to let their fancy follow his words; compare line 1s.

245. Line 8: *learn of me, who stand i' THE gaps to teach you.*—So Malone, following Steevens. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read:

*learn of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.*

For *stand with* the other copies have *stands in*. For *gap*, with the meaning of interval, Malone cites Winter's Tale, act iv. Prologue, lines 5-7:

*I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap.*

246. Lines 9, 10:

*Pericles
Is now again thwarting THE wayward seas.*

Q. 1 reads *thy* for *the*.

247. Lines 13-16:

*Old Helicanus GOES ALONG. Behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in TIME to great and high estate.*

For this use of *goes along* compare Romeo and Juliet, i.

1. 201-203:

*Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.*

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 1. 61, 62, 66-69:

*Ces. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: . . . go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.*

*Proc. Caesar, I shall. [Exit.
Ces. Gallus, go you along.*

See, too, Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, § 30.

Walker plausibly suggested *Tyre* instead of *time* in line 16. The following transposition of these lines was made by Steevens:

*Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear it in your mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.*

Malone substituted *bear you it in mind*, and, with this alteration, the rearrangement has been almost universally adopted. It seems to me, however, that the old text, properly punctuated, makes better sense. Mr. P. A. Daniel is of the same opinion. Why should Helicanus "go along behind," and not in the same ship with Pericles?

248. Lines 17-19:

*Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads:

Well saying ships, and bounteous winds
Have brought
This king to Tharsus, think *this* Pilat thought
So with his strage, shall your thoughts *grow*.

The corrections were made by Malone. Seeing that in line 18 there are three words (in Q. 1) beginning with *th* before *his*, the blunder in printing *this* was a pardonable one. The sense is, "imagine swift Thought to be his pilot; so shall his ships (?) and your thoughts both move with the same quickness."

249. Line 24: *This borrow'd passion stands for true*
OLD 1600.—Mr. Kinnear advocates Steevens's proposal:

This borrow'd passion stands for true *told* woe

He compares Sonnet XXXII 9-12:

yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend.

And also, as regards *borrow'd*, A Lover's Complaint, 327:

O, all that *borrow'd* motion seeming ow'd.

Looking at this latter passage we might suppose that *ow'd* should be read in the text, instead of *old*; or *old* woe may mean woe felt for a long time. Colloquially *old* was used intensively; but such a sense would be less suitable.

250. Lines 34-38:

"The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
Who neither'd in her spring of year,
She was of Tyrrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd."

These first lines of Marina's epitaph resemble that given in Gower:

O ye, that this beholde,
Lo, here lyth she the which was holde
The fairest and the flour of alle,
Whos name Thaisis men calle.
The king of Tyr Apollinus
Her faire was, now lyth she thus.
Fourtene yeer she was of age,
Whan deth hire took to his viage.

—See Pauli's ed. p. 356.

251. Line 39: "THETIS, being proud, swallow'd some part
o' th' earth."—So Q. 1. The other copies have *that* is for *Thetis*. In the lines that follow, "the poet ascribes the swelling of the sea," when it encroached on and swallowed part of the earth, "to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element, and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores" (Mason).

252. Lines 48, 49:

while our SCENE must play
His DAUGHTER'S woe.

Q. 1 reads *Stear*, Q. 2, Q. 3, *steare*, and the others similarly. Malone substituted *scene*. All the copies except Q. 1 read *daughter* instead of *daughter's*.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

253. Line 7: *SHALL's go hear the vestals sing!*—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3. The others read *shall we*; but *shall's* or *shall* is a colloquialism well known in the Midlands, if not elsewhere. See Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, § 215.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

254. Line 32, first four Qq. and F. 3, F. 4, read *deedes* (or *deeds*). Line 75, Qq. read *name* instead of *name't*. Line 94, *also* is Rowe's correction; old copies, *abst*. Line 144, old copies read *He*; the text is Rowe's. Line 196, *I* was inserted by Rowe.

255. Line 22: *How a dozen of virginities!* For the same use of *how* see II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 42: "*How* a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"

256. Lines 27-29: *How now, wholesome INIQUITY? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?*—This punctuation is Malone's. The Cambridge editors follow Qq. In reading *wholesome iniquity* have you; thus making iniquity the object of *have*. But this is awkward. For *iniquity* all the copies except Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *impunity*, which Collier thought might be a misprint for *iniquity*.

257. Lines 36-42:

Lys. *Well, call'thorth, call forth.*

[Exit Boult.

Bawd. *For fle and blood, sir, WHITE AND RED, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—*

Lys. *What, prithee?*

Bawd. *O, sir, I can be modest.*

Lys. *That dignifies the remembrance of a bawd.*

The two speeches here given to the Bawd are assigned by Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 to Boult. This punctuation is Malone's. The present arrangement, which is that of Grant White, is justified by Lysimachus' words in line 42. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 mark no exit for Boult; it has usually been marked after *chaste* (line 44); but this gives him too short a time to perform his errand. With *white and red* compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 104. *Dignifies*, in line 42, is the reading of Q. 4. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *dignities*. The sense of Lysimachus' speech is, no doubt, as given by Steevens: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons;" but the passage is probably corrupt.

258. Lines 99-109.—Wilkins's Novel, after a paraphrase of these lines, continues: "What reason is there in your Justice, who hath power over all, to vndoe any? . . . my life is yet vnsported, my chastitie vntained in thought. Then if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of heauen, made vp for good, and not to be the exercise of sinnes intemperance, you do kill your owne honour, abuse your owne iustice, and imponerish me" (pp. 65, 66). The Novel proceeds with speeches resembling lines 83-86, and continues Marina's reply, as follows: "Or if suppose this house, (which too too many feeble such houses are) should be the Doctors patrimony and Surgeons feeding; folowes it therefore, that I must needs infect myself to giue them maintenance? O my good Lord, kill me, but not delawer me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the Gods haue giuen, and men haue left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your seruant, I will willingly obey you; make mee your bondwoman, I will accompt it freedome; let me be the worst that is called vile, so I may still liue honest, I am content" (p. 66).

259. Lines 111, 112:

*Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee!*

F. 4. read *deedes*
instead of *name* t.
old copies, *abst.*
is Rowe's. Line

est? For the same
Hole a good yoke

INIQUITY? Have
fy the surgeon—
unbridge editors
y have you; thus
this is awkward.
1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read
be a misprint for

[Exit Boul.
TE AND RED, you
d, if she had but—

baud.

d are assigned by
ent arrangement,
d by Lysimachus
no exit for Boul:
(line 44); but this
is errand. With
's Lost, l. 2. 104.
4. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3
hus' speech is, no
ask of modesty is
than by wantons;"

after a paraphrase
you is there in your
ndoe any? . . .
stained in thought,
ing, the workman-
not to be the ex-
to kill your owne
impoverish me!"
speeches resembling
ly, as follows: "Or
many feele such
mony and Surgeous
must needs infect
my good Lord, kill
now you please, so
all the dowry that
ane left to me, do
your servant, I will
(woman, I will ac-
that is called vile,
t" (p. 66).

ind,
re's gold for thee!

These sentiments recur in lines 115, 116, 120, and some corruption may be suspected. The play diverges from the old story, which plainly describes the prince's ill intent beforehand, and, instead of a dialogue such as is here given, makes Tarsia (= Marina) appeal to his pity, by recounting her misfortunes; whereon "the good prince being astonished and moved with compassion, said vnto her: 'Be of good cheere Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I myselfe haue also a daughter at home, to whome I doubt that the like chances may befall.' And when he had so said, he gaue her twenty peeces of gold, saying: 'Hold heere a greater price or reward for thy virginittie than thy master appointed.'" (Twine, p. 208). Wilkins in his Novel does not follow the play, but, taking the line indicated by the old story, makes Lysimachus say: "I hither came with thoughtes Intemperate, foule and deformed, the which your paines so well hath laued, that they are now white; continue still to all so, and for my parte, who hither came but to haue paid the price, a peece of golde for your virginittie, now giue .on twentle to releete your honesty" (pp. 66, 67).

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260 Line 115: *be you* THOUGHTEN.—For *think* with the sense of "believe" compare Richard III. note 146. There may be here a confusion with another verb *think*, meaning "seem," as in *methinks*. The impersonal construction properly belongs only to the latter word. Or we may regard *be thoughten* as a neuter verb used passively; compare Richard III. ii. 4. 23, 24:

Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout.

see Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, § 295. The form *thoughten* is anomalous, and is probably due to a false analogy with *foughten*, which occurs in Henry V. iv. 6. 18.

261. Lines 171, 172:

*Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.*

This is explained by Marina's words in the Novel: "thou goest about to be worse then they, and to doe an offence at their setting on, which thy master himselfe hath more pity than to attempt, to robbe me of mine honour . . . to leprous my chast thoughts, with remembrance of so foule a deede, which thou then shalt haue doone, to damne thine owne soule, by undoing of mine" (pp. 65, 66). The pretence is that the doer of evil deeds is worse than he who suggests them. With the rest of the speech contrast Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 20-20.

262. Lines 175, 176:

*Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
COYSTREL that comes enquiring for his Tib.*

As regards *coystrel* see Twelfth Night, note 21. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 here print *eusterell*, and the same form is used by Skelton, quoted by Dyce in his Glossary, along with Falgrave's "*constrell* that wayteth on a spere, *consteillier*." Tib, of course, like Doll or Moll, is a cant name for a lewd wench, in which sense *Moll* is commonly used in Staffordshire.

263. Lines 190, 191:

O, that the gods

Would safely deliuer me from this place!

NOTES TO PERICLES.

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 omit *O*. The next line has been rearranged by Malone as follows:—

Would safely from this place deliver me.

But the metre throughout the present scene is so irregular that the text in this instance may fairly stand unaltered.

ACT V. PROLOGUE.

264. Lines 7, 8:

even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her INKLE, silk, TWIN with the rubied cherry.

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other old copies, reads in line 9:

Her Inckle, Silk Twine, with the rubied Cherrie.

Malone made the correction, which is readily suggested by *sister* in line 8. Marina's skilful work is as like natural roses as *sister* is like *sister*; the thread or silk, which she has wrought, matches the cherry as twins match each other. *Inkle* means a tufted thread of silk or worsted; perhaps resembling what is now called chenille. It also signifies ribbon, as in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 208, and Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 140. See note 69 on the latter play. Singer cites from Rider's Dictionary "*Inkle*, flum textile." An earlier form, *lingle* or *lingel*, is given by Skent, who quotes (*inter alia*) from Cotgrave the cognate French word "*lignuel*, shoemakers thread, or a tatching end," a diminutive of *ligne*, thread, which is from Latin *linum*, flax.

265. Lines 13, 14:

Where we left him, on the sea. Ife there him LOST:

WHENCE, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd.

So Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *left for lost*, and *where* for *whence*. The faulty rhyme was noticed by some person concerned in printing Q. 4, and the following alteration was made, which later copies adopted:

*Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
And driven before the winde, he is arriv'd.*

This reading, however, must be looked on as quite conjectural.

266. Line 20: *And to him in his barge with FERVOUR hies*.—Q. 1 wrongly reads *former* for *ferveur*. The correction was made in Q. 2.

267. Lines 21, 22:

*In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark.*

For of F. 3 reads *on*, to which the word may here be equivalent. Dyce explains the passage thus: "In your imagination once more fix your eyes on heavy Pericles." Malone plausibly puts a semicolon after *sight*, and reads: Of heavy Pericles think this the bark.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

268.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have only the following stage-direction. Enter Helicanus, to him 2. *Saylers*. The first speech is given to the First Sailor, and line 7 to the Second Sailor. Lines 11-13 are assigned to Helicanus, which is plainly a mistake. Malone distinguished the two Sailors as respectively Tyrian and Mytilenian, and assigned both speeches to the former; but he rather absurdly makes everyone but Helicanus go off the stage after line 10, only

to return again instantly with Lysimachus and his attendants. Q₁ and F. 3, F. 4 do not show how Lysimachus is informed of the permission to come aboard. He should naturally be told by his messenger, the Mytilenean sailor, whose exit I have accordingly marked at line 7, directly after his request is granted by Helicanus.

269. Line 10: *I pray YE, greet THEM fairly.*—Q. 6 has *you for ye*; F. 3, F. 4 have *thee*. The other Quartos omit the word, which was supplied by Rowe. For *them* Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *him*, which we ought perhaps to retain, as the Cambridge editors have done. The Globe ed., however, reads *them*.

270. Line 15: *And you, SIR, to outlive the age I am.*—Sir was added by Malone.

271. Line 26: *But to PROLONG his grief.*—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3; the later Q₄, and F. 3, F. 4 read *prolong*.

272. Lines 32-33:

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight: HE will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him [The curtain is drawn, and Pericles discovered]. *This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal SIGHT,
Drove him to this.*

Q. 1 reads as follows:

Hel. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, see will not speake to any, yet let me obtain my wish.

Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hel. Till the disaster that one mortall sight drove him to this.

Night, for wight, in line 37, is Malone's reading. See, in line 32, was corrected to he in Q. 2. The proper distribution of the lines was made in Q. 4. The old copies give no stage-direction to show where Pericles is, or how he is discovered to Lysimachus. According to Gower and the earlier versions of the story—

The reste he leveh of his caban,
That for the counsell of no man
Ayein therin he noble come,
But hath *bent* his place nome.

—See Pauli's ed., pp. 328, 329.

This was after leaving Tarsus. Twice's account says he "lay solitarily *under the hatch*." When the governor of Mytilene comes aboard the ship, Gower says:

He preith that he here lord may se,
But they him tolde 'it may not be,
For he lyth in so derke a place,
That ther may no wight se his face.'
But, for al that, though hem be loth,
He fond the laddre, and *doun he goth*,
And to him spak, but noon answer
Ayein of him ne mihte he bere.

—Pauli's ed., p. 330.

It would be impossible for Pericles to be made visible to the audience if he were below the level of the stage, which here represents the deck. We must, therefore, suppose him to be upon deck, in a cabin or other place which can be closed or opened at will. In the original representation of the play, as Malone says, he was probably placed in the back part of the stage, where he could be concealed by a curtain.

273. Line 47: *And MAKE A BATTERY through his*
334

DEAFEN'D parts.—So Malone. *Defend*, the reading of Q. 1, was perverted by Q. 2 into *defended*, which all the later copies retain. To *make battery* is the usual expression for assailing with artillery; see Stow, Chronicle, anno 1511: "The same night Thomas Hart, chiefe governor of the English ordnance, made his approach, & in the morning *made battery*" (ed. 1615, p. 489). In the present passage, of course, it is used metaphorically.

274. Lines 49-52:

*She is all happy as the fairest of all;
And her fellow MAID is now upon
The leafy SHELTER that abuts against
The ISLAND'S side.*

Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 give lines 50, 51 thus: "and her fellow maidens, now upon the leanie shelter." The reading *maidens* is an easy corruption from *maid's*, or *maid is*. Malone's arrangement is:

And with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter.

This mends the metre, but makes an awkward sentence. Line 78 appears to show that Marina had only a single fellow maid, and the sense is: "Her companion is near; she herself will not be far away." Marina says afterwards (lines 115, 116) that her abode can be seen from the deck. *The island* is Lesbos, of which Mytilene is the chief town. *Shelter* denotes a sheltered or shaded spot.

275. Lines 53, 54:

*Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name.*

So Malone. The old editions have *Sure all effectless*. *That bears recovery's name* means that gives promise of recovery, or that is reputed to be a remedy.

276. Lines 59-61:

*the most just GODS
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so AFFLICT our province.*

Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 read *god*. Walker suggested the correction, which was made by Dyce. *Afflict* is Malone's correction. The old texts have *infiliet*.

277. Line 65: *Is't not a goodly PRESENCE?*—So Malone. The old editions have *present*.

278. Line 69: *I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely WED.*—So Q. 4. The reading of Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 is:

*I do wish
No better choice, and thinke me rarely to wed.*

279. Lines 70, 71:

*Fair one, all goodness that consists in BOUNTY
Expect even here.*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *on for one*. The other Q₄, and F. 3, F. 4 alter the word to *and*. *Bounty* is Stevens's correction for *beauty*, the reading of Q₁, F. 3, F. 4. He justifies it by lines 74, 75.

280. Line 72: *thy prosperous artificial FEAT.*—Clarke (quoted by Rolfe) interprets this: "thy felicitous accomplishment," "gracefully, and skillfully performed deed." Walker explains it: "the successful exertion of thy art." Q₁, F. 3, F. 4 insert *and after prosperous*, and read *fate*, which Percy corrected. Stevens, omitting *and*, aptly compares Measure for Measure, l. 2. 189-191:

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9-191:

beside, she hath *prosperous art*
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

281. Line 81: Marina sings.
Lys. MARK'D *he your music!*
Mar. *No, nor look'd on us.*

The stage-direction is Malone's. Q1, F. 3, F. 4 say: *The Song*. In the printed copies of early dramas, as Dyce observes, the words of songs are frequently omitted. Wilkins, in his *Novel*, borrows Twine's translation of the song given to Tarsia (= Marina) in the *Historia Apollonii*. This may possibly have been sung at the first performance of the play, but it is not worth transcribing.

For mark'd Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *marks*. The Cambridge editors record an anonymous critic's conjecture, assigning the reply to Lysimachus's question to Marina's companion. The suggestion seems a good one.

282. Lines 82-86:
Lys. *See, she will speak to him.*
Mar. *Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.* [Touching Pericles.
Per. *Hum, ha!* [Thrusts her away.
Mar. *I am a maid,*

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
Q1, F. 3, F. 4 give no stage directions in this passage. The Cambridge editors conjecture that Pericles should push Marina back. Gower's words are:

But he for no suggestion
Which toward him she couthe stere
He wolde not so word answer,
But, as a madman, atte laste
His heed wepinge away he caste,
And half in wrath he bad her go.
But yet she wolde not do so,
And in the derke forth she goth,
Till she him toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hire with his hand
He smoot. And thus when she him fond
Disced, courteisly she seide:
'Avoy, my lord, I am a maide;
And if ye wiste what I am,
And out of what linage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so salvage.'

—See Paul's ed. pp. 334, 335.

Wilkins says: "With this Musicke of Marinaes, as wth no delight else was ho a whit altered, but lay grone^d on his face, ouely casting an eye upon her, as hee we^{re} rather discontented than delighted with her Indenour. Whereupon she beganne with morall precepts to reprooue him, and tolde him, that he was an enemy to the losse of a wife, child, or at any of his owne misfortunes, approoving that he was an enemy to the authoritie of the heuens, whose power was to dispose of him and his, at their pleasure; and that it was as vnlitte for him to repine (for his continuing sorrow shewed he did no lesse) against their determinations and their unalter'd wills, as it was for the giants to make warre against the Goss, who were confounded in their enterprise. 'Not to be to sorrow,' quoth he, rising vp like a Cloude that speaks thunder; 'presumptuous bewty in a childe, how darrest thou vrge so much?' and therewithall, in this rash distemperature, strucke her on the face" (*Novel*, pp. 75, 76). Part of these speeches is very likely Wilkins's own invention. We may safely give him credit for inter-

polating the similitude of the gods and giants. The speech of Pericles, however, may represent something lost from the play. In any case, some such direction as that given in the text is wanted to account for lines 101 and 127.

283. Lines 103, 104: *What COUNTRYWOMAN!*

Here of these SHORES?
Mar. *No, nor of any SHORES.*

Q1, F. 3, F. 4 read *country women*; and for *shores* they give *sheeves*. Malone made the corrections, the latter of which was suggested to him by Lord Charlemont.

284. Lines 111, 112: *her eyes as JEWEL-LIKE,*
And CAS'D as richly.

See III. 2. 99-101, where Cerimon, speaking of Thaisa, says:

Her eyelids, *cases* to those heavenly *jewels*
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold.

Case is used for eyelid in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 13, 14: "they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the *cases* of their eyes."

285. Lines 127-129:
Didst thou not SAY, when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou couldest
From good descendeing!

Say is Malone's correction for *stay*, the reading of Q1, F. 3, F. 4. Pericles refers, I^t would seem, to Marina's speech (lines 85-95) after he pushed her away from him; which, he says, was at the moment when he first observed her. See lines 91, 92, and note 282.

286. Lines 130, 131: *I think thou said'st*
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury.

As showing how Wilkins compounds his *Novel* out of fragments of the play of Pericles mixed with large portions of Twine's *Patterne of Painful Adventures*, we may notice that in the speech of Marina when struck by Pericles (note 282) there are the words: "I haue bin tossed from wrong to iniurie" (p. 76). Wilkins has borrowed nearly all the rest of the speech, from that in Twine's story, which differs from the one in the play.

287. Lines 138-140: *yet thou dost look*
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
EXTREMITY one of aet.

The emphasis is on the first words. Pericles has said it is strange if Marina's sufferings equal his; "yet," he adds, correcting himself, "it is not so wonderful as it seems at first; your looks show your great patience, the temper which by its sweetness would induce even the utterly desperate to forego violence." Malone quotes the well-known lines, *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 117, 118:

She sat like *Patience* on a monument
Smiling at grief.

The greater conciseness of the present passage will be seen at once.

288. Line 141: *How lost thou THEM? Thy name, my most kind virgin!—Them,* which Q1, and F. 3, F. 4 omit, was supplied by Malone.

289. Lines 155, 156:

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

MOTION!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?

Dyce saw that *motion* is the exclamation of Pericles, after he has felt Marina's pulse, and ascertained by its beating that she is really a creature of flesh and blood. We may suppose that, in answer to Pericles' question (line 155), Marina silently lays her hand on his to let him feel that hers is "a working pulse." Stevens's emendation is *No motion*, i.e. "Are you not a puppet?" This is almost too easy; besides, the idea of "puppet" is out of place. The same objection applies to Mason's proposal to read *faery-motion*, which Knight and Collier adopted. Walker thought *motion* was a stage-direction which had slipped into the text; but remembering the dearth of stage-directions which this play presents, this suggestion is hardly probable.

290. Lines 159, 160:

*My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the VERY minute I was born.*

Very was inserted by Malone. Stevens wanted to alter *who to she*, because, as it stands, the word ought grammatically to refer to *king*.

291. Lines 167, 168:

*YOU'LL SCARCE believe me;
'Twere best I did give o'er.*

So Malone, whom Dyce followed. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially): "You *scorne*, beleene me twere best I did give o'er;" and this reading is retained by the Cambridge editors, and in the Globe edition. Fleay reads:

*You do scorn.
Believe me, it were best I did give o'er.*

292. Lines 173-176:

*ernel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and HAVING woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who HAVING drain'd to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me.*

The construction is awkward, and it is suspicious that the word *having* should occur in two consecutive lines. No satisfactory emendation has as yet been suggested.

293. Lines 189, 190:

*Lys. She WOULD NEVER tell
Her parentage.*

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *never would*. Stevens made the transposition. Gower says of this conversation of the father and child:

*Fro point to point al she him tolde,
That she hath long in herte boide,
And never dorste make her mone,
But only to this lord alone.*

—See Paul's ed. p. 333.

We may notice that Pericles, at this point, takes no heed of Lysimachus. See line 229, where Helicanus has again to explain who the stranger is. At present Pericles is hardly in his right senses, and Marina, who sees this, is trying throughout to calm him.

294. Lines 206-210:

*but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest YOU said
THOU hast been godlike perfect,*

336

*The heir of kingdoms, and another LIKE
To Pericles thy father.*

Pericles has just said to Marina (lines 196, 197):

O, come hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget.

In Wilkins's account, he "thanketh Lysimachus that so fortunately had brought her to begette life in the father who begot her" (p. 77). This lends colour to the proposal of Mason that we should read *life for like* in line 209. Stevens adopted this emendation, which has been accepted by Singer, Collier, and Staunton. (Compare note 299.) The passage is most probably mutilated. Either *thou* (line 208), or else *you*, in the preceding line, must surely be wrong. Line 209 is obelized in the Globe edition. Various emendations of the other lines are recorded by the Cambridge editors (vol. ix. pp. 430, 431); the best is that of Dyce:

*Thou hast been godlike perfect,—thou art then
The heir of kingdoms.*

295. Line 224: *I am wild in my BEHOLDING*.—Schmidt says this means "I look wild;" but it may rather mean "I behold wildly," "my eyes are dazzled" with giddiness.

296. Line 227: *for yet he seems to DOUBT*.—So Malone. The old copies read *dote or doat*.

297. Lines 233, 234:

*Per. Har'st sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear. [Music.
Per. Most heavenly music!*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads as follows:

*Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?
Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare.
Per. Most heavenly Musicke.*

The text is Dyce's. He observes: "the author evidently intended that the *Music* (a prelude to the appearance of Diana), which had already been ringing in the ears of Pericles, should now be heard by the audience, though those on the stage with Pericles were supposed not to hear it." The Cambridge editors propose to read:

*Lys. Music, my lord?
Per. I hear most heavenly music.*

298. Lines 241-250.—With this speech of Diana's Ff. begin act v. Qq., however, mark no exit, and there can be no doubt that scene 1 continues. This is indicated in Wilkins's Novel. Gower describes the vision thus:

*The hye god, which wolde him kepe,
Whan that this king was faste a slepe
By nightes tyme he hath him bede
To seile into an other stede;
To Ephesus he bad him drawe,
And, as it was that time lawe,
He shal do ther his sacrifice;
And eek he bad in alle wise,
That in the temple amonges alle,
His fortune, as it is befallé,
Touchende his daughter and his wyf,
He shal bikkowe, upon his lyf.*

—See Paul's ed. p. 335.

Qq. print all but the first five words of Diana's speech as prose; but there can be no doubt that originally it was in rhymed stanzas, as Stevens supposes. Compare the vision of Jupiter, Cymbeline, v. 4. 93-113.

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299. Line 247: *And give them repetition to the LIFE.*—So Malone, adopting the conjecture of Lord Charlemont. Q1, F. 3, F. 4 read *like*. The meaning is, "relate them truly and vividly."

300. Lines 261, 262:

I have another SUIT.
Q1, F. 3, F. 4 read *sleight*, which was altered to *suit* by Malone.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

301. Lines 1, 2:

*Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then DUMB.*

Run and *dumb* make an assonance, but no rhyme. Compare *soon* and *doom*, lines 10, 20, and see note 2. F. 4 reads *dun*, for which Rowe gave *done*, but the change is unjustifiable.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

302.—Malone noticed the likeness between this scene and that of Hermione's discovery. See *Winter's Tale*, v. 3, especially lines 120-155, compared with lines 44-84 of the present scene.

303. Lines 3, 4:

*Who, frighted from my country, did
I wed at Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.*

This and the succeeding lines are printed as prose in Q1, F. 3, F. 4. Something is evidently lost. Malone transposes the words thus:

*Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.*

The emendation is, however, somewhat inadequate.

304. Lines 6, 7:

*A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
WEARS YET THY SILVER LIVERY.*

Wear the goddess's *silver livery* may mean "wear the livery of the silvery goddess," or "goddess argentine," *i.e.* be a votary of the maiden moon-goddess. But Percy interprets the *silver livery* as the white robe of innocence or maidenhood. For *who*, Q1, and F. 3 read *whom*.

305. Lines 8, 9:

*WHOM at fourteen years
He sought to murder.*
Whom is Malone's correction for *who*, which all the old copies give.

506 Line 15: *What means the NUN?*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read

nun, the other copies *woman*. Collier substituted *nun*, and the same correction is found, so the Cambridge editors say (vol. ix. p. 432), in MS. in Capell's copy of Q. 1. Twine writes: "his long lamented wife lady Lucina remained in virtuous life and holy contemplation among the religious *Nunnes*" (p. 318). The direction at the beginning of this scene—which was introduced by Malone—describes Thaisa as high-priestess; but it is doubtful if Shakespeare intended this. All that Wilkins says is: "In this Temple was she placed to be a *Nunne*" (p. 77). Gower, however, calls her the *abbess*.

307. Lines 35, 36:

*That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And DROWN'D.*

We may regard the scansion of the first four words as two trochaic feet followed by an iambus, or we may take *That* as a monosyllabic foot (compare *Twelfth Night*, note 77) with an iambus following, and then an anapaest. *Drown'd* means overwhelmed, sunk and lost.

308. Lines 69, 70:

*Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer NIGHT-OBLATIONS to thee.*

So FY. and Dyce. Q1. read *and* for *I*. What *night-oblations* may be, no one has satisfactorily explained.

309. Lines 73, 74:

*This ORNAMENT,
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form.*

See iii. 3. 27-30. Malone cites Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 2. 45, 46: "the old *ornament* of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls." In the present connection the word *ornament* seems out of place. Perhaps we ought to read *excrement*, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 110; see note 159 on that play. The absence of the relative pronoun before *makes* probably shows that the passage, as it now stands, has lost some words which once belonged to it.

310. Line 89: *Virtue PRESERV'D from fell destruction's blast.*—So Malone. Q1, F. 3, F. 4 read *preferd* or *preferred*.

311. Lines 95-97:

*when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the CITY turn.*

So Malone and Dyce, following F. 3. Q1. read *the* for *and*. *City*, used collectively for the citizens, is treated as plural.

312. Line 99: *To punish THEM, —although not done, but meant.*—Malone inserted *them*, which is required both by rhythm and sense.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

37. i. 1. 128: *By your UNCOMELY clasplings with your child.*

—So Wilkins' Novel.

63. i. 3. 28: *But since he's gone, THIS the king's EARIS must please.*

Note

68. i. 4. 13, 14:

*GRIEF MAKES our tongues and sorrows to sound deep
Our woes into the air.*

153. iii. 2. 84: *I'VE READ of an Egyptian.*

—So Wilkins' Novel.

101. iii. 3. 5: *Your STROKES of fortune.*

WORDS PECULIAR TO PERICLES.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

15. i. 1. 7: MEET *for embracesments.*

41. i. 1. 165, 166:

GO THOU,

PURSUÉ, AND SMITE HIM; SEE *thou ne'er return.*

63. i. 4. 13, 14:

GRIEF MAKES *our tongues* TO SOUND OUR SORROWS *deep,*
AND *voes into the air.*

84. ii. Prol. 19:

for HE DOTH strive

Note

102. ii. 1. 129: I KNOW *it; 'T was mine own.*

103. ii. 1. 134, 135:

in like necessity,

The which the gods AVERT, THE SAME may defend thee.
135. ii. 4. 50: *Go, search YOUR NOBLE PRINCE, like noble subjects.*

309. v. 3. 73, 74:

This EXCREMENT,

Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN PERICLES.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Adorned (vb. int.) i. 4 26	Entreated... iii. 2 65	Ne... ii. Prol. 36	Slack ²⁵ (vb. tr.) iii. 1 43
After-nourishment i. 2 13	Equivalent... v. 1 92	Needy ¹⁴ ... i. 4 95	Sleided ²⁶ ... iv. Prol. 21
A-land ¹ ... ii. 1 31	Escapen... ii. Prol. 36	Night-bird... iv. Prol. 26	Sojourner... iv. 2 150
A-land ² ... iii. 2 69	Explain... ii. 2 14	Night-oblations ¹⁵ v. 3 70	Speken... ii. Prol. 12
Appenar... v. 3 18	Faithful (adv.) i. 2 110	Nouse... i. 4 42	Square ²⁷ (adj.) v. 1 109
Argentine... v. 1 251	Faithfulness... i. 1 63, 154	O'erfed... iii. Prol. 3	Staleness... v. 1 58
Bases ³ ... ii. 1 167	Fast-growing... iv. Prol. 6	O'ershowered... iv. 4 26	Standing-bowl... ii. 3 64
Bays ⁴ ... iv. 6 160	Fasting-days... ii. 1 86	Old (adv.)... i. Prol. 1	Thoughten... iv. 6 115
Belfry... ii. 1 41	Finny... ii. 1 52	Pageantry... v. 2 6	Thwarting ²⁸ ... iv. 4 10
Benign... ii. Prol. 3	Fitment ⁸ ... iv. 6 6	Perishen... ii. Prol. 35	Title-page... ii. 3 4
Birth-child... iv. 4 41	Flap-jacks... ii. 1 87	Plain ¹⁶ (verb)... iii. Prol. 14	Topped ²⁹ ... i. 4 9
Birth... iii. 1 72	Frame ⁹ (verb int.) i. Prol. 32	Pooped (verb)... iv. 2 25	Tonchstone ³⁰ ... ii. 2 37
Bitumed... iii. 2 56	Fresh-new... iii. 1 41	Porpus... ii. 1 26	Tourney... ii. 1 116, 150
Blurted... iv. 3 34	Glad (sub.)... ii. Prol. 38	Priestly... iii. 1 70	Transylvanian... iv. 2 23
Blusterous... iii. 1 28	Godlike (adv.)... v. 1 208	Principal ¹⁷ (sub.) iv. 6 89, 91	Unfriendly... iii. 1 58
Bollus... iii. 1 43	Graff ¹⁰ (sub.)... v. 1 60	Principals ¹⁸ (sub.) iii. 2 16	Unlaid ope... i. 2 89
Braid ⁵ (verb)... i. 1 93	Hatched ¹¹ (adj.) iv. 2 37	Re-lives... v. 3 64	Unlicensed... i. 3 17
Burying (sub.)... iii. 2 72	Herb-woman... iv. 6 92	Reud (vb. intr.) iii. 2 16	Unquiet (sub.)... ii. Prol. 31
Cancel (sub.)... i. 1 113	Holy-afes... i. Prol. 6	Resist ¹⁹ ... iii. 3 29	Unscissared... iii. 3 29
Canvas-climber... iv. 1 62	Immortality ¹² ... iii. 2 30	Resorters... iv. 6 28	Untold ³¹ ... v. 3 84
Chequins... iv. 2 28	Inhospital... v. 1 254	Roast-meat... iv. 2 26	Vails (sub.)... ii. 1 157
Cope (sub.)... iv. 6 132	Jewel-like... v. 1 111	Roguing... iv. 1 97	Vegetives... iii. 2 36
Copped... i. 1 101	Just (verb)... ii. 1 116	Rubied... v. Prol. 8	Wand-like... v. 1 110
Craver... ii. 1 92	Killen... ii. Prol. 20	Rutting... iv. 5 10	Wanion... ii. 1 17
Darks (verb)... iv. Prol. 35	Ladder-tackle... iv. 1 61	Sail ²⁰ (sub.)... i. 4 61	Well-a-near... iii. Prol. 51
Death-like... i. 1 29	Litigious... iii. 3 3	Say'd ²¹ (verb)... i. 1 59, 60	Well-sailing... iv. 4 17
Descending... v. 1 129	Maid-child... v. 3 6	Seafarer... iii. 1 41	Wenchiess... iv. 2 5
Destitute ⁶ ... v. 1 57	Malleable... iv. 6 152	Seams ²² ... ii. 1 155	Westerly... iv. 1 51
Disturbances... iii. 2 37	Mis-dread... i. 2 12	Sea-room... iii. 1 45	Whirring... iv. 1 21
Doorkeeper... iv. 6 126, 176	Mortally ¹³ ... v. 1 105	Sea-tost... iii. Prol. 60	Wise ³² (sub.)... v. 2 11
Drouth ⁷ ... iii. Prol. 8	Motto... ii. 2 38, 44	Shores ²³ ... iv. 6 136	Woundingly... iii. 3 7
Eftsoons... v. 1 256	Monthful... ii. 1 30	Shrivelled... ii. 4 9	Yravisied... iii. Prol. 35
Ember-eyes... i. Prol. 6	Mundane... iii. 2 71	Silver-voiced... v. 1 111	
Entertain (sub.)... i. 1 119		Sisters ²⁴ (verb)... v. Prol. 7	
Entreated... iii. 2 94			

1 = by land. 2 = to land.

3 = a kind of dress.

4 = the laurel plant.

5 = to reproach; *braidied* = interlaced, Ven. 271; Lover's Comp.

6 = wanting.

7 Venus and Adonis, 544.

8 = duty; = equipment, Cymbeline, v. 5. 409.

9 = to go, to resort; frequently used in transitive senses.

10 Lucree, 1002. 11 = closed.

12 Lucree, 725.

13 = in the manner of mortals;

= fatally, Pericles, iii. 3. 6; Cymb.

v. 3. 10.

14 = useful, requisite.

15 See Son. cxxv. 10; Lover's

Compl. 223. 16 = to explain.

17 = employer.

18 = corner, posts.

19 = to be distasteful to.

20 = fleet, squadron.

21 = assayed. 22 = sutures.

23 = sewers.

24 Lover's Complaint, 2.

25 = to loosen.

26 Lover's Complaint, 48.

27 Used figuratively = just, in

Timon, v. 4. 36; Antony, ii. 2. 190.

28 = passing over, crossing.

29 Lopped.

30 Name of the Clown in As You

Like It.

31 = not revealed, Lucree, 779;

= not numbered, Son. cxxvii. 9.

32 Pass. Plghm, 277.

men.
 ernessy,
 may defend thee.
 PRINCE, like noble

to form.

t the word is
 d.

Act 8c. Line
 (tr.) iii. 1 43
 iv. ProI. 21
 iv. 2 150
 ii. ProI. 12
 (adj.) v. 1 109
 v. 1 53
 owl. ii. 3 64
 iv. 6 115
 23... iv. 4 10
 ii. 3 4
 i. 4 9
 e⁹⁰... ii. 2 37
 ii. 1 116, 150
 nian. iv. 2 23
 y... iii. 1 58
 i. 2 89
 d... i. 3 17
 (sub.) ii. ProI. 31
 ed... iii. 3 29
 v. 3 84
)... ii. 1 157
 iii. 2 36
 v. 1 110
 ii. 1 17
 ar... iii. ProI. 51
 ng ... iv. 4 17
 s ... iv. 2 5
 iv. 1 51
 iv. 1 21
 (ub)... v. 2 11
 gly... iii. 3 7
 i... iii. ProI. 35

seen.
 Complaint, 48.
 figuratively = just, in
 4. 36; Antony, ii. 2. 190.
 ing over, crossing.
 d.
 of the Clown in As You
 revealed, Lucrece, 785.
 nbered, Rom. cxxxvi. 9.
 lllarim, 277.

VENUS AND ADONIS. THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS BY
 A. WILSON VERITY.



CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

VENUS AND ADONIS AND THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

It is natural to criticise Venus and Adonis and Lucrece together. The poems have much in common, with much that brings them into very direct and striking contrast. Each is obviously the work of a young poet: from merely reading through the poems, without the aid of external testimony, we could with very considerable certainty assign to them an early date in the long list of Shakespeare's works. They have all the characteristic qualities of youthful work—careless ease and vigour of style, over-laden elaboration of colour and artistic effect, over-accentuated treatment of somewhat sensuous scenes. Venus and Adonis and Lucrece are connected by their theme. That theme is not a particularly pleasant one. It is love, or rather lust: the poet throws all his power of workmanship into representing the keenness and invincibility of a sensual passion that knows no restraint of moral instinct or conventional decorum. But, whereas Lucrece is intensely didactic, Venus and Adonis is no less intensely non-moral; not immoral, but unmoral. If Lucrece gives us the "criticism of life" theory of literature at its keenest, Venus and Adonis shows us the "art for art's sake" doctrine in the furthest possible development of that idea.

Venus and Adonis is the purest paganism, a deification of erotic impulse which Catullus himself could not have surpassed. The lovely goddess, exquisite as when she rose from the foam-blossoms of the blue Ægean, typifies lust, and, alas! lust does not shock us, simply because it comes in the form of such perfect beauty. Critics have compared Venus and Adonis with the masterpiece of Shakespeare's "dead shepherd," with the Hero and Leander, which Keats alone among English poets could have fitly continued. And the criticism is quite

just. Nothing in either poem is more remarkable than the insistence on physical beauty. Marlowe dwells on the mere forms of his two lovers, on symmetry and shapeliness of limb, on fascination of colour, with all the loving, sensuous, deliberate content of a sculptor. And so it is with Shakespeare. He brings but two characters on the scene of passion, and he lavishes on them every possible touch that can please the eye and intoxicate the on-looker with the wonder and glory of physical grace. And in this intoxication we cease to be moralists: our moral sense is drugged by the poppied draught of sensuous, seductive poison. The hungry goddess is like Browning's "Pretty Woman." She is fair, divinely fair, a daughter of the gods, and we say of the sweet face—

Be its beauty
Its sole duty.

There can be no place for the preacher here: we cannot take very seriously the morality that flows from the pretty, protesting lips of the blushing boy. Mr. Swinburne describes Venus and Adonis and Lucrece as semi-narrative, semi-reflective verse. The description, I think, is more appropriate to the longer and later poem. Venus and Adonis is simply narrative, and a narrative that carries us along on a wave of passion which moves far too quickly to admit of much reflection. It is, as far as I can understand it, a study in sensuous effects; a series of stanzas in which morality and the ethical element that we usually look for in literature, especially English literature, are wholly absent; a poem which we cannot call immoral because the whole idea is so fantastic and unreal, so removed from the world of the practical and possible; a poem of which we can only say, that it is wholly and intentionally un-moral. We read it, just as,

CRITICAL REMARKS.

according to Charles Lamb, we should read a Restoration Comedy, with a consciousness that what we are reading is all a myth: there never have been such characters: they are as impossible and non-existent as the light "that never was" in Wordsworth's poem.

Lucrece is perfectly different. Here the poet is at once an artist and a preacher: his achievement, if not his aim, is purely didactic. For no more terrible picture was ever drawn of the utter desolation and ruin wrought by unbridled, unreasoning impulse. Each phase of the passion is anatomized with the pitiless detail of minute realism. Simple enough in its beginning, the story works up with a gradual *crescendo* of horror to its tragic climax, and when the end comes no one, not the dullest of prosaicists, can be blind to the poet's purpose. And Lucrece is no petty tale of evil-doing, no "modern instance" of crime and shame. Shakespeare makes us feel throughout that a royal house and fame hang in the balance and are lost, and that if the sin be great the consequences will be great in proportion. Significant in this connection is the introduction of the old-world story of Troy's fall. At first sight lines 1380-1580 seem rather an excrescence, an interpolation that brings in an element of unreality. But it is not so. Interesting intrinsically as suggesting, if not showing, that Shakespeare was familiar with Virgil's narrative, the lines have a very direct bearing on the development of the story. Lucrece dishonoured is like "cloud-kissing Ilium" dismantled; in Ovid's words, *hæc facies Troje cum caperetur erat*. The comparison heightens the desolation of Lucrece, lends picturesqueness to the pity of her state, quickens our conception of the tragedy that has brought red ruin in its train. And it is so for us, especially must it have been for an Elizabethan reader, since the Troy legend was the story *par excellence* of the mediæval world, the *conte* which overshadowed and eclipsed all others. To repeat ourselves: Lucrece is an essentially didactic poem, and its didacticism is emphasized and increased at every turn by the dramatic power of the writer. To hold the mirror up to lust, to paint the horrors of unbridled passion, to show for all time that the

wages of sin is death—this is the direct tendency of the Rape of Lucrece.

We have considered the ethical import of the two poems, and seen that the contrast between them is very marked. On other grounds they have much in common. First and foremost, each is a perfect example of the narrator's art. The rhymes may at times seem careless; we may come across things—especially in Venus and Adonis—which we could wish away. But the stanzas never lag: the writer is never at a loss. The story advances from point to point with the swing and sweep, the lilt and facile grace, of true creative power. The effortless ease with which the narrative is maintained through a long series of stanzas seems to us the most characteristic and signal excellence of the poems.

But it is not their only excellence. The artist's sense of light and shade and variety of effect, dramatic representation of scene and situation—notably in Lucrece,—the many minute touches that build up the fabric of characterization—all these are qualities in which Venus and Adonis and Lucrece are rich with the true Shakespearian richness. And to these must be added the extraordinary verbal beauty of the verse. Here they are linked with the early plays, with Romeo and Juliet and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We have the same elaborate harmonies, the "linked sweetness long drawn out," the cadences, the "dying falls," the splendid eloquence, the lyric charm and rapture of Shakespeare's earliest, most purely poetic, style. Finally—to conclude these *ambages et longa exorsa*—we may note in Venus and Adonis the use which the poet makes of nature. The poem is full of the sights and sounds of the country and of country life. The red morning (line 453), the gathering clouds that consult for foul weather (972), the hare-hunt, the fall of the wind before rain comes, the empty eagle tiring on her prey (55-60), the closing-in of the day (530-533)—these and many similar touches point to a close knowledge of the life of the fields; and we could ill do without the fresh sweet wind, as from Shakespeare's own Stratford commons, that clears and relieves the sometimes too sultry atmosphere.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

INTRODUCTION.

Venus and Adonis was published in Quarto in 1593, with the following title-page: "VENUS | AND ADONIS | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo | Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

LONDON | Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at | the signe of the White Greyhound in | Paules Church-yard. | 1593." According to the Cambridge editors this edition is "printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's own manuscript." In 1594 a second Quarto, identical with the first, was printed, and a third edition, in Octavo, appeared in 1596; while between 1596 and 1636 the poem was reprinted no less than eight times, a sufficiently striking proof of its popularity.

The actual date of the composition of Venus and Adonis we cannot determine. It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1593, and Shakespeare himself speaks of it as "the first heire of my invention," a vague description which might imply that the poem had preceded all his plays, and been written before he came up to London from Stratford.

Probably, however, the phrase just quoted should not be pressed; by "invention" he may have meant lyric or narrative verse as opposed to dramatic work, or he may have been contrasting printed with unprinted work; and on the whole it is safest to conclude that the year of the publication of Venus and Adonis was also the year of its composition. The source of the poem was pretty certainly Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where, in book x., the legend of Venus and Adonis is told, with various divergences from the story as given by Shakespeare. Whether the poet

read Ovid in the original or in Golding's translation is an open and unanswerable question. Professor Baynes, in his well-known papers on Shakespeare's classical learning, argues strongly for the former view, and for myself I see no reason to doubt that Shakespeare read his Ovid as a scholar would read the author of the *Metamorphoses*. To discuss the point would be to touch on the vexed and well-worn subject of the poet's "little Latin, and less Greek;" the reader must turn to Farmer's essay or Professor Baynes' articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxi. (1880), pp. 83-102, and pp. 619-641. It should be noticed that Constable treated the Venus and Adonis myth in a beautiful poem first published in England's Helicon (see Bullen's Reprint, pp. 215-219); and according to Dr. Furnivall, "Lodge has three stanzas in his *Glaucois and Scilla*, 1589, on Adonis's death, and Venus coming down to his corpse" (Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxi.). Sedley's ridiculous effusion on the same subject I have mentioned in the notes. Venus and Adonis, like Lucrece, is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Daniel, Chapman, and other men of letters. A very elaborate account of Southampton is given in Mr. Massey's *Secret Drama of the Sonnets* (1888), pp. 318-342. We may just note that he was born in 1573; was a ward of Lord Burghley; graduated as Master of Arts at Cambridge—from St. John's College—in 1589; became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, whose favour, however, he lost through his connection with Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of the ill-starred Essex; and may conceivably have been the "onlie begetter" of the Sonnets.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN a
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VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Villa miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-check'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fae'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are; 10
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:

Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:

A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse. 30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be
thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in
lust. 40

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;

VENUS AND ADONIS.

And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs 51
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:

He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin. 60

Fore'd to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70
 Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 And to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
 Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
 wet;

And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
 Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
 So offers he to give what she did crave;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks,¹ and turns his lips another way. 90

¹ Winks, closes the eyes.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
 "O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
 'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every jar; 100
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unmask'd shalt
 have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
 What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?"

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again, 121
 And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted: 130
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul,² or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,

² Foul, ugly.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not
for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in
turning; 140
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire, 149
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the
sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected, 159
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty;
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun: 190
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but
warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain releateth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel 201
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again, 209
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause:
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:

VENUS AND ADONIS.

And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak, 221

And now her sobs do her intendments¹ break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:

She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd
thee here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230

'I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:

Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
Nodog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain, 241

That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;

Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.

"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"²
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet,³ lusty, young, and proud, 260
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:

¹ *Intendments*, intentions.

² *Remorse*, mercy.

³ *Jennet*, a young mare.

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is
tried; 280

And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His clattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say?"
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he sends far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whir he run or fly they know not whether:
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who waye like feather'd wings.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind: 308
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails¹ his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy² master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning³ his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stopp'd, 331
Burneth more hotly, scaldeth with more rage:
So of conceal'd sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh, 341
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.
Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels; 350

With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tender cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes sning;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb-play had his nets made plain
With tears, which, ebriety-like, her eyes did
rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gae of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a roan, 360
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would receive thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure
thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he; "why dost thou
feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt
have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd:
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire: 388
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!

¹ Vails, lowers. ² Testy, irritated. ³ Banning, cursing.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,¹
He held such petty bondage in disdain;

Throwing the base thong from his bending erest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?" 400

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 410
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a
breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
flattery;

For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou
a tongue?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sound-
ing, 431

Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore
wounding.

¹ Fee, i.e. that which his youth could claim as its due.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;

Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by
smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,

Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest, 449
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws² to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thrive! 469
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,

² Flares, gusts of wind.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; 490
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave
light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain;
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!¹ 500
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague's banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips Imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips²
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.

What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west; 530
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 't is very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tender'd is: 538
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on dronth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willet; 550
Whose vulture³ thought doth pitch the price so
high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's
wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hand-
ling, 560

¹ Wear = wear out.

² Slips, used quibblingly in reference to the pieces of counterfeited money called slips.

³ Vulture, used as an adjective.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is frow-
ward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at
last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence inegad in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in
sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the
match?"

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale, 591
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy, 600
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee; 609
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.

"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy,
ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tusches¹ never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tusches slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture: 628
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will; 639
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,

¹ Tusches, tasks.

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel; 650
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker¹ that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentions Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring, 658
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-claſing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the
head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination: 670
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
I'ncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds, 678

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks² and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets³ through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,

¹ Canker, cankerworm.

² Cranks, winds in and out.

³ Musets, the doublings-back of a hare.

And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear: 680

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear; 700
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 710
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this, 721
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;¹
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood, 740
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damnd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless elastity, 751
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frels,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme: 770
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-fae'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,

Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there; 780

"Lest the receiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love, 789
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended." 810

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night 821
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

¹ Defeature, disfigurement.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown: out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour eaves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans; 831
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe,
woe!"

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:

Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance,¹ with such-like sport:

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapster, answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 850

She says "'T is so:" they answer all, "'T is so;"
And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,

And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to² the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay:
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way, 879
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope³ him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear, 889
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling cestasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
more:— 890

And with that word she spied the hunted boar;
Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910

¹ Circumstance = elaborate details.

² Coasteth to = approaches.

³ Cope, encounter.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting;¹
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary catill for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise, 919
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, leau,
Hateful divorcee of love,"—thus chides she Death,—
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
thou mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead, —O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's chon² dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such
weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd; 958
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sor-
row,—

Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions through her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
The sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass; 980
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous: 988
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes³ him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

¹ Respecting = seeing.

² Ebon, i. e. black.

³ Clepes, calls.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast
Which knows no pity, but is still severe: 1000
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect¹ she doth extenuate; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind! 1018
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Tridles, unwitnessed with eye or ear.
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight; 1030
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain; 1040

¹ Suspect, suspicion.

Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her
eyes; 1050

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd:

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seen'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead: 1060
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire. 1074

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear; 1083
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years, 1091
They both would strive who first should dry his
tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1100
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cher-
ries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with
berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted¹ boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know 1109
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"T is true, 't is true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless 1119
My youth with his,—the more am I accurst."

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told;

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld 1129
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet belight.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low; 1139
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bad and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;²
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet, 1149
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire; 1160
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a tear pour from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness
stood. 1170

¹ Urchin-snouted; properly an urchin was a hedgehog.
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² Measures, dances.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by Death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's
guise,—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies, 1189
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure¹ herself and not be seen.

¹ Immure, shut in.
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NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

1. *Vilia miretur vulgus*.—I may just note that the MS. transcript of Day's delightful Parliament of Bees, which is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. (No. 725), bears the following title: "An olde Manuscript conteyning the Parliament of Bees, found In a Hollow Tree In a garden at Hilla, in a straunge Language, And now faithfully Translated into Easie English Verse by

J. M. J.
Ovidius
Pocula Castis plenis remanet aquis."

The couplet, by the way, is from Ovid's Amores, bk. I. Elegy xv. lines 35, 36, a poem which, as Professor Baynes notes, had not been translated into English; when Marlowe's Version first appeared is not certain, perhaps, as Gifford thinks, in 1598. The rendering of this particular Elegy (xv.) was evidently by Ben Jonson; see the Poetaster, i. 1 (page 107 in Routledge's edition), where the poem has undergone some revision and alterations from its original form as published in Marlowe's volume. Thus the first version of the present couplet runs:

Let base-conceited wits admire vild things;
Fair Phoebeus lead me to the Muses' springs.
—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 137;

while in The Poetaster it stands, quaintly enough:

Kneel hinds to trash; me let bright Phoebus swell
With cups full flowing from the Muses well.

—Ben Jonson, Works, p. 107.

Marston is probably sneering at Shakespeare when he says in the poem to the third book of his Satires:

I invoke no Delian deity,
No sacred offspring of Mnemosyne;
I pray in aid of no Castalian muse.

—Works, edn. 1856, iii. p. 285.

2. Dedication: *the first heir of my INVENTION*.—So Marston describes his Pigmalion as being a "young new-born invention;" and again in the lines To his Mistress writes:

I invoke no other saint but thee,
To grace the first blossoms of my poesie
Thy favours, like Promethean sacred fire,
In dead and dull conceit can life inspire,
Or, like that rare and rich elixir stone,
Can turn to gold, leaden invention

—Works, iii. pp. 200, 202.

Some critics regard Marston's Pigmalion (1598) as a parody of Venus and Adonis; others, as an imitation of Shakespeare's poem. For myself, I must confess I cannot trace the supposed resemblance. Shakespeare, by the way, may conceivably be the fifth poet described in the sixth satire of the Scourge of Villanie (1598) (Works, iii. pp. 275, 276)

3. Dedication: *and never art* EAR.—See note on uncar'd, Sonnet iv. 5.

4. Lines 1, 2: *Even as the sun*, &c.—One of Gullio's pla-

giarisms in The Returne from Parnassus, iii. 1. 1052, 1053 (Parnassus, Three Elizabethan Comedies, 1597-1602, ed. Macray, p. 58).

5. Line 3: *ROSE-CHEEK'D Adonis*.—Perhaps Shakespeare owed this beautiful epithet to Marlowe; cf. Hero and Leander, the first sestiad, 93:

Rose-cheek'd Adonis kept a solemn feast
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 9.

It found favour with Barton; see The Anatomy, p. 511, Chatto & Windus' Reprint, 1881. Compare, too, Weever's 22nd epigram:

Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses
—Shakspeare Allusion Book, p. 182;

and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 86.

6. Lines 5, 6: *Sick-thoughted Venus*, &c.—This couplet, too, is quoted in The Returne from Parnassus, iii. 1. 1006, 1007:

Gull. Parlon, faire lady, though sick-thoughted Gullio makes
amaize unto thee, and like a bould-faced sutor 'gins to woo thee.
—Parnassus, ed. Macray, p. 56.

7. Line 9: *STAIN to all nymphs*.—That is, eclipsing all nymphs; so in Coriolanus, i. 10. 13: "suffering stain" = being surpassed. See note on Sonnet xxxiii. 14.

8. Lines 11, 12: *Nature that made thee*, &c.—See again The Returne, iii. 1. 1022, 1023, p. 57.

9. Line 26: *THE PRECEDENT of pith*.—So Malone. The Quartos all have *president*.

10. Line 55: *Even as an EMPTY EAGLE*.—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 248, 249.

an empty eagle set
To guard the chicken,

and III. Henry VI. i. 1. 260-269:

like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh.

So Edward III. iii. 1:

as when the empty eagle flies,
To satisfy his hungry grins,

—Lichnitz ed. p. 34.

11. Line 112: *Yet was he servile to my coy disdain*.—Coy often had, as here, the sense of contemptuous. Compare The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 29, 30:

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs.

So in England's Helicon:

If you she seem of joy,
Disdain doth make her coy.

—Allen's Reprint, p. 5.

Cotgrave gives: "Mespriserosse: A coy, a squeamish, or scornfull dame."

12. Line 114: *For MASTERING her*.—Q 1, Q 2, and Q 3 have the old form *maistring*.

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS

13. Line 125: *These BLUE-VEIN'D violets whereon we lean*.—I find the same graceful epithet applied to the violet by Day in *The Parliament of Bees*, Character 1. line 7:

The blue-veined violets, and the damask rose.

So in a charming lyric in *England's Helicon*:

How shall I her pretty
Express
When she doth walk
Scarce she does the primrose head
Depress,
Or tender stalk
Of blue-vein'd violets,
Whereon her foot she sets,

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 88.

14. Line 130: *Beauty within itself*, &c.—Compare Sonnet ix. 11, 12:

But *beauty's* waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

15. Line 140: *Mine EYES are GRAY*.—See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 111; also Titus Andronicus, II. 2. 1.

16. Line 147: *Or, like a nymph*, &c.—These lines are not unsuggestive of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 1. 85, 86.

17. Line 157: *Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?*—This curious idea of *self-love* meets us in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, IV. 4:

Dearer than thou canst *love thyself* though all
The *self-love* were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower.

—Beaumont & Fletcher, in *Mermaid Series*, vol. II. p. 383.

the swain in question being, of course, Adonis. Compare, too, a stanza in Bullen's *Lyrics* (1887), pp. 63, 64:

O let not beauty so fast wither her birth
That it should from her home return to earth!
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one!
Not your sweet self, for such *self-love* is none

18. Line 161: *NARCISSUS so himself*, &c.—For similar references cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 5. 96; "Hast thou *Narcissus* in thy face?" and *The Faithful Shepherdess*, I. 3:

Not *Narcissus*, he
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty,

—Beaumont & Fletcher, *Mermaid ed.* vol. II. p. 338;

and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, II. 2. 119-121:

Em. What *fencer* is this?
Fl. 'Tis call'd *Narcissus*, madam.
Em. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself.

—Leopold Sinschewski, p. 1018.

19. Line 163: *TORCHES are made to LIGHT*.—Compare *Measure for Measure*, I. 1. 33, 34:

Heaven doth with us as we with *torches* do,
Not light them for themselves.

20. Line 171: *By law of nature thou art bound to breed*.—See note 1 on Sonnets.

21. Line 177: *TIRED in the midday heat*.—Collier read *'tired'* as attired.

22. Line 189: *I'll SIGH celestial BREATH*.—Compare *Coriolanus*, IV. 5. 120, 121:

never in an

Sigh'd true breath.

23. Line 201: *Art thou a WOMAN'S SON*.—So Sonnet xii. 7, 8:

what *woman's son*

Will sourly leave her?

24. Lines 203, 204: *O, had thy mother*, &c.—Compare Sonnet xlii. 13, 14:

you know

You had a father; let your son say so.

25. Line 272: *Upon his COMPASS'D crest*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 35.

26. Line 303: *To bid the wind a BASE*.—Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 3. 19, 20:

lads more like to run

The country base.

So *Edward II.* IV. 2. 65, 66:

We will find comfort, money, men and friends
Ere long, to bid the *English King* a base.

—Bullen's *Marlowe*, vol. II. p. 197.

See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 22.

27. Line 310: *She puts on outward STRANGENESS*.—See note on "look strange," Sonnet lxxxix. 8.

28. Line 319: *His TESTY master*.—Compare Sonnet cxl. 7, 8:

As *testy* sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know,

Testy comes from O.F. *teste* = head, i.e. *forte*: Cotgrave gives *testu* = heady. *Tester* is from same root; see Skeat, *s. v.*

29. Line 331: *An oven that is STOPP'D*.—Compare *Titus Andronicus*, II. 4. 36, 37:

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.

30. Line 367: *Once more the ENGINE of her THOUGHTS began*.—So *Titus Andronicus*, III. 1. 82:

O, that delightful *engine* of her thoughts.

31. Line 396: *ENFRANCHISING his mouth*.—*Enfranchise*, Professor Minfo notes (*Characteristics of English Poets*, p. 375), is a favourite word with Shakespeare in his early plays; afterwards he uses it only in a political and technical sense.

32. Line 453: *Like a RED MORN*, &c.—Compare *Hero and Leander*, IIIrd *sestiad* (by Chapman), 177, 178:

And after it a *foul black day* befell,
Which ever since a *red morn* doth foretell.

—Bullen's *Marlowe*, III. p. 47.

The proverb says:

A red sky at night is a shepherd's delight;
A red sky at morning is a shepherd's warning.

And another version says:

If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace.

This, of course, is the reference in St. Matthew xvi. 2, 3: "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to day; for the sky is red and lowering."

According to Thirls Dyer, the notion is "common in the Continent. Thus, at Milan, the proverb was, 'At the morning, rain is at hand'" (*Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 47).

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

33 Line 469: *all-AMAZ'N*.—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3. The others have in a *maze*.

34 Line 481: *The NIGHT of SORROW now is turn'd to day*.—Compare Sonnet cxx. 9, 10:

O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense.

35. Line 482: *Her two blue WINDOWS faintly she up-heaveth*.—See note on Sonnet xiv. 11.

36. Line 500: *SHREW'D* *Entar*.—Q. 1 and Q. 2 give *shrow'd*.

37. Line 500: *their crimson liveries WEAR*.—*Wear*=wear away; so Sonnet lxxvii. 1:

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear.

38. Line 509: *That the STAR-GAZERS, &c.*—Compare Sonnet cvii. 5-8.

39. Line 511: *Pure lips, sweet SEALS*.—See Trolius and Cressida, note 179.

40. Line 515: *for fear of SLIPS*.—See Trolius and Cressida, note 132.

41. Line 531: *The OWL, NIGHT'S HERALD*.—We may remember Virgil's

Solus et occasum servans de culmine summo
Nequiquam seros exercet noctua cantus.
—Georgic, l. 402, 403.

42. Line 538: *The HONEY see*.—So "summer's honey breath" in Sonnet iv. 5; and line 16 of this poem.

43. Lines 580-583: *to her heart, &c.*—Compare Sonnet xxii. 6, 7:

my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live.

So Sonnets cix. and cxxiii.

44. Line 589: *whereat a sudden PALE*.—That is, paleness; for substantial use of adjectives see Trolius and Cressida, note 186.

45. Line 602: *Do surfeit by the eye and PINE the mate*.—For *pine*=starve, used, however, intransitively, compare Sonnet lxxv. 13.

46. Lines 631-634: *Alas, he naught esteems, &c.*—This, as Professor Baynes says (Fraser's Magazine, vol. ci. pp. 631, 632) is extremely suggestive of Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x. 547-549:

Non movet retas,
Nec facies, nec quæ Vencrem muovere, leones,
Setigerosque sues.

47. Line 632: *Love's eyes PAY*.—So Malone. Q. 1 and Q. 2 have *eyes payes*; Q. 3, *eyes payes*.

48. Line 656: *Love's tender SPRING*.—That is, love's young shoot or blossom. Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2, 3:

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

49. Line 657: *This carry-tale, DISSENTIOUS Jealousy*.—*Dissentious*=seditious; so Coriolanus, iv. 6, 7: "Dissentious numbers pestering streets." For *carry-tale* compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 463.

50. Line 673: *But if thou needs wilt hunt, &c.*—Probably few people know that Sir Charles Sedley—*ristum tenetis*—attempted a Venus and Adonis; or the Amour of Venus; it is "after" Shakespeare, as Mr. Punch would

say, and at a respectful distance. This is a sample of the paraphrase perpetrated by Dryden's *Lisidilus*:

Forbear, regardless youth! at length forbear;
Not prosecute with Beasts an endless War,
Thy Venus do's in all the Danger share. }
Or, if, alas! thy too licentious Mind
Is still to Vig'rous Syfton Sports inclin'd,
At least, dear youth! be cautious in thy Way,
Fly, fly with care each furious Bea-ty of Prey;
Ne'er arid with Launce provoke the raging Boar
And dread the Lion's most tremendous Roar:
From the rough Bear's rude Grasp, oh! swiftly run,
The Leopard and the cruel Tiger slun;
With strict Regard, oh! ever such avoid,
Lest all my Joy should be with thee destroy'd:
But Nets, or fleetest Hounds for Deer prepare;
Or chase the crafty Fox, or tim'rous Hare:
Mix Safety ever with thy Sports, be wise,
And ne'er approach where Danger may arise.

51. Line 680: *to OVERSHOOT his troubles*.—Q. 1, Q. 2 and Q. 3 give *over-shut*. The reading in the text is due to Steevens.

52. Line 682: *He CRANKS and crosses, &c.*—For *crank*=run crookedly, cf. i. Henry IV. iii. 1. 98:

See how this river comes me *cranking* in.

Everyone will recollect Milton's "*quips and cranks*," *L'Allegro*, 27, where *cranks* is equivalent to *sharp turns of wit*; and an equally good illustration of the use of the word occurs in *The Fierie Queene*, bk. vii. c. vii. st. lii. 9:

So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.
—Globe ed. of Spenser, p. 435.

Compare also Coriolanus, i. 1. 141.

53. Lines 695, 696: *Echo replies, &c.*—In the Fortune's Tennis-ball, or Poecula Castalla (1640), of Robert Baron several very daring appropriations of lines in Venus and Adonis occur. For instance, the present couplet appears in this form:

The airy queen (sounds child) each cell replies,
As if another chase, &c. —Stanza xviii.

See the Shakespeare Centurie of Prayse, in the publications of the New Shakspeare Society, p. 231.

54. Line 697: *By this, poor WAT, &c.*—Dyer (Folklore, p. 178) suggests that the name comes from the long ears or *wattles* of the hare, though properly, according to Skeat, a *wattle* is "the fleshy part under the throat of a cock or turkey." In any case, *Wat* is a recognized term for a hare; cf. Drayton's Polyolbion, xxiii.:

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,
The fender sendeth out, to seek out aimble *Wat*.

55. Line 724: *Rish preys make true men thieves*.—The sentiment is that of Sonnet xlviii. 14:

For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

56. Line 757: *a SWALLOWING GRAVE*.—Compare "mouth-ed graves" in Sonnet lxxvii. 6.

57. Line 765: *Or theirs whose desperate hands THEMSELVES do slay*.—For Shakespeare's sentiments on this subject we may turn to Cymbeline, iii. 4. 73-80:

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.

Compare, too, Hamlet, i. 2. 131, 132.

58. Line 765: *Or theirs whose desperate hands THEMSELVES do slay*.—Compare Sonnet lxxvii. 6.

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89. Line 765: *Or theirs whose desperate hands THEMSELVES do slay*.—Compare Sonnet lxxvii. 6.

90. Line 765: *Or theirs whose desperate hands THEMSELVES do slay*.—Compare Sonnet lxxvii. 6.

91. Line 765: *Or theirs whose desperate hands THEMSELVES do slay*.—Compare Sonnet lxxvii. 6.

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

58. Line 763: *But gold that's put to use, &c.*—See note on Sonnet vi. 5.

59. Line 773: *this black-fac'd NIGHT, DESIRE's foul NURSE.*—Compare Lucrece, 673, 674:

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies.

60. Line 782: *Into the quiet CLOSURE of my BREAST.*—Compare Sonnet xlviii. 11:

Within the gentle closure of my breast.

Cloastre=inclosure is used in one other passage in the plays—Richard III. iii. 3. 10:

Within the guilty closure of thy walls.

Furnivall, in his Introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare (p. xxii), notes Shakespeare's predilection for words in use, at least in his early works.

61. Lines 815, 816:

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus's eye.

"How many images and feelings are here brought together without effort and without discord, in the beauty of Adonis, the rapidity of his flight, the yearning, yet hopelessness of the enamoured gazer, while a shadowy ideal is thrown over the whole" (Coleridge, Lectures on Shakespeare, Bohn's ed. pp. 220, 221). Peele has a fine use of the same simile in The Tale of Troy. Speaking of the sailing of the Greek fleet, he says:

Away they fly, their tackling toft and tight,
As shoots a streaming star in winter's night.
—Peele's Works, p. 554.

62. Line 825: *Or stonish'd as NIGHT-WANDERERS often are.*—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, II. 1. 39:

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.

63. Line 842: *For LOVERS' HOURS are LONG.*—Compare the remarks upon "lovers' absent hours" in Othello, iii. 4. 174, 175, and see note on that passage.

64. Line 870: *she COASTETH to the cry.*—*Coasteth* to= makes towards. See Troilus and Cressida, note 261.

65. Line 871: *And as she runs, &c.*—This stanza receives the honour of quotation from Hemeritus Junior. See The Anatomy (reprint, 1881), p. 511.

66. Lines 887, 888: *Finding their enemy, &c.*—Reproduced almost verbatim in Poenila Castalia, stanza 17.

67. Line 899: *BIDS them fear no more.*—Some of the later Quartos have *will's*.

68. Line 901: *DEPAINTED all with red.*—Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 80:

Else would a maiden blush *depaint* my cheek.

69. Line 908: *that she UNTREADS again.*—For *untread*=retrace, see King John, v. 4. 52; and Merchant of Venice, iii. 6. 10.

70. Line 916: *the only SOVEREIGN plaster.*—Compare Sonnet cliii. 8:

Against strange maladies a *sovereign* cure;
with note.

71. Lines 923, 924: *Clapping their proud tails, &c.*—

Another couplet which Baron conveyed more or less bodily, stanza 21 of Poenila Castalia.

72. Line 936: *Gloss on the ROSE, SMELL to the VIOLET.*—We may compare Sonnet xcix.

73. Line 949: *Dost thou DRINK TEARS.*—Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 37:

She says *she drinks* no other drink *but tears*.

74. Line 993: *call'd him ALL TO NOUGHT.*—So Q. 1, Q. 2 Q. 3. Dyce reads (in his second edition) *all to naught*.

75. Line 996: *IMPERIOUS supreme of all mortal things.*—*Imperious*=imperial; see Troilus and Cressida, note 271.

76. Line 1010: *Her rash SUSPECT she doth extenuate.*—*Suspect*=anspicion, as in Sonnet lxx. 13:

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show

77. Line 1020: *And, beauty dead, BLACK CHAOS COMES AGAIN.*—Compare Othello, iii. 3. 91, 92:

and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

78. Line 1028: *THE GRASS STOOPS NOT, she TREADS on it SO LIGHT.*—Virgil has said much the same thing about Camilla:

illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneris cursu hesset aristas.

—Æneid, vii. 803, 809.

Compare, too, Comus, 897-899.

79. Lines 1040, 1047:

As when the WIND, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for PASSAGE, earth's foundation shakes.

For the same simile, expressed in very similar language, cf. Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part I. 1. 2. 51, 52:

Even as when windy exhalations,

Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 13.

Marlowe practically repeats it later on in the same play, iv. 2. 43-45:

As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing clond,
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack.

80. Line 1053: *whose wonted LILY WHITE.*—*Lily-white* occurs as an adjective in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 95:

Most radiant Pyramus, most *lily-white* of hue.

81. Line 1054: *With PURPLE TEARS.*—See note on Sonnet xcix. 3, 4:

The *purple* pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells.

82. Line 1072: *Mine EYES are TURN'd to FIRE.*—So Lucrece, 1552: "His eyes drop fire;" and Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, v. 1: "turn your funeral tears to fire" (Mermaid ed. of Heywood, p. 408).

83. Line 1080: *But TRUE-SWEET beauty.*—First hyphenated by Malone.

84. Line 1114: *But by a KISS THOUGHT to persuade him thus.*—Did Milton remember this passage when he wrote the first stanza of his poem On The Death Of A Fair Infant? The parallel, at any rate, is worth noting:

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

O fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, *thought to kiss*
But kill'd alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

85. Lines 1127, 1128:

*She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two LAMPS, BURNT OUT, in darkness lies.*

So Lucrece, 1378, 1379:

*And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.*

86. Line 1142: *Bud and be blasted in a BREATHING-
WHILE*.—So Richard III. i. 3. 60:

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while.

87. Lines 1167, 1168:

*And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up.*

In England's Helicon, published in 1600, there is a charming poem by Henry Constable, entitled *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*; the last lines are:

*Deadly wound his death did bring,
Which when Venus found,
She fell in a swoon,
And, awak'd, her hands did wring.*

*Nymphs and satyrs skipping,
Came together tripping,
Echo every cry express'd;
Venus by her power
Turn'd him to a flower,
Which she weareth in her crest.
Enis.*

The whole poem, which is given in Bullen's reprint, 1887, deserves notice. Of course the flower in question was the anemone, derived from the Greek ἀνέμων; as Ovid says, *præstant nomina Venti* (Metamorphoses, bk. x. 739).

88. Line 1190: *At d yokes her silver Doves*, &c.—For the classical reference compare *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 92-94:

*I met her deity (i. e. Venus)
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her.*

Mr. Bullen prints (p. 108) a charming stanza in his *Elizabethan Lyrics* (1887) from John Wilbye's Second Set of Madrigals, 1609:

*So light is love, in matchless beauty shining,
When he revisits Cyprus' hallowed bowers,
Two feeble doves, burn'd in silken twining,
Can draw his chariot midst the Paphian flowers:
Lightness in love! how ill it fitteth!
So heavy on my heart he sitteth.*

89. Line 1194: *Means to IMMURE*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 3.



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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY
A. WILSON VERITY.



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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

INTRODUCTION.

Lucrece was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1594 as follows: "9 maij: Master harrison Senior: Entred for his copie vnder th[e] hand of master Senior Cawood, Warden, a booke entituled *the Ravysment of Lucrece*. . . . vj. C."

The poem was printed in the same year, with this title: "LYCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the White Grey-hound | in Pantes Church-yard. 1594 | . Dr. Furnivall remarks—Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxv.—that "this first edition was probably seen through the press by Shakspeare himself." Apparently, however, copies of the edition differ in some important points of reading; see Cambridge Shakspeare, vol. ix. p. xiv. Lucrece was reprinted in 1598 in octavo, and the Cambridge editors mention four other important editions, in 1600, 1607, 1616, and 1624. The edition of 1616 purported to be "newly revised;" but the words were evidently a publisher's trick to attract purchasers. It is clear, I think, from the comparatively limited number of impressions through which Lucrece passed, that the poem was never so popular as its forerunner, Venus and Adonis. Like the earlier book, Lucrece is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton; and we can scarcely be wrong in assuming it to be the "graver labour" of which the poet had previously spoken. The story of Lucrece had been told by various writers; among classical authors, by Livy in the first book of his history, chapters 57 and 58, and by Ovid in the second book of the Fasti; in English, by Chaucer—*Legende of Good Women*; by Lydgate—*Falles of Princes*, book iii.; and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567.

Ballad-writers, too, had dealt with the subject. In Arber's Transcript of the Stationers' Register are two interesting entries. The first, under date of the year 1568, mentions "a ballett,

the greivous complainyt of Lucrece;" the second notes that 4*l.* had been received from "James Robertes, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a ballett entituled *The Death of Luercyssa.*" See Arber's Transcript, vol. i. pp. 379 and 416. Now with some of this literature Shakspeare must have been acquainted: the only question is, on which of the authors above mentioned did he draw most considerably? Myself, after reading Professor Baynes' elaborate treatment of the subject, I cannot doubt but that Ovid's Fasti was the source to which Shakspeare owed most. Parallelisms in literature, like facts and figures in ordinary life, are desperately misleading and unsatisfactory things: to this critic they mean so much; to that, nothing. Hence it is scarcely ever possible to give direct and positive proof that one author has borrowed from another. I forbear, therefore, to make any dogmatic statements on the matter: I will merely remark that a comparison of the two poems leads me to think, with Professor Baynes, that the Elizabethan poet had read—and read closely—the work of his classical forerunner. To grant this is not, of course, to detract in any way from the splendid merits of the poem.

A word as to the metre. "The versification," says Professor Dowden, "is freer and bolder; in the Venus and Adonis the stanza was one of six lines, consisting of a rhymed quatrain, followed by a couplet; here a fifth line is introduced between the quatrain and couplet, rhyming with lines two and four. This structure tends to encourage more variety in the arrangement of pauses, and may, perhaps, in some degree, explain the fact that run-on lines are much more frequent in the Lucrece than in the Venus and Adonis. The proportion of the run-on lines in the Lucrece is 1 in 10.81, in Venus and Adonis 1 in 25.40." See Furnivall's Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare, p. xxxiii.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife: among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lueretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabled herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

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¹ Ardea
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² Bala
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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea¹ all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatine bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire

And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste,

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set
This bateless² edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,

Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-prond rate,

That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done

¹ Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli, twenty-four miles south of Rome.

² Bateless, not to be blunted.

As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
Should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of these;
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows,

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts,¹ and ne'er grows
old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd 50
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the light,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat. 70

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be
kill'd,

The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so, — 75
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstrain'd thoughts do seldom dream an evil;

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she seem'd to give good cheer 80
And reverent welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd² with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies 101
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With braised arms and wreaths of victory: 110
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear:
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
Intending³ weariness with heavy sprite;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth light:
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, 125

¹ *Blasts*, used intransitively; is blasted.
370

² *Cop'd*, met

³ *Intending*, pretending.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-
ing:

Despair to gain doth traffic off for gaining;

And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct,¹ there's no death
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess

Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life 111
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;

Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth
cost

The death of all, and altogether lost,

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious-foul infirmity, 150
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect

The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must dotting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake;
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?

When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays,
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful
day? 161

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that th' unlook'd surprise

The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to do and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; 170

Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm.

Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire,

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly, 180

"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his bathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise

His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine: 191
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;

Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft² fancy's slave! 200
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin. 210

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?

¹ Be adjunct = follow as a consequence.

² Soft, effeminate.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down?

“If Collatius dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

“O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, 230
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

“Had Collatius kill’d my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

“Shameful it is:—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is:—there is no hate in loving; 240
I’ll beg her love:—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.”

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
’Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, “She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz’d for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatius lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn¹ we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

“And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d,
Fore’d it to tremble with her loyal fear! 261
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock’d,
Until her husband’s welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown’d him in the flood.

“Why hunt I, then, for colour² or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses; 269
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display’d,
The coward lights, and will not be dismay’d.

“Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure
lies?” 280

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok’d by unresisted lust.
Alway he steals with open listening ear,
Full of fond hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine; 289
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter’d by their leader’s jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece’ bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc’d, retires his ward;

¹ *Lawn, fine linen.*

² *Colour, pretences.*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him
there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way, 309
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth seorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, for the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle¹ his finger pricks;
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
Is not unur'd; return again in haste; 321
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay
him,

He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime, 332
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
and sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought, 341

That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power

That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must de-
flower:

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they, then, assist me in the act? 350

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. 361
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled; 369
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes began
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
pos'd;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclow'd.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill; 380
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozering the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entomb'd is: 390

¹ Needle, a monosyllable.

THE RAPE OF LECRECE.

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, hath sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath; 400

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautily,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured. 410

These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd

Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, 421
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by sleeping qualified;¹
Slack'd, not appeas'd; for standing by her side,

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting;

Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye.
His eye commands the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet 442
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night 449
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking.
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 't is! but she, in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting anties, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries; 460
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

¹ Qualified, appeased.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace
Shall plead for me, and all my loving tale:
Under that colour in I come to scale

Thy never conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensur'd thee to this night.
Where thou with patience must thy will abide;
My will that marks for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;

But reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends;

But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I
Shall breed;

But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.

I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

Thus said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies;
So under his insulting falcon lies

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy
Thee:

If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;

And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy,
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend;
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted,
Thy name thus simple sometimes is compacted
With more compound: being so applied,
The venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit; bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their hid-
ing.

Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks¹ while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth hunt dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A wallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining;
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless² wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs mix'd,

¹ Winks, i.e. connives.

² Remorseless, pitiless.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mind not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Nar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare
me;
Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
thee:

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean, 590
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
name. 599
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love: 611
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were, 631
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their
eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing Lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;³ 640
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,

¹ Repeat, recall.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And with the wind in greater fury fret;
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'
haste 650
And to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified; 660
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not
hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
troll'd

Entombs her onery in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chaste tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone¹ lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:

This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds mouths of pain; 690
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit 701
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire mast vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade,² self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case: 711
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
Grace,

For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fainful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands dis-
grac'd:

Besides, his soul's fair ten¹ is defac'd; 719
To whose weak ruins must troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:

Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he
stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain: 730

¹ Prone, impetuous.

² Jade, properly a worthless horse.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a weary lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear; 740
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open
lay,

And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see 750
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave,¹ like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer ches. to close so pure a mind. 761
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her
spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, in age of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night! 771
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,

Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, 790
As palmers' chat make short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine.
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote² baseless trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, - - - her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,

¹ Grave, engrave.

² Quote = observe.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine. 819

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain't of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private sear!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatians' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, 820
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them
knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,— 841
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude! the maiden bad?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair fountains with venom mud? 850
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps and gout and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless bars the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers; 870
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execest the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath; 883
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest land:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, 890
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd!
Give physie to the sick, ease to the pain'd? 901
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;

¹ Intrude, enter.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid: 912
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatiue would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of yonth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
snare;

Thou unrest all, and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time! 930
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine¹ the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things, 941
To wake the morn. and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And sneer with dust their glittering golden
towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stat'ly monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel, 951
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age 962
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come
back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright; 971
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless traunces,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair, 981
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts² to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort; 989
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And ever let his unrecalling¹ crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O come, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
spill;

For who so base would such an office have 1000
As slanderous death's-man² to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away; 1010
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless³ night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are annotated wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters:
To trembling clients be you mediators: 1020
For me, I force not⁴ argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infancy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood. 1029

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,

¹ *Unrecalling*, that cannot be recalled.

² *Death's-man*, executioner.

³ *Sightless*, in which no one can see.

⁴ *Force not*=care not for.

And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death: 1035
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from *Ætæa*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be; 1040
Of that true type hath Tarquin riled me.

"O, that . . . me for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard graft shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art dotting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate. 1069
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my fore'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended 1079
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weep-
ing;

To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping: 1089

Mock with thy tickling beam's eye that art sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath naught to do what's done by night."

Thus evils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,

Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:

Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110

Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd

When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more:
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,

Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-
flows;

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes
entomb 1121

Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:

My restless discord loves no stops¹ nor rests;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with
tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, 1134
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die. 1139
These means, as fets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day.
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their
kinds:

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion 1160

Who, having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,

Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?

¹ Stops, alluding to the stops in an instrument; so rests.

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ment; so *rests*.

Poor women' faces are their own faults' books.

² *Champaign*, plain, open country.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd;
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view, 1261
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
raining? 1271
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there she
stay'd
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. 1290
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;

What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: 1300
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not therefore make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd ex-
cuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
From that suspicion which the world might bear
her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ, 1331
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain¹ court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

¹ Villain, countryman.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
And forth with bashful innocence dot¹ hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age 1350
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:

The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy, 1369
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited¹ painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer 1380
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greek² with little lust;²

Such sweet observance in this work was had.
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces 1390
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces:
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble.
That one would swear he saw them quake and
tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent 1399
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purld up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice, 1411
Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice;³
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head.
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being through'd, bears back, all boll'n
and red;

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

¹ Conceited, clever, imaginative.
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² Lust = pleasure.

³ Nice, skilful.
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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
field, 1430
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois'¹ reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies,

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had
fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's² woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries, 1460
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies. 1470

¹ Simois, the river of which Homer speaks so often.

² Beldam, grandmother; not used here with any sense of reproach.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,
Here friend by friend in bloody cham lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with
fire." 1491

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes:
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell;
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound, 1501
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so 1510
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story 1521
The credulous old Priam after slew;
When words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,

And little stars shot from their fixed places.
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their
faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill: 1530

And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot"
took:

"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find, 1539
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguill'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish.
So did I Tarquin: so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise? 1540
For every tear he falls¹ a Trojan bleeds:

His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy
pity,

Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;

These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water." 1561

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails.
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not
be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for mor-
row, 1571
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustain-
ing:

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls² in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amaz'dly in her sad face he stares: 1591
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event

¹ Falls, lets fall.

² Water-galls, secondary rainbows.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent? 1601
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest 1611
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass
best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame 1629
Or thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd¹ groom of thine,²
quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword, 1640
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,

I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To necessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, 1660
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
woe.

With sad—yes, and wreathed arms across,
From tips of waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 1669
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his mutinely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice 1679
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might comfort thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

¹ Hard-favour'd, with evil face.
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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, 1690
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'
harm."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said, 1699
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?"

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears; 1710
While with a joyous smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep expression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in her tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "nodame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she
says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not
speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays, 1720
She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd;
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; 1731
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple¹ fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly² stood 1740
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin
stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol³ goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied. 1750

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours."

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old, 1760
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was."

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive,
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee." 1771

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;

¹ Purple, used of any rich colour.

² Vastly, i.e. deserted.

³ Rigol, circle.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue; 1780
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's
aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: 1790
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life 1800
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my
wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. 1810
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;

And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? 1820
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations; 1820
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's
store, 1837
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they
bow;

And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom, 1840
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly² did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

¹ Ow'd, possessed, owned.

² Plausibly, willingly

NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

1 Line 14: *With pure ASPÉCTS*.—For *aspect*, in its astrological sense. Cf. As You Like It, iv. 3. 53:
...and thy (her eyes) work in mild aspect!

The accentuation on the second syllable is invariably in Shakespeare.

2 Line 19: *such HIGH-PROUD rate*.—First hyphenated by Malone. The early Quartos have *such high proud*.

3 Line 26: *An EXPIR'D DATE*, &c.—Malone (Var. Ed. xx. p. 102) thinks that Shakespeare may have remembered some lines in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1592:

those rayes which all these flames do nourish,
 Cancell'd with time, will have their *date expir'd*.

4 Lines 34, 35: *Of that rich jewel*, &c.—Compare Sonnet lxxxv.

5 Line 56: *stain that O'ER*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *ore*, and Malone proposed *or*=gold.

6 Line 57: *in that white INTITULED*.—Compare Sonnet xxxvii. 7:
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit.

7 Line 71: *Their silent WAR of LILIES and of ROSES*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 30:
Such tear of white and red within her cheeks!

So Coriolanus, ii. 1. 232, 233. If *war of roses* is said, I suppose, with a certain intentional play on the words; the historical reference is just suggested.

8 Line 88: *Birds never lin'd*, &c.—So III. Henry VI. v. 6. 14:

The bird that hath been *lined* in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.

9 Line 110: *With bruised arms and WREATHS of VICTORY*.—See Richard III. note 39; also III. Henry VI. v. 3. 1, 2:

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory;

where the True Tragedy reads:

fortune gives us victory,
 And gifts our temples with triumphant joys.

Note, by the way, as the point has not been mentioned by the editor of III. Henry VI. in this edition, that the following *complet* occurs in Marlowe's Massacre at Paris, scene xviii. 1, 2:

The duke is slain, and all his power dispers'd,
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

—Bullen's Marlowe, ii. p. 276.

The authorship of Henry VI. parts II. and III. is an unsolved problem.

10 Line 124: *Note LEADEN SLUMBER*.—So Richard III. v. 3. 103:

Lest *leaden slumber* peise me down to-morrow.

11 Line 125: *And every one to rest themselves BETAKE*.—For the plural verb cf. Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 154: "every one of these letters *are* in my name."

12. Line 133: *Though DEATH be ADJUNCT*, &c.—Steevens compares King John, iii. 3. 57:

Though that my death were *adjunct* to my act.

13. Line 135: *THAT V HAT they have not*.—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4; the later ones have *that oft*. Capell proposed, and the Globe editors adopted, *for what*. The sense of the stanza is clear enough; but the text is confused, and none of the corrections seem very satisfactory.

14. Line 140: *prove BANKRUPT*.—Q. 1 has *backrout*; others *bauckrout*.

15. Line 162: *Now stole upon*, &c.—The stanza may be compared with Macbeth, ii. 1. 49-56.

16. Line 179: *Which must be LOVE-STAR to his lustful eye*.—See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 33.

17. Line 202: *Then my DIGRESSION*.—For *digression*=falling away, cf. Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 121.

18. Line 213: *Who buys*, &c.—Compare Richard III. iv. 1. 97:

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of *teen*.

19. Line 245: *Shall by a PAINTED CLOTH be kept in awe*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 350.

20. Lines 258, 259: *red as roses*, &c.—Malone compares Venus and Adonis, 590:

Like *lazen* being spread upon the blushing rose.

21. Lines 265, 266: *That had NAREISSUS*, &c.—See Venus and Adonis, note 18.

22. Lines 307, 308:

Night-wandering WEASELS shriek to see him there;
 They FRIGHT him.

There may be an allusion to the superstition that it was mincky to meet a weasel.

The substantive *night-wanderer* occurs in Venus and Adonis, 825.

23. Line 319: *the NEEDLE his finger pricks*.—Dyce, following Malone, prints the form *neeld*.

24. Line 365: *Into the chamber wickedly he stalks*.—We may remember Cymbeline, ii. 2. 12, 13:

our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes;

and Macbeth, ii. 1. 55.

25. Line 386: *Her lily hand*, &c.—Among Sir John Suckling's poems there is "A Supplement of an Imperfect Copy of Verse by Mr. William Shakespear's;" the supplement in question developing the present picture. See Hazlitt's edition of Suckling, vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

26. Line 393: *Without the bed her other fair HAND was*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 15.

NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

27. Line 395: *Show'd like an April daisy*, &c.—There is a very barefaced conveyance of this picture in Baron's already-referred-to Fortune's Tennis-ball, or Pucella Castalia, 1640:

A mantle of green Velvet (wrought to wouder)
Her maidens o'er her curious humps did cast,
It over her shoulder went, and under
Her right Arm, on her breast it was made fast
With clasps of radiant Diamonds, now as
A Dazie shew'd she, in a field of grasse. —Stanza 175.

28. Line 397: *like MARIGOLDS*.—See note on Sonnet xxv. 6.

29. Line 402: *in the map of DEATH*.—For the association of sleep and death, see the various passages which are brought together in my note on Sonnet lxxiii. 7, 8.

30. Line 403: *in LIFE'S MORTALITY*.—*Life's mortality* = life; so I suppose. Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 98:

There's nothing serious in *mortality*;

where *mortality* = mortal life.

31. Line 419: *her ALABASTER skin*.—See Othello, note 244. We may just remark upon the curious frequency with which the simile occurs, here is another instance:

Who hath beheld fair Venus in her pride
Of nakedness, all *alabaster* white.

—The Praise of Chastity, Dyce's Greene and Peele, p. 602.

32. Line 424: *His rage of last by gazing QUALIFIED*.—For *qualify* = abate, cf. Sonnet cix. 2:

Though absence seem'd my flame to *qualify*.

33. Line 460: *the weak BRAIN'S FORGERIES*.—So Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 81:

These are the *forgeries of jealousy*;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 137:

This is the very coinage of your brain.

34. Line 477: *Thus he replies*.—What he does reply reminds us of Sonnet xcix.

35. Line 500: *his insulting FALCHION*.—Q1 all (Q. 6 excepted) have the form *fauchion*.

36. Line 511: *us fowl hear FALCON'S BELLS*.—The allusion is too common to require comment, still I may just note that there is an elaborate hawking scene in Heywood's Woman Killed, i. 3, in which the following lines occur:

Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other;
Methinks these Milan bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

—Heywood's Select Plays, ed. Verity, Mermaid Series, p. 12.

The whole scene is interesting as bringing together a number of technical hawking terms.

37. Line 515-525: *some worthless slave of thine I'll slay*, &c.—Compare Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, iv. 3:

Say . . . if thou but squeakest
Or lett'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear,
I'll hrouch thee on my steel, that done, straight murder
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both,
Grasped arm in arm, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witness of that meach sin,
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body

Denied all funeral rites, and loving Colfamine
Shall hate thee even in death: then save all this,
And to thy fortunes add another friend,
Give thy fears comfort, and thy torments end.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 392.

38. Lines 520, 527:

*But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted.*

We may remember Tartuffe's

Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pas pêcher que pêcher en silence.

—Tartuffe, iv. 5.

39. Line 540: *Here with a COCKATRICE dead-killing eye*.—See Richard III. note 457, and II. Henry VI. note 185. Many similar references outside Shakespeare might be quoted, e.g.:

And yet no poisoned Cockatrice lurk't there.

—Thomas Watson's Passionate Centurie, x., Arber's Reprint, p. 46.

Again, in Spenser's Sonnets, xlix.:

And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo;

—Globe ed. of Spenser, p. 580;

and so on.

40. Line 547: *BUT when*.—Sewall read *as when*; Malone proposed *Look, when*.

41. Line 556: *feeds his VULTURE folly*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 551:

Whose *vulture* thought doth pitch the price so high.

42. Line 560: *though MARBLE WEAR with RAINING*. Compare 959, and see Troilus and Cressida, note 199. It is a perpetually-recurring idea, e.g.:

In time the *Marble wears* with weakest *sheeres*;

—Thomas Watson's Passionate Centurie of Love, xlvii Arber's Reprint, p. 83.

again:

In firmest *stone*, small *rains* doth *make a print*.

—Diella, Sonnet ix. 11, Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 193.

43. Line 565: *She puts the PERIOD*, &c.—So Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 96:

Make *periods* in the midst of sentences.

44. Line 575: *REWARD not HOSPITALITY*, &c.—It may be worth while to insert here a fine passage of pleading from Heywood's play, iv. 3:

Lucrece. Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin;
Think how much I shall lose, how small you win.
I lose the honour of my name and blood,
I lose Rome's imperial crown cannot make good;
You win the world's shame and all good men's hate—
Oh, who would pleasure buy at such dear rate?
Nor can you term it pleasure, for what's sweet
When force and hate, jar and contention meet?
Weigh but for what 't is that you urge me still:
To gain a woman's love against her will.
You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,
And think that labour's not worth all your strife,
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wronged your friends,
But all the world cannot make me amend.
I took you for a friend; wrong not my trust,
But let these chaste stars quench your burning lust.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 393.

45. Line 603: *How will thy shame be SEEDED in thine age*.—So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 316, 317:

NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

That hath to this maturity blown up.
Not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

46. Line 615: *the GLASS, the school, the BOOK.*—Compare
11. Henry IV. ii. 3. 31, 32:

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others.

47. Line 621: *To PRIVILEGE dishonour.*—So Sonnet lviii.
10: That you yourself may *privilege* your time.

48. Line 643: *thy doting EYNE.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have
eien.

49. Line 657: *is HEARSED.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read
hersed; the later Qq. *beresed* or *persed*; Gildon *bars'd*.

50. Line 674: *For LIGHT and LUST are deadly ENEMIES.*
—Compare Venus and Adonis, 773:

Black-faced night, desire's foul nurse.

51. Line 677: *The WOLF hath seiz'd his prey.*—Ovid had
said of Lucretia:

Sed tremuit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relicta,
Parva sub infesto cum jactat agna lupo.

—Fasti, bk. ii. lines 799, 800.

Of course the simile is an obvious one which might have
occurred to anybody.

52. Line 684: *that PRONE lust.*—*Prone*=headstrong; so
Measure for Measure, i. 2. 188.

53. Line 778: *With ROTTEN damps.*—See note on Sonnet
xxiv. 4:

Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke.

54. Line 782: *And let thy MISTY vapours.*—Q. 1, Q. 2 have
mystie; Q. 3, Q. 4 *mystie*; Q. 5, Q. 6 *mystie*; and Q. 7 *misty*.

55. Line 790: *And FELLOWSHIP in WOE doth WOE AS-*
SUAGE.—This is the old *soldaten miseris socios habuisse*
doloris. Compare lines 1581, 1582, and Romeo and Juliet,
iii. 2. 116:

if sour woe delights in fellowship.

I have come across the proverb in a queer place, viz.
Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder, Arber's English Garner, vii.
p. 23.

56. Line 791: *As palmers' CHAT MAKE.*—Two Qq (3
and 7) have *that make*.

57. Line 805: *May likewise be SEPULCHRED in thy shade.*
—For the accentuation of *sepulchred* cf. Lear, ii. 4. 134:
Sepulchring an adulteress.

See note 231 of that play.

58. Line 838: *But robb'd and RANSACK'D.*—For *ran-*
sack'd=*rapta*, see Troilus and Cressida, note 123.

59. Lines 853, 854:

*But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.*

We are reminded of Ingo's lines: "who has a breast so
pure?" &c. (Othello, iii. 3. 138-141).

60. Lines 897, 898: *The sweets we wish for, &c.*—The
thought summed up in this couplet is developed at length
in that greatest of sonnets, Sonnet cxxix. Compare, too,

the study of lust contrasted with love in Venus and
Adonis, 790-804.

61. Line 879: *POINT'ST the season.*—*Point*=appoint; cf.
Sonnet xiv. 6:

Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind.

62. Line 894: *Thy VIOLENT VANITIES, &c.*—Compare
Romeo and Juliet, ii. 6. 9:

These violent delights have violent ends.

63. Line 930: *O, hear me, then, INJURIOUS-shifting*
TIME—Compare "Time's *injurious* hand" in Sonnet lxiii.

64. Line 944: *To RUINATE proud buildings.*—See Titus
Andronicus, v. 3. 204, with note; and Sonnet x. 7:

Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*.

65. Line 944: *with THY hours.*—Malone conjectured
and withdrew *his hours*. Stevens proposed *thine hours*!

66. Line 950: *and CHERISH.*—Heath made a neat sugges-
tion, *serve its*. Johnson proposed *perish*.

67. Line 985: *a beggar's ORTS.*—See Troilus and Cressida,
note 307.

68. Line 1001: *As slanderous DEATH'S-MAN to so base a*
slave.—For *death's-man*=executioner, cf. Lear, iv. 6. 262,
263:

He's dead; I'm only sorry

He had no other *deathsmen*.

69. Line 1006: *For greatest scandal, &c.*—So Sonnet lxx. 2:
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair.

70. Line 1024: *and UNSCHEERFUL night.*—The later
Quartos (4, 5, 6, 7) have *unsearchful*.

71. Line 1062: *This bastard GRAFF.*—Q. 1 and Q. 2 have
Graffe; the rest *Grasse*; certainly wrong.

72. Line 1070: *And WITH my trespass never will DIS-*
PENSE.—*Dispense* *with*=pardon, excuse; cf. line 1279, and
Sonnet cxii. 12:

Mark how with my neglect I do *dispense*.

73. Line 1088: "*O EYE of eyes.*"—In Sonnet xviii. 5 the
sun is "the eye of heaven." Compare, too, in Sonnet
xxiii. 2, "sovereign eye." So Marlowe in Tamburlaine,
part II. iv. 3. 88:

A greater lamp than that bright eye of heaven,

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 177.

Compare, again, Edward III. ii. 1:

My love shall have the eye of heaven at noon.

—Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays, Tanchitz ed. p. 16.

74. Line 1100: *in a SEA of CARE.*—Compare Hamlet's
"sea of troubles" (iii. 1. 59).

75. Line 1105: *her grief is dumb.*—See note on Sonnet
cxi. 3.

76. Line 1113: *When with like semblance it is SYM-*
PATHIZ'D.—Cf. Sonnet lxxii. 11, 12:

Thou truly fair wert truly *sympathiz'd*
In true-plain words.

See note on that passage.

77. Line 1135: *And whiles against a THORN thou bear'st*
thy part.—Compare The Passionate Pilgrim, 380-382:

Save the *nightingale* alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn.

NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

78. Line 1149: *as FRETs upon an instrument*.—The substantive occurs in only one other passage, Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 153:

"*Frets*, call you these?" quoth she.

For the verb see Hamlet, iii. 2. 388, 389: "though you can *fret* me, you cannot *play* upon me."

79. Line 1155: *REPROACH's debtor*.—So Capell. The first six Quartos read *reproches*.

80. Line 1160: *That mother TRIES a merciless CONCLUSION*.—Compare, of course, Hamlet, iii. 4. 195, and Gobbo's "try *confusions* with him" in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 39; see note 130 to that play. Sidney has the phrase in Astrophel and Stella, ci. 3 (Arber's English Garner, i. p. 553).

81. Line 1167: *PEEL'd from the lofty pine*.—Here, and in line 1168, the Quartos, with one exception, read *pild*.

82. Line 1220: *SOFT-SLOW tongue*.—So Malone. Q. 1 and Q. 2 have *soft slow-tongue*.

83. Lines 1226, 1227:

*But as the earth doth WEEP, the sun being set,
Each FLOWER MOISTEN'D like a melting eye.*

This pretty conceit—the comparison of dew to tears—is a favourite one with Shakespeare; cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 9, 10:

where every flower

Did, as a prophet, *weep*;

and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 204:

And when she weeps, *weeps every little flower*.

84. Line 1229: *Her circled EYEX, ENFORC'D*.—So Q. 7. Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *ein inforst*.

85. Line 1234: *Like IVORY CONDUITS*.—So Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 130:

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

86. Line 1240: *women WAXEN minds*.—So Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 31:

In women's *waxen* hearts to set their forms.

87. Line 1253: *Poor women's FACES are their own FAULTS' BOOKS*.—Compare Othello, iv. 2. 71, 72:

Oth. Was this fair *paper*, this most goodly *book*,

Made to write "where" upon?

Othello is pointing to Desdemona's face.

88. Line 1258: *they are so FULFILL'D*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 6.

89. Line 1285: *The REPETITION cannot make it less*.—*Repetition*—revital, as in Coriolanus, i. 1. 45; "he bath faults, with surplus, to tire in *repetition*."

90. Line 1312: *By this short SCHEDULE*.—So Q. 7; the others vary between *cedule*, *shedule*, and *sedule*. In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary, 1632, we find: "A *Seedule*. *Seedule*, *cedule*; minute, *schede*, *schedule*."

91. Line 1324: *To SEE sad sights moves more than HEAR them TOLD*.—This is Tennyson's—

Because things seen are mightier than things heard.

Scholars will recollect Horace's—

394

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

—Ars Poetica, 180, 181.

92. Line 1335: *As lagging FOWLS*.—The later Quartos (6 and 7) have *soules*, which Gildon adopted.

93. Line 1338: *The homely VILLAIN*.—*Villain*, the Low Latin *villanus*, is here, as elsewhere, used in its strict sense of *serf*, *bondman*. Shakespeare plays on the double meaning of the word in As You Like It, i. 1. 59: "I am no *villain*." *Villainy* often = slavery; as in Tamburlaine, part 1. iii. 2. 37, 38:

The entertainment we have had of him

Is far from *villany* or servitude.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 52, and p. 95.

On the other hand, the modern signification of the word is found at least as early as Chaucer's works; cf. The Prioresses Tale, 1680-81:

Sustened by a lord of that contree

For foule usure and lucre of *villanye*.

—Skeat's Chaucer Press, p. 12.

Pagan, from *paganus* = a villager, is parallel to *villain*.

94. Line 1314: *For Lucrece thought he BLUSH'D TO SEE HER SHAME*.—Heywood has a precisely similar touch in his play, v. 1; when Lucrece meets a woman-servant and the latter asks why her mistress is so downcast, she replies:

I am not sad; thou didst deceive thyself;

I did not weep, there's nothing troubles me;

But wherefore dost thou blush?

Maid. Madam, not I.

Lucrece. Indeed thou didst,

And in that blush my guilt thou didst betray.

How canst thou by the notice of my sin?

Maid. What sin?

—Heywood, Select Plays, Mervin ed. p. 404

95. Line 1350: *this pattern of the WORK-OUT AGE*.—Compare Sonnet lxxviii. 1:

Thus is his check the map of *days outworn*.

96. Line 1370: *CLON'D-KISSING Hion*.—So Pericles, i. 4. 24:

Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd the clouds*;

and Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 220: "whose wanton tops do *buss the clouds*."

97. Line 1378: *And dying eyes, &c.*—So Venus and Adonis, 1127, 1128:

She lifts the collar-lids that close his *eyes*;

Where, lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in *darkness* lies.

98. Line 1386: *those FAR-OFF eyes*.—Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *faere* of.

99. Line 1396: *The FACE of either CIPHER'D either's HEART*.—Compare Sonnet xciii. 7, 8:

In many's looks the false heart's history

Is writ;

where see note.

100. Line 1401: *There pleading might you see grave Nestor staid*.—Compare the parallel passage in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 65-67, and see note 58 to that play.

101. Line 1417: *all BOLL'D and red*.—Qq. all have *bolu*. Gildon read *swoln*; Malone proposed *blown*. Skeat has: "Boll'd, swollen (Scand.); *bolgiun*, swollen, pp. of a lost verb; Dan. *bulen*, swollen, *bulne*, to swell."

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NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

102. Line 1423: *so compact, so kind*.—*Kind*—natural; so Much Ado, i. 1. 26: "A *kind* overflow of kindness."

103. Line 1426: *save to the EYE of MIND*.—Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 156: "In my *mind's eye*," Horatio;" and Sonnet cxlii. 1: "*mine eye is in my mind*."

104. Line 1440: *To break upon the GALLED shore*.—Compare Henry V. iii. 1. 12:

As fearfully as doth a *galled* rock,

where, as here, the idea is wave-washed and wave-worn. In Hamlet, i. 2. 154, 155, the word is used of eyes that are sore with weeping:

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her *galled* eyes.

105. Line 1444: *where all distress is STELL'D*.—Compare Sonnet xxiv. 1, 2:

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stell'd*
Thy beauty's form.

103. Line 1486: *here TROILUS scowls*.—For the scansion of *Troilus*, see Troilus and Cressida, note 22.

107. Line 1525: *And little STARS SHOT from their fixed places*.—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 153:
And certain *stars* shot madly from their *spheres*.

103. Line 1530: *So FAIR a FORM lodg'd not a MIND so ILL*.—The thought is that developed at greater length in Sonnet xciii., where see note.

103. Lines 1534-1539: *It cannot be*, &c.—The form of this stanza bears a certain resemblance to that of Sonnet cxlv.

110. Line 1544: *To me came Tarquin ARMED*; *SO BEGUIL'D*.—The arrangement is due to Malone. Q₁, without exception, have *armed to beguile*.

111. Line 1554: *are balls of QUENCHLESS fire*.—*Quenchless* only occurs here and in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 28:

I dare your *quenchless* fury to more rage:

a line found in The True Tragedy.

Marlowe has the epithet three times; in Edward II. v. 1. 44:

Heaven turn it to a blaze of *quenchless* fire;

and Dido, Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 157:

In whose stern faces showed the *quenchless* fire.

—Bullen's Marlowe, ii. pp. 207, 323.

Also Tamburlaine, Part II., iii. 5. 27:

All brandishing their brands of *quenchless* fire.

—Vol. i. p. 160.

112. Lines 1586, 1587:

*And round about her tear-distained EYE
BLUE CIRCLES stream'd.*

The reference is to the blue or livid marks under the eyes which exhaustion produces. Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 392, 393: "A lean cheek,—which you have not; a *blue eye* and sunken." So Webster in The Duchess of Malfi, ii. 1:

I observe our duchess
Is sick a days . . .

The fins of her *eye-lids* look most teeming blue,
She wanes i' the cheek.

—Webster and Tourneur, Mermaid ed. p. 154.

In The Tempest, i. 2. 269, Stannton needlessly proposed *blear-eyed*. See, too, All's Well, note 46, and cf., perhaps, Comus, 434: "*blue* meagre hag."

113. Line 1588: *These WATER-GALLS in her dim element*.—Thiselton Dyer (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 86) says: "Secondary rainbows, the watery appearance in the sky accompanying the rainbow, are in many places termed *water-galls*, a term we find in the 'Rape of Lucrece';" and he gives two good illustrations of the use of the word from Horace Walpole's letters: "False good news are always produced by true good, like the *water-gall* by the *rainbow*;" again: "Thank heaven it is complete, and did not remain imperfect like a *water-gall*." See Cunningham's edition of the letters, vol. i. p. 319, and vol. vi. pp. 1 and 157.

Whitney (German-English Dictionary, p. 488) renders *wasser-gallig* by "full of *water-galls*, boggy."

114. Line 1611: *And now this pale SWAN*, &c.—See Othello, note 257.

115. Line 1667: *As through an ARCH the violent-roaring TIDE*.—So Coriolanus, v. 4. 50:

Ne'er through an *arch* so hurried the blown *tide*.

116. Line 1680: *ONE woe*.—So the later Quartos; Q₁ and Q₂ read *on woe*.

117. Line 1745: *a watery RIGOL*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 36: "this golden *rigol*;" and see note 319 to that play.

118. Line 1758: *Poor broken GLASS*.—Compare Sonnet iii. 9:

Thou art thy mother's *glass*.

119. Line 1760: *FAIR FRESH mirror*.—Dyce reversed the order of the adjectives to *fresh fair*. Stannton hyphenated them—*fair-fresh*. Some editors would read *cold*.

120. Line 1774: *in KEY-COLD Lucrece' bleeding stream*.—So Richard III. i. 2. 5:

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

121. Line 1790: *At last it RAINS, and busy WINDS GIVE O'ER*.—Referring to the popular idea that rain falling stopped a wind; cf. i. Coriolanus and Cressida, iv. 4. 55: "*rain*, to *tag* this *wind*." See note 246 to that play, and cf. Macbeth, i. 7. 25, Sonnet xc. 7, and III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 85, 86.

122. Line 1801: *When she too early and too late hath SPILL'D*.—Perhaps *spill* here has its strict sense, to destroy, kill; see note 252 on King Lear. By "too late" Lucretia means too late to save herself from dishonour.

123. Line 1812: *As SILLY-JEERING idiots*.—First joined by Malone. Q₁, Q₂, Q₃ have *scelie jeering*. A later Quarto gives *silly leering*.

124. Lines 1814, 1815:

*But now he throws that SHALLOW habit by,
Wherein DEEP POLICY did him DISGUISE.*

NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Compare Henry V. ii. 4. 36-38:

And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

—See note 130 to that play.

So in Heywood's play (v. 1) it is Brutus who bids them
turn from Lucrece's body and think of revenge:

Bru. She's dead! then turn your funeral tears to fire
And indignation; let us now redeem

396

Our misspent time, and overtake our sloth
With hostile expedition.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermahd ed. p. 48.

125. Line 1820: *Now set thy LONG-EXPERIENC'D wit to school.*—So Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 60, 61:

Therefore, out of thy *long-experienc'd* time,
Give me some present counsel.

126. Line 1854: *The Romans PLAUSIBLY.*—Capel proposed *plausirely*.



sloth

Mermaid ed. p. 48.

EXPERIENC'D wit to

, 61:

enc'd time,

IBLY.—Capel pro-

SONNETS.

WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY

A. WILSON VERITY.



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SONNETS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE earliest reference to Sonnets by Shakespeare occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598: "The sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellituons and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witnes . . . his sugred Sonnets among his private friends." In 1599 two sonnets, cxxxviii. and cxliv., were published by Jaggard in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The second of these is what Dr. Furnivall calls the "key-sonnet":—"Two loves I have, of comfort and despair," &c. For ten years nothing further is heard of the Sonnets. Then on May 20th, 1609, a book called *Shakespeares Sonnettes* was entered on the Stationers' Register, and published, in Quarto, the same year. Of this Quarto the title-page, in some copies, is as follows:—SHAKE-SPEARES, | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON. | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be solde by William Aspley. | 1609. | Others have the imprint: AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by John Wright, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609. | This was the only Quarto edition of the Sonnets that was published. Evidently they did not meet with the popularity which fell to Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, and it was not till 1640 that any reprint appeared. In that year they were given, in rather haphazard fashion, in a volume of Poems: written by Wil Shakespeare, Gent; the volume containing *The Passionate Pilgrim* and many poems not written by Shakespeare. The bibliographical fortunes of the Sonnets after 1640 we need not follow. We must go back to the Quarto of 1609, and face a whole host of vexing questions. Now, concerning this edition two things may be noticed. Firstly, it was quite certainly an unauthorized publication. Troilus and Cressida experienced the same fate in the same year at the hands of another pirate-printer. Secondly, the Quarto contained a dedication which has been

the despair and darling crux of all the critics and commentators of things Shakespearean. This introductory preface dedicated the Sonnets to a "Mr. W. H.," who is described as the "onlie begetter" of the poems. Surely it was a *dies nefastus* on which these ill-omened words were written: surely the man who penned them was capable of all the infamies which Horace assigned to the unknown planter of a certain tree; *capable*, as Voltaire said of "meek, unconscious" Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. Who was this impalpable "W. H.?" What does "onlie begetter" mean? Before we can attempt to answer these questions we must ask another; it is useless to attempt to identify the people connected, or supposed to be connected, with the Sonnets until we have settled what interpretation to put upon the Sonnets themselves. Theories as to the Sonnets of Shakespeare and their meaning are scarcely less numerous than the sand of the sea-shore; I am inclined to think that they exceed in quantity the fabled foliage of autumnal Val-lombrosa. Since the beginning of this century it has rained theories, and "the cry is still they come." Of the rival interpretations no one could possibly give an adequate account in the short space at our disposal, and where, like the Muses in Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles*, "all are divine," divine in their passing intricacy and reconditeness, it were surely most invidious to particularize. Readers, therefore, who wish to become acquainted with the "dramatic" theory of Mr. Gerald Massey, or the ethereal *fantasies* of Mr. Fleay, or the perverse perplexities of Herr Burnstorf of Bremen, must turn elsewhere.

I shall be content to give the comparatively simple theory which the majority of critics accept, and which furnishes, or seems to furnish, a fairly satisfactory and rational explanation of the facts before us. This theory

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adopts the personal interpretation of the Sonnets as records of Shakespeare's own feelings. It divides the poems into two main groups. The first group contains the first hundred and thirty-six sonnets, Son. cxxxvi. being recorded in *Henry*. The second group is the last twenty-six sonnets, Group I. addressed to some young man for whom Shakespeare must have felt a more than ordinary affection. Group II. concerns a lady—the "dark woman"—with whom Shakespeare seems to have been connected in some curious way. Between the two groups there are clearly certain links of association: the friend, the "dark woman," and the poet were united by time, and this union is reflected in the Sonnets. This interpretation has at least the merit of simplicity; it does not twist and strain the poems in all sorts of ways; and it faces the facts, or what seem uncommonly like the facts. Of course various objections are raised. Some people cannot away with the idea that the interest in the Sonnets is personal, that they are, so to speak, a transcript from the record of Shakespeare's own soul. We are reminded of Browning's lines,

"With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart" once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he.

What exactly Mr. Browning meant by this I confess I cannot understand. Perhaps it was only a piece of characteristically daring paradox. Apparently, however, the lines condemn all art to being purely impersonal, in which case Milton—whose egotism, as Coleridge reminds us, touched everything he wrote—was a very great offender. And what are we to say of a certain sonnet, "The Soul's Expression," in which the author of *The Rimaunt of the Page* tells us—

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night,
With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air!

It is a question which cannot be answered; rather which each must answer after his own

fashion. For some people the voice of Shakespeare does speak in the anguish and agony of these poems; the "mighty line" rings with the note of real passion. And for others Sonnet cxxxix. (say) will read like some pretty piece of experimental versifying, an exercise in verbal compression; and cxxvi.—"O thou, my lovely boy"—will have a certain literary interest as an ingenious use of the *enocoy*. For myself I prefer to believe, with Wordsworth, that Shakespeare *did* unlock his heart here—even "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare" in these his "sugred Sonnets;" just as Beethoven, perhaps, embodied in his Sonatas something of the *Sturm und Drang* of his own life. To pass to another class of objectors. These are the pious Ultramontanes of Shakespeareanism. They will see no spot in their sun. Such divinity doth hedge the poet that everything which seems to hint or hesitate a blemish in his work and ways must be explained away. How, they ask, can we suppose that Shakespeare would write with such self-abasement of any youth? What was this strange friendship that united them? What did the poet mean by these self-accusations? Are we reading Plato's *Phaedrus* or *Symposium*? The personal interpretation, in a word, is anathema to them: "if once"—to quote from a note (67) to *Troilus and Cressida* in this edition—"if once we lose sight of the intense artificiality of the greater portion of the Sonnets, we must be driven to very awkward conclusions as to Shakespeare's character;" and so, "artificiality," no less blessed a word than Mesopotamia of happy memory, is to be the magic alchemy which shall change dross, or seeming dross, to immaculate gold. Well, two or three points should be kept in mind. First, Shakespeare probably never intended to print the Sonnets. Meres says that they were known "among his private friends;" the Quarto, as we saw, was a piece of piracy. This makes some difference. Secondly, it is quite true that an element of artificiality is not wanting in the Sonnets. The idealized friendship which they embody, and the forms under which this friendship is expressed, were both to some extent a convention of the time. Not that I think much stress can be laid on

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this argument, for under all the imagery and artificial elaboration of the poems the deepest feeling is—*meo judice*—always present; Shakespeare is the real speaker in every line; and here, if nowhere else, he “abides our question.” Thirdly—and this is the real point—we have no right to judge the poet at all. How can we with our half-yard line fathom the unplumbed, estranging depths of his heart? How realize in the faintest degree what friendship may have been to him? Surely this is a case where that most desperate of mortals, “the plain man,” should fear to tread. A few words from what Dr. Furnivall has written on the subject, and we may pass on. He says: “The true motto for the first group of Shakespeare’s Sonnets is to be seen in David’s words, ‘I am distrest for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.’ We have had them reproduced for us, Victorians . . . in Mr. Tennyson’s In Memoriam. We have had them again to some extent in Mrs. Browning’s glorious sonnets to her husband, with their iterance, ‘Say over again, and yet once over again, that thou dost love me.’ This sums up all that I have to say about Group I.; and as to Group II., those who require in the poet a passionless perfection must provide their own casuistry and faculty for explaining away.

To revert to an old friend whom we have lost awhile—the Dedication. What are we to understand by “*onlie begetter*?” The words seem so simple; as if they could only mean one thing; as if “begetter” must be equivalent to “inspirer.” However, there are those who—as the classic idiom has it—object to this interpretation; who argue that “W. H.,” even if he be the hero of the first group, can scarcely, speaking Hibernically, be the heroine of the second; in which case what are we to make of the “*onlie*?” And so they say that “begetter” = procurer. The volume was pirated. Some one must have procured the poems for the publisher. That some one “begot” them, and “T. T.” repaid the debt by dedicating the book to the original thief. This is ingenious, but the majority of writers agree that “begetter” *does* mean “inspirer,” and

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that “*onlie begetter*” might fairly be said of the person to whom a hundred and twenty-six of the sonnets are directly addressed, and with whom the remaining poems are more or less concerned.

To continue our Chinese puzzle. Who was “W. H.” The flippant voice of irresponsible irreverence whispers, Who was Junius? and were the Casket Letters genuine—now, on your honour, were they? The “W. H.” problem is quite as insoluble. We don’t know who he was; we never shall know; and the point is perfectly immaterial. If we are to record the guesses that have been made, then two fairly feasible candidates may be mentioned. One is Southampton. It was to Southampton that Shakespeare dedicated both Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, and the dedication to Lucrece is very like Sonnet xxvi. But then Southampton’s initials were H. W., not W. H. Did the publisher reverse them as a blind to deceive the public? If so, why put them in at all? And Southampton’s name was Henry—Henry Wriothesley, whereas Sonnets cxxxv. and cxliii. make it quite clear that the name of Shakespeare’s friend was *Will*. Also, to pass over other discrepancies, Southampton was not so very much younger than the poet. On the whole Southampton must be given up. The rival claimant is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He was of conspicuous beauty; much younger than Shakespeare; a patron of literature, and connected with Shakespeare the First Folio being dedicated to him and the Earl of Montgomery; and his initials and Christian name agree with the punning sonnets already mentioned, and with the “W. H.” of the dedication. Two or three minor scraps of evidence make against the identification, but if we are to fix on any body in particular as the “begetter” of the Sonnets, our choice must, I think, fall on Pembroke, and not on Southampton.

We have been so ungrateful as to take the “*onlie begetter*” first. We should have given precedence to the “dark woman,” the rather equivocal lady whom Shakespeare is thought to have had in his mind’s eye when he drew his strangest, greatest, perhaps, of feminine characters, the “serpent of old Nile”—Cle-

patra. For about this lady with the "raven brows, and eyes so suited," there has been much speculation, and as usual we have nothing more than bare—very bare—conjecture to chronicle. She is identified with a certain Mrs. Mary Fitton, of whom we know little, though that little is too much if she cared for the good opinion of posterity. Our knowledge, chiefly derived from papers at Hatfield and in the Record Office, amounts to this: that Mrs. Mary Fitton was a maid of honour to Elizabeth; that, unlike Pericles' ideal woman, she was much in evidence and lived "in the mouths of men;" and that she had a *liaison* with the Earl of Pembroke, even as the "dark woman" of the Sonnets appears to have been connected with Shakespeare's friend. It is this last circumstance that has really led to the identification of Mrs. Fitton with the poet's Laura. Those who would study more closely the case for, or against, this unfortunate maid of dishonour will find much curious, but cumbrous, information in Mr. Tyler's introduction to the Facsimile Reprint of the Sonnets. He has made the Fitton question his own, and I scarcely like to expatiate on his "several plot." We will take his arguments as read, and assume that Mistress Mary Fitton, if any one, is addressed in the second group of Sonnets.

Another *questio vexata* is the identity of the rival poet alluded to in Sonnets lxxviii.—lxxxvi. Who was this "better spirit?" Marlowe, says Mr. Massey; "proud full sail" would exactly describe the poetic style of the master of the "mighty line;" and the allusions in Sonnet lxxxvi. to supernatural assistance refer, not to the poet himself, but to his great dramatic creation, Dr. Faustus. The "affable familiar ghost" was Mephistopheles. Well, the insuperable objection to this theory is that Marlowe died in 1593, and 1593 is such a very early date to assign to the Sonnets, or any considerable part of them. Further, one can scarcely believe that Shakespeare would speak with such bitterness of the "dead Shepherd" to whom he owed so much. Not to go through the long list of conjectures, by far the happiest guess is that of Professor Minto, which may indeed be said to hold the field. He identifies the "better spirit" with Chapman. Chapman

was learned; his Homer contained dedicatory sonnets to Southampton and Pembroke; and the Alexandrines of his translation were emphatically "great verse," speaking out "loud and bold," as Keats said. Each of these qualities finds a parallel in Shakespeare's description of his competitor. Above all Sonnet lxxxvi. has great point if applied to Chapman. I borrow Professor Minto's words: "Chapman was a man of overpowering enthusiasm, ever eager in magnifying poetry, and advancing fervent claims to supernatural inspiration. In 1594 he published a poem called 'The Shadow of Night,' which goes far to establish his identity with Shakespeare's rival. In the Dedication, after animadverting severely on vulgar searchers after knowledge, he exclaims—'Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar.*' Here we have something like a profession of the familiar ghost that Shakespeare saucily laughs at. But Shakespeare's rival gets his intelligence by night: special stress is laid in the sonnet upon the aid of his compeers by night, and his nightly familiar. Well, Chapman's poem is called the 'Shadow of Night,' and its purpose is to extol the wonderful powers of Night in imparting knowledge to her votaries" (Characteristics of English Poets, pp. 222, 223). Professor Minto has made out an excellent case, and as bearing on the theory that Shakespeare regarded Chapman with dislike he might have reminded us that some critics believe Troilus and Cressida to have been a direct and intentional counterblast to Chapman's version of Homer; see the introduction to that play, vol. v. p. 253. To my mind Professor Minto's theory is quite one of the cleverest and most ingenious pieces of Shakespearean work which has been done for a very long time. It has practically annihilated all previous and rival conjectures, and I unhesitatingly adopt it.

What date are we to assign to the Sonnets? We have seen that some of them were in existence in 1598; that all were printed in 1609.

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Direct testimony beyond this there is none. The internal evidence, however, of style counts for a good deal, and this suggests that the composition of the Sonnets extended over a considerable period of time. No one can fail to see how closely akin the early Sonnets i.-xxv. (say) are to the early plays and the poems; various coincidences between them and *Romeo and Juliet* and *Venus and Adonis* are pointed out in the notes. On the other hand, Sonnet lxxvi. sounds like an echo of *Hamlet's* soliloquies. The inference is clear: the Sonnets date from no one year: they represent the changing moods of the poet during a long period. Professor Dowden would place none later than 1605; and perhaps the earliest of them may be assigned to 1593 or 1594. This question of date leads to another important point—the arrangement of the Sonnets. The order in which they stand in the Quarto will not satisfy some critics; accordingly they have been shifted about and arranged in all sorts of ways. Like the guests at Mrs. Prowdy's ball, they are summarily told to "group" themselves, and strange and wonderful are the results. As a matter of fact their present order is by no means haphazard. Supposing, as we have done, that they were written at different times, we should expect a certain amount of interdependence and connection; and this is precisely what we find. Time after time some word or idea that occurs in one sonnet is repeated or developed in the next. Any one can verify this for himself, and more than this partial sequence and similarity our theory as to their composition forbids us to expect. I cannot myself imagine any order preferable to that of the Quarto: I know no sound objection to it; and in any case, to rearrange the poems is a work of the merest futility and supererogation, for the very simple reason that no one has ever endorsed anybody else's ideas on the subject.

One more subsidiary point and we shall have touched—in cursory and inadequate fashion, alas!—on most of the questions which these Sonnets raise. The types of sonnet, no one will need to be told, are manifold—the Petrarchan sonnet, the sonnet of Milton, and other varieties which refuse to be classified. From

all these the Shakespearean sonnet stands apart, with a structure and an excellence all its own: formed on a certain model it aims at and achieves a certain object. What this is Mr. Theodore Watts has well brought out, and Mr. Watts is so accomplished and recognized an authority on the subject that I do not hesitate to quote his own words.¹ After pointing out that Shakespeare's Sonnet is built up of three quatrains and a final couplet, and after showing that the number three was not chosen arbitrarily, as some critics have thought, Mr. Watts proceeds: "The quest of the Shakespearean sonnet is not, like that of the sonnet of octave and sestet, sonority, and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains in alternate rhymes knit together and clinched by a couplet—a couplet coming not so far from the initial verse as to lose its binding power, and yet not so near the initial verse that the ring of epigram disturbs the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of this movement, but sufficiently near to shed its influence over the poem back to the initial verse. A chief part of the pleasure of the Shakespearean sonnet is the expectance of the climacteric rest of the couplet at the end . . . and this expectance is gratified too early if it comes after two quatrains, while, if it comes after a greater number of quatrains than three, it is dispersed and wasted altogether." This puts the case perfectly and leaves nothing for me to add.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

A writer who has endeavoured to trace the tortuous history of Shakespeare's Sonnets may well feel that after their story has been told the rest should be silence. Those who care for "mellifluous" Shakespeare and his "deep-brained sonnets"—the few whom Jove in his goodness has loved—are apt to resent critical interference and suggestion; while Steevens was probably not far from the truth in saying that nothing short of a stringent act of Parlia-

¹ From the article on the Sonnet in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

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ment would induce ordinary folk to open the Sonnets. Some general statement of the chief grounds of eulogy is, however, called for; and they may perhaps be best discussed on the lines of the answer to the larger inquiry:—

What primarily do we look for in a poem, more especially in a poem of great scope? I suppose there are two things of essential value: perfect harmony of expression and interest of subject. The poem should bear criticism from the standpoint of the artist and of the moralist: it should be flawless in manner and of vital significance in matter. What is said—the way it is said: these are the two cardinal points, and of these twin essentials the latter, to my mind, is the greater. And if we ask what should regulate the expression of a poem, the answer is simple: above all things we require of the singer a true and perfect sense of melody. Coleridge loosely defined the indefinable when he described poetry as the “right words in the right place.” The right words are those which make for music, for the long-drawn harmonies and rhythmic roll of sounds that linger on the ear and haunt our memory. There are poets, like Browning, who can thrill us with strange dramatic touches; who can depict single moments of sovereign and supreme passion; who can throw upon their canvas with a few master sweeps of the brush curious complexities of character that last there and live as inexorable riddles for all time to read and read amiss; who touch life at all points, and never touch it without revealing to ordinary humanity the infinite pity and mystery of the world. These poets interest us; they cast a spell of fascination upon our thought so long as we are actually reading; they appeal to us with the appeal of the dramatist. They give us much; but we feel that there is a something beyond and above what they offer—that there is “one grace, one wonder at the least,” for which we may turn to the singer—and that something is music; the music that sounds in every line that the Laureate has written, that sweeps through the involved harmonies of a *Paradise Lost*, that informs all true poetry, all really vital verse. Now, from either standpoint—

from that of the artist, from that of the critic of life—whether we look to their manner or their matter—the Sonnets of Shakespeare are great with greatness unmistakable. It is not that we come across an exquisite piece of verbal beauty from time to time; every poem reaches a standard unattainable save by the true singer; from first to last it is the

Adventurous song

That with no middle flight intends to soar.

The power of the language is taxed to its utmost; it can do no more; its merit as a means of poetic expression, as an instrument for the expression of a thousand varying shades of emotion, must stand or fall by such passages as these—

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.

—Son. xl;

and Sonnet exvi.:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;

and lxxi.:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe;

and cii.:

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight;

and cvii.:

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control;

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and lxxxvi.—

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripo thoughts in my brain rehearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

In lines such as these we have the last word in felicity of expression: a noble instrument sends forth its noblest notes in the master's hands, and if we ask for more piercing, more perfect melody of words, we must look to some other tongue; English can give us nothing greater than this. And such passages are not the exception: we have picked them almost at random. Open the *Sonnets* where we will, we find the same unerring sense of what makes for the music that, heard once, never dies from our recollection.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old;

and we have said enough if we assert that there is no poem in the whole range of English literature which maintains a loftier, more unfaltering flight than "these insuing sonnets."

We have noted the pervading element of beauty in the *Sonnets* viewed as one long continuous work; and we shall find a parallel excellence in them if we disintegrate this congeries of units and examine the poems individually. Each conforms, in a very remarkable degree, to what we may call the main canon of sonnet-writing, the principle which should guide all who attempt this form of art. The sonnet, in Wordsworth's phrase, is a "scanty plot:" the poet cannot expatiate at will. He is caged, confined within the brief limits of fourteen lines, and in that tiny space must achieve his effect. Hence he cannot afford to introduce variety of themes; he must deal with some one idea; his work must be wrought round a single motive, a single dominating emotion, that informs the whole and links the verses in the closest sequence and logical connection. Now the Shakespearean sonnet is built pre-eminently on this principle. It is exactly what Rossetti calls "a moment's monument." One instance—Sonnet exix.—will serve our purpose. The poet deals here with the subject which he had handled at length in *Lucrece*—the deadliness

and worthlessness of sensual pleasure: how that the wages of sin is death in the end and scarcely satisfaction for the moment; at best, "a dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy." And starting with this thesis he develops it from line to line with irresistible insistence and intensity. Each word is exactly fitted to its place; each touch tells; each phrase, *à peu près*, echoes what has just preceded and is echoed by what immediately follows; so that the poem is a gradual progression of ideas that advance from point to point till the climacteric pause is reached and the moral enforced. The whole poem is a masterpiece of compression, intensity, symmetry.

To speak of the matter of the *Sonnets* is more difficult. We tread here on difficult and dangerous ground, where much is matter of dispute, and where those who believe in the personal theory of the poems must sometimes almost lack the courage of their interpretation and shrink from the conclusions to which it leads. Some of the *Sonnets* are obviously artificial, verbal essays in the conventional sonnetteering of the period. This is especially true of the "dark woman" series. In these poems the merit is purely artistic. What is said amounts to very little: we only care for the felicity with which the poet paints his description and turns his compliment. But in the larger proportion of the *Sonnets* the interest is the interest that we look for and find in every great work. Goethe somewhere says that, strictly speaking, nothing interests man except man; and applying the doctrine to letters Matthew Arnold formulated his famous canon that all poetry, or rather all literature, is essentially and intrinsically "a criticism of life." "Criticism," perhaps, was not the happiest word to employ, but the truth of his dictum remains. All literature must deal with life, with the world, with human nature in its myriad complexities; and from this standpoint the greater writer is he who tells us more about life, whose works lead to a clearer, closer knowledge of the things which, for the mass of men, are behind the veil, the truths and facts that are seen through a glass darkly, if seen at all. Now it is impossible to show how any individual

SONNETS.

work realizes what should be the aim of every writer—this object of dealing fully and effectively with life. We can analyse a single sonnet and point out how the rhythmic beauty of the verse is built up; how the magic and melody of sound are achieved by alliteration, balance, and what not. But it is not possible to disintegrate and dissect the thousand-and-one touches which bring home to us the fact that the poet who speaks to us is wise with the wisdom from which nothing is hid. And

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so we must leave each to discover for himself—and surely this is a case where who runs may read—how and why the Sonnets of Shakespeare are a revelation, a commentary on all things, a mirror held up to the human soul and reproducing all its phases. “O, Menander and Life! which of you copied the other?” Subtler praise or more perfect no artist ever received; and it is the praise that we must lay at Shakespeare’s feet after reading these his Sonnets.



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SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF THESE INSUING SONNETS :

MR. W. H

ALL HAPPINESSE |

AND THAT ETERNITIE : PROMISED BY | OUR EVER-LIVING POET

WISHETH |

THE WELL-WISHING | ADVENTURER

IN | SETTING | FORTH. |

T. T.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own buduriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless¹ praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose uncar'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

¹ *Thriftless, unprofitable.*

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Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd¹ not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use²
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable and it canst thou leave?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair³ which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sapcheck'd⁴ with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it,⁵ nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,

Leese not their show; their substance still lives
sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged⁶ hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place

¹ Remember'd, &c., i.e. wishing not to be remembered.

² Use = put to usury.

³ Unfair, make unfair.

⁴ Check'd = being checked.

⁵ Nor it, &c., neither it nor any remembrance of what it was remaining.

⁶ Ragged = rugged.

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine
heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet⁷ mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary ear,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:

So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music⁸ to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness⁹ the parts that then shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming
one,

Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

⁷ Yet, i.e. although "in his middle age."

⁸ Music, i.e. whose own voice is music.

⁹ In singleness = by remaining single, with an obvious quibble.

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IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless¹ wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private² widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world³ doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unms'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st⁴ not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought,⁵ that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:

Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;⁶
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:

¹ Makeless = mateless.

² Private, ordinary.

³ Stick'st = hesitates.

⁴ Thought, i.e. his friend's resolution not to marry.

⁵ Departest = leavest.

She ear'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy⁶ die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,⁷
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself!⁸ but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination;⁹ then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but anthrifts:—dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing¹⁰ to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,

⁶ Copy, the original from which the copy is made.

⁷ Question make, begin to doubt about.

⁸ Yourself, your own.

⁹ Determination, end.

¹⁰ Pointing, appointing.

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As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;¹
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,—
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear² their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth³ with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engrave you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:⁴
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,⁵
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;

¹ Convert, turn.

² Debateth, plots.

³ Counterfeit, portrait.

⁴ Wear—wear away.

⁵ Fair=fairness.

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,⁶
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;⁷
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time—blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue,⁸ all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth.⁹

And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,

⁶ Declines, falls away.

⁷ Hue=form.

⁸ Owest, possesseth.

⁹ Amazeth, confounds.

SONNETS.

And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.¹
But since she prick'd² thee out for women's
pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure³ hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.⁴
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;⁵
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear⁶ of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.

¹ Nothing, i.e. which is nothing to my purpose.

² Prick'd, chose. ³ Rondure, circle.

⁴ Expiate, bring to an end. ⁵ Will, i.e. will be wary.

⁶ For fear, &c. = for fear of not being trusted; or fear-
ing to trust myself.

O, let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
press'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd⁷
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for⁸ joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
For my so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit⁹ of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow¹⁰ it;

⁷ Stell'd, painted.

⁸ Unlook'd for = unnoticed.

⁹ Good conceit, kindness.

¹⁰ Bestow, lodge.

SONNETS.

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till thou not show my head where thou mayst
prove¹ me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend² a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twine³ not, thou gild'st the
even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length
seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
Forth sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unush'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless⁴ night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense⁵ of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear-religions love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie:
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with ^{the} trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due⁶ of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,—

⁴ *Dateless*, without date, i. e. limit.

⁵ *Expense*, loss.

⁶ *Due*, i. e. to me.

¹ *Prove*, test.

² *Intend*, pursue.

³ *Twine* = creep.

SONNETS.

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for¹ my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier² men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the fœrlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain³ when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?⁴
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgree:
Nor can thy shame give physie to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy loves sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;

Clouds and earth rain best; moon and sun,
And loathsome culpe lives in sweeten bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,⁵
Myself corrupting, glorying in my sin,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sin are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable⁶ spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame⁷ by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse

¹ For—for sake of.

² Happier, more felicitous as writers.

³ Stain, be eclipsed or grow dim. ⁴ Smoke, vapour.

⁵ Compare, i.e. the previous comparisons.

⁶ Separable, that separates us.

⁷ Made lame, used vaguely to imply "disabled."

SONNETS.

Thine own sweet argument,¹ too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that culls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain² the time with thoughts of love,—
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,—
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XI.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what³ thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;⁴
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,

¹ *Argument*, subject.

² *Entertain*, pass.

³ *What*, i.e. marriage.

⁴ *Poverty*, the poor things I have.

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear.
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
Hers,⁵ by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief.
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve⁶ her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy,—my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink,⁷ then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see⁸ till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show
thee me.

⁵ *Hers*, i.e. to Shakespeare.

⁶ *Approve*, make trial of.

⁷ *Wink*, close the eyes.

⁸ *To see*, i.e. to the sight.

SONNETS.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,¹
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide² this title is impanneled
A quest³ of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety⁴ and the dear heart's part:
As thus,—mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

¹ Wrought, composed of.

³ Quest, jury.

² 'Cide, decide.

⁴ Moiety, share.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifies are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whenceat pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,⁵
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely⁶ pass,
And scarcely greet me with that s'm, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce⁷ me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

⁵ Cast his utmost sum=closed the account

⁶ Strangely, i.e. not recognizing me.

⁷ Ensconce, shelter.

SONNETS.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way;
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

L.I.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity¹ can seem but slow?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
 Therefore desire, of perfectst love being made,
 Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.²

L.II.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain³ jewels in the carcanet.⁴
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

¹ *Extremity*, i.e. extreme swiftness.² *Go*, walk.³ *Captain*, chief.⁴ *Carcanet*, necklace.

L.III.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
 The one⁵ doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other⁶ as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

L.IV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms⁷ have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade,⁸ by verse distills your truth.

L.V.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents⁹
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praises shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

⁵ *The one*, the spring.⁶ *The other*, the foison (abundance) of the year.⁷ *Canker-blooms*, wild roses.⁸ *Vade*=fade.⁹ *These contents*, i.e. his verse.

SONNETS.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love,¹ more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where² you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control³ your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

¹ *Return of love*, i.e. their love returned.

² *Where*, i.e. those who are where you are.

³ *Control*, restrain.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main⁴ of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet, to times in hope⁵ my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,⁶
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

⁴ *Main*, very fulness of; or perhaps *main* = sea.

⁵ *In hope*, future.

⁶ *Defeat*, destroy.

SONNETS.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee, myself,¹ that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against² my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-prond cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

¹ *Myself*, who art myself.

² *Against*, i.e. against the time when.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,³
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily⁴ forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,⁵
And captive good attending captain ill:—
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die,⁶ I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace⁷ itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

³ *Hold a plea*, resist.

⁴ *Unhappily*, wrongfully.

⁵ *Simplicity*, folly.

⁶ *To die*, i.e. by dying.

⁷ *Lace*, adorn.

SONNETS.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map¹ of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleecce made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare² truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into³ the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, chirps, their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;⁴
Yet this thy praise can not be so thy praise,
To tie up envy ever ere enlarg'd:

¹ Map, i.e. the surface on which they are drawn.

² Bare; bare is emphatic: they only give the scantiest praise.

³ Into=unto.

⁴ Charg'd, put on trial.

If some suspect⁵ of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

⁵ Suspect, suspicion.

SONNETS.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace¹ of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filing age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or glattoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,²
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;

¹ Peace, enjoyment.

² In a noted weed, in a style which now is so well known to all the world.

So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look, what thy memory can not contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices,³ so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under⁴ thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double⁵ majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,⁶
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance⁷
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,

³ Offices, duties carried out. ⁴ Under, under cover of.

⁵ Double, i.e. of grace and learning.

⁶ Compile, compose.

⁷ Advance, uplift.

SONNETS.

And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
While he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world¹ are dead;
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths
of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attain² o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained³ touches rhetoric can lend,

¹ *This world, i. e. this present age.*

² *Attain, shame.*

³ *Strained, exaggerated.*

Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true-plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in⁴ your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern⁵ quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story:
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart⁶ shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good
words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.

⁴ *Slept in, been slow to tell of you.*

⁵ *Modern, hackneyed.*

⁶ *Counterpart, exact reproduction.*

SONNETS.

Hearing you prais'd, I say " 'Tis so, 't is true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is¹ in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,—
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent² back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision³ growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,⁴
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;

¹ That is, i.e. there is that.

² Patent, privilege, claim.

⁴ Set me light, value me little.

³ Misprision, mistake.

That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle,⁵ and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath seap'd this sorrow
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains⁶ of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;⁷
All these I better in one general best.

⁵ Strangle, extinguish.

⁷ My measure, to my taste.

⁶ Strains, touches.

SONNETS.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCVI.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

XCVII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCVIII.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,¹
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

¹ Show, i.e. show they could do.

Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester² smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in³ a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated,⁴ and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd⁵ was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;

² Fester, rot. ³ But in, i.e. without in a way praising.

⁴ Translated, changed.

⁵ Remov'd, i.e. passed.

SONNETS.

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew:

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand;¹
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns² did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury³ on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem

¹ For thy hand, i.e. of having stolen the whiteness of thy hand.

² On thorns, said, no doubt, with a quibbling reference to the proverb "Stand on thorns."

³ Fury, inspiration.

In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire⁴ to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;⁵
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so: for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare,⁶ is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!

⁴ Satire, satirist.

⁵ Lay, stamp.

⁶ All bare, i.e. by itself; the mere theme, apart from its treatment.

SONNETS.

O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from 'is figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,

I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master¹ now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,²
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' erests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh ease
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.³
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again;

¹ Master, possess.

² Subscribes, yields.

³ Qualify, temper.

SONNETS.

Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley¹ to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,

Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches² gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confiu'd.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of³ my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?⁴

¹ *Motley*, a jester.

² *Blenches*, fallings away.

³ *Goddess of*, i. e. who is responsible for.

⁴ *Allow*, suffer, permit.

You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense⁵
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect⁶ I do dispense:⁶—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually⁷ is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest⁸
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his⁹ gust is greening,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

⁵ *Neglect*, i. e. being neglected by others.

⁶ *Dispense with*, pardon.

⁷ *Effectually*, in reality.

⁸ *Indigest*, without form. ⁹ *His*, i. e. the mind's.

SONNETS.

But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent² been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted³ ail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level³ of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager⁴ compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to fault: assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of⁵ goodness, would by ill be cur'd:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeck's fowl as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,⁶
In the distraction of this maddening fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure take
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense,⁷ how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd
The humble self which wounded bosoms fit!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;⁸
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be⁹ receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:

⁵ Of, in respect of. ⁶ Fitted, tortured as by fits.
⁷ Deepest sense, i.e. what I had felt so deeply.
⁸ Fee, pledge, guarantee. ⁹ Be, i.e. vile.

SONNETS.

For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, — I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;¹
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain, —
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,²
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies³ thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.⁴
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy seythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,

¹ Bevel, slanting. ² *Memoria*, memorials.
³ *Tallies*, sticks in which notches were cut as a way of scoring up debts.
⁴ *Former sight*, something seen before.

Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy,⁵ that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on⁶ form and favour?⁷
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds,⁸ knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards,⁹ still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render¹⁰ thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

⁵ *Policy*, self-interest.
⁶ *Dwellers on*, i.e. those who set store on.
⁷ *Favour*, face.
⁸ *Seconds*, an inferior kind of flour; hence metaphorically, base matter. ⁹ *Onwards*, i.e. towards old age.
¹⁰ *Render*, surrender.

SONNETS.

But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black;
Her eyes so suited,¹ and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of² their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy³ those jacks⁴ that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker⁵ mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, — and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd: behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows
Well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

¹ Suited, clad.

² Becoming of, i. e. making comely; or should we read, "in their woe"?

³ Envy, the accent is on the last syllable.

⁴ Jacks, the keys of a virginal.

⁵ Taker, swallower.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, — yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go;⁶ —
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so⁷ as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck,⁸ do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Those eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Piercing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it, then, as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

⁶ Go, walk.

⁷ So, i. e. such as he has described her.

⁸ One on another's neck, one after another.

SONNETS.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
 hail;¹

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not,² nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

¹ *Bad*, i.e. out of prison.² *Not*, i.e. restore him.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common
 place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul² a face?
 In things right-true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit³ is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told;
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

² *Foul*, ugly.³ *Habit*, dress.

SONNETS.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
I'll use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
might

Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;¹—
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;—
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting² world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view,³ is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:

¹ So, i. e. that thou dost love me.

² Ill-wresting, twisting to a bad sense.

³ View, i. e. of what it sees.

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.⁴

CXLI.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be 't lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit⁵ of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Susppect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,⁶
I guess one angel in another's hell:

⁴ Pain, punishment.

⁵ Pursuit, accented on the first syllable.

⁶ Both to each friend, i. e. friends to each other.

SONNETS.

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"Not you."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Press'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate¹ thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain-sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which² physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;

¹ Aggravate, increase.

² Which, i.e. desire.

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures³ falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote⁴
Love's eye is not so true as all men's; no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lovest on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service⁵ to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise⁶ of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:

³ Censures, judges.

⁴ Denote, show.

⁵ Thy service i.e. service, to thee.

⁶ Warrantise, security, guarantee.

SONNETS.

If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be lov'd of thee.

CLII.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant¹ prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLIII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

¹ *Triumphant* = triumphal.

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of Dian's this advantage² found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd.
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'
eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

² *Advantage*, favourable opportunity.

NOTES TO SONNETS.

1. Sonnet I.—This and the sixteen sonnets that follow dwell on one theme, that Shakespeare's friend should marry and perpetuate his name and beauty. We may compare Venus and Adonis, 163-174, and 751-768; Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 221-226; Drayton's Legend of Matilda (Works, 1753 ed. vol. ii. pp. 552-559); and (with Professor Dowden) Comus, 679-684 and 720-727. No doubt other parallels might be found.

2. I. lines 13, 14: *Pity the world, &c.*—The rhyme in this couplet occurs in Son. iii. and iv.

3. II. line 1: *W'ac.* FORTY WINTERS.—For the vague use of *four, forty, forty thousand*, see Othello, note 165. "Krauss cites from Sidney's Arcadia two examples of *forty winters*" (Dowden). Compare also Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. p. 65.

4. II. line 4: *It'll be a TATTER'D weed.*—So Gildon; Q. has *tatter'd*. So again in Son. xxvi. 11.

5. II. line 8: *and THRIFTLESS praise.*—Compare "*thrifless sighs*" in Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 40.

6. III. line 4: *UNBLESS some MOTHER.*—That is, fail to make blest some one who might be a mother of children; or perhaps the reference is to his friend's mother; cf. lines 9, 10.

7. III. line 5: *whose UNEAR'D womb.*—For *ear*=plough, cf. the Dedication of Venus and Adonis. The word occurs several times in the Bible; e.g. Isaiah xxx. 24: "The oxen likewise, and the young asses that *ear* the ground, shall eat clean provender;" and Exodus xxxiv. 21: "in *earing* time and in harvest." Wicliffe translated Luke xvii. 7: "but who of you hath a servant *eringe*," where the Latin version which he used had *arantem*.

8. III. line 8: *to stop POSTERITY.*—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 419, 420:

all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity;

and for the whole idea, Venus and Adonis, 757-760.

9. III. line 9: *Thou art thy mother's GLASS.*—Exactly the same image occurs in Lucrece, 1758-1764:

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born, &c.

10. III. line 11: *through WINDOWS of thine AGE.*—Compare "*lattice of sear'd age*" in A Lover's Complaint, 1.

11. IV. line 3: *Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend.*—Compare Measure for Measure, i. 1. 39-41:

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, &c.

Scholars will recollect Lucretius' "*Vitaque manebit nulli datur.*"

12. V. line 9: *summer's DISTILLATION.*—That is, the perfume or essence extracted from a flower. Shakespeare

has the verb several times; e.g. in the next sonnet, line 2, and again in Son. liv. 14: "*by verse distills your truth.*" So A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 78: "*happy is the rose distill'd;*" and As You Like It, iii. 2. 152.

13. V. line 14: *LEESE but their show.*—*Leese*=loose, occurs not infrequently; so in A Sweet Pastoral by Nicholas Breton we have:

The bushes and the trees
That were so fresh and Greene,
Do all their dainty colour *leese*,
And not a leaf is seen.

—England's Helicon (Bullen's ed.), p. 55.

Watson uses the form often in his Teares of Fancy and the Passionate Centurie of Love; see Arber's Reprint, pp. 44, 51, &c.

14. VI. line 1: *winter's RAGGED hand.*—So Gildon; Q. read *wragged*. Capell MS. gives *rugged*.

15. VI. line 5: *That USE is not FORBIDDEN USURY.*—An extract from the article upon *usury* in the Encyclopædia Britannica will not, perhaps, be out of place here:—"The opinion of Aristotle on the barrenness of money became proverbial, and was quoted with approval throughout the Middle Ages. This condemnation by the moralists was enforced by the fathers of the Church on the conversion of the empire to Christianity. They held usury up to detestation, and practically made no distinction between interest on equitable moderate terms and what we now term usurious exactions. The consequence of the condemnation of usury by the Church was to throw all the dealing in money in the early Middle Ages into the hands of the Jews. . . . It was probably mainly on account of this money lending that the Jews were so heartily detested and liable to such gross ill-treatment by the people. . . . Ultimately in 1290 the Jews were expelled in a body from the kingdom under circumstances of great barbarity, and were not allowed to return till the time of Cromwell. Before the expulsion of the Jews, however, in spite of canonical opposition, Christians had begun to take interest openly; and one of the most interesting examples of the adaptation of the dogmas of the Church of Rome to the social and economic environment is found in the growth of the recognized exceptions to usury. In this respect the Canonical writers derived much assistance from the later Roman law. Without entering into technicalities, it may be said generally that an attempt was made to distinguish between usury, in the modern sense of unjust exaction, and interest on capital."

16. VI. line 7: *to BREED another thee.*—It may be noticed that *breed* (the substantive) was often used in the sense of interest; cf. Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 134, 135:

for when did friendship take
A *breed* for barren metal of his friend?

So Middleton's The Blacke Booke: "Coming to repay

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both the *money* and the *breed* of it—for interest may be called the usurer's bastard—she found," &c. (Dyce's *Middleton*, vol. v. pp. 520, 521).

17. VII. line 5: the *STEEP-UP* heavenly hill.—It has been suggested that we should read *steep up-heavenly*; but cf. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 121:

Her stand she takes upon a *steep-up* hill.

18. VII. lines 9, 10:

*But when from highmost PITCH, with weary ear,
Like feeble age, he REELETH FROM THE DAY.*

For *pitch*, a hawking term, see Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 14, with note. For the second line Dowden aptly quotes Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 3, 4:

flecked darkness, like a drunkard, *reeles*
From forth day's path.

19. VIII.—Music, where union of sounds is everything, should be an argument to you not to remain single. The sonnet is written throughout in the language of music. Elizabethan writers were fond of introducing the technical terms of the art. Compare, for a good case in point, Lilly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, iii. 1, Fairholt's ed. vol. ii. pp. 232, 233; and again, the same author's *Gallathea*, v. 3—*Works*, vol. i. p. 275.

20. VIII. line 1: MUSIC TO HEAR, *why hear'st thou music sadly!*—*Music to hear* = whose own voice is music; cf. Son. cxxviii. 1:

How oft, when thou, *my music*, music play'st.

In line 6 *married* is used, no doubt, quibblingly; for the sense which it often bears, of closely-united, see *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 110, with note.

21. VIII. line 14: "*thou single wilt prove NONE*."—None is in obvious antithesis to the one of the previous line. The conceit is rather far-fetched; if they, the strings, being many, seem to be only one, you, who are not many, who keep single, wilt be less than one.

22. IX. line 4: *like a MAKELESS wife*.—*Make* = mate, occurs frequently; cf. *Mellismata* (1611):

The one of them said to his *mate*—
Where shall we our breakfast take?

—Bullen's *Lyrics* (1887), p. 128.

Many instances might be given; here are some chance references: Spenser, Son. lxx. *Globe* ed. p. 583; Lilly's *Mother Bomble*, iii. 4—Fairholt's ed. ii. p. 110; Surrey's poems, Gillilan's ed. p. 231.

23. IX. lines 11, 12:

*But BEAUTY'S WASTE hath in the world an end,
And kept ununs'd, the user so destroys it.*

Compare *Hero and Leander*, First Sestiad, 328:

Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.

—Bullen's *Marlowe*, iii. p. 17.

We have much the same idea in Son. v. 11:

Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft.

See, too, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 221, 222. I suppose there is a quibble here on *use* in its secondary sense of putting out to usury; cf. for the same antithesis, Son. lv. 13, 14:

Thy *uns'd* beauty must be tumb'd with thee,
Which, *uns'd*, lives th' executor to be.

24. IX. line 14: *murderous SHAME* commits.—This is

echoed in the next sonnet, line 1, "*For shame!*" and line 5, "*with murderous hate*."

25. X. line 7: *Seeking that beauteous ROOF* to RUINATE.—Compare Son. xiii. 9, 10:

Who lets so fair a *house fall* to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold;

and Son. cxlvi. 5, 6:

Why so large cost
Dost thou upon thy fading *mansion* spend?

Dowden refers to *The Two Gentlemen*, v. 4. 7-11. For *ruinate* see *Titus Andronicus*, v. 3. 204; and the instances there given add Spenser, Son. lvi.:

Beats on it strongly, it to *ruinate*.—*Globe* ed. p. 581.

26. XI. line 2: *In ONE OF THINE*.—Takes up the last line of previous sonnet: "*still may live in thine*." The *complet* means, Your loss is your child's gain.

27. XI. line 14: *Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die*.—*Copy* = the original from which an impression should be taken; in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 251,

And leave the world no *copy*.

the word has its modern sense. "*Nature's copy*" in *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 37, is a doubtful phrase.

28. XII.—Time destroys all things; why not you? As Dowden says, the Sonnet seems to be a gathering into one of Son. v. vi. and vii.

29. XII. line 4: *And SABLE curls all SILVER D o'er with white*.—The Quarto has *or silver'd*, a misprint, presumably, for *o'er-silver'd*, in which case we might read *o'er-silver'd all with white*. For the comparison of white hair to silver see *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 65:

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in *silver*;

and *Hamlet*, i. 2. 242: "*A sable silver'd*."

30. XII. line 8: *with white and bristly BEARD*.—So *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 94, 95:

the green corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a *beard*.

For *wastes of time*, in line 10, cf. *waste of shame* in Son. cxxix. 1.

31. XIII. line 1: *O, that you were you*.—*Self!*—Would that you were absolute, independent of time, free from the conditions that fetter men.

32. XIII. lines 5, 6:

*So should that beauty which you hold in LEASE
Find no DETERMINATION.*

Lease implies a short time, as in Son. xviii. 4: "*summer's lease*," and in Son. cvii. 3: "*the lease of my true love*." Lord Campbell remarks: "*The word determination is always used by lawyers instead of end*" (*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 101).

33. XIII. line 9: *Who lets so fair a HOUSE*.—See Son. x. 7.

34. XIII. line 14: *You HAD A FATHER*.—Dowden aptly compares *All's Well*, i. 1. 19, 20: "*This young gentleman had a father*,"—O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!" From Son. iii. 9, 10, we saw that the friend's mother was still alive.

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35. XIV. line 12: *If from thyself to STORE THOU WOULDST CONVERT*.—*Store*=stock; see note on Othello, iv. 3. 86, and cf. Son. xl. 9: "whom Nature hath not made for store;" and Son. lxxxiv. 3: "immured is the store." The following is from The Faithful Shepherdess, v. 3:

Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And willed that every living creature must
Beget his like.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. ii. p. 399.

Convert = turn, occurs frequently; see Son. xlix. 7; xi. 4; &c. Dowden notes that Daniel, Delia, xi., makes *convert* rhyme with *heart*.

36. XIV. line 14: *Thy end is . . . BEAUTY'S DOOM.*—So Venus and Adonis, 1019:

For he being dead, *with him is beauty slain*.

37. XV. line 3: *That this huge STAGE presenteth naught but SHOWS.*—For the same idea compare Lear, iv. 6. 187, and the famous passage in As You Like It, ii. 7. 130-143, where see note. A dozen equally pointed illustrations might be quoted from Elizabethan poets. Malone read *state*, surely a most infelicitous change.

38. XV. lines 13, 14: *And, all in war, &c.*—There is a certain suggestion here of Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 169, 170:

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.

39. XVI. line 7: *would bear YOUR living flowers.*—Some editors read *you*; but the change is needless. For *unset* cf. *set* in Fericles, iv. 6. 92:

40. XVI. line 9: *the LINES of LIFE.*—He keeps up the idea of the picture and of his verse. *Lines of life* is used, perhaps, in a double sense: (1) true to the life; and (2) really living lines (*i.e.* children), opposed to mere lifeless verse, or the equally lifeless counterfeit.

41. XVI. line 10: *Which this, TIME'S PENCIL.*—Q. has *this* (*Times pencil* or *my pupil pen*).—*This* must refer to the picture; but how can a picture be said to be *time's pencil*? I can only suggest that the painting is regarded as marking the flight of time. Seeing a picture of some one which was painted long since we realize how the years have passed. Time has used the picture as a means of showing how the face has changed; the portrait has served in a way as "time's pencil." It has struck me—and I see that Mr. Gerald Massey had made the suggestion previously—that we should read *this time's pencil, i.e.* no painter of the present age could do you justice. *Time* was often used where we say *the times*. See Othello, note 210

42. XVII. —Carries on the idea that his verse cannot really make his friend immortal; for in the first place his "pupil pen" fails to do justice to the subject; and, secondly, the better he writes the more will he be accused of exaggeration.

43. XVII. lines 3, 4:

it is but as a TOMB

Which hides your life.

Compare Son. lxxxviii. 12:

When others would give life, and bring a tomb.

44. XVII. line 8: *Such heavenly TOUCHES.*—*Touches* is a

vague word, equivalent, perhaps, to *traits*. Cf. As You Like It, v. 4. 27:

Some lively *touches* of my daughter's favour.

45. XVII. line 12: *And STRETCHED metre of an antique song.*—Everyone will recollect that Keats prefixed this line to Endymion.

46. XVIII. line 3: *Rough winds do shake the DARLING buds of May.*—For *darling* see Othello, i. 2. 68. Dowden compares Cymbeline, i. 3. 36, 37:

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shake all our buds from growing

47. XVIII. lines 5, 6:

the EYE of HEAVEN shines,

And often is his GOLD complexion dimm'd.

For *eye of heaven* see Lucrece, 1088, with note. *Gold*, of course, is a purely conventional epithet; so "golden pilgrimage" in Son. vii. 8; and "golden face" in Son. xxxiii. 3.

48. XIX. line 1: *DEVOURING Time.*—So Spenser, Son. lviii.:

Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd
—Globe ed. p. 381.

A reminiscence of Ovid's *edax vetustas*?

49. XIX. line 5: *as thou FLEETS.*—The Quarto has *fleest*; but the metre requires the change, and Shakespeare sometimes uses the 3rd person where strict grammar would require the 2nd. Cf. Son. viii. 7:

They do but sweetly chide *thee*, who confound.

50. XX. line 5: *less false in ROLLING.*—Dowden compares The Faerie Queene, bk. iii. c. 1. st. 41:

Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly.

—Globe ed. p. 160.

We may remember Ulysses' criticism upon Cressida, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 55: "There's language in her eye." The next lines put briefly an idea which he develops at greater length in Son. cxiv. 4-8.

51. XX. line 7: *A man in hue, all hues in his controlling.*

—The Quarto prints the line thus:

A man in hew all *Hees* in his contrawling;

and the capital letter and italics have led people to think that the verse contained a recondite reference to some one named Hughes or Heus. No doubt the offending monosyllable assumed its irregular form through a printer's whim. *Hue*=form, a quite common use of the word in Elizabethan verse; one instance may suffice:

He taught to imitate that La ly trew,
Whose semblance she did carry under feigned Hue.
—Faerie Queene, bk. i. c. i. st. xxvi. l. 9, Globe ed. p. 16.

Dowden prints the line:

A man in hue all hues in his controlling,

which seem to me a trifle incomprehensible. I would suggest:

A man in hue—all hues in his controlling;

i.e. I should take the last part of the line as a parenthesis, with the sense: "A man in form—and all forms are subject to his power (*controlling*) which steals, &c. Perhaps, however, *controlling* is the participle.

52. XXI. line 5: *MAKING A COMPLEMENT.*—So Malone, Q. has *complement*; Gildon, *complement*; Sewall (second ed.), *compliment*.

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53. XXI. line 8: *That heaven's AIR in th' huge RONDURE hems.*—So King John, II. 1. 259:

"Tis not the *roundure* of your old-fac'd walls.

Perhaps we ought to be consistent in the spelling of the word, though the Globe edition prints *roundure* here, and *roundure* in the line just quoted.

54. XXI. line 12: *As those gold CANDLES fix'd in heaven's air.*—Shakespeare has this image three times: Merchant of Venice, v. 220; Romeo and Juliet, III. 5. 9; and Macbeth, II. 1. 5. In their note on the last passage the Clarendon Press editors quote from Fairfax's Tasso, bk. IX. st. 10:

When *heaven's small candles* next shall shine;

and I can add another instance from Diella (by R. Lincbe?), XXX.:

He that can count the *candles of the sky.*

—Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 204.

In Othello, III. 3. 403, he varies the phrase to "ever-burning lights." Milton's lines in Comus, 118-200 are worth noting:

the stars,
That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil.

Readers of Marlowe will remember how frequently he uses the same idea. See Bullen's ed. vol. II. pp. 137, 158, 196.

55. XXI. lines 13, 14: *Let them say more, &c.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, IV. 3. 240, 241:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise;

and for a still closer parallel, Troilus and Cressida, IV. 1. 75-78; see note 228 to that play. *Like of*=like, as often in Shakespeare.

56. XXII. line 4: *my days should EXPIATE.*—That is, bring to an end. A curious use of the word, but paralleled by Richard III. III. 3. 23: "the hour of death is *expiate*;" i.e. expired, which, indeed, is the reading of the Second Folio.

57. XXII. lines 6, 7:

my HEART,

Which in THY BREAST doth live.

Compare Son. cix. 3, 4:

As easy might I from myself depart
As from *my soul*, which in *thy breast* doth lie;

and Son. cxxxiii. 9:

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward.

So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 826.

58. XXIII.—Intensity of love precludes its full expression.

59. XXIII. line 9: *O, let my BOOKS.*—That is, the MS. books in which the Sonnets were sent to his friend. *Looks* has been suggested. In line 12 there seems to be a reference to the rival poet.

60. XXIV.—My eyes have painted your image in my heart. In the last sonnet the eye hears: in this it plays the painter. For the antithesis—eye and heart—see Son. xli. and xlii. The imagery employed in this poem may be illustrated by a variety of passages in Elizabethan verse; perhaps it will be best to group some of these instances together. Constable writes—Diana, Son. v. of the first decade:

Thine eye, the glass where I behold my heart.

Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye

May see my heart; and there myself espy

In bloody colours, how thou painted art;

and again in Son. II. of the second decade:

So Love

Within my heart thy heavenly shape doth paint.

—Arber's English Garner, II. pp. 231 and 234.

Again, Watson, in the Teares of Fancy, has:

My Mistress seeing her faire counterfeit

So sweetlie framed in my bleeding breast.

—See Arber's Reprint, pp. 201 and 203.

So Astrophel and Stella, xxxii. 13, 14:

But from thy heart

Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. I. p. 519.

And the anonymous author of Zepheria:

Not never shall that face, so fair depainted

Within the love-linn'd tablet of my heart.

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 72.

In the first line the idea is developed quite simply: his eye=the painter; his heart=the canvas, or "table;" his body=the frame. But in lines 8-12 there seems to me to be some confusion. The eyes of A may be regarded as windows to the heart of A: it is a commonplace that the soul looks out through the eye. But how can the eyes of B serve as windows to the heart of A? At first one is inclined to read:

That hath his windows glazed with *mine* eyes;

only what follows make this impossible.

61. XXIV. lines 1, 2:

and hath STELL'D

Thy beauty's form in TABLE of my heart.

For *stell'd* cf. Lucrece, 1444.

To find a face where all distress is *stell'd*.

The Quarto has *steeld*. For *table* cf. "heart's table" in All's Well, I. 1. 106. Elsewhere *tables*=memorandum-book; e.g. Hamlet, I. 5. 107.

62. XXIV. line 4: *And PERSPECTIVE it is best painter's art.*—That is, the science of perspective. Others think that *perspective* means here, as in Richard II. II. 2. 18, a peculiar kind of optical glass. This second interpretation would lead up to the idea of the next line, the eye being treated as a telescope through which to look into the heart. Perhaps some quibble is intended on the double meaning.

63. XXIV. line 5: *For THROUGH THE PAINTER must you see his skill.*—Said (1) literally: to see the picture painted in my heart you must look through my eye, the eye being the window of the heart; (2) metaphorically: to appreciate properly a painter's work you should regard it with the eyes of the painter himself.

64. XXIV. line 11: *WINDOWS to my BREAST.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 848:

Behold the *window of my heart*, mine eye.

Dekker writes: "The Head is a house built for Reason to dwell in . . . *The two Eyes are the glass windows,* at which light dispenses itself into every room" (Dekker's Prose Works, Ninth Library, vol. II. 224). We

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often find the eyelid called the window of the eye; e.g. in Venus and Adonis, 452:

Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth;
in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 100: "thy eyes' windows fall;"
and in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 21, 22:

canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd.
So, to go outside Shakespeare, Sidney writes in Astrophel
and Stella, xcix. 5, 6:

With windows open then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness.
—Arber's English Garner, i. p. 552;

and Diella, xxiv., may be quoted:
When leaden-hearted sleep had shut mine eyes,
And close o'er-drawn their windowlets of light.
—Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 201.

65. XXV. line 5: *Great PRINCES' FAVOURITES*.—Dowden
well compares Much Ado, iii. 1. 9, 10:

like to favourites,
Made proud by princes.

66. XXV. line 6: *But as the MARIGOLD at the SUN'S EYE*.
—Shakespeare is alluding to the garden marigold, whose
petals open or close as the sun is shining or not. For
similar references cf. The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 105, 106;
Lucrece, 397-399; and Cymbeline, ii. 3. 26, 27, where the
flower is called *Mary-buds*. It was evidently a favourite
with the Elizabethan poets. Day in his Parliament of
Bees, Character I. line 6, speaks of "*sun-loving marigolds*."
So Chapman in Hero and Leander, Fifth Sestiad, 464, 465:

Now the bright *marigolds* . . .
Phœbus' celestial flower.
—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 88;

and Middleton in the Spanish Gipsy, iv. 1:
You the *sun* with her must play,
She to you the *marigold*.
—Mermaid ed. of Middleton, p. 421;

and England's Hellcon:
The pansy on the *marigold*
Are *Phœbus' paramours*. —Bullen's ed. p. 33;

and Watson's Teares of Faucy:
The *marigold* so likes the lonely *sun*,
That when he settes the other hides her face.
—Arber's Reprint, p. 45.

67. XXV. line 8: *For at a FROWN*.—So Cymbeline, iv. 2.
264:

Fear no more the *frown* of the *great*.
68. XXV. line 9: *famous for FIGHT*.—Q. has *worth*,
which Theobald first changed to *fight*. If *worth* were
retained he proposed to read "*razed forth*" in line 11.

69. XXVI.—This sonnet bears a very curious resemblance
to the dedication of Lucrece, a fact which has been taken
as an argument that the Sonnets, like Lucrece, were ad-
dressed to the Earl of Southampton. Lord Campbell
speaks of the poem as "a love-letter, in the language of a
vassal doing homage to his liege-lord" (Shakespeare's Legal
Acquirements, p. 101).

70. XXVII.—Always are you present with me; cf. Son.
lxi. This (xxvii.) and the following sonnet are evidently
written during some journey. With Son. xxviii. compare
in part Astrophel and Stella, lxxxix. (Arber's English
Garner, i. p. 547).

71. XXVII. line 2: *with TRAVEL tir'd*.—Q. has *travaille*;
the 1640 ed. *travaile*.

72. XXVII. line 6: *INTEND a zealous pilgrimage to thee*.
—*Intend* = pursue; cf. Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 200, 201:
Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey.

73. XXVII. line 11: *like a JEWEL hung in ghastly SIGHT*.
—Referring to the idea that some stones could be seen in
the dark; cf. Titus Andronicus, ii. 3. 227-229:

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine;
and Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 47, 48. So Hero and Leander,
Second Sestiad, 240:

Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied.
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 33.

74. XXVIII. line 9: *I tell the day, &c.*—Dowden reads:
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright.

75. XXVIII. line 12: *When sparkling stars TWIRE not*.—
Twire = peep, twinkle. There is no need to alter the
reading; for *twire*, cf. Ben Jonson, Sad Shepherd, ii. 1:
"Which maids will *twire* at" (Routledge's ed. p. 496).

76. XXVIII. line 14: *grief's LENGTH seem stronger*.—Most
editors print "grief's *strength*," and this, no doubt, is the
more obvious reading. Still, I think the text of the
Quarto makes sense. One aspect of his grief is associated
with the day, another with the night. In the day he is
struck by the long persistence of his pain, in the night
he feels the keenness of a sorrow which even in sleeping
hours robs him of rest.

77. XXIX. line 6: *FEATUR'D like him*.—So Much Ado,
iii. 1. 60: "how rarely *featur'd*."

78. XXIX. line 12: *SINGS hymns at HEAVEN'S GATE*.—
Compare, of course, Cymbeline, ii. 3. 21:
Hark, hark! *the lark at heaven's gate sings*.

Lilly, as everyone knows, had already written in his Cam-
paspe, v. 1:
who is't now we heare?
None but the *larks* so shrill and cleare;
How at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn' not waking till she sings.
—Fairholt's Lilly, vii. p. 139.

79. XXX.—The past, with all its sorrows, is forgotten
when he thinks of his friend. For *sessions*, in line 1, cf.
Othello, iii. 3. 140, where, however, the singular *session* is
pretty certainly right. The word occurs in Edward III.
ii. 2:

When, to the great Star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal *sessions* calls to count
This pucking evil. —Tauchnitz ed. p. 30.

80. XXX. line 5: *Then can I drown an eye, UNUS'D to*
FLOW.—Not unlike Othello, v. 2. 348, 349:
whose subdu'd eyes,

Albeit *unused* to the melting mood.
81. XXXI.—Continuing to some extent the idea of the
last sonnet. All his dead friends are, as it were, summed
up, represented, reproduced in his living friend.

82. XXXI. line 5: *a holy and OBSEQUIOUS tear*.—So Son.
xcxv. 9:
No, let me be *obsequious* in thy heart;

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the sense being *dutiful*. Dowden says *funereal*; for which compare "*obsequious sorrow*" in Hamlet, i. 2. 92. We have *obsequiously* in Richard III. i. 2. 3:

Whilst I awhile *obsequiously* lament.

83. XXXI. line 8: *that hidden in THREE lie*.—For *thee* the Quarto has *there*.

84. XXXII.—From his dead friends he passes to the thought of his own death. If his friend survives he must not forget Shakespeare; he must read these Sonnets, though other poets may then write better. In line 3 "*by fortune . . . re-survey*" suggests that the poems were not to be published.

85. XXXII. line 10: *grown with THIS GROWING AGE*.—Cf. Son. lxxxii. 8:

Some fresher stamp of the *time-bettering* days;
and xxxviii. 13: "*these curious days*."

86. XXXII. line 14: *Theirs for their style I'll read, &c.*—The line is not unsuggestive of Pope's couplet on Cowley.

87. XXXIII. line 3: *Kissing with golden face*.—For somewhat parallel passages cf. King John, iii. 1. 77-80; and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 391-393. Milton speaks of "*the arch-chemic sun*" (Paradise Lost, iii. 609).

88. XXXIII. line 12: *The REGION cloud*.—*Region* is used in one other passage as an adjective, Hamlet, ii. 2. 606, "*the region kites*," where the Clarendon Press editors note that Shakespeare uses the word to denote the air generally.

89. XXXIII. line 14: *Suns of the world may STAIN*.—*Stain*=be eclipsed, or grow dim. Used transitively and intransitively; cf. Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 48; and Venus and Adonis, note 7. The word occurs several times in Barnes' Parthenophil and Parthenophe; e.g. Son. i:

And *stain* in glorious loveliness the fairest;

and Son. iv:

Nymphs, which in beauty mortal creatures *stain*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. pp. 339, 372.

90. XXXIV. line 4: *in their ROTTEN smoke*.—*Rotten*=damp, vapourish; cf. Lucrece, 778:

With *rotten* damps ravish the morning air.

So Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 1, 2.

91. XXXIV. line 12: *the strong offence's CROSS*.—The Quarto has *losse*, a repetition, no doubt, of line 10. What the real word was could be easily conjectured from Son. xlii. 10-13. Moreover, *bear no cross* occurs (with a quibble) in As You Like It, ii. 4. 12.

92. XXXV. line 8: *Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are*.—The Quarto prints each *thy* as *their*. The sense of the line seems to me to be this: making thy sins more excusable than they really are; but *excusing* is curious. Dowden remarks: "*Staunton proposes 'more than thy sins bear,' i.e. I bear more sins than thine.*" Surely there is something wrong: *bear* would naturally mean, "*more than thy sins allow.*"

93. XXXV. line 9: *to thy sensual fault I bring in SENSE*.—That is, I make the fault appear sensible, reasonable; in fact, I excuse it. Possibly by *bring in* he may mean,

"bring in as an advocate; sense, which should be your adversary ('thy adverse party'), pleads your cause." I certainly think that *adverse party* refers to *sense* in the previous line, the verse being introduced as a parenthesis, and not to Shakespeare. Maione made the stupid suggestion *bring incense*.

94. XXXVI.—Dwells on the social difference that separates Shakespeare and his friend. It is really a continuation of the previous sonnet, since here he explains and justifies his friend's falling away and absence.

95. XXXVI. lines 9, 10:

I may not EVERMORE acknowledge thee,

Lest my BEWAILED GUILT should do thee shame.

Possibly *evermore* hints at the fact that as his friend grows older they will be more kept apart by the "*separable*" (= separating) spite" of their lives. The reference in *bewailed guilt* is obscure: perhaps he alludes to the disgrace still attaching to him from his connection with the stage; perhaps the words refer to the incidents in his life of which he speaks in the "*dark woman*" series of Sonnets.

96. XXXVI. lines 13, 14: *But do not so, &c.*—Repeated in Son. xvi.

97. XXXVII. line 3: *made LAME by FORTUNE's dearest SPITE*.—Compare "*the spite of fortune*" in Son. xe. 3. *Made lame*, as Qy. in Lear, iv. 6. 225, where, however, the Folios read *fame to*. As to the question—How was Shakespeare lame?—discussion were dangerous; that way, as Mr. Swinburne has shown, madness lies. Compare Son. lxxxix. 3:

Speak of my *lame*ness, and I straight will halt.

98. XXXVII. line 7: *ENTITLED in THY parts do crowne'd sit*.—I think *entitled*=in full legal possession, i.e. having a good title to. The Quarto reads *their*, of which I can make nothing.

99. XXXVIII.—Contrast Son. ciii.; also, in part, Son. lxxxiii.

100. XXXVIII. line 10: *Thou those old NINE which rhymers invoke*.—So Sidney writes in Astrophel and Stella, iii.:

Let dainty wits cry on the *sisters nine*.

—Arber's English Garner, i. p. 504.

Compare, too, what Biron says in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 404-410.

101. XXXIX. line 2: *the BETTER PART OF ME*.—So Son. lxxiv. 8:

My spirit is thine, *the better part of me*.

It is like Horace's *animum dimidium meum*. To some extent the sonnet is an echo of Son. xxxvi.

102. XXXIX. line 11: *To ENTERTAIN the TIME*.—*Entertain*=pass; cf. Lucrece, 1301:

The weary time she cannot *entertain*.

103. XL.—This and the two following sonnets are connected with the "*dark woman*" series. "*Love's wrong*" in line 12 is repeated in "*Those pretty wrongs*" of Son. xli.

104. XL. line 9: *thy robbery, GENTLE THIEF*.—Compare *sweet thief* in Son. xxxv. 14.

105. XLI. lines 5, 6: *Gentle thou art, &c.*—Compare I.

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Henry VI. v. 3. 77, 78; Richard III. i. 2. 228, 229; Titus Andronicus, li. 1. 82, 83, where see note. Probably there was some proverb on the subject.

106. XLII. line 12: *a twofold TRUTH*.—*Truth*=allegiance or duty. By *twofold* is meant the duty of the "dark woman" to Shakespeare, and the duty of the friend to Shakespeare.

107. XLII. line 12: *lay on me this CROSS*.—See note on Son. xxxiv. 12.

108. XLIII.—Sonnets xliii. xlv. and xlv. are all written during absence; xlv. is obviously a continuation of xlii.

109. XLIII. line 2: *they view things UNRESPECTED*.—*Unrespected*=seen but not distinguished; cf. Venus and Adonis, 911:

Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting.

110. XLIV. line 1: *If the DULL SUBSTANCE of my FLESH*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 64: "this muddy vesture of decay," cf. too, Hamlet, i. 2. 129.

111. XLIV. line 8: *As soon as think*.—Is not this awkward? At least it would be simpler if the text stood:

soon as he thinks the place where he would be,

112. XLV. line 1: *The OTHER TWO*.—That is, *elements*. It was an old theory that a man is composed of four elements—earth, water, fire, and air. Shakespeare alludes to it in Julius Caesar, v. 5. 73, 74; Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 10, see note 83 to that play; Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 292; and Henry V. iii. 7. 22, 23, note 190. In the last-mentioned passage and in Antony and Cleopatra, as in this sonnet, air and fire are taken as the type of lightness; so Drayton said of Marlowe:

his raptures were

All air and fire, which made his verses clear.

Outside Shakespeare many references might be given; e.g. The White Devil, v. 6:

Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements.

—Webster and Tournier, in Mermaid ed. p. 118;

and Barnes' Parthenophil and Parthenophile, Son. xlv.:

How can I live in mind or body's health,
When all four elements my grief conspire.

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 384.

See Spenser, Son. iv. Globe ed. p. 581; and Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 332.

113. XLVI.—Compare Son. xlv. and Son. xlvii. There is a long note on the legal aspect of this poem in Lord Campbell's Legal Acquirements, pp. 102, 103. As to the antithesis *eye* and *heart*, it appears to have been a favourite conceit with sonnet-writers. It would take too much space to illustrate this statement by quotation; see, however, Constable's Diana, Son. vii. of Sixth Decade, Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 254; and Watson's Passionate Centurie, pp. 181, 182, and 188 in Arber's Reprint.

114. XLVI. line 10: *A QUEST of thoughts*.—*Quest*=jury, as in Richard III. i. 4. 189; cf. too, an anonymous poem in Tottel's Miscellany:

And if I were the forman of the quest
To geue a verdict of her beauty bright.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 215.

So Hamlet, v. 1. 24.

115. XLVI. line 13: *mine EYE'S DUE is thy OUTWARD part*.—Compare what he said in Son. xxiv. 13, 14.

116. XLVII. line 3: *famish'd for a look*.—So Son. lxxxv. 10: "clean starved for a look." Dowden quotes Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 88:

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

117. XLVII. line 6: *And to the painted BANQUET bids my heart*.—Properly *banquet* meant what we should call the dessert after a meal, and not the meal itself; cf. As You Like It, ii. 5. 65: "his banquet is prepar'd;" and see the Clarendon Press note on Macbeth, i. 4. 56. The strict use of the word is well illustrated by a passage in Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 3:

'T is strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ;

Their dinner is our banquet after dinner.

—Tauchnitz ed. of Doubtful Plays, p. 105.

118. XLVIII.—Written during travel; so Son. l. ii.

119. XLVIII. line 11: *the gentle CLOSURE of my BREAST*.—See note on Venus and Adonis, 782. With line 14 cf. Venus and Adonis, 724.

120. XLIX. line 4: *by advis'd RESPECTS*.—*Respect* often implies fear of making an error; deliberate calculation of consequences; cf. Lucretia, 275: "*Respect* and reason." The idea of the couplet is, that the time will come for closing the account of their friendship.

121. XLIX. line 12: *the lawful reasons ON THY PART*.—That is, on your side; cf. Son. lxxxviii. 6:

Upon thy part I can set down a story.

To make the rhyme with *desert* in line 10 less awkward the Quartos read *desart*.

122. L. lines 5, 6:

The BEAST that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods DULLY on.

It is all a metaphor, says the ever-felicitous Mr. Fleay; any one can see that the "dull bearer" (next sonnet, line 2) is Pegasus. And on this theory who—Oh! who?—would have the heart to comment? For *dully* the Quarto has *July*; the correction is certain; cf. "dull bearer," "dull flesh," in Son. ii.

123. LI. line 7: MOUNTED ON THE WIND.—Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 95:

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

and Cymbeline, iii. 4. 37, 38: whose breath

Rides on the posting winds.

So also H. Henry IV. Induction 4.

124. LI. line 11: *Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race*.—I think this is preferable to the reading adopted by the Globe editors:

Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race.

125. LII. line 4: *FOR blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure*.—*For*=for fear of. The sentiment is developed at greater length in Son. cii.; cf. especially line 12:

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

126. LII. line 5: *Therefore are FEASTS, &c.*—The editors compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 57-59:

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and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.

So in Montaigne's essays, The Two and Fortieth Chapter, on Inequality, we read: "*Feasts, banquets, revels . . . rejoyce them that but seldom see them . . . the taste of which becommeth cloyesome and unpleasing to these that daily see and ordinarily have them*" (Stott's reprint, vol. ii. p. 239).

127. LII. line 8: *Or CAPTAIN jewels in the CARCANET.*—*Captain* = chief; cf. Son. lxxvi. 12, and perhaps Timon of Athens, iii. 5. 49. The *carcanet* was a sort of necklace, apparently a favourite kind of ornament, as it is so often mentioned. Here are some passages where the word occurs. The City Madam, iv. 4:

Your borrow'd hair
Your carcanets
That did adorn your neck.
—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 449;

The London Prodigal, i. 2: "I bespoke thee, Luce, a *carcanet* of gold" (Tachnuitz ed. p. 299); Hero and Leander, Third Sestiad, 102:

He said, "See, sister, Hero's *Carquenet*;
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 44.

See Comedy of Errors, lii. 1. 4.

128. LII. line 14: *Being had, to triumph, &c.*—Blessed are you who make it possible ("whose worthiness gives scope") that, when you are present I should triumph; when you are absent, I should look forward to seeing you.

129. LIII. line 7: *On HELEN'S CHEEK.*—Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 153, 154:

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty.

130. LIII. line 9: *and FOISON of the year.*—*Foison* is from the Low Latin *fusio*; French *foison*. Shakespeare has the singular in the Tempest, iv. 1. 110:

Earth's increase, *foison* plenty;
also same play, ii. 1. 163: "all *foison*, all abundance;" and the plural in Macbeth iv. 3. 88:

Scotland hath *foisons* to fill up your will.

Compare a lyric by Drayton in England's Helicon:

Court of seasoned words hath *foison*.
—Bullen's ed. p. 37.

131. LIV. line 5: *The CANKER-BLOOMS.*—See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 14.

132. LIV. line 8: *their masked buds DISCLOSES.*—So Hamlet, i. 3. 39, 40:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too off before their buttons be *disclos'd*,

where *buttons*=buds, *F. boutons*.

133. LV. line 9: *and ALL-OBLIVIOUS enmity.*—*Oblivious*=which causes to be forgotten; in Macbeth, v. 3. 43, it has the other sense, viz. causing to forget: "some sweet *oblivious* antidote." Compare Milton's "*oblivious* pool," Paradise Lost, bk. i. 296. Milton probably remembered the Latin *obliviosus*, as in Horace's "*oblivioso* pocula Massico."

134. LVI. line 8: *with a perpetual DULLNESS.*—Dowden

suggests that *dullness*=drowsiness, in which case we may remember Troilus and Cressida, iv. 2. 4, where sleep is said to *kill* the eyes, though Pope thought that we ought to read *fill*.

135. LVI. line 13: *Or call it winter.*—Q. reads *As*. Else has been proposed.

136. LVII. —I must depend on your wish to be with me or not. The thought is carried on in the following sonnet.

137. LVII. line 5: *the WORLD-WITHOUT-END hour.*—So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 798, 799:

A time, methinks, too short
To make a *world-without-end* bargain in.

138. LVII. line 13: *that in your WILL.*—*Will* is spelt in the Quarto with a capital W; possibly, therefore, some such pun was intended as we afterwards have in Son. cxxxv. and cxxxvi. *In your Will* would then mean "in the case of your Will" (i.e. Shakespeare); as the text stands the sense must be: whatever your will and pleasure, love can think no ill of it.

139. LVIII. line 6: *Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty.*—The antithesis is between *imprison'd* and *liberty*: your absence is liberty to you, and, as it were, a very prison to me.

140. LVIII. line 7: *tame to SUFFERANCE.*—*To may*=to the verge of; in which case *sufferance* must=great forbearance, as in the Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 111:

For *sufferance* is the badge of all our tribe.

Or the sense may be, *tame* to endure sufferance, i.e. suffering; cf. Lear, iii. 6. 113:

But then the mind much *sufferance* doth o'erskip.

141. LVIII. line 13: *though waiting so be HELL.*—Compare Son. cxx. 6: "you've pass'd a *hell* of time;" and Lucrece, 1287:

And that deep torture may be call'd a *hell*.

142. LIX.—The sonnet stands by itself, unconnected with what precedes and follows. At times there is a suggestion of the language of Son. cvi.

143. LIX. line 8: *Since mind at first in character was done!*—That is, since thought was first expressed in writing.

144. LIX. line 11: *Whether we are mended, or whēn better they.*—The Cambridge editors read:

Whether we are mended, or whether better they;

but the Quarto prints the second *whether* as *where*. Either way the word will be a monosyllable, as is so often the case in Elizabethan verse.

145. LIX. line 12: *Or whether revolution be the same.*—Whether time in its course produces the same things, same qualities, same kinds of men, &c.

146. LX.—Returning to the idea developed in Son. liv. and lv., and previously in Son. xvi. xvi. &c., that his verse will confer immortality on his friend—*non omnis morietur*.

147. LX. line 9: *the FLOURISH set on youth.*—For *flourish*=ornament, cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 91. In the next verse *parallets*=lines; so Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 147, 148:

as near as the extremest ends

Of *parallets*.

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148. LXI. line 7: *and IDLE HOURS in me*.—Dowden compares the Dedication to Venus and Adonis: "I vow to take advantage of all *idle hours*."

149. LXII.—What of good and deserving there lies in me is you, not myself; not of my own possession, but of your giving. "T is thee, myself [*i.e.* who art myself], that for myself [*i.e.* as if myself] I praise."

150. LXII. line 1: *Sin of SELF-LOVE*.—Compare The Faithful Shepherdess, iv. 4:

Dearer than thou canst *love thyself*, though all
The *self-love* were within thee that doth fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Mermaid ed. ii. p. 383.

So Son. iii. 8, and, to some extent, Venus and Adonis, 157-160.

151. LXII. line 8: *As I ALL OTHER*.—So Chapman uses *other some* in *Tiero and Leander*, Fifth Sestiad, 387 (Bulien's Marlowe, iii. 85).

152. LXII. line 10: *BEATED and CHOPP'D with tann'd antiey*.—*g.*—Collier proposed *beaten*, though *beated* is a quite possible form; and Stevens, *blasted*. Malone suggested *bated* (cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 3. 32), and Dowden remarks: "The word *tann'd* led me to turn to the article 'Leather' in Chambers' Encyclopedia, where I met the following passage: 'Hides or skins intended for dressing purposes . . . have to be submitted to a process called *bating*.'" The coincidence is curious; but *beated* need not be changed. For *chopp'd* Dyce would read *chapp'd*; cf. Julius Caesar, i. 2. 246, "clapp'd their chapp'd hands." In Macbeth, i. 3. 44, editors vary between *chappy* and *choppy*.

153. LXII. line 14: *PAINTING my AGE with BEAUTY of thy days*.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 244:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born.

154. LXIII. Son. LXIII. takes up the last sonnet: there he was "Bented and chop'd with tann'd antiey;" here he contemplates the time when his friend will be "crush'd and o'ercome" (cf. Venus and Adonis, 135).

155. LXIII. line 9: *For such a time do I note FORTIFY*.—That is, take measures. Compare Daniel's Delia, Son. 1.:

These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That *fortify* thy name against old age.

—Arber's English Garner, iii. p. 616.

156. LXIII. line 13: *His beauty shall in these BLACK lines be seen*.—So Son. LXV. 14:

That in *black ink* my love may still shine bright.

Is there possibly a quibble on the idea of dark complexions?

157. LXIV.—This and the following sonnet dwell upon the invincibility of Time. We may note how here, and indeed usually when developing this idea, Shakespeare employs purely conventional imagery—"brass eternal," "gates of steel," just as though he remembered his Horace and Ovid, and were content to echo them.

158. LXIV. line 2: *The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age*.—*Cost*—that on which money is spent; so II. Henry IV. i. 3. 60:

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created *cost*.

159. LXIV. line 5: *When I have seen*.—The editors compare II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 45-51.

160. LXV. line 10: *Shall Time's best jewel from Time's CHEST lie hid?*—That is, the best jewel ever brought forth from Time's chest. Theobald ingeniously proposed *quest*; but compare for the present image Son. iii. 8, 9, and Richard II. i. 1. 180.

161. LXVI. line 1: *Tir'd with all THESE*.—*These* refers to the ills which he proceeds to recount. It has been pointed out that the pessimism of the poem is strongly suggestive of Hamlet's soliloquies. Compare in particular Hamlet, iii. 1. 70-74; we may recollect also Lucrece, 904-910.

162. LXVI. line 9: *And ART made tongue-tied by AUTHORITY*.—"Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?" (Dowden). *Tongue-tied*, as in Son. LXXXV. *Art* in Shakespeare often = the arts.

163. LXVII. line 4: *And LACE itself with his society*.—*Lace*=adorn, as in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 22, 23:

white and azure, *laced*

With blue of heaven's own tint;

and Macbeth, ii. 3. 118:

His silver skin *laced* with his golden blood.

In Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 8, the sense is not so clear.

164. LXVII. line 6: *And steal DEAD SEEING of his living hue*.—*Dead seeing*=the lifeless semblance of beauty. But might we not read:

And steal, *dead-seeing*, of his living hue?

That is, itself *dead-seeing*, *i.e.* looking dead; *steal of* would = steal part of, or steal from. For *seeing* Capell conjectured *seemly*. In the next line *indirectly*=wrongfully, so Henry V. ii. 4. 94; and *indirection* in Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 75.

165. LXVIII. line 3: *Before these bastard signs of fair were BORN*.—*Q.* has *borne*, which Malone retained, in the sense of worn; but line 4 would then be a mere repetition of line 3. Moreover, as Dowden notes, *bastard* suggests the idea of birth.

166. LXVIII. line 5: *Before the golden TRESSES of the DEAD*.—We have the same reference in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 144; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 259; and Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 92-96.

167. LXVIII. lines 13, 14: *And him as for a map, &c.*—A variation on the last couplet of the preceding sonnet.

168. LXIX.—In close connection with the last sonnet. There he spoke of his friend's beauty; here and in Son. LXX. he shows how that beauty was bound to arouse envy and scandal.

169. LXIX. line 3: *All TONGUES, the VOICE of SOULS, give thee that DUE*.—So in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 82, and again in Venus and Adonis, 367, the tongue is described as "the engine of her thoughts." For *due* the Quarto has *end*; no doubt an accidental repetition of the *end* in *mend*, line 2.

170. LXIX. line 14: *The SOIL is this*.—*Soil*=blemish, as in Hamlet, i. 3. 15, the sense being: the fault which prevents your odour (keeping up the metaphor of last lines) from matching your show is the fact that you grew

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common. The Cambridge editors say: "as the verb 'to soil' is not uncommon in Old English, meaning 'to solve,' . . . so the substantive 'soil' may be used in the sense of 'solution.'" Q. has *solge*, and Dyce reads *solce*.

171. LXX. line 2: *For SLANDER'S MARK*.—A thought which one meets in various forms. Compare Hero and Leander, First Festival, 285, 286:

Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot.

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 16;

and Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 197, 198:

back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes.

In the same way greatness, we are reminded, is scandal's mark, for

Kings are clouts that every man shoots at.
—Tamburlaine, part I. ii. 4. 8; Bullen's Marlowe, I. p. 37.

Sophocles had long before said: "Yea, point thine arrow at a noble spirit, and thou shalt not miss" (Ajax, 154, 155). As to the inevitableness of calumny we may remember Hamlet's words, iii. 1. 140.

172. LXX. line 6: *being woo'd of TIME*.—I think this means, "being tempted by your youth." Compare what is said in line 9:

Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days;

Wo may remember, too, Son. xli. 3, 4, especially line 4:

For still temptation follows where thou art.

Dowden explains it to mean, "being solicited or tempted by the present times." An obvious allusion is "wood of time." Stannott proposed "wood of pine." No change, however, is necessary.

173. LXX. line 12: *To tie up my overmore's charge*.—I borrow Professor Dowden's note. "Professor Hies writes to me: Surely a reference here to the Fugate Queen, end of bk. vi. Calidore ties up the Latent Beast; after a time he breaks his iron chain, and got into the world at liberty again; i.e. is evermore a charge."

174. LXXI.—Forget me when I am dead. We may contrast Son. xxxiii. and lxxiv.

175. LXXI. line 2: *the surly SULLEN BELL*.—So H. Henry IV. i. 1. 102:

Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*.

Cf., too, "*sullen dirges*" in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 88.

176. LXXI. line 10: *COMPOUNDED am WITH CLAY*.—Compare H. Henry IV. iv. 5. 116: "*compound me with forgotten dust*;" and Hamlet's "*dead and turn'd to clay*" (v. 1. 236).

177. LXXII. line 5: *somewhat VIRTUOUS LIE*.—Did Shakespeare know of Plato's *γενναῖον ψέδος* or Horace's *splendide mendax*? Webster in the Duchess of Malfi, iii. 2, has:

I must now accuse you
Of such a feigned crime as Tasso calls
Magnanimo menzogna, a noble lie.
—Webster and Tournier in Mermait Series, p. 181.

178. LXXII. line 13: *For I am sham'd by THAT WHICH I BRING FORTH*.—These sonnets or his plays?

179. LXXIII.—Carrying on from Son. lxxi. and lxxii. the idea of his own death. For the metaphor worked out in

the first lines the editors compare Cymbeline, iii. 3. 60-64; and Thion of Athens, iv. 3. 203-206.

180. LXXIII. line 4: *Dare RUIN'D choice*. The right reading was first given in the edition of 1649. The Quarto has *ruin'd choice*.

181. LXXIII. lines 7, 8:

black NIGHT . . .

DEATH'S SECOND SELF.

Sleep is the "ape of death" in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 31; the "brother to death" in Daniel's Delia, Son. xlix. (Arber's English Garner, vol. iii. p. 616); the "brother of quiet death" in Griffin's Fidesa, Son. xv (Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 598); "death's twin-brother" in Tennyson's In Memoriam, canto lxxviii.; and in Sir Thomas Browne's treatise on Dreams.

182. LXXIV. lines 1, 2:

when that FELL ARREST

Without all BAIL.

Dowden aptly refers to Hamlet, v. 2. 347, 348:

this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest.

If *without all bail* is said in allusion to the legal phrase *without bail and mainprize* = a summary form of arrest. Cf. the English Traveller, iv. 4:

But speak, runs it
Both *without bail and mainprize*.
—Heywood's Plays in Mermait Series, p. 27.

183. LXXIV. lines 10, 11:

*The PREY of WORMS, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a WRETCH'S KNIFE.*

So Son. lxxi. 3, 4:

fed

From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.

On line 11 Dowden has a curious note: "Does Shakespeare merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe's death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to the dissection of dead bodies? Or is it 'confounding age's cruel knife' of lxxii. l. 10?" Surely the last alternative is the only feasible one. Cf. in addition to Son. lxxii. Son. e. 13, 14:

*Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.*

All through we have these purely conventional touches.

184. LXXIV. lines 13, 14: *The worth of that, &c.*—The good element in the body is that which it (the body) contains; what it contains is the spirit, and his verse is that spirit.

185. LXXV. line 13.—*Thus do I PINE and SURFEIT day by day*.—So Venus and Adonis, 602:

Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;

Where, however, *pine* is transitive.

186. LXXVI.—If what I write is always the same the reason is clear: I always write about you. Compare Son. cv. and cviii.

187. LXXVI. line 4: *To new-found methods, &c.*—A refer-

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ence to contemporary poets. Dowden compares Astrophel and Stella, 3:

Let dainty wits crie on the Sisters nine.
Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old,
Or with strange similes enrich each line.

188. LXXXVI. line 7: *dost almost TELL*.—The Quarto has *fel*.

189. LXXXVI. line 11: *So all my best is DRESSING old words new*.—Compare Son. cxxiii. 4: "*dressings* of a former sight;" where the sense, as here, is reproductions.

190. LXXXVII.—Apparently the sonnet was written to accompany the present of a manuscript volume from Shakespeare to his friend. As I understand the poem, the writer says three things: 1. Look in your glass and you will see how your beauty fades; 2. Look at your dial and you will realize how time flies; 3. Write your thoughts from time to time in the "vacant leaves" (or "waste blanks") of this volume, and then, reading over what you have written, you will realize the change which has gone on in your own nature and character; you will "take a new acquaintance" of your mind. Thus you will appreciate the double change, outward and inward, that has taken place in yourself.

191. LXXXVII. line 4: *And of this book THIS LEARNING mayest thou taste*.—That is, the learning that time flies. I cannot understand Dowden's idea that the line may be "suggested by the fact that Shakspeare is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you learning; but set down your own thoughts, and you will find learning in them." Why "this learning"?

192. LXXXVII. line 6: *OF MOUTHED GRAVES*.—So "*mouthed wounds*" in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 97.

193. LXXXVII. line 10: *Commit to these waste BLANKS*.—Theobald corrected the Quarto, which had *blacks*.

194. LXXXVIII. line 3: *hath GOT MY USE*.—That is, caught my tricks of style; or perhaps, imitated my habit of writing poems to you.

195. LXXXVIII. line 9: *that which I COMPILE*.—*Compile* = compose, write; so Son. lxxxv. 2, and Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 52. Compare Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, 128, 129.

And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires. —Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 10.

The Steel Glass is described on the title-page as "A Satyre Compiled by George Gascoigne Esquiere" (Arber's Reprint, p. 41); and Watson uses the word in the same sense (Watson's poems, Arber's ed. p. 36). *Arts* in line 12 means learning, scholarship; cf. Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 2, and *arts-man* in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 85.

196. LXXX.—A continuation practically of Son. lxxviii. and lxxix; he is jealous of the rival poet. As to this "better spirit," see Introduction, p. 64.

197. LXXX. line 7: *My stately bark*, &c.—Compare Trolius and Cressida, i. 3. 34-42.

198. LXXX. line 11: *Or, being WRECK'D*.—Q. has *wreckt*.

199. LXXXI. line 12: *the BREATHERS of THIS WORLD*.—*This world* must = this present age. For *breath* cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 24.

200. LXXXI. line 14: *even IN THE MOUTHS OF MEN*.—This is like Ennius' "*Volito vivus per ora virum*."

201. LXXXII. line 3: *The DEDICATED WORDS which writers use*.—The sense is, you may without doing wrong read over the dedications of writers who address their books to you. Such pieces of flattery as are here hinted at Shakespeare refers to in Timon of Athens, i. 1. 19, 20:

You're rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

202. LXXXII. line 8: *the TIME-BETTERING days*.—Compare "this growing age" in Son. xxxii. 10; and Pericles, Prologue to act i. 11, 12:

these later times,
When wit's more ripe.

203. LXXXII. line 11: *truly SYMPATHIZ'D*.—Perhaps sympathetically expressed; or, answered, replied to; cf. Lucrece, 1112, 1113:

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

So Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 52.

204. LXXXIII. lines 13, 14: *And their gross painting*, &c.—For the rhyme in this couplet Dowden compares Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 226, 227.

205. LXXXIII. line 1: *I never saw that you did PAINTING need*.—Repeating, obviously, the last couplet of the preceding sonnet—"And their gross painting," &c. Son. lxxxiv. lxxxv. lxxxvi. all turn upon the same idea—that Shakespeare will leave it to others to praise his friend.

206. LXXXIII. lines 11, 12: *For I impair not*, &c.—See Son. ci.; and with the expression "would give life, and bring a tomb" compare Son. xvii. 1-4.

207. LXXXIV. lines 3, 4:

the STORE

If *rich should EXAMPLE where your equal grew*.

Referring to the idea that his friend should marry and so in his children hand on a proof and sign of his own beauty. For *store* see Son. xiv. 12. *Example* as in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 85:

I will *example* it.

208. LXXXIV. line 11: *And such a COUNTERPART shall FAME his wit*.—*Counterpart* = exact reproduction. *Fame* = make famous; cf. *infamozize* in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 684; and Marvel, Appleton House:

From that blest bed the hero came
Whom France and Poland yet does *fame*.

—Works, iii. p. 207.

209. LXXXIV. line 14: *Being FOND ON PRAISE*.—There is no need to change to the more usual *fond of*; cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 260:

More *fond* on her than she upon her love.

210. LXXXV. lines 3, 4:

RESERVE THEIR CHARACTER WITH GOLDEN QUILL,
And PRECIOUS PHRASE by all the MUSES FIL'D.

What *reserve their character* means I do not know. According to Maloué, *reserve* = preserve, which does not help us much. Can the sense be "become immortal"? as though that which is well written can never lose its freshness, must always be of the same value and interest. Dowden suggests *deserve*, i.e. they deserve to be written.

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Golden quill occurs in Spenser, Son. lxxxiv. Globe ed. p. 585. *Precious* may be said with some suggestion of scorn; Love's Labour's Lost is a study of "preciousness" (Emphasis) of style. *Filed*=polished; worked up with that *time labor* which Horace recommends. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. i. 11; and the Passionate Pilgrim, 306. Many instances outside Shakespeare might be given; here are some:

Thy *filed* wordes
Yat from thy mouth did flow.

—Barnabe Googe's Sonettes, Arber's Reprint, p. 99;

Love's Metamorphosis, i. 2: "It is not your faire faces
nor your *filed* speeches" (Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 219; and again, vol. i. p. 182); "polished wordes, or *filed* speeches" (Stubbes Anatomy, part i. p. 23); well-torned and true-*filed* lines (Ben Jonson, Verses on Shakespeare).

211. LXXXVI.—For the references in this sonnet see Introduction, p. 64.

212. LXXXVI. line 4: *Making their TOMB the WOMB wherein they grew*.—So Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 9, 10:

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb.

For the same idea cf. the following passages:—Lucretius, v. 260:

Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum;

Spenser—Ruines of Time:

The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid;

and Milton, Paradise Lost, ii. 910, 911:

this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

213. LXXXVI. line 13: *FILL'D up his line*.—*Fild* is clearly in antithesis to *lack'd*. When his Verse was "graced" (Son. lxxviii. 12) by you, I was left out, was without inspiration. *Fild* is a pointless change.

214. LXXXVII.—This and the six following sonnets all dwell upon the estrangement which has grown up between Shakespeare and his friend. We may note the verbal links that connect the poems.

215. LXXXVII. line 4: *My BONDS in thee are all DETERMINATE*.—*Bonds*=claims on. Shakespeare uses his favourite legal language. For *determinate* see note on *determination* in Son. xlii. 6; and cf. Richard II. i. 3. 150, 151:

The fly-slow hours shall not *determinate*
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.

216. LXXXVIII. line 3: *Upon thy side against myself I'll fight*.—Compare Son. exlii. 1, 2:

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee purloine?

The present sonnet sounds like an echo of Son. xlix.; here he does ext. lyt what he there promised to do:

Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,

Against that time do I ensconce me here,

Within the knowledge of mine own desert,

And this my hand against myself upreast,

To guard the lawful reasons on thy part.

Desert there=demerit, i.e. the mine own weakness of this sonnet. Note also Son. xxxv.

217. LXXXIX. line 6: *To SET A FORM*.—That is, make definite and decided; or perhaps it=cause to appear decent and becoming, i.e. gloss over.

218. LXXXIX. line 8: *I will acquaintance STRANGLE, and look STRANGE*.—*Strangle*=extinguish, as in Macbeth, ii. 4. 7. *Strange*=distant; to look *strange* on a person was to pass by without recognizing him; in our phrase, to "cut" him. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. i. 295:

Why look you *strange* on me? You know me well;

so Son. ex. 6; xlix. 5 ("strangely pass"); Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 102; and Othello, iii. 3. 12.

219. XC.—If you mean to turn away from me, do so now when all the world frowns on me. Line 1, "Then *hate* me when thou wilt," takes up the last line of lxxxix.: "whom thou dost *hate*."

220. XC. line 6: *in the REARWARD of a conquer'd woe*.—That is, at the end of a woe which I have conquered. *Rearward* as in Much Ado, iv. 1. 123.

221. XC. line 7: *Give not a WINDY night a RAINY morrow*.—Referring to the fact that wind generally precedes rain; see Troilus and Cressida, note 246; and cf. Lucrece, 1788-1790, and III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 85, 86.

222. XCI. line 3: *though NEW-FANGLED ill*.—Compare Sir John Davies' Orchestra, st. 10:

First known and used in this *new-fangled* age;

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 27;

and Spenser:

The schooles they fill with *fond new-fanglenes*.

—Globe ed. p. 504.

It was a favourite word with Stubbes; see the Anatomy, Furnivall's ed. pp. 31, 365, 396; see, too, As You Like It, note 137.

223. XCI. line 10: *RICHER than wealth, PROUDER than garments' cost*.—Dowden refers to Cymbeline, iii. 3. 23, 24:

Richer than doing nothing for a bauble [bauble?]

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

224. XCII.—This is an expansion of Son. xcl. The emphatic words are *humour* and *inconstant*. You may, says Shakespeare, take all from me and so ruin me; but I shall not be at the mercy of your caprices, because the first act of disloyalty on your part will kill me. So long as you are true, so long I live; be false, and I die straightway. The first line, "steal thyself away," echoes the last couplet of the last sonnet:

thou mayst take

All this away.

225. XCII. line 13: *But what 's so BLESSED-FAIR that fears no blot!*—This is not unsuggestive of Othello, iii. 3. 138-141. In Othello, too, we have (iv. 2. 68) the compound *lovely-fair*; see, however, note 211 to that play.

226. XCIII. lines 7, 8: *In many's looks, &c.*—A favourite idea with Shakespeare; cf. Macbeth, i. 4. 11, 12:

There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face;

and i. 7. 83:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Contrast Lucrece, 1390:

The face of either clype'd either's heart.

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Euripides had long before said in the *Medea*, 516-520, that sordid gold all can tell, but on the body of the evil man no stamp is set whereby to know him.

227. XCIII. line 13: *EVE'S apple*.—Q. reads *Eaves* in italics.

228. XCIV.—From those who are cold, self-centred, self-contained, we expect the highest perfection. They set up a lofty standard and must abide by it. True to their ideal, they win the greater praise; untrue, their fall is the greater (line 14):

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

229. XCIV. line 8: *Others but STEWARDS*.—*Stewards*, and so responsible; not *lords and owners*, having absolute possession.

230. XCIV. line 10: *Though to itself it only LIVE and DIE*.—Compare Son. liv. 10, 11:

*They live unwood'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves.*

In line 12 Sidney Walker suggested *barren*, quite needlessly.

231. XCIV. line 14: *Lilies that fester*, &c.—This line occurs in the doubtful play *Edward III.* ii. 2. (near the end). Tanchitz ed. p. 24. Myself, I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare had a hand in the composition of *Edward III.* (first printed in 1596), and the passage in which the line comes is one of the most Shakespearean parts of the play.

Fester=rot. The rhyme in the couplet occurred in Son. ix. lines 10 and 12. Dowden compares with the whole sonnet *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 399-404.

232. XCV.—Sonnet xcv. partially reverses the idea of previous sonnet. You are so fair that frailty in you ceases to be fond. Beauty covers up your sins. Only do not rely too much on your privilege; do not abuse your seeming immunity from blame. Lines 13 and 14 give the warning. The next sonnet continues the subject of his friend's errors.

233. XCV. line 12: *And all things TURN TO FAIR that eyes can see*.—He had previously said:

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows.
—Sonnet xl. 13.

234. XCVI. line 3: *are loved of MORE and LESS*.—That is, great and small. Dowden compares *1. Henry IV.* iv. 3. 68:

The more and less came in with cap and knee.

235. XCVI. lines 13, 14: *But do not so*, &c.—Compare Son. xxxvi. 13, 14.

236. XCVII.—Written after an absence which has made the summer as winter to him. The metaphor is carried on in the next sonnet. *Winter* in line 1 reminds us of Son. iv. 13.

237. XCVIII. line 7: *any SUMMER'S STORY*.—*Summer's story*=a gay fiction, as Malone quaintly phrases it. He neatly parallels the passage by *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 12-14:

*If 't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance.*

238. XCVIII. line 9: *the LILY's white*.—So Collier; *lilies* in Q.

239. XCIX.—Taking up the last verse of last sonnet:
As with your shadow I with these did play.

This curious type of flower sonnet was a favourite Elizabethan conceit. Compare Constable's *Diana* (1594 or earlier), First Decade, Son. 9:

*My Lady's presence makes the Roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame.
The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became;
And her white hands in them this envy bred.
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spread;
Because the sun's and her power is the same.
The Violet of purple colour came,
Dyed in the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief. All flowers from her their Virtue take;
From her sweet breath, their sweet smells do proceed.*

—Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 233.

So again, Spenser, *Amoretti*, 64, Globe edition of Works, p. 582. The following, too, from a song by Thomas Campion, is worth giving:

*There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits doth flow.
—Bullen's Lyrics (1887), p. 126.*

240. XCIX. line 1: *The forward VIOLET thus did I chide*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 935, 936:

*his health and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.*

241. XCIX. line 3: *The PURPLE pride*.—*Purple* is used by the poets in the vaguest way. *Purpureus* simply expressed extreme brightness of colour; so Horace applies it to a swan—*purpureis ales olorbis*. In Venus and Adonis, line 1, the sun is *purple-coloured*; and in line 1054 of the same poem Adonis' wound sheds "*purple tears*." For "*purple tears*," indeed, compare *111. Henry VI.* v. 6. 64; and for "*purpled hands*," King John, ii. 1. 322, and Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 158. Gray, I suppose, was thinking of the classical use of the epithet when he spoke of "*the purple light of love*."

242. XCIX. line 8: *The ROSES fearfully*, &c.—Note Lucrece, 477-479:

*The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace.*

The daring employment in this sonnet of the "pathetic fallacy" reminds one a little of the famous song in "*Maud*," with those stanzas which Ruskin criticises so severely.

243. C.—He resumes the Sonnets after an interval, perhaps, of play-writing.

244. C. line 3: *Spend'st thou thy FURY*.—*Fury*=inspiration, or poetic enthusiasm. Compare Sir John Davies' *Orchestra*, 131:

*And in my mind such sacred fury move;
—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 56;*

and *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 229:

What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

and *Othello*, iii. 4. 72:

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work.

The *furor poeticus* was a favourite baroque character; see *The Returne from Parnassus*, Arber's Reprint, p. 18, and *Randolph's Conceited Peddler*, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i.

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p. 43. In Son. xvii. 11 we had "a poet's *rage*" in the same sense, and then we might have quoted from Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 416, 417:

Of the old *rage*. Yet I have a trick

245. c. line 9: *Rise, RESTY Muse*.—Compare Astrophel and Stella, lxxx. 12:

And no spur can his *resty* race renew.
—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 543.

So probably in the same sense of torpid, Cymbeline, lil. 6. 34, 35:

when *resty* sooth
Finds the down-pillow hard.

Dowden quotes *resty-stiff* from Edward III. lil. 3. p. 44, Tauchnitz ed.; and Dyce refers to Cole's Latin and English Dictionary: "*Resty, piger, lentus*."

246. c. line 11: *be a SATIRE to decay*.—That is, mock decay. *Satire* is explained to = *satirist*, for which we are referred to The Poetaster, v. 1:

The honest *satyr* hath the happiest soul.
—Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. li. p. 574.

247. ci.—Subject the same. "O truant Muse" repeats "Where art thou, Muse?" of last sonnet.

248. ci. line 3: *Both TRUTH and BEAUTY*.—Love inspires my Muse; and with my Muse does it rest to make his beauty and truth immortal. Compare Son. xiv. 11:

As *truth* and *beauty* shall together thrive;

and line 14:

Thy end is *truth's* and *beauty's* doom and date.

Se Son. liv. 1, 2:

O, how much more doth *beauty* beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which *truth* doth give!

and The Phoenix and the Turtle, 62-64:

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and *beauty* buried be.

249. cii. lines 7, 8:

As *Philomel* in *summer's* FRONT doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of *riper* days.

Dowden compares The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 3: "Peering In April's front." The idea of the passage is partially the same as that in Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 101-103.

250. cii. line 12: *And sweets grown common lose their dear delight*.—Compare Son. lil. 3, 4:

The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

In the previous line (11) "*wild music*" reminds us of Milton's "warbling his weednotes *will*."

251. ciii.—If my verso is Iano, the faint lies with the subject, to which none could do justice. Compare Son. lxxxiii., especially the last six lines.

252. ciii. line 1: *what POVERTY*.—So Son. lxxxiv. 5:
Lean *penury* within that pen doth dwell.

253. ciii. line 10: *To MAR the subject that before was WELL*.—Dowden compares Lear, i. 4. 369:

Striving to better, oft we *mar* what's *well*;

and King John, iv. 2. 28, 29.

254. civ.—To the eyes of true love beauty never passes:

the loved object remains the same. The idea is expressed again in Son. cviii. 9-14.

255. civ. line 3: *THREE winters cold*.—A time reference, which does not, however, help very much in evolving the history of the Sonnets. Dyce reads *three winters' cold*.

256. civ. line 10: *STEAL from his figure*.—Compare Son. lxxvii. 7: "thy dial's shaly *stealth*." The "hourly dial" is mentioned in Lucrece, 327.

257. cv.—Compare Son. lxxvi. and cviii.

258. cv. line 9: *FAIR, KIND, and TRUE*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, li. 6. 53-57:

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, *wise, fair, and true*,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Se Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 109, 110:

the moral of my wit
Is "*plain and true*;" there's all the reach of it.

259. cv. lines 10, 11:

VARYING to other words;
And in this CHANGE is my INVENTION spent.

Compare Son. lxxvi. 2:

So far from *variation* or quick *change*.

Change, as in The Two Gentlemen, iv. 2. 69: "Hark, what fine *change* is in the music;" and *invention* as in the Dedication to Venus and Adonis, "the first heir of my *invention*." The sense of the lines is clear: all I can do is to express *fair, kind, and true* in different ways; the subject must always be the same.

260. cvi.—All attempts in the past to describe beauty are but faint anticipations, prefigurings, of your beauty.

261. cvi. line 3: *And beauty making beautiful, &c.*—That is, beauty as the subject which enabled these poets of old to write beautifully.

262. cvi. line 9: *So all their praises are but PROPHECIES*.—Dowden well compares Constable's Diana:

Miracle of the world, I never will deny
That former poets praise the beauty of their days;
But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,
And all those poets did of thee but *prophecy*.

263. cvi. line 12: *They had not SKILL enough*.—Q. has still, an impossible reading, as it seems to me.

264. cvii. lines 1, 2:

nor the PROPHECIC SOUL

Of the wide world dreaming on THINGS to COME.

Prophetic soul (cf. Hamlet, i. 5. 40) echoes the *prophecies* of the last sonnet, line 9. *Things to come* is the best of the proposed emendations of Troilus and Cressida, lil. 3. 4, 5.

265. cvii. lines 5-8: *The mortal MOON, &c.*—This sounds like a contemporary reference, and Mr. Gerald Massey explains it as an allusion to the death of Elizabeth and the release of Southampton from the Tower. I believe that the lines do contain some reference; only the clue to it has been lost. We may compare for much the same language Venus and Adonis, 509, 510.

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266. CVII. line 10: *and death to me subscribes*.—*Subscribes*=yields, as in Lear, i. 2, 24; and again in iii. 7. 65, a well-known crux.

267. CVII. line 14: *When TYRANTS' CRESTS and TOMBS of BRASS*.—The line has a flavour in it of the *regum apices* and Horace's *monumenta perennius*. Compare the "gilded monuments" in iv. 1.

268. CVIII.—I can say nothing in your praise which I have not said before; yet these things which I have repeated so often can never seem old to me, because love which inspires them is ever fresh, and to true love the object loved must always remain young and beautiful as it was at first. The theme with which he closes the sonnet reminds us of xv. 13, 14:

And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engrave you new.

And again, civ. 1-3:

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, &c.

269. CVIII. line 3: *what NEW to register*.—The Quarto has *note*. *New* is pretty certainly right. We gain nothing by Sidney Walker's

What's *new* to speak, what *new* to register.

270. CVIII. line 9: *in LOVE'S FRESH CASE*.—I believe this only means, in the case of love which is ever fresh. Love is the emphatic word: in the case of love time and change do not count. *Fresh* is added to strengthen the idea of love's abiding vigour.

271. CIX. line 5: *if I have RANG'D*.—*Rang'd*=gone away or astray; so Tennyson, In Memoriam, canto xxi.: "her little ones have *rang'd*."

272. CIX. line 7: *Just to the time, &c.*—At the right time and—half-quibblingly—not altered with the time, i.e. by absence.

273. CIX. line 11: *be STAIN'D*.—Stainton needlessly proposed *strain'd*. For *blood*=passion, in line 10, cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 74.

274. CIX. lines 13, 14:

For nothing, this wide universe I call,
Save thou, MY ROSE.

That is, you apart, excepted, I count the world nothing. With *my rose* cf. "beauty's rose" in Son. i. 2. So Othello, v. 2. 13-16.

275. CX.—This and the following sonnet are generally regarded as a reference by Shakespeare to his actor's life. See what is said on the subject in Troilus and Cressida, note 67.

276. CX. line 3: *Gor'd mine own thoughts*.—*Gor'd*=done violence to; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 228.

277. CX. line 4: *Made old offences of affection new*.—Dowden says: "Entered into new friendships and loves, which were transgressions against my old love." I do not altogether see how this sense can be got out of the English, though it agrees well with line 11. May it not mean: prostituted my love—a love so new, so unknown to other men, so rare—to the old hackneyed purposes and commonplaces of the stage, made capital out of my emotions, turned my passion to account, sold cheap what is most dear? All this being done in his capacity as actor.

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278. CXI. line 1: *WITH Fortune chide*.—Q. has *reish*.

279. CXI. line 10: *Potions of EISEL*.—So Hamlet, v. i. 299: "Woo't drink up *eisel*?" Nares quotes from Skelton:

He drank *eisel* and gall
To redeem us withal.

See Dyer's Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 275; and Hunter's Illustrations, ii. p. 263.

280. CXII.—Your praise or blame is for me the sole standard of right and wrong. *Pity* in line 1 repeats the *pity* in cxl. 14.

281. CXII. line 10: *my ADDER'S SENSE*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 127.

282. CXII. line 13: *in my purpose BRED*.—*Bred*=firmly established or harboured. Cf. Son. cviii. 13:

Finding the first conceit of love there *bred*.

283. CXII. line 14: *ARE dead*.—Q. has *y're*, and some editors read *they're*. I have followed the Globe ed.

284. CXIII.—Though away you are present to me in everything; cxix. is a continuation.

285. CXIII. line 6: *which it doth LATCH*.—So Macbeth, iv. 3. 135:

Where hearing should not *latch* them,

In Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 36, *latch*=smear.

286. CXIII. line 14: *maketh MINE UNTRUE*.—So the Quarto; but it is very strange. *Untrue* must be a substantiv, with the sense, perhaps, *error*. Various proposals have been made; myself, I should like to read *eye*.

287. CXIV. lines 4-6: *your lore taught it this alchemy, &c.*—So Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 232-234:

Things base and vile . . .
Love can transpo to form and dignity:
Love locks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

288. CXIV. line 9: *'tis FLATTERY in my SEEING*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 328:

My eye too great a *flatterer* for my mind.

289. CXIV. line 12: *doth prepare the CUP*.—Alluding to the tasters to princes. See King John, note 308. Drayton writes:

Golden cups do harbour poison,
—England's Helicon, Bullen's ed. p. 37.

290. CXV. lines 11, 12:

o'er INCERTAINTY,
CROWNING the present.

Compare evil 7:

Incertainities now crown themselves assur'd.

291. CXVI. line 4: *with the REMOVER to REMOVE*.—*Remove*=fall away, be faithless:

Happy the heart that thinks of no *remover*.
—Song in Bullen's Lyrics (1887), p. 26.

Compare, too, Son. xxv. 13, 14:

Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not *remove* nor be *remov'd*.

292. CXVI. line 5: *an EVER-FIXED mark*.—So Othello, v. 2. 208:

And very *sea-mark* of my utmost aim;

and Coriolanus, v. 3. 74:

Like a great *sea-mark*, standing every flaw.

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293. CXVI. line 7: *It is the STAR*.—Referring to the northern star. Cf. Much Ado, iii. 4. 59; and Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 60-62. So The Faithful Shepherdess, l. 2:

that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep.
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Mermaid ed. vol. 2. p. 329.

294. CXVI. line 8: *Whose worth's unknown*, &c.—A difficult and much-discussed line. Dowden says: "The passage seems to mean, 'As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies.'" This is not very satisfactory; but I am afraid I cannot suggest anything better. Perhaps the difficulty comes in this way, that we do not quite know how an Elizabethan regarded the stars. Popular astronomy may have held that the northern star was materially as rich in wealth as this earth. Suppose now that we take *worth* literally; the sense might be this: The height, *altitude*, of the star is known; but who can tell what riches it contains? The outward is visible to us; the inward is hidden. So, too, with love. We can gain a rough estimate and idea of its extent; we can measure it from the outward. But the real essence and worth of the passion is incalculable, unknown, just as the worth of the star is unknown. In either case we see little more than the outside, the surface.

295. CXVI. line 9: *TIME'S FOOL*.—Dowden compares l. Henry IV. v. 4. 81: "Life time's fool."

296. CXVI. line 12: *But BEARS IT out even to the EDGE of doom*.—Compare All's Well, iii. 3. 5, 6. *It* is redundant, just as in an expression like "carry it;" cf. Othello, i. 1. 66, 67:

What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can *carry 't* thus!

297. CXVII. line 3: *FORGOT upon your dearest love TO CALL*.—Compare Son. cl.:

O truest Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd? &c.

298. CXVII. lines 5, 6:
*frequent been with UNKNOWN MINDS,
And given to TIME.*

Line 5 illustrates Dowden's interpretation of ex. 4. *Time*—the time, society; see Son. xvi. 10. Staunton, who seems to have had a mania for making needless emendations, proposed "to them."

299. CXVII. line 9: *Book both my wilfulness*.—*Book*=register, as in Henry V. iv. 7. 76, if, that is to say, we adopt Dyce's reading in the latter passage.

300. CXVII. line 11: *within the LEVEL*.—*Level*=aim; cf. A Lover's Complaint, 309:

That not a heart which in his *level* came.

301. CXVII. lines 13, 14:
*I did strive to PROVE
The constancy and virtue of your love.*

Contrast ex. 10, 11:

Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend.

302. CXVIII. line 2: *With EAGER compounds*.—*Eager*=VOL. VIII.

bitter, sharp, the French *aigre*. It is used twice in Hamlet in the same sense; cf. i. 4. 2: "a nipping and an *eager* air;" and i. 5. 69: "like *eager* droppings into milk."

303. CXVIII. line 6: *did I FRAME my feeding*.—*Frame*=sult, adapt. So the Passionate Pilgrim, 323:

And to her will *frame* all thy ways;

and 111. Henry VI. iii. 2. 185:

And *frame* my face to all occasions.

304. CXIX.—Carrying on idea of previous sonnet, with the same metaphor, "potions," "fever," &c.

305. CXIX. line 10: *That better is by EVIL still MADE BETTER*.—Repeating the "by ill be cured" of cxviii. 12.

306. CXIX. line 14: *And gain by ILL*.—The Quarto has *ills*; but I think the singular is required; cf. "O benefit of *ill*" in line 9.

307. CXX.—Remembering how much I suffered when you were untrue, I might have divined how much you would suffer by my disloyalty, and that thought should have given me reason to pause. Still the fact that you did trespass once must be an excuse for me now. "We are quits."

308. CXX. line 9: *O, that OUR NIGHT OF WOE*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 481:

The *night of sorrow* now is turn'd to day.

Staunton proposed *sour*.

309. CXX. line 11: *And soon to you*, &c.—Sidney Walker would print the line thus:

And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd.

I don't think the change is necessary.

310. CXXI. line 1: *than VILE ESTEEMED*.—Dyce and some other editors read *vile-esteem'd*.

311. CXXI. line 3: *And the just PLEASURE lost*.—Should we not read *and the just pleasure's lost*? the sense being: We lose that pleasure which seems vile ("is so deem'd") to others, but is not felt to be so by us.

312. CXXI. line 6: *Give SALUTATION to my sportive BLOOD*.—So Henry VIII. ii. 3. 103: "If this *salute* my blood a jot." I owe the reference to Dowden.

313. CXXI. line 9: *I AM THAT I AM*.—We may remember Iago's "I am not what I am" (Othello, i. 1. 65).

314. CXXI. line 11: *themselves be BEVEL*.—*Bevel*=slanting or cranked: a builder's term.

315. CXXII.—He has received some tables (memorandum-books) from his friend and has given them away. Here he apologizes for having done so: the true tables on which you are written down are my heart and brain: what others should I need?

316. CXXII. line 1: *Thy gift, thy TABLES*.—For *tables* see Troilus and Cressida, note 262.

317. CXXIII.—He takes up the idea of forgetfulness suggested in last line of last sonnet: he will be true in spite of time. The poem is full of conventional metaphor.

318. CXXIII. line 7: *And rather make THEM born to our desire*.—*Them*="what thou dost foist upon us;" the sense being, "you foist upon us things which really are old and

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hackneyed, but which we imagine to be new—"born to our desire"—created just to please us.

319. CXXIV. lines 3, 4: *As subject to Time's love, &c.*—"My love might be subject to Time's hate, and so plucked up as a weed, or subject to Time's love, and so gathered as a flower" (Dowden).

320. CXXIV. line 7: *THRILLED DISCONTENT*.—Does this refer to the affected "melancholy" of which Jaques speaks? See note 126 on *As You Like It*; and cf. Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 2. "My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*: is it not *gentlemanlike to be melancholy*?" (Fauchnitz ed. p. 114).

321. CXXIV. line 12: *nor GROWS with heat*.—Steevens would read *gloves*.

322. CXXVI.—This poem is generally regarded as the *curee*, the conclusion of the series addressed to Shakespeare's friend. The editor of the Quarto evidently thought that a couplet was missing, as he left a space for the—apparently—absent lines 13, 14.

323. CXXVI. line 2: *his SICKLE HOUR*.—There must be some corruption of the text. Unfortunately no emendation—*sickle hour, fickle hour, sickle-hour*—is at all satisfactory.

324. CXXVI. line 14: *And her QUIETUS is to render thee*.—For *quietus* see Hamlet, iii. 1. 75. Sometimes we find the full expression *quietus est*.

325. CXXVII.—Introducing the "Dark Woman" series of sonnets.

326. CXXVII. line 1: *BLACK was not counted FAIR*.—See Troilus and Cressida, 1. 1. 14.

327. CXXVII. line 3: *bead-FASTOONED their*.—See Titus Andronicus, note 1.

328. CXXVII. line 9: *my white-ROSEBOWS are raven black*.—Q. has *eyes*, which, I think, *must* be wrong. I have followed the Globe editors. Walker proposed *hairs*.

329. CXXVII. line 10: *Her EYES so suited, and they mourners seem*.—It is worth noting that in the old prose History of Dr. Faustus Helen is described as having "most amorous *ecle black eyes*;" and Helen, as we know from Marlowe, was taken as a perfect type of beauty. Sidney complains (Astrophel and Stella, vii. 1, 2):

When Nature made her chief work—*Stella's eyes*
In colour black, why wrapt she beams so bright?

—Arber's English Garner, vol. 1. p. 506.

Suited = clad, as in cxxxii. 12; and Lear, iv. 7. 6. Dyce reads *as they*. For the conceit in the line cf. cxxxii. 1-3.

330. CXXVII. line 11: *not born FAIR*.—The use of cosmetics in dyeing hair, and such like devices, are continually referred to; see, for instance, Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses, part I. pp. 67-69; and Fairholt's Lily, vol. i. pp. 238, 239. Perhaps these customs were introduced from Italy. Coryat in his Crudities has much to tell us concerning the ways of the Venetian ladies: "All the women of Venice every Saturday in the afternoon doo use to annoint their haire with oyle, or some other drugs, to the end to make it looke faire, that is whitish. For that colour is most affected of the Venetian Dames and Ladies." He describes

the process, which included drying in the sun (vol. ii. pp. 37, 38).

331. CXXVIII. line 1: *thou, my MUSIC*.—Compare Son. viii. 1: "*Musie to hear*."

332. CXXIX.—As a study of lust contrasted with love this sonnet may be compared with Lucrece, 687-743, and the single stanza in Venus and Adonis, 799-804. It is a commonplace of criticism that Shakespeare's Sonnets almost suffer as works of art from this plethora of meaning; they are, in Trench's phrase, "so double-shotted with thought." I suppose there is nowhere in the plays and poems a more striking instance of compression than this sonnet affords. Every line is packed with passion. It may be noticed that the poem seems to be rather out of place; linked in no way with the preceding and following sonnets.

333. CXXIX. line 4: *Savage, extreme, rude, CRUEL*.—Compare Hero and Leander, Second Section, 299, 300:

*Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.*

—Bulfinch's Marlowe, iii. 35.

334. CXXIX. line 10: *HAD, HAVISO, and in quest TO HAVE*.—The sense is clear; the grammar less so. For similar compressions cf. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 203:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

and Hamlet, i. 2. 158:

It is not our ill can come to good.

335. CXXIX. lines 11, 12:

*A bliss in proof,—and PROVE D, A VERY WOE;
Before, a joy propowd; behind, a dream.*

The Quarto has *provd* and *very woe*. The sentiment of the couplet is an obvious one; cf. Lucrece, 211, 212:

What win I, if I gale the thing I seek?

A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy;

and lines 867, 868:

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

336. CXXX.—A description of his mistress in the conventional style of Elizabethan idealism. For a close parallel we may turn to Fidesa, Son. cxxxix.—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 610; and for a good contrast to Watson's Tears of Fancy—Arber's Reprint, p. 43. We find such passages of highly-wrought description in Spenser, Sidney, Lodge; indeed, *passim* in the sonnet literature of the time.

337. CXXX. line 4: *If HAIRS be WIRES*.—Why do Elizabethan writers always compare hair with wire? It is not a particularly happy image; yet it occurs over and over again. Here are some instances: Spenser's Epithalamion:

*Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden rays;
—Globe ed. p. 589;*

Parthenophil and Parthenophe, Son. xlii:

Her hair disordered, brown and crisped wire.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 346;

England's Helicon, song:

Her tresses are like wires of beaten gold.

—Bulfinch's ed. p. 83;

Diella, iii.:

Her hair exceeds gold forced in smallest wire.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. vii. p. 190;

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Hiero and Leander, Fourth Sestiad, 290, 291:

her tresses were of wire,

Knit like a net.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 68;

Peele's Praise of Chastity:

Whose ticing *hair*, like nets of golden *wire*,

Enchains thy heart.

—Dyce's Greene's Peele, p. 602.

Was it something in the Elizabethan *coiffure* which suggested the comparison? The hair may have been stiffened until it really looked like wire.

338. CXXX. line 14: *As any she belied with FALSE COMPARE*.—Compare Son. xxi. 1-8.

339. CXXXI. line 3: *to my DEAR DOTING heart*.—Dyce reads *dear-doting*.

340. CXXXII. lines 1-4: *Thine eyes I love*, &c.—Compare Son. cxviii. Much the same conceit occurs in Astrophel and Stella, vii. 11-14 (Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 506).

341. CXXXII. line 2: *thy HEART TORMENTS*.—Q. has *heart torment*; and it has been suggested that we should place a comma after *heart*, and refer *torment* to *eyes* in the previous line.

342. CXXXII. line 6: *the GRAY cheeks of the east*.—See note on Titus Andronicus, ii. 2. 1.

343. CXXXIII. —A fresh idea. The "dark woman" has taken his friend from him. Connected with xl. xli. xlii.?

344. CXXXIII. line 5: *Me from myself*, &c.—Compare The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 172, 173. *My next self* in line 6 is repeated in *that other mine* in cxxxiv. 3.

345. CXXXIII. line 9: *Prison my heart in thy steel boson's ward*.—We have this idea several times; cf. Son. xxii. 6, 7:

my heart,

Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;

Son. elx. 3, 4:

As easy might I from myself depart

As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie;

and Richard III. 1. 2. 204:

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.

Compare too Barnes Parthenophil and Parthenophe, xvi.:

Yet this delights, and makes me triumph much,

That mine heart, in her body lies imprisoned.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 349.

346. CXXXIII. line 13: *being pent in thee*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 134.

347. CXXXIV.—The verbal links with the last sonnet are clear: "he is thine" echoes "perforce am thine;" and "that other mine" repeats "my next self."

348. CXXXIV. line 9: *The statute of thy beauty*, &c.—You will put the statute into execution and claim the letter of your bond, like a very Shylock. *Statute*="security or obligation for money" (Malone).

349. CXXXV.—Here, and in the next sonnet, we have elaborate quibbles, such as were common enough in Shakespeare's time. Sidney plays upon the word *Rich* in exactly the same way; see Astrophel and Stella, xxxvii. (Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 521). In line 2 "*Will to hoot*" refers to his friend; "*Will in overplus*"=Shakespeare him-

self. In the first line *Will* ought, I believe, to be written "will"=desire, in antithesis to "wish." Possibly, however, the husband of the "dark woman" was a Will.

350. CXXXV. line 13: *Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill*.—So the Quarto; but I can make no sense of the text Of the emendations, two are noticeable: "Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill" (Dowden); and "no fair beseechers *skill*"=avail, i.e. against Shakespeare. The latter is Mr. W. M. Rossetti's proposal.

351. CXXXVI. line 8: *Among a number ONE is RECKON'D NONE*.—So Hiero and Leander, First Sestiad, 255: "*One is no number*;" and Fifth Sestiad, 330, "*for one no number is*" (Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. pp. 15 and 84). Compare, too, Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 32, 33, and note.

352. CXXXVI. line 10: *in thy STORE's account*.—Q. has *stores*; but everywhere else the word occurs in the singular.

353. CXXXVI. line 12: *a SOMETHING SWEET to thee*.—Query: *a something, sweet, to thee*, as Dyce reads.

354. CXXXVI. lines 13, 14: *Make but my name thy love*, &c.—Dowden says: "Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, i.e. all desire." Is this right? I should have thought the sense was: "Let your love be named *Will* (i.e. his friend), and then in loving him you must indirectly love me, since my name too is *Will*."

355. CXXXVII. line 6: *Be ANCHOR'D in the bay*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 31-33; and Cymbeline, v. 5. 393.

356. CXXXVII. lines 9, 10:

a SEVERAL plot

Which my heart knows the WIDE WORLD's common place
Several=belonging to a private owner. Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 223, where (as here) a quibble is intended.

My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be.

A *several* was an inclosed field, as opposed to public land= a common. *Wide world*, as in Son. evii. 2.

357. CXXXVIII.—See the Passionate Pilgrim, poem 1.

358. CXXXIX. line 6: *forbear to GLANCE thine EYE aside*.—Compare exl. 14: "Bear thine eyes straight."

359. CXXXIX. line 14: *KILL ME OUTRIGHT with looks*, &c.—So Constable, Diana, Son. v. of the Fourth Decade, 7-9:

Dear! if all other favour you shall grudge,

Do speedily execution with your eye!

With one sole look, you leave in me no soul.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 243.

Dowden compares Astrophel and Stella, xlviii. 13, 14:

Dear killer, spare not thy sweet cruel shot;

A kind of grace it is, to slay with speed.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 527.

360. CXL. line 3: *Least SORROW LEND me WORDS*.—We may remember Macbeth, iv. 3. 209, 210:

the grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

"True grief is dumb," says a character in Old Fortunatus, ii. 2 (Merrmaid edition of Dekker, p. 332); and Seneca long before had written:

Curæ levis loquantur, majores stupent,

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a line which is quoted in the Returne from Parnassus (Arber's Reprint, p. 20); also in the Revenger's Tragedy, i. 4 (Webster & Tournour in the Mermaid Series, p. 362).

361. CXLI. line 1: *I do not LOVE thee WITH mine EYES.*—We may remember the song in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 63-66:

Tell me where is Lancy bred,
It is engender'd in the eyes.

So Lilly in Love's Metamorphosis, l. 1: "In the blood is he (love) begot, by the fraile fires of the eye" (Fairholt's Lilly, ii. 215).

362. CXLI. line 9: *But my FIVE WITS nor my five senses can.*—See note 269 on Lear.

363. CXLI. lines 11, 12: *If he leaves unstay'd, &c.*—"My heart ceases to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man—a man without a heart—in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart" (Dowden).

364. CXLI. line 14: *she that makes me SIN.*—Echoed in the next sonnet, lines 1, 2: "Love is my sin," &c.

365. CXLI. line 4: *And thou shalt find IT merits not re- proving.*—In Dowden the line stands:

And thou shalt find ITS merits not re-proving.

A misprint? If an emendation, surely rather strange.

365. CXLI. lines 6, 7:

profan'd their SCARLET ORNAMENTS

And SEAL'D false BONDS.

Compare Constable's Diana, Son. vi. of the Fourth Decade, line 9:

Your tips, in scarlet clad, my judges be,
—Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 243.

Dowden quotes Edward III. ii. 1. 10:

His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments.

"Ruby-colour'd portal" is said of Adonis' mouth, Venus and Adonis, 451. For the metaphor of *sealing*, see Troilus and Cressida, note 179.

367. CXLI. line 8: *Robb'd others' BEDS' REVENUES.*—Q. has *beds revenues*. *Bed-revenues* is a possible reading.

368. CXLI. line 13: *have thy WILL.*—That is, his friend; scarcely Shakespeare himself.

369. CXLI. —This is the second poem in The Passionate Pilgrim; the variations in the text are not very noticeable.

370. CXLI. line 2: *do SUGGEST me still.*—*Suggest* = tempt, as often in Shakespeare; cf. Othello, ii. 3. 358:

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

So Richard II. iii. 4. 75, 76; and *suggestioui* in Macbeth, i. 3. 134.

371. CXLI. line 6: *from my SIDE.*—The Quarto has *sight*; the metre requires *side*, which occurs in the other version.

372. CXLI. line 8: *WOOLING his purity.*—Compare xii. 6. 7.

373. CXLI. —The only sonnet in Shakespeare in eight-syllable verse; its genuineness has been doubted.

374. CXLI. line 13: *from hate away she THREW.*—That is, she robbed "I hate" of its element of hate by adding "not you." Combined with "not you" it lost its sting.

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This seems to me an entirely satisfactory explanation, and the couplet may be paralleled by Lucree, 1534-1537. Steevens suggested *few* for *threw*.

375. CXLI. —Loss to the body is gain to the soul. Let the body pine and perish that the soul may reap the advantage. Death can claim as his prey the body alone; in destroying the body the soul wins a victory over death.

376. CXLI. line 2: *PRESS'D BY these rebel powers that thee ARRAY.*—In the Quarto the line stands thus:

My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.

Obviously the line is corrupt; as obviously, I think, the corruption came in this way—that the printer repeated the last words of line 1, leaving out the real beginning of line 2. We must supply a word; what that word should be depends rather on the sense which we give to *array*. I think that *array* must = *clothe*; the body is the vesture which incloses the soul; and the soul says, with Saint Paul, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" Taking *array* thus, we may accept Dowden's *press'd by* or Furnival's *hemm'd with*—there is not much to choose between them—and refer the participle to the *soul*. Dr. Ingelby, however, argues that *array*=*abuse*, afflict, a perfectly feasible interpretation, though Shakespeare does not elsewhere use the word in this sense. If we follow Dr. Ingelby, then we may read, as he does, *leagu'd with*, and refer the participle to the *earth* in line 1. Myself, I prefer the first of our alternatives.

377. CXLI. line 11: *Buy TERMS divine in selling HOURS of drows.*—*Hours of drows* (i.e. sensual pleasure?) waste the body, and destruction of the body should be the ultimate end and aim of the soul. Here, as in cl. 7-9, the soul is the ruler who checks or allows the self-indulgence of the body. I think *terms*=*condition*, as though it were the terms of some bargain and compact between soul and body. Others, however, take it "in the legal and academic sense. Long periods of time, opposed to hours" (Sidney Walker).

378. CXLI. —The metaphor is much the same as in cxviii. and cxix.

379. CXLI. line 9: *PAST CURE I am, now reason is PAST CARE.*—Said obviously in allusion to the proverb, *Past cure, past care*, which, as the editors note, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 28. Perhaps, too, the latter part of the line is meant to imply that reason has ceased to care for him.

380. CXLI. line 10: *with evermore UNREST.*—A beautiful word, found in Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 31, and Richard III. iv. 4. 29. Tennyson somewhere speaks of "the wild unrest that lives in woe."

381. CXLI. lines 13, 14: *For I have sworn thee fair, &c.*—Compare Son. ciii. 13. The couplet forms a link with the next sonnet, which in turn reminds us of cxxxvii.

382. CXLI. line 8: *all men's; NO.*—Lettsom suggested:

Love's eye is not so true as all men's no;
thinking that a pun on *eye*=*ay* was intended.

383. CXLI. line 4: *all TYRANT.*—Malone suggested *truant*; but cf. cxxi. 1: "Thou art as *tyrannous*." *All tyrant*=complete tyrant.

NOTES TO SONNETS.

384. CXLIX. line 14: *and I AM BLIND*.—Recurring to the last couplet of cxlviii:

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

385. CL. line 2: *With INSUFFICIENCY*.—So "thy worst" in line 8; "thy *unworthiness*" in line 13; and "thy defect" in cxlix. 11. Each refers to the "dark woman's" lack of beauty as judged by the conventional standard.

386. CL. line 5: *this BECOMING of things ill*.—That is, the faculty of making things ill look well. Compare Son. xl. 13, and xcv. 11, 12; also Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 243, 244:

vilest things
Become themselves in her.

387. CL. line 3: *Then, gentle CHEATER*.—There is no reason to think that *cheater* does not here bear its ordinary sense of *rogue*. Staunton, however, takes it to mean *eschearer*.

388. CL. lines 7-10: *My soul doth tell, &c.*—Not suggestive of cxlvi. 8-14.

389. CL. line 2: *TWICE forsworn*.—That is, to her husband and to Shakespeare.

390. CL. line 11: *And, to ENLIGHTEN thee, gave eyes to blindness*.—Dowden says: "to see thee in the brightness of imagination . . . I made myself blind." Probably this is right; but may not *enlighten* be quibblingly used in the sense "make light," *i.e.* fair of complexion? Compare line 13. In that case *gave eyes to blindness* would = caused myself to see awry.

391. CL. line 13: *more perjur'd I*.—Q. has *eye*.

392. CL. line 13: *more perjur'd I*.—Q. has *eye*.

392. CL. line 13: *more perjur'd I*.—Q. has *eye*.

Professor Dowden says: "Herr Hertzberg has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. (The source in question is a poem in the Anthology, which Dowden prints, continuing): "The poem is by the Byzantine Marianne, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. . . . How Shakspeare became acquainted with the poem of Marianne we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin: 'Selecta Epigrammata, Basel, 1529;' and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century." Then follows a literal version of the original lines, which I venture to "convey:" "Here 'neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, 'Why do we delay? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals' hearts.' But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros) draw from thence for their bath."

393. CL. line 8: *a SOVEREIGN cure*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 916:

'Gainst venom'd sores the only *sovereign* plaster;

Coriolanus, ii. 1. 127: "the most *sovereign* prescription in Galen;" and The Faithful Shepherdess, v. 5:

Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the *sovereign* power
Of other waters.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Mermaid ed. vol. ii. p. 402.

394. CL. line 1: *The little LOVE-GOD*.—So Much Ado, ii. 1. 403: "for we are the only *love-gods*."

395. CL. line 5: *The fairest VOTARY*.—Shakespeare elsewhere prefers the form *votress* (*rotress*); *e.g.* Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 123 and 163.



A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY
A. WILSON VERITY.



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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

INTRODUCTION.

A *Lover's Complaint* was first published in 1609, at the end of the *Sonnets*. There is no evidence by which to determine the date of its composition; I scarcely think, however, that it can have come very early, the style of the poem being, to my mind, much more difficult and involved than that of *Venus and Adonis* or *Lucrece*. Indeed, the sense at times is really obscure, perhaps, though, through corruption of the text; lines 240-242, for instance, can hardly have come down to us just as Shakespeare wrote them. The merits of the poem speak for themselves. It is a beautiful piece of narrative verse which makes us wish once more that Shakespeare had given the world a larger body of such poetry, instead, say, of wrestling into shape the formless chaos of *Henry VI.* parts i. ii. and iii. Titus Andronicus, too, with its midsummer madness of bloodthirsty melodrama, could have been spared, if a second *Lover's Complaint* had been the substitute. Very noticeable in the present poem is the effortless ease of the narra-

tive. The poet's muse does not soar to the empyrean, essaying "things unattempted yet." She wings the middle air with a sustained flight that never falters. It is the same great faculty of telling a story that makes *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* such perfect specimens of the narrator's art. Beautiful, too, is the elaboration and preciousness (almost) of the style in the purely descriptive passages, as where the deserted *Ariadne* describes the faithless *Thesens*; while throughout the poem, under the fanciful language, beats just a sufficiency of passion and emotion. Among the old commentators none speaks with more sympathy of *A Lover's Complaint* than Malone; and he makes, I think, rather a happy criticism when he says that the poem reads like a challenge to Spenser on his own ground. A *Lover's Complaint* has a distinctly Spenserian flavour; it has much of Spenser's stately pathos, and sense of physical beauty, and exquisite verbal melody; and, Spenserian or not, it is wholly charming.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded¹
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive² of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done: 11
Time hath not scythed all that youth begun,

¹ *Re-worded*, re-echoed.

² *Hive*, a kind of bonnet, resembling a hive.

Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin³ to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering⁴ the silken figures in the brine
That sear'd woe had pelleted⁵ in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe, 20
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;

³ *Napkin*, handkerchief.

⁴ *Laundering*, wetting.

⁵ *Pelleted*, formed into small balls.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd¹
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride; 30
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd¹ hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet² still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund³ she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;



Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone.
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat⁴ and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive⁵ eyes, 50
And often kiss'd, and often gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Hark would have seen'd more black and damnd here!"
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

¹ Sheav'd, of straw.

² Fillet, band.

³ Maund, basket

⁴ Feat (adverb), neatly.

⁵ Fluxive, flowing with tears

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh —
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle⁶ knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew — 60
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age. 70

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;

⁶ Ruffle, noise, brawls.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn 90
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.¹

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix² down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that 'erunless³ skin.
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free; 100
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
he makes!' 110
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:⁴

All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication⁵ prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain 129
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gonty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress' of his heart. 142
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid, 150
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil⁶
Of this false jewel, and his anorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or fore'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen 160
By blunting as to make our wits more keen.

¹ Sown, sown; or perhaps, seen.

² Phoenix, i.e. matchless.

³ Terunless, indescribable; cf. phraseless in line 225.

⁴ Case, ornaments, dress.

⁵ Replication, repartee.

⁶ Foil = setting.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;¹
To he forlorn the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling; 170
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul-adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said; 180
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

"All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture² they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did
find;

And so much less of shame in me remains, 188
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen;³
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent
me,

Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodless white and the emerald mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Enamur'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

¹ Upon others' proof, i.e. because of what other people have experienced.

² With acture, the sense is: those may do the deeds of love who are void of love.

³ Teen, pain.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,⁴
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,—
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,—
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brin'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality. 210

"The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard.
Whereto his invis'd⁵ properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-bu'd sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd⁶ and subdu'd desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and end; 222
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you eupatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless⁷ hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes 230
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
A sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms date;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love. 238

"But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,—
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle seapeth by the light,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye

⁴ Impleach'd, entwined.

⁵ Invis'd—invisible.

⁶ Pensiv'd, pensive.

⁷ Phraseless, that baffles description.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the eaged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye: 250
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

"How mighty, then, you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory ns all contest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, 261
Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame! 270
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes¹ of all forees, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To I've the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth." 280

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,²
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

But with the inundation of the eyes 290
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft³ effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,⁴
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore. 301

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cantels,⁵ all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swoounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would main:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,⁶
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make 321
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd.
O, that fore'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy⁷ lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,⁸
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!" 320

³ Cleft double, twofold

⁴ Daff'd, put off

⁵ Cantels, deceit.

⁶ Luxury lust

⁷ Spongy = soft as a sponge, pliable.

⁸ Seeming ow'd, i.e. which he seemed to possess

¹ Aloes, bitterness

² Dismount, lower

NOTES TO A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

1. Line 7: *swallow's* WIND AND RAIN.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, l. 2. 153, 154: "we cannot call her *winds* and *tearful* sighs and tears; they are greater storms."
2. Line 12: *Time hath not* SCYTHED.—Q. has *sithed*.
3. Line 14: *Some beauty* *peep'd* through LATTICE of *scar'd* AGE. Compare Sonnet lll. 11, 12:
So thou through *windows* of *thine* age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time;
and Cymbeline, ll. 4. 33, 34: let her *beauty*
Look through a casement.
4. Line 18: *had* PELLETED in tears.—So Antony and Cleopatra, lll. 13. 115:
By the discarding of this *pelleted* storm.
5. Line 31: *SHEAV'D* hat. Q. has *sheav'd*; the ed. of 1640 *sheav'd*. Sewall in his first edition printed *sheav'd*; in the second, *sheav'd*.
6. Line 37: *BEADED* jet.—So Sewall; the Quarto has *bedded*.
7. Lines 38-40: *Which one by one*, &c.—Compare 111. Henry VI. v. 4. 8, 9; As You Like It, ll. 1. 42-49; and Romeo and Juliet, l. 1. 138, 139.
8. Line 45: *many a* KING of *POSIED* gold.—See As You Like It, note 95.
9. Line 48: *If* *th* SLEIDED silk.—That is, raw, untwisted silk. Compare Pericles, iv. Prologue, 21:
He't when she weav'd the *sleided* silk.
In Troilus, v. 1. 35, the Folio has *sleied*, but I adopted the *slieier* (*sleure*) of the Quarto. See note 287 to that play.
10. Line 49: *Enswath'd*, and *SEAL'D*.—Steevens reminds us that "anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the seals of letters, to connect them more closely."
11. Line 51: *often* GAX to *tear*.—So Malone. Q. has *gave to tear*.
12. Line 58: *that* the RUFFLE knew.—For the verb *ruffle* see Titus Andronicus, i. 313, with note 21.
13. Line 72: *The* INJURY of *many a* *blasting* NOT R.—Compare "injurious-shifting Time" in Lucrece, 930; and "Time's injurious hand" in Sonnet lxiii. 2.
14. Line 74: *Not* age, but *SORROW*, &c.—Compare (with Malone) Romeo and Juliet, lll. 2. 89:
These griefs, these woes, these *sorrows* make me old.
15. Line 112: *his* MANAGE.—Q. has *his* *unnat'dye*.
16. Line 118: *CAME* for *additions*.—So Sewall; Q. has *can*, and Sewall (2nd ed.) read:
Can for additions get their purpose trim
17. Lines 153, 154: *the* FOIL
Of this false JEWEL.
So Richard II. l. 3. 265, 267:
thy weary steps
I stem as *foil*, wherein thou art to set
The precious *seal* of thy home-return.
18. Line 173: *Kiss* VOWS *never* *ever* *broken*.—Steevens reminds us of Hamlet, i. 3. 127:
Do not believe his *vows*; for they are *broken*.
19. Line 182: *nor* *never* *woo*.—Q. has *love*; the change is adopted by the Cambridge editors.
20. Line 215: *and* the OPAL *blend*.—This stone is referred to in one other passage in Shakespeare—Twelfth Night, ll. 4. 77: "thy mind is a very *opal*;" see note 128 to that play.
21. Line 218: *Lo*, all these TROPHIES of *affections* *hot*.—Compare Sonnet xxxl. 9, 10:
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the *trophies* of my *lovers* gone.
22. Line 225: *that* PHRASELESS *hand*.—Compare "his *speechless* hand" in Coriolanus, v. 1. 67.
23. Line 228: *HALLOW'D* with *sighs*.—Sewall's alteration of the Quarto, which has *hollowed*.
24. Line 230: *by* *spirits* of *richest* COAT.—That is, by nobles, *coat* introducing the idea of heraldry; cf. Lucrece, 205:
And be an eye-sore in my golden *coat*.
25. Lines 239-241: *But*, O *my* *sweet*, &c.—I have retained, with the Globe edition, what is substantially the reading of the Quarto; but I feel pretty sure that the text is in some way corrupt, and the sense unrecoverable. None of the emendations seem to me worth chronicleing; each reader must read the rhyme after his own fashion. One thing seems to me clear, that the second *playing* is a repetition of the first (or *vice versa*), through the printer's mistake.
26. Line 250: RELIGIOUS LOVE.—Compare Sonnet xxxl. 6: "dear-religious love."
27. Line 254: *The* broken BOSOMS *that* to me *belong*.—For *bosom* = heart, the seat of the affections, cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 27:
This man hath witch'd the *bosom* of my child.
28. Line 261: *AY*, *DIED* in *grace*.—Q. has *I* *died*; the change is due to Capell.
29. Line 271: *Love's* *arms* *are* *peace*.—It is not easy to see what this means, and emendations have been numerous. Capell proposed *are* *proof*; Steevens, *Love* *aims* *at* *peace*; Dyce, *Love* *arms* *our* *peace*; Lettsom, *Love* *charms*.
30. Line 283: *Applied* to CAUTELS.—*Cautels* = *deceits*; cf. Hamlet, i. 3. 15, 16:
no soil nor *cautel* doth besmirch
The virtue of his will.
31. Line 305: *Or* *SWOENDING* *paleness*.—So most editors; Q. has *smoking*.
32. Line 309: *which* in his LEVEL *came*.—Level = aim, reach; cf. Sonnet cxvii. 11:
Bring me within the *level* of your frown;
and Winter's Tale, ll. 3. 5, 6:
out of the blank
And *level* of my brain.
33. Line 314: in heart-wish'd LEXTRY. For *luxury* = lust, see Troilus and Cressida, note 298.
34. Line 315: *He* *PREACH'D* *PURE* *MADE*.—The form of the expression reminds us of King John, ll. 462: "he speaks plain *cannon*,—*fire*;" and Ithello, ll. 3. 281.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

INTRODUCTION.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* was first printed in 1599, the title being as follows: "THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shakspeare.* | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard | 1599. |."

In the middle of sheet C is a second title: "SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke." The volume was a collection of poems made by the unscrupulous piratical publisher William Jaggard; it contained some genuine sonnets and verses by Shakespeare, with others by Marlowe, Richard Barnfield, Griffin, and unknown writers. In 1612 the *Pilgrim* was re-issued, with a fuller title: THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | or *Certaine Amorous Sonnets, | betwene Venus and Adonis, | newly corrected and augmented.* By W. Shakspeare | The third Edition. Whereunto is newly ad | ded two Lone-Epistles, the first | from *Paris to Hellen*, and | *Hellens* answer backe | againe to *Paris.* | Printed by W. Jaggard. | 1612.

This edition, it will be noticed, is described as the "third;" but no other between 1599 and 1612 is extant. The two additional poems of which the title-page speaks were by Heywood, and in the postscript to the Apology for Actors (1612) he comments on the piracy: "Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [his *Troia Britannica*, published in 1609], by taking the two epistles of *Paris to Helen*, and *Helen to Paris*, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to doe himself right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M Jag-

gard [it should be W. Jaggard], that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name" (Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxv). Touched by this appeal, the publisher cancelled the first title-page and substituted a second one, leaving out Shakspeare's name; and, curiously enough, the Bodleian copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (which belonged to Malone) has the two title-pages, probably through some inadvertence on the part of the printer. See the *Cambridge Shakspeare*, vol. ix., Introduction, p. xvi.

We saw that the volume was a mere miscellany of verses; I venture to borrow Professor Dowden's classification of its contents:—

- "Poems I. and II. Shakspeare's Sonnets, 138 and 144 (with various readings).
- III. Longaville's sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. sc. 3. 60-73).
- IV. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- V. From *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. sc. 2).
- VI. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- VII. (?) Shakspeare's.
- VIII. Probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it had first appeared.
- IX. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- X. Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XI. Probably by Bartholomew Griffin, in whose *Fidessa more Chaste than Kinde*, 1596, it had appeared with various readings (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- XII. Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XIII. Probably by the same writer as x.
- XIV. XV.¹ Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XVI. Certainly not Shakspeare's.
- XVII. Dunsin's poem to Kato in *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. 3. 101-120).
- XVIII. From Weelkes's Madrigals, 1597.
- XIX. (?) Possibly not Shakspeare's.
- XX. By Marlowe (given here imperfectly), *Love's*

¹ Usually printed in error as two poems.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Answer (also defective here) is attributed to Sir W. Raleigh.

XXI. By Richard Barnfield, from his *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598."

I may add that poems xvii. xviii. xx. (with the Shepherd's Reply in full), and xxi. are all printed in England's *Helicon*; see Bullen's ed. pp. 74-77, and pp. 229-231. Poem xxi., first published in *Weekes's Madrigals*, Mr. Bullen (Introduction, p. xxi) would assign to Richard Barnfield. For some remarks upon Barnfield's undoubted share of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, the reader should turn to the Introduction to Grosart's edition of the poet. Mr. Saintsbury — *History of Elizabethan Literature*, p. 117 — hints that the "As it fell upon a day" is un-

commonly unlike anything else that the author of *The Affectionate Shepherd* managed to write.

With regard to poem xxi. and the imperfectly-given reply, it may be worth while to quote the passage in which Isaac Walton refers to them: "As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 't was a handsome milk-maid; she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his young days."

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side, 20
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell;

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 20
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove;
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour-vow; in thee it is: 40
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there, —
Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 50
But whether nuptial years did want conceal,

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to
love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can com-
prehend.



If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder.
Which, not to anger's heat, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong.
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue.

VI.

Scarcely had the sun dried up the dewy mor.
And scarcely the herd gone to the hedge nor had:
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing turriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:¹

¹ Spleen, fire, heat.

Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty:
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle:
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falsèr to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether? 101
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. 110
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove, 119
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill;
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone. 130

X.

Sweetrose, flairflower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely¹ shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

¹ *Timely*, untimely.
466

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still: 140
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god em-
braced me,"
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced
me,"
As if the boy should use like loving charms; 150
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; 161
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly; 170
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold² or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,

² *Seld*, seldom.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physick, painting, pain and cost. 180

XIV.—XV.¹

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant² on the doubts of my decay.

"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow:"

Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly d'd she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
"T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile, 189
"T may be, again to make me wander thither:

"Wander," a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Doth eite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,

And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty; 201

Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;

For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;

To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack³ night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow. 210

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[XVI.]

It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That lik'd of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,

Her fauey fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain, 220

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:

Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,

Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:

Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day!

Love, whose month was ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air; 230

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,

"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alas! my hand hath sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:

Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. 240

Then for whom Jove would swear

Juno hat an Ethiope were;

¹ The last three stanzas are usually printed and numbered inaccurately as forming a separate poem.

² Descant, comment.

³ Pack, begone.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

[XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss;
Love's denying,
Faith's defying, 250
Heart's renying,
Cause of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, lickle dame!
For now I see 260
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mouru I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall. 270
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Proenre to weep,
In howling wise, to seem my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
fight! 280

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains—
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my
moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike, 300
Let reason rule things worthy blame.
As well as fancy's¹ partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwee.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell. 310

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear² ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say, — 320
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways:
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true; 330

¹ *Fancy's*, love's.

² *Clear*, grow clear, used intransitively.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:

When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys¹ that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you heard it said full oft,
A woman's wily doth stand for naught?

340

Think women still to strive with you,
To sin, and never for to saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
When time with age shall them attain.

Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear;
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick² to round me i' the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:

350

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX.]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There shall we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

360

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

370

XXI.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Flowers did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save a nightingale alone:

380

Our bird, as all forlorn,
Laid her breast up-till³ a thorn,
And there sang the dolefull st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:

"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;

"Teren, teren," by and by;

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;

For her griefs, so lively shown,

Made me think upon mine own.

390

Ah, thought I, thou mouru'st in vain!

None takes pity on thy pain:

Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;

Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:

King Pandion, he is dead;

All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;

All thy fellow birds do sing,

Careless of thy sorrowing.

Even so, poor bird, like thee,

None alive will pity me.

400

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,

Thou and I were both beguil'd.

Every one that flatters thee

Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy, like the wind;

Faithful friends are hard to find:

Every man will be thy friend

Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;

But if store of crowns be scant,

No man will supply thy want.

410

If that one be prodigal,

Bountiful they will him call,

And with such-like flattering,

"Pity but he were a king;"

If he be addict to vice,

Quickly him they will entice;

If to women he be bent,

They have him at commandment:

¹ Toys = whims.

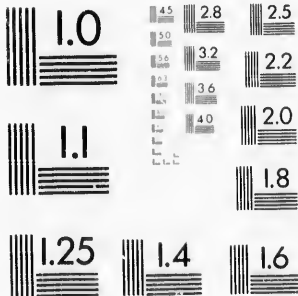
² Stuck, hesitate.

³ Up-till = on.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown: 420
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:

If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe. 430

NOTES TO THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

1. Line 43: *Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook*, &c.—Suggested, perhaps, by Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, bk. x. lines 550-550.

2. Line 52: *her FIGURED proffer*.—Collier proposed *sugar'd*; *figure*=“to indicate not directly, but by signs” (Schmidt).

3. Line 74: *A longing TARRIANCE for Adonis made*.—*Tarriance* occurs once in the plays, in *The Two Gentlemen*, ii. 7. 90:
I am impatient of my *tarriance*.

4. Line 107: *DOWLAND to thee is dear*.—John Dowland (1563-1625, but the dates are not quite certain), “a cheerful person,” says Fuller, “passing his days in lawful merriment,” was the most famous of Elizabethan and Jacobean musicians. He published in 1597 *The First Book of Songs or Aires* of four parts, with *Tableture for the Lute*, and a *Second Book of Songs or Aires* in 1600, while he was composer at the Danish court. His *Third and Last Book* appeared in 1603, and *A Pilgrime's Solace* in 1612. Very frequent in dramatic literature are the allusions to his *Lachryme*, or *Seven Teares* figured in seven passionate Pavans (1605); amongst many such references note the following:—*The Maid of Honour*, i. 1:

Such music as will make your worships dance
To the doleful tune of *Lachryme*.

—Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 254;

The Picture, v. 3:

Tuned to the note of *Lachryme*. Ibid. p. 348;

Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 8;

No, good George, let's ha' *Lachryme*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. i. p. 422.

In *The Returne from Pernassus*, v. 2, a character says:

Have you neuer a song of Maister *Dowlands* making?

There is a good account of Dowland by Mr. Bayley Squire in the *National Dictionary of Biography*; see, too, the introduction to Mr. Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*, pp. ix. x.

5. Line 121: *a STEEP-UP hill*.—First hyphenated by Sewall; cf. *Sonnet* vii. 5.

6. Lines 131, 132: *Sweet rose, fair flower*, &c.—See note on *Venus and Adonis*, 1114, with the quotation from Milton.

Vade is a weakened form of *fade* (Skeat). Cotgrave has: “*Couleur paste*. A *vaded* or imperfect colour, such as that of box wood is.”

7. Line 133: *Bright ORIENT pearl*.—For Shakespeare's use of *orient*, see *Midsommer Night's Dream*, note 220.

8. Lines 151-156: “*Even thus*,” &c.—In Griffin's *Fidessa* these lines are represented by the following verses:

But he a wayward boy refuse the offer,
And ran away, the beauteous Queene neglecting;
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
O that I had my mistres at that bay,
To kisse and chipe me till I ranne away!

See the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. ix. p. 668.

9. Lines 165-167: *Age, I do ABHOR THEE*, &c.—No doubt Dekker was thinking of this when he wrote: “Sweet purse, I kiss thee; Fortune, I adore thee; Care, I despise thee; Death, I defy thee” (*Old Fortunatus*, i. 1, end of scene).

10. Line 167: *I do DEFY thee*.—*Defy*=reject, despise; so *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 68:

I do *defy* thy conjurations.

11. Line 179: *blemish'd ONCE'S FOR EVER lost*.—So most editors. The 1599 and 1612 edd. have *once, for ever*. A natural suggestion is *once, for ever's*.

12. Line 200: *DARK DISMAL-DREAMING night*.—So Malone and most editors. The edd. of 1599, 1612, read *darke dreaming* night, where it seems clear from the measure of the verse that some word has dropped out.

13. Line 207: *seems a moon*.—This is Steevens' conjecture. The edd. 1599, 1612, have *houre*, an obvious repetition of the previous line.

14. Line 211: *It WAS*, &c.—Compare for the opening, As You Like It, v. 3. 17:

It was a lover and his love.

15. Line 238: *from thy THORN*.—So Malone, from the version in *England's Helicon*; see Bullen's Reprint, p. 74. The edd. 1599, 1612, have *thron*.

16. Lines 245-248.—The old editions arrange the poem in three stanzas, each of twelve lines. The verses as printed in the editions of 1599 and 1612, in Weekes's *Madrigals and England's Helicon*, are full of unimportant verbal variations, which I forbear to chronicle. Mr. Bullen thinks that the poem was written by Richard Barnfield; see introduction to his reprint of *England's Helicon*, p. xxi.

17. Line 271: *can sound NO DEAL*.—In *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 1. 245, we have:

To weep with them that weep doth ease *some deal*.

Deal, of course, is the German *theil*.

NOTES TO THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

18. Line 300: *And STALL'd the DEER*, &c.—Compare *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 111, 112:

when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected *deer* before thee.

19. Line 302: *As well as FANCY'S PARTIAL MIGHT*.—The edd. 1599, 1612, have *fancy* (*party all might*); the 1640 ed. differs from them only in reading *party*. The Cambridge editors print *fancy*, *partial weight*; the Globe edition marks the line as corrupt. It has always seemed to me that *fancy's partial might* would suit the context, and this I have ventured to adopt.

20. Line 306: *Smooth rot thy tongue with FILED talk*.—For *filed* = polished, see Sonnet lxxxv. 4.

21. Line 340: *A WOMAN'S NAY doth stand for NAUGHT*.—There was a proverb (see Taiselton Dyer, *Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 432) "*Maids say nay, and take it*," to which Heywood alludes in his *Wisewoman of Hogsdon*, i. 2:

Come, come, I know thou art a *maid*; say *nay*, and *take them*.
—Heywood's *Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 260.

Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 2. 55, 56; and the

following comlet from a poem in Bullen's *Elizabethan Lyrics*, p. 129:

Women's words have double sense;
Stand away!—a simple fence.

22. Line 349: *to ROUND me i' the ear*.—Schmidt explains *round* = to whisper; but can it not mean "strike me on the ear?" The sense requires some such interpretation, and we still talk of *rounding* on a person, *i.e.* turning sharply on him. Various emendations have been hazarded, to little purpose.

23. Line 353.—See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1. 15-26. Mr. Bullen, in his edition of Marlowe, remarks: "This delightful pastoral song was first published, without the fourth and sixth stanzas, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. It appeared complete in England's Helicon, 1600, with Marlowe's name subscribed. By quoting it in the *Complete Angler*, 1653, Isaac Walton has made it known to a world of readers" (vol. iii. p. 283). The different versions of the immortal lyric are rife with variant readings (of no particular importance), for which the curious reader must consult Mr. Bullen's collation of the texts (Marlowe, vol. iii. pp. 283-285).

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

The Phœnix and the Turtle first appeared in 1601 as one of the additional poems to Chester's *Love's Martyr*; or, *Roslin's Complaint*. The poem was signed with Shakespeare's name. Attempts have been made, quite uselessly of course, to explain the alle-

gory; no clue to the events hinted at has survived. Chester's *Love's Martyr*, described as an extremely rare volume by the Cambridge editors (see vol. ix. Introduction, p. xviii.), has been reprinted by the New Shakespeare Society.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursor of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

10

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. 20

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Line 2: *On the sole ARABIAN tree*.—See *As You Like It*, note 145.

Line 15: *the DEATH-DIVINING SWAN*.—See note 237 *Othello*.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

30

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

40

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

472

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

50

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

60

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

67



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