

## MOMENTS OF TEXTUAL DIFFERENCE Q1 – Q4

### 1.2.74-8

Q1

Whether to supper?

Ser: To our house.

Q2

Whither to supper?

Ser: To our house.

Q3

Whither to supper.

Ser? To

Q4

Whither to supper.

Ser. To

F

Whither? To supper?

SERVANT To

Theobald

To Supper, to

Capell

Whither?

Ser. To

### 1.5.84-7

Q2-3

marry tis time,

Well said my hearts, you are a princox, goe,

Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,

Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Q1

Well said my hartes. Be quiet:  
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet.

**1.5.86**

Q4

Or more light more light for shame,

F2

Or more light, for shame,

Pope

Or (more light, more light for shame)

Knight

Or – More . . . light. – For shame!

Collier

Or – More . . . light! –

**2.2.40-2**

Q1

Iul: Whats Montague? It is nor hand nor foote,  
Note arme, nor face, nor any other part.

Q2-4

Iu: Whats Montague? It is nor hand nor foote,  
No arme nor face, o be some other name  
Belonging to a man.

Malone

Juliet: What's Montague? It is nor hand not foot,  
Nor ar nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O be some other name!

**2.2.184-7**

Q1

Iu: Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Rom: Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace on thy breast,  
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.

Q2

Iu: Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,  
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Iu: Sleep dwel upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Ro: Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.

Q3

Iu: Good night, good night.

Ro: Parting is such sweete sorrow,  
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Iu: sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Rom: Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest.

Q4

Iu: Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.

Ro: Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.

Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.

**3.3.40-3**

Q1

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.

Q2-4

Ro: This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,

And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:  
They are freemen, but I am banished.

Folio

Ro: This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,  
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.

Gibbons, Evans, Levenson (after conj. Steevens)

Ro: But *Romeo* may not, he is banished  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly;  
They are free men, but I am banished:  
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?

Capell

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.  
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.  
Flies ... but ... fly; / They ... banished.

Steevens (1773)

Flies ... when ... fly; / They ... banished. / And ... death? / But *Romeo* ...  
banished.

Malone

But *Romeo* ... banished: / Flies ... when ... fly; / They ... banished. / And ...  
death?

Hudson

But *Romeo* ... banished: / This may ... when ... fly: / And ... death?

White

But *Romeo* ... banished. / This may ... when ... fly: / They ... banished. / And ...  
death?

Cam

But *Romeo* ... banished: / This may ... but ... fly: / They ... banished: / And ...  
death?

Craig (cited *Cam*<sup>1</sup>)

Flies ... but ... fly: / They ... banished: / And ... death?

'Hunter and Lichtenfels'

Sisson

But Romeo ... banished. / Flies ... but ... fly; / They ... banished.

Wilson-Duthie

This may ... when ... fly; / And ... death?

#### 4.5.41-64

Q1

*All at once cry out and wring their hands.*

*All cry:* And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,  
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap: Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies,  
Why to this day have you preserv'd my life?  
To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life,  
Deprived of sense, of life, of all by death,  
Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies.

Cap: O sad fac'd sorry map of misery,  
Why this sad time have I desired to see.  
This day, this unjust, this impartial day  
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,  
To be deprived by sudden destiny.

Moth: O woe, alack distressed, why should I live?  
To see this day, this miserable day.  
Alack the time that ever I was born,  
To be partaker of this destiny.  
Alack the day, alack and welladay

Q2

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

CAPULET MOTHER

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,  
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.  
But one poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel Death hath caught it from my sight.

NURSE

O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day,  
Most lamentable day, most woeful day  
That ever, ever I did yet bedole.  
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woeful day, O woeful day.

PARIS

Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain.  
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,  
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown.  
O love, O life – not life but love in death.

CAPULET FATHER

Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed.  
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?  
O child, O child, my soul and not my child,  
Dead art thou. Alack, my child is dead,  
And with my child my joys are buried.

### 5.3.108

Q2-3, F (reading 'armes'), not in Q1  
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,  
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.  
O true Appothecarie.  
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.  
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,

Q4

Depart againe; here, here will I remayne,