AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie OF Romeo and Juliet.

As it hath beene often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Servants.

THE MOST EXCELLENT and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.

LONDON, Printed by John Danter, 1597.

LONDON, printed for Thomas Crecy, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange, 1599.

Appendix

Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet: an explanation of the differences in quarto one and two

Marijn Boomars
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Marijn Boomars
November 2019

Thesis advisor
Kristy Mannell
Romeo and Juliet (Quarto 1, 1597)

AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie OF Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaied publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants. LONDON, Printed by Iohn Danter. 1597.

The Prologue.

Two household Frends alike in dignitie, (In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene) From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie, Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane. From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes, A paire of starre-crost Louers tooke their life: Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes, (Through the continuing of their Fathers strife. And death-markt passage of their Parents rage) Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage. The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.
Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets. Act 1 Scene 1

1 Gregorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the collar.
1 I strike quickly being moou'd.
2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.
1 A Dog of the house of the Mountagues moues me.
2 To moue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne away.
1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
the wall of.
2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
to the wall.
1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
see I am a tall peece of flesh.
2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
wouldst be but poore Iohn.
1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?
1 I the heads of their Maides, or the Maidenheads,
take it in what sence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere
comes two of the Mountagues.
Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

What heare shall misse, our toyle shall striue to mend.
Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the
house of Capuleet. Act 1 Scene 1
Samp. Gregorie, on my word weele not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I strike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moues me.
Grego. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.
Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mounta-
gues.
Grego. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes
to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessels
are euer thrust to the wall: therfore I wil push Mountagues men
from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maisters, and vs their
men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue
fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut
off their heads.
Grego. The heads of the maids.
Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it
in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sense that feele it.
Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis
knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.
Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin
poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of Mounta-
gues.
Enter two other seruing men.
Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.
Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frown.
Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
I bite my thumbe.
Moun: I but i'st at vs?
I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
No.
Moun: I but i'st at vs?

Enter Beneuolio.
Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?
Samp. Feare me not.
Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.
Sam. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.
Gre. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.
Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs sir?
Samp. I do bite my thumbe sir.
Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?
Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?
Greg. No.
Samp. No sir, I do not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite y thumbe sir.
Greg. Do you quarell sir?
Abra. Quarell sir, no sir.
Sā. But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.
Abra. No better.
Samp. Well sir. Enter Benuolio.
Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.
Sam. Yes better sir.
Abra. You lie.
Samp. Draw if you be men, Gregorie, remember thy washing blowe. They fight.
Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do.
Enter

Tybalt.
What art thou drawne among these hartlesse hindes?
turne thee Benuolio, looke vpon thy death.
Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.
Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all Mountagues and thee:
Haue at thee coward.
**Prince:** Rebellious subjects enemies to peace,

On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.

Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old **Capulet** and **Mountague**, haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.

If euer you disturb our streets againe.
Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come **Capulet** come you along with me,
and **Mountague**, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free Towne our common judgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

**Exeunt.**

*M: wife.* Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?

---

**Enter three of foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.**

**Offi.** Clubs, Bils and Partisons, strike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

**Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.**

**Capu.** What noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe.

**Wife.** A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

**Cap.** My sword I say, old **Mountague** is come, and florishes his blade in spight of me.

**Enter old Mountague and his wife.**

**Mount.** Thou villaine **Capulet**, hold me not, let me go.

**M. Wife.** 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

**Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.**

**Prince.** Rebellious subjects enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned steele, Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts: That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountaines issuing from your veines: On paine of torture from those bloudie hands, Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.

Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word, By thee old **Capulet** and **Mountague**, Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets, And made **Neronas auncient Citizens**, Cast by their graue beseeming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate, If euer you disturb our streets againe, Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away:

**You Capulet shall go along with me,**
And **Mountague** come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common judgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

**Exeunt.**

**Mounta.** Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

_Benuo:_ Here were the servants of your adversaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach.

_Wife:_ Ah where is _Romeo_, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

_Ben:_ Madame, an houre before the worshipful sunne
Peeped forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the grove _Sicamoure_,
That Westward rooteth from the Citie side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

_Mounta._ Many a morning hath he there bin seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from _Auroras_ bed,
Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remoue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.

Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

Benuo: Good morrow Cousen.

Romeo: Is the day so young?

Ben: But new stroke nine.

Romeo: Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens Romeos houres?

Romeo: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them (short.

Ben: In loue.

Ro: Out.

Ben: Of loue.

Ro: Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooфе.

Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes give path-aiues to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all.

Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his grieuance or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.

Romeo. Is the day so young?

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Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens Romeos houres?

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Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tirannous and rough in prooфе.

Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? ð me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen Caos of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?

Ben: No Coze I rather weepe.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.
Ro: Why such is loues transgression,
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to have them prest
With more of thine, this grieue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more grieue to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies:
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louers teares.
What is it else? A madnesse most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweete:
Farewell Coze.

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doe me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hees some other where.
Ben: Tell me in sadnesse whom she is you loue?
Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.

Ben: I aimde so right, when as you said you lou’d.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee’s faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.
Ro: But in that hit you misse, shee’le not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath Dianaes wit,  
And in strong prove of chastitie well armd:  
Gainst Cupids childish bow she liues vncharm'd,  
Shee'le not abide the siege of louing tearmes,  
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,  
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,  
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exeunt.*

---

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet. **Act 1 scene 2**

Of honorable reckoning are they both,  
And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:  
But leauing that, what say you to my sute?

---

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne. **Act 1 scene 2**

Capu. But Mountague is bound as well as I,  
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,  
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.  
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,  
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long:  
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
Capu: What should I say more than I said before,  
My daughter is a stranger in the world,  
Shee hath not yet attained to fourteen yeares:  
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,  
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.  
Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.  
Cap: But too soone marde are these so early maried:  

But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My word to her consent is but a part.

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,  
Where to I haue inuited many a guest,  
Such as I loue: yet you among the store,  
One more most welcome makes the number more.  
At my poore house you shall behold this night,  
Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light:  
Such comfort as do lusty youngmen feele,  
When well apparailed Aprill on the heele  
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights  
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,  
And like her most, whose merit most shalbe.  
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,  
May stand in number through in reckoning none.  
Enter Servaingman.  
Where are you sirra, goe trudge about  
Through faire Verona streets, and seeke them out:  
Whose names are written here and to them say,  
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.  
Exeunt.  
Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here,  
and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to  
the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as  
the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker...
with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher
with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burns out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate greefe cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poysone of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow, I can read.
He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie
Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces,
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capu-
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and
Liuia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio
and the liuelie Hellena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?
Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whose house?
Ser: My Maisters.
Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.
Ser: Now il'e tell you without asking. My Master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mountagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.
Ben: At this same auncient feast of Capulets, Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues: With all the admired beauties of Verona, Go thither and with vnattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall shew, And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier: And these who often drownde could neuer die, Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers. One fairer then my loue, the all seeing Sun, Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by, Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye: But in that Cristall scales let there be waide, Your Ladyes loue against some other maide That I will shew you shining at this feast, And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.
Rom: Ile goe along no such sight to be showne, But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse. Act 1 Scene 3
Enter Iuliet.
Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?
Nur: Your Mother.
Iul: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come back again I haue re-membred me, thou se heare our counsaile. Thou know
est my daughters of a prettie age.
Nurse: Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.
Wife: Shee’s not fourteene.
Nurse: Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee’s not fourteene.
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?
Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-housewall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole

to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is a leuenn yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could have run and wadled vp and downe, for even the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my hollydam, the prettie foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I never should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.
Iuliet: And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.
Nurse: Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that ever I nurst, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.
Wife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me Iuliet, how stand you affected to be married:
Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.
Nurse: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy Teat.

Wife: Well girle, the Noble Countie Paris seekes thee for his Wife.
Nurse: A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.
Wife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower
Nurse: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.
Wife: Well _Juliet_, how like you of _Paris_ loue. _Juliet_: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue, But no more deepe will I engage mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make it flie. _Enter Clowne._ 
Clowne: _Maddam_ you are cald for, _supper_ is readie, _the Nurce_ curst in the _Pantrie_, all thinges in _extreamitie_, make hast for I must be gone to waite.

_Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page._ **Act 1 Scene 4**

_Ro_: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without _Apoloigie_.
_Benuoleo_: The date is out of such _prolixitie_, Weele haue no _Cupid_ hudwinckt with a _Scarfe_, Bearing a _Tartars_ painted bow of _lath_, Scaring the Ladies like a _crow-keeper_:
Nor no without _booke_ _Prologue_ faintly spoke _After the Prompter_, for our _entrance_.
But let them measure _vs_ by what they will, Weele measure them a _measure_ and be gone.
_Rom_: A torch for me I am not for this _ambling_, Beeing _but heauie_ I will _bear_ the _light_.
_Mercu._: Beleeue me _Romeo_ I must haue you _daunce_.
_Rom_: Not I beleeue me you _haue_ _dancing shooes_ With _nimble soles_, I _have_ a _soule_ of _lead_ So stakes me to the ground I _cannot_ _stirre_.

By haung him, making your selfe no lesse.
_Nurse_. No lesse, nay _bigger women_ grow by _men_.
_OldLa_. Speake briefly, can you like of _Paris_ loue?
_Iuli_. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue. But no more deepe will I _endart_ mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make flie. _Enter Serving._
_Ser_. _Madam_ the _guests_ are _come_, _supper_ _seru'd vp_, you cald, my _young Lady_ askt for, the _Nurce_ curst in the _Pantrie_, and _e-uerie thing_ in _extremitie:_ I must hence to wait, I _beseech_ you follow straight.
_Mo_. _We follow thee, Juliet_ the _Countie_ _staies_.
_Nur_. Go _gyrle_, _seeke happie_ nights _to_ _happie dayes_.
_Exeunt._
**Mer:** Giue me a case to put my visage in,  
A visor for a visor, what care I  
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

**Rom:** Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart  
Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:  
For I am prouerbd with a Grandsire phrase,  
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,  
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

**Mer:** Tut dun's the mouse, the Cunstables old word,  
If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire  
Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stickst.  
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

**Rom:** Nay thats not so.  
**Mer:** I meane sir in delay,  
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,  
Take our good meaning for our iudgement sits.

Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

**Rom:** So we meane well by going to this maske:  
But tis no wit to goe.  
**Mer:** Why *Romeo* may one aske?  
**Rom:** I dreamt a dreame to night.  
**Mer:** And so did I.  
**Rom:** Why what was yours?  
**Mer:** That dreamers often lie.  
**Rom:** In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things (true.  
**Mer:** Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.  
**Ben:** Queene Mab whats she?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Left column</th>
<th>Right column</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come</strong></td>
<td><strong>She is the Fairies midwife,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone</strong></td>
<td><strong>and she comes in shape no bigger thē an Agot stone,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,</strong></td>
<td><strong>on the forefinger of an Alderman,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,</strong></td>
<td><strong>drawne with a teeme of little ottamie,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe,</strong></td>
<td><strong>ouer mens noses as they lie asleep:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,</strong></td>
<td><strong>her waggōspokes made of lōg spinners legs:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,</strong></td>
<td><strong>the couer, of the wings of Grashoppers,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,</strong></td>
<td><strong>her traces of the smallest spider web,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The collers cricketes bones, the lash of filmes,</strong></td>
<td><strong>her collors of the moonshines watry beams,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Her waggoner is a small grey coated flie,</strong></td>
<td><strong>her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Not halfe so big as is a little worme,</strong></td>
<td><strong>her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,</strong></td>
<td><strong>not half so big as a round little worme,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And in this sort she gallops vp and downe</strong></td>
<td><strong>prickt from the lazie finger of a maide.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:</strong></td>
<td><strong>Her Charriot is an emptie Hasel nut, Made by the Ioyner squirrel or old</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies dreame</strong></td>
<td><strong>Grub, time out amind, the Fairie Coatchmakers:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait:</strong></td>
<td><strong>and in this state she gallops night by night,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,</strong></td>
<td><strong>through louers brains, and then they dreame of loue.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:</strong></td>
<td><strong>On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Cursies strait ore Lawyers fingers</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,</strong></td>
<td><strong>who strait dreame on fees,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,</strong></td>
<td><strong>ore Ladies lips who strait one kisses dream,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And sometime comes she with a titte pigs taile,</strong></td>
<td><strong>which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tickling a Parsons nose that lies asleepe,</strong></td>
<td><strong>because their breath with sweete meates tainted are.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And then dreames he of another benefice:</strong></td>
<td><strong>Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,</strong></td>
<td><strong>and then dreames he of smelling out a sute:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,</strong></td>
<td><strong>and sometime comes she with a tithpigs tale,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,</strong></td>
<td><strong>tickling a Persons nose as a lies asleepe,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Of healthes fiue fadome deepe,</strong></td>
<td><strong>then he dreams of an other Benefice.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,</strong></td>
<td><strong>Sometime she driueth ore a souldiers neck,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And swears a Praier or two and sleeps againe:</strong></td>
<td><strong>and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,</strong></td>
<td><strong>of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And proues them women of good cariage.</strong></td>
<td><strong>Of healths fiue fadome deepe,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in (the night,</strong></td>
<td><strong>and then anon drums in his eare, at which he starts and wakes,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires,</strong></td>
<td><strong>and being thus frightened,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.</strong></td>
<td><strong>swears a praiier or two, &amp; sleeps againe:</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Chi dren of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the wind,
Which wooes euen now the frosē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haste,
Turning his face to the dewe-dropping south.

Ben: Come, come, this wind doth blow vs from our selues.
Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues,
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearfull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life, closde in this breast,
By some vntimelie forfet of vile death:
But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angered puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfet of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute, on lustie Gentlemen.

They march about the Stage, and Serving men come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo. Act 1 Scene 5

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?

I. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynstoole, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, saue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and
Nell, Anthonie and Potpan.

2. I Boy
Enter old Capulet with the Ladies. Act 1 Scene 5

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes vnplagud with Cornes
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile swear hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel- (come,
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen Capulet:
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?
Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.
Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much.
Tis since the mariag of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
2. I boy readie.
Ser. You are looke for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in
the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.
Exeunt.
Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the
Maskers.

1.Capu. Welcome gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes Vnplagued with Cornes,
will walke about with you: Ah my mistesses,
which of you all Will now denie to daunce,
she that makes daintie, She Ile swear hath Corns:
am I come neare ye now? Welcome gentlemen,
I haue seene the day
That I haue wore a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.
Musick playes and they dance.
A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrls,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I Were in a maske?
1. Capu. What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the nuptiall of Lucientio:
Come Pentycoast as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. Capu. Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirtie.
1. Capu. Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares agoe.
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a jolly thing.

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an Aethiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snowie Doue trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.
The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand
Did my heart loue till now? Forsweare it sight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

Tib: This by his voice should be a Mountague,
Fetch me my Rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.
Ti: Vncle this is a Mountague our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.
Ca: Young Romeo, is it not?
Ti: It is that villaine Romeo.
Ca: Let him alone,
he beares him like a portly gentle- (man,
And to speake truth, Verona brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in mv house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Bewtie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So showes a snowie Doue trouping with Crowes,
As yonde Lady ouer her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I neere saw true bewtie till this night.

Tibal. This by his voyce, should be a Mountague.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme (you so?
Tib. Vncle, this is a Mountague our foe:
A villaine that is hither come in spight,

To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young Romeo is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine Romeo.
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An illbeseeming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.
Ca: He shall be endured, goe to I say, he shall,

Am I the Master of the house or you?
You'le not endure him? God shall mend my soule
You'le make a mutinie amongst my guests,
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.
Ti: Vnkle tis a shame.
Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.

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

Tibalt: Patience perforce with wi full choller mee-
ing.
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
Iuli: Good Pilgrim you doe wrong your hand too (much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this:
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrim lips that they must use in praier.
Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.
Iu: Saints doe not moue though: grant nor praier forsake.
Ro: Then moue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!
Giue me my sin againe.
Iu: You kisse by the booke.
| Nurse: *Madame your mother calleth.* | Nurs. Madam your mother calleth a word with you. |
| Rom: What is her mother? | Ro. What is her mother? |
| Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous.* | Nurs. Marrie Batcheler, Her mother is the Lady of the house, And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous. |
| I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have the chinches. | I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have the chinches. |
| Rom: *Is she a Mountague?* | Ro. Is she a Capulet? |
| Oh deare account, My life is my foes thrall. | O deare account! My life is my foes debt. |

*Ca:* Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone, We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. *They whisper in his ears.*

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then I thank you honest Gentlemen, I promise you but for your company, I would have bin a bed an hour agoe: Light to my chamber hoe.

*Exeunt*

*Iul:* Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
*Nur:* The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.
*Iul:*Whats he that now is going out of doore?
*Nur:* That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.
*Iul:*Whats he that followes there that would not (dance? 
*Nur:* I know not.
*Iul:* Goe learne his name, if he be married, My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
*Nur:* His name is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely sonne of your great enemie.
*Iul:* My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate, Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late: Prodigious birth of loue is this to me, That I should loue a loathed enemie.
*Nurse:* What is this? what that?
*Iul:* Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euuen now of

*Nur.*: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euven now of

*Iul:* Come hither Nurse, what is yond gentleman?
*Nurs.*: The sonne and heiere of old Tyberio.
*Iuli.*: Whats he that now is going out of doore?
*Nur.*: Marrie that I thinke be young Petruchio.
*Iu.*: What he that follows here that would not dāce? 
*Nur.*: I know not.
*Iuli.*: Go aske his name, if he be married, My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
*Nurs.*: His name is Romeo, and a Mountague, The onely sonne of your great enemie.
*Iuli.*: My onely loue sprung from my onely hate, Too earlie seene, vknowne, and knowne too late, Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee, That I must loue a loathed enemie.
*Nurs.*: What is this? what is this.
*Iu.*: A rime I learnt euven now
Nurse: Come your mother staires for you, Ile goe a long with you. Exeunt.

Enter Romeo alone. Act 2 Scene 1
Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.
Enter Benuolio Mercutio.
Ben: Romeo, my cosen Romeo.
Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.
Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good Mercutio.
Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer,
appeare thou in likenes of a sigh:
speek but one rime & I am satisfied,

Chorus. Prologue
Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die.
With tender Iuliet match, is now not faire,
Now Romeo is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe supposd he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweete bait from fearful hooke:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceso;
To breathe such vowes as louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme sweete.

Enter Romeo alone. Act 2 Scene 1
Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.
Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.
Ben. Romeo, my Cosen Romeo, Romeo.
Mer. He is wise,
and on my life hath stolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good Mercutio:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. Romeo, humours, madman, passion louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but on rime and I am satisfied:
cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, 
speak to my gossip Venus one faire word,  
one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire young  
Abraham: Cupid heethat shot so trim  
when young King Cophetua loued the begger wench.  
Hee heares me not.

I coniure thee by Rosalindes bright eye,  
high forehead, and scarlet lip. 
hers prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,  
and the demeanes that there adiacent lie,  
that in thy likenes thou appeare to vs.  

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.  
Mer: Tutt this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld  
raise a spirit in his Mistris circle  
of some strange fashion, making it there to stand  
till she had laid it, and coniurde it downe,  
that were some spite.  
My inuocation is faire & honest, and in his Mistris name  
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.  
Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,  
To be consorted with the humerous night,  
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.  
Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,  
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,  
And wish his Mistris were that kind of fruite,  
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.  
Ah Romeo that she were, ah that she were  
An open Et cetera, thou a poprin Peare. 
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:  
This field bed is too cold for mee.

Come lets away, for tis but vaine.  
To seeke him here that means not to be found.

Ro: He ieasts at scarrs that neuer felt a wound: Act 2 scene 2  
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?

Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,  
Speake to my goship Venus one faire word,  
One nickname for her purblind sonne and her, Young  
Abraham: Cupid he that shot so true,  
When King Cophetua lou'd the begger mayd.  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,  
The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.  
I coniure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,  
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,  
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.  

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.  
Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,  
That were some spight.  
My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,  
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.  
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees  
To be conorted with the humerous night:  
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.  
Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,  
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,  
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,  
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.  
O Romeo that she were, o that she were  
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare. 
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,  
Come shall we go?  

Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here  
That means not to be found. Exit.

Ro. He ieasts at scarrs that neuer felt a wound. Act 2 scene 2  
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun, 
Arise faire Sun, and kill the envious Moone 
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with greefe: 
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she. 
Be not her maide since she is enuous, 
Her vestall liuery is but pale and greene, 
And none but fools doe weare it, cast it off. 
She speaks, but she sayes nothing. What of that? 
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it. 
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes, 
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies, 
Hauing some busines, doe entreate her eyes 
To twinkle in their spheres till they returne. 
What if her eyes were there, they in her head, 
The brightnesse of her cheekes would shame those stars: 
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen, 
Would through the airie region streame so bright, 
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night: 
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand, 
I would I were the gloue to that same hand, 
That I might kisse that cheeke. 
Iul: Ay me. 
Rom: She speaks, 
Oh speake againe bright Angell: 
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my head, 
As is a winged messenger of heauen 
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes, 
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him, 
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes, 
and sailes vpon the bosome of the aire. 
Iul: Ah Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? 
Denie thy father, and refuse thy name, 
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue, 
And ile no longer be a Capulet. 
Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this? 
Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats Mountague? It is nor hand nor foote, Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose, By any other name would smell as sweet: So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, Retaine the divine perfection he owes: Without that title Romeo part thy name, And for that name which is no part of thee, Take all I haue.

Rom: I take thee at thy word, Call me but loue, and I'le be new Baptisde, Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.

Iul: What man art thou, that thus beskrid in night, Doest stumble on my counsaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee. My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe, Because it is an enemie to thee. Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iuli: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words Of that tongues utterance, yet I know the sound: Art thou not Romeo and a Mountague?

Ro: Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike. Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in night So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe, Because it is an enemie to thee, Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words Of thy tongus uttering, yet I know the sound. Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike. Iuli. How camst thou hither, tell me, and wherfore? The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe, And the place death considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

Ro. With loue's light wings did I orepearch these walls, For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, And what loue can doo,that dares loue attempt, Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee. Ro: Alas there lies more perill in thine eyes, Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete, And I am proofe against their enmitie.

Iuli. I would not for the world they shuld finde thee here.
Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Ju: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counsail and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.
Jull: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denote,
What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.
Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false: At Louers periuries
they say loue smiles. Ah gentle Romeo,
if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,
Ile frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest think my hauiour light:
But trust me gentleman ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware
My true loues Passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.
Ro: By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,
That tips with siluer all these fruite tops.
Jul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant (Moone,
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,
Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Ju. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore washt with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such Marchandise.
Ju. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewel complements.
Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.
They say loue laughs, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but els not for the world,
In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest think my behauior light,
But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coyung to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these fruite tree tops.
Ju. O sweare not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,
Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Ro: Now by
Iul: Nay do not sweare at all,
Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And I'le beleue thee.
Ro: If my true harts loue
Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in (thee
I haue small ioy in this contract to night,
It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduisde,
Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,

Deare loue adew, sweet Mountague be true,
Stay but a little and I'le come againe.
Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.
Iul: Three wordes good Romeo and good night in- (deed.
If that thy bent of loue be honourable?
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that I'le procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,

Ro. What shall I sweare by?
Iu. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And I'le beleue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so unsatisfied?
Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'echange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe.
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurse; sweete Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare Romeo, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

Iul: Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Tassell gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse and may not speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie voice more hoarse, then
With repetition of my Romeo.

Romeo?
Ro: It is my soule that calles vpon my name,
How siluer sweete sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest musicke to attending eares.

Iul. Romeo.
Ro. My Neece.
Iul. What a clocke to morrow shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Rememberring how I loue thy companie.
Rom: And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silke thred puls it bacque againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Ro: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing thee.
Good night, good night,
parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy (breast.
I would that I were sleepe and peace of sweet to rest.

Now will I go to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis Act 2 scene 3
Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning (night,
Checking the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and Titans fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheare, and nights dancke dew to drie,
We must vp fill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace th
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silken thred, plucks it bacque againe,
So louing Jealous of his libertie.
Ro. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweete so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light.
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by Tytans wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.
Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket. Act 2 scene 3
Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning (night,
Checking the Eastern Clouds with streaks of light:
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reeles,
From forth days path, and Titans burning wheels:
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to drie,
I must vp fill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb,
What is her burying grave, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of divers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true qualitie:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth lie,
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poysone hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tafted slaises all sences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eats vp that plant.

Ro: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

Fri: Benedictie, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth (me?
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleepe will neuer lie:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our Romeo hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fr: God pardon sin, wert thou with Rosaline?
Ro: With Rosaline my Ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin(then?
Ro: I telle thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:
Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy helpe and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.
Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
Ille tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy S. Francis, what a change is here?
Is Rosaline whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forsooke, lyong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eies.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much salt water throwne away in waste,
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sunne not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,
Their old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If euer thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline,
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.
Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing Rosaline.
Fr: For doating, not for louing pupill mine.
Rom: And badst me burye loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell,
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue. Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio. Act 2 scene 4
Mer: Why whats become of Romeo?
came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that Ro- (saline
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Mer: Tybalt the Kinsman of olde Capolet
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: Romeo will answere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters maister if hee bee
challenged.
Mer: Who, Romeo? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?
Ben: Why what is Tybalt?
Mer: More then Prince of Cats.
Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements.
Catso, he fightes as you sing pricke-song ,
keepes time distance and proportion,
rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bosome,
the very butcher of a silken button, a Duel-list a Duellist,
a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause,
ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-uerso, the Hay.
Ben: The what?
Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fan-tasticoes

Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one respect ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households rancour to pure love.
Ro. O let us hence, I stand on sudden hast.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.
Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio. Act 2 scene 4
Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
hath sent a letter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letters master how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas poore Romeo, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a
white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue
song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde
bow-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter Ty-
balt?
Ro. Why what is Tybalt?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats.
Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements:
he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps
time, distance & proportion,
he rests, his minum rests, one two, and the third in your bosome:
the very butcher of a silke but-ton, a dualist a dualist,
a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause,
ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-uerso, the Hay.
Ben. The what?
Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies,
these new tuners of accents.
By Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore.
Why grund-sir is not this a miserable case
that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies:
these fashionmongers, these par-donneses,
that stand so much on the new forme,
that they cannot sitte at ease on the old bench.
Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes Romeo.
Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering.
O flesh flesh how art thou fishified.
Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin :
Laura to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg,
yet she had a better louse to berime her:
Dido a dow-dy Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hero and Hellen
hildings and harle-tries:
Thisbie a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior Romeo bon iour,
there is a French curtesie to your French stop: yee gaue vs the
counterfeit fairly yesternight.
Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?
Me: The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?
Rom: I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such
a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.
Mer: Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil
constraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A most curteous exposition.
Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.
Rom: Pinke for flower?
Mer: Right.
Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:
Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that iest
till thou hast wore out thy Pumpe,
that when the single sole of it is worn

these new tuners of accent :
by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore.
Why is not this a lamëtable thing grund-sir,
that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies:
these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees,
who stand so much on the new forme,
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.
O their bones, their bones.
Enter Romeo.
Ben. Here Comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.
Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering,
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified?
now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in:
Laura to his Lady, was a kitchin wench,
Marrie she had a better louse to berime her:
Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hellen and Hero,
hildings and harlots:
Thisbie a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior Romeo, Bonieur,
theres a French salutation to your French slop: you gaue vs the
counterfei'te fairly last night.
Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?
Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?
Ro. Pardon good Mercutio,my businesse was great,
and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.
Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours,
Constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curse;
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
Ro. A most curtuous exposition.
Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.
Ro. Pinck for flower.
Mer. Right.
Ro. Why then is my pump well flour'd.
Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast,
now till thou hast wore out thy pump,
that when the single sole of it is wore,
the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singular.
Rom: O single solde iest solie singular for the singlenes.
Me: Come between vs good Benuolio, for my wits faile.
Rom: Swits and spurses, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.
Me: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done:
for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits,
than I haue in al my fiue:
Was I with you there for the goose?
Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing,
When thou wert not with me for the goose.
Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.
Rom: Nay good goose bite not.
Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce
Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweete goose?
Mer: Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell
that stretcheth from an ync narrow to an ell broad.
Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad,
which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.
Mer: Why is not this better now then groning for loue,
why now art thou sociable, now art thou arte as nature.
This driueling loue is like a great naturall,
that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.
Ben: Stop there.
Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.
Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?
Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it short,
for I was come to the whole depth of my tale?
And meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
Rom: Heeres goodly geare.
Enter Nurse and her man.
Mer: A saile, a saile, a saile.
Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: Peter, pree thee giue me my fan.
Mer: Pree thee doo good Peter, to hide her face:
For her fanne is the fairer of the two.

**Nur:** God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

**Mer:** God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

**Nur:** Is it godye gooden I pray you.

**Mer:** Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall

is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

**Nur:** Fie, what a man is this?

**Rom:** A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

**Nur:** By my troth well said : for himselfe to marre quoth he?

I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong

Romeo?

**Rom:** I can : but yong Romeo will bee elder

when you haue found him, than he was when you sought him,

I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

**Nur:** You say well.

**Mer:** Yea, is the worst wel? mas well noted, wise-ly, wisely.

**Nu:** If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

**Ben:** O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

**Mer:** A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

**Rom:** Why what hast found man?

**Mer:** No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye,

that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

*He walkes by them, and sings.*

And an olde hare hore,

and an olde hare hore is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,

if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

**Rom:** I will.

**Mer:** Farewell ancient Ladie,farewell sweete Ladie.

*Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.*

**Nur:** Marry farewell.

**Rom:** What hast thou found?

**Mer:** No hare sir, vnlesse a hare sir in a lenten pie,

that is some-thing stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old hare hoare,

and an old hare hoare is very good meate in lent.

But a hare that is hore, is too much for a score,

when it hores ere it be spent.

*Romeo,* will you come to your fathers?

Weele to dinner thither.

**Ro.** I will follow you.

**Mer.** Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

*Exeunt.*

**Nur.** I pray you sir,

what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

**Rom.** A gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke,

and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a moneth.

**Nur.** And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe,

and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such lackes:
if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall:
I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.
And thou like a knaue must stand by,
and see euery Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure,
if I had, I would soone haue drawen:
you know my toole is as soone out as anothers
if I see time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me,
that euery member about me quivers: scuruie Iacke.
But as I said,
my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee,
that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you shoulde lead her into a fools paradise as they saye,
it were a verie grosse kinde of behaviour as they say,
for the Gentlewoman is yong.
Now if you should deale doubly with her,
it were verie weake dealing,
and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.
Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie,
tell her I protest unto thee.

Nur: Goodheart: yfaith I will tell her so:
that she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest:
which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Frier Lawrence cell:

And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.
Nur: No, not a penie truly.
Rom: I say you shall not chuse.
Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.
Rom: Farewel, be trustie, and Ile quit thy paine. Exit

Farewel, commend me to thy Mistresse.
Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?
Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere here say,
two may keep counsell putting one away,
Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.
Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord,
when twas a little prating thing.
O there is a Noble man in town one Paris,
that would faine lay knife aboord,
but she good soule had as leeue see a tode,
a very tode as see him: I anger her some-times,
and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but ile warrant you,
when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world,
doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a let-ter?
Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.
Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name R. is for the no, I know
it begins with some other letter, and she hath the pretiest sen-
tentious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good
to heare it.
Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thousand times Peter.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet. Act two scene five
Iul: The clocke strooke nine when I did send my Nursse
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,  
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.
Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,  
What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while.  
Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua vitae.

Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-  
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Iul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes Romeo?  
Nur: Romeo, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees  
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper

Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,  
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.  
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,  
And therefore hath the wind swift Cupid wings:  
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,  
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,  
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,  
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,  
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.  
M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,  
Vnwieldie, slowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.
O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?  
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.  
Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweete Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?  
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily.  
If good, thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,  
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,  
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:  
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.  
Nur. Isu what haste, can you not stay a while?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,  
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.  
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,  
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not  
how to chuse a man: Romeo, no not he though his face be bet-
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou hast it ifaith, Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-riage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous : wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot yourselfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now, What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my Romeo?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar Laurence Cell, and frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift: There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.

I must prouide a ladder made of cordes, With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.

I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night. 

Doth this newes please you now? 

_Iul:_ How doth her latter words reuie my hart. 

Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines, 

And Ile not faile to meete my _Romeo._ Exeunt. 

*Enter Romeo, Frier._ Act 2 scene six 

_Rom:_ Now Father _Laurence,_ in thy holy grant 

Consists the good of me and _Iuliets._ 

_Fr:_ Without more words I will doo all I may, 

To make you happie if in me it lye. 

_Rom:_ This morning here she pointed we should meet, 

And consumate those neuer parting bands, 

Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands, 

And come she will. 

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_Fr:_ I gesse she will indeed, 

Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed. 

*Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo._ 

See where she comes. 

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower: 

Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power. 

_Iul:_ _Romeo._ 

_Rom:_ My _Iuliet_ welcome. As doo waking eyes 

(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolickè Day, 

_So Romeo_ hath expected _Iuliet,_ 

And thou art come. 

_Iul:_ I am (if I be Day) 

Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire. 

_Rom:_ All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes. 

_Iul:_ _Romeo_ from thine all brightnes doth arise. 

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But you shall beare the burthen soone at night. 

Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell. 

_Iul._ Hie to high fortune,honest Nurse farewell. 

Exeunt. 

*Enter Frier and Romeo._ Act 2 scene six 

_Fri._ So smile the heauens vpon this holy act, 

That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not. 

_Ro._ Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can, 

It cannot counteraile the exchange of ioy 

That one short minute giues me in her sight: 

Do thou but close our hands with holy words, 

Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare, 

It is inough I may but call her mine. 

_Fri._ These violent delights haue violent endes, 

And in their triumph die like fier and powder: 

Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey 

Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse, 

And in the taste confoundes the appetite. 

Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so, 

Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe. 

*Enter Iuliet._ 

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote 

Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint, 

A louver may bestride the gossamours, 

That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre, 

And yet not fall, so light is vanitie. 

_Iu._ Good euen to my ghostly confessior. 

_Fri._ _Romeo_ shall thanke thee daughter for vs both. 

_Iu._ As much to him, else is his thankes too much. 

_Ro._ Ah _Iuliet_, if the measure of thy ioy 

Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more 

To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath 

This neighbour ayre and let rich musicke tongue, 

Vnfold the imagind happines that both 

Receiue in either, by this deare encounter. 

_Iu._ Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
Iul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is common hinder in crosse way.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio. Act 3 scene 1
Ben: I pree thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad.

Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord,
and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation
of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer,
when indeed there is no need.
Ben: Am I like such a one?
Mer: Go to, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
and as soone mouode to be moodie, and as soone moodie to
be moued.
Ben: And what too?
Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none
shortly.

Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-ing of
nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes?
what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out such a quarrell?

With another for coughing, because hee
wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne?

Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.
Fr. Come, come with me, and we will make short (worke.
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,

Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men. Act 3 scene 1
Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capels abroad:
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
daiies, is the mad blood stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters
the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table,
and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation
of the second cup, draws him on the drawer,
when indeed there is no need.
Ben. Am I like such a fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as
any in Italie: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to
be moued.
Ben. And what too?
Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none
shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, wilt
quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his
beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking
Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes:
what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head
is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy
head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou
hast quarelled with a man for coffing in the streete, because hee
hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst
With a Taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter; and with another for tying his new shoes with old ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a Capolet.  
*Enter Tybalt.*

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.  
Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.  
Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I have occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?  
Tyb: Mercutio thou consorts with Romeo?  
Mer: Consort Zwounes consort? the slave wil make fid-lers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

*Enter Romeo.*  
Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.  
Mer: But Ile be hangd if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.  
Tyb: Romeo the hate I beare to thee can affoord no bet-ter words then these, thou art a villaine.  
Rom: Tybalt the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage

thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-fore Easter, with an other for tying his new shooes with olde ri-band, and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling?  
Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.  
Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.  
*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*  
Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heele I care not.  
Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them. Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.  
Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with some-thing, make it a word and a blowe.  
Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue me occasion.  
Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without gi-uing?  
Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.  
Mer. Consort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres my fiddletick, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men: Either withdraw vnto some priuate place, Or reason coldly of your greeuances: Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.  
Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.  
*Enter Romeo.*  
Tyb. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.  
Mer. But ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuerie: Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower, Your worship in that sence may call him man.  
Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.  
Ro. Tybalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee, Doth much excuse the appertaining rage.
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better then thou canst devise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

Mer. O dishonorable vile submission.
Allastockado carries it away.
You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb. What wouldest with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues,
that I mean to make bold withall, and as you shall use mee
hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your
sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
Make haste, least mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentille Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:
Alla stucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues,
that I mean to make bold withall, and as you shall use mee
hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your
sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
Make haste, least mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Stay Tibalt, hould Mercutio: Benuolio beate downe their
weapons.

Tibalt under Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer. Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houses.

Rom. What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer. Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a Well.
barne doore, but it will serue I warrant.

What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the Mountegues and the Capolets: and then some pleasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slave shall write my Epitapth, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes Lawes,and Mercutio was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come Benuolio, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses. Exeunt

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie. My very frend hath tane this mortall wound In my behalfe, my reputation staind With Tibalt's slander, Tybalt that an houre Hath beene my kinsman. Ah Juliet Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate, And in my temper softens valors steele. Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah Romeo Romeo braue Mercutio is dead, That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the cloudes, Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth. Rom: This daies black fate,on more daies doth depend This but begins what other daies must end.

Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house Benuolio,

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses. They haue made wormes meate of me, I haue it, and soundly, to your houses. Exit.

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neere alie, My very friend hath got this mortall hurt In my behalfe, my reputation staind With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt that an houre Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete Juliete, Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate, And in my temper softened valours steele. Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, braue Mercutio is dead, That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes, Which too vntimely here did scornd the earth.

Ro. This daies blacke fate, on mo daies doth depêd, This but begins, the wo others must end.
Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious Tibalt backe againe.

Rom: A liue in tryumph and Mercutio slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue lenity:

And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.

Now Tibalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gauest me: for Mercutios soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: Romeo away, thou seest that Tibalt's slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone

Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch: Wher's he that slue Mercutio,
Tybalt that vil-laine?
Ben: There is that Tybalt.
Vp sirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman braue Mercutio,

M: Tibalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of Mountagew.

Pry: Speake Benuolio who began this fray?
Ben: Tibalt heere slaine whom Romeos hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But Tibalt still persisting in his wrong,
The stout Mercutio drew to calme the storme,
Which Romeo seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong Romeo,
As fast as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong Romeo laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued Romeo:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge,
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled.
M: He is a Mountagew and speakes partiall,

Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I doo intreate sweete Prince thoulth iustice giue,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo may not liue.
Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:

Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet. Act 3 scene 2
Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
Towards Phoebus mansion, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in clowdie night immediately.

The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let Romeo hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone. Act 3 scene 2
Gallop apace, you fierie footed steedes,
Towards Phoebus lodging, such a wagner
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of stainesse maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad? What hast thou there, the cordes?
Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are undone, We are undone, Lady we are undone.

Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurs: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Iul: This torture should be roared in dismall hell. Can heauens be so enuious?

Nur: Romeo can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, God saue the sample, on his manly breast: A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse, All pale as ashes, I swoended at the sight.

Iul: What disaster hap Hath seuerd thee from thy true Iuliet? Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disaster hap Hath seuerd thee from thy true Iuliet? Ah why shou’d Heauen so much conspire with Woe, Or Fate enuiue our happie Marriage, So soon to sunder vs by timelessse Death?

And he will make the face of heauen so fine, That all the world will be in loue with night, And pay no worship to the garish Sun. O I haue bought the mansion of a loue, But not possest it, and though I am sold, Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day, As is the night before some festiuall, To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse: Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speaks But Romeo name, speaks heauenly eloquence: Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there, The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? Why dost thou wring thy hāds?
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead, We are undone Lady, we are undone.

Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be so enuious?
Nur. Romeo can, Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo, Who euer would haue thought it Romeo?
Iu. What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus? This torture should be rored in dismall hell, Hath Romeo slaine himselfe? say thou but I, And that bare vowell I shall poyson more Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice, I am not I, if there be such an I. Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I: If he be slaine say I, or if not, no. Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, God saue the marke, here on his manly brest, A piteous coarse, a bloudie piteous coarse,
Nur: O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,
O honest Tybalt, courteous Gentleman.

Iul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered:
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,
These two being dead, then living is there none.
Nur: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that murdred him is banished.
Iul: Ah heauens, did Romoos hand shed Tybalts blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was never book containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant Romeo?

Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.

Shame come to Romeo.

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I sounded at the sight.
Iu. O break my hart, poore bankrout break at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth resigne, end motion here.
And thou and Romeo presse on heauie beare.
Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,
O courteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.
Iu. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is Romeo slaughtred? and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nur. Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.
Iuli. O God, did Romoos hand shead Tibalts bloud?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer draugon keepe so faire a Cave?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Raueous douefatherd raué, woluishrauening lamb,
Despised substance of diuinest showe:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradise of such sweete flesh?
Was euer book containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? o that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitae:
These griefs, these woes, these naughts make me old,
Shame come to Romeo.
Iu. Blistersed be thy tongue
Iul: A blister on that tunk, he was not borne to shame:  
Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to sit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?  
That villaine Cousen would have kild my husband.

All this is comfort. But there yet remaines  
Worse than his death, which faine I would forget:

But ah, it presseth to my memorie,

Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished  
Is worse than death. Romeo is banished,

Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Iuliet,  
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?
Nur: Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalts coarse.
Will you goe to them?
Iul. I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he shed for Romeos banishment.

Nur. Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.
Iul. Do so, and beeare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. Exeunt.

Enter Frier. Act 3 scene 3
Fr: Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.
Enter Romeo.
Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
What Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
That yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom. What lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his looke,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.
Fr: Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,

Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalts coarse,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iul. Wash they his wounds with teares? mine shall be (spent,
When theirs are drie, for Romeos banishment.
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for Romeo is exile:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde Romeo
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye, your Romeo will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.
Iul. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo. Act 3 scene 3
Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enemourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell itselfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And worlds exile is death.
Calling death banishment, Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe, And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince (Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law, And turnd that blacke word death to banishment: This is meer mercie, and thou seest it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here Where Iuliet liues: and euery cat and dog, And little mouse, euery vnworthie thing Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her, But Romeo may not. More validitie, More honourable state, more courtship liues In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seaze On the white wonder of faire Iulietts skinne, And steale immortall kisses from her lips;

But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.

Oh Father hadst thou no strong poysnon mixt, No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death, Though nere so meane, but banishment To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart, Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor, A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest, To mangle me with that word, Banishment?
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word, Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.
Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Unlesse philosophie can make a Iuliet,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.
Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.
Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom: Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, Iuliet thy Loue,
An houre but married, Tybalt murdred.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
Nurse knockes.

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Fr: Romeo arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.
Nu: Hoe Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?
Shee knockes againe.
Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?

Nur: One from Lady Iuliet.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's Romeo?
Fr: There on the ground,
with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Just in her case. Oh wofull sympathy.
Pitieous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For Iuliets sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
He rises.
Rom: Nurse.
Nur: Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death's the end of all.
Rom: Spakest thou of Iuliet, how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now falls on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calles.
Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion?
He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.
Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man?
thy forme Cries out thou art,
but thy wilde actes denote
The vnresonable furies of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeing beast in seeming both.
Thou hast amaz’d me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady Iuliet liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou sluest Tybalt, there art thou happy too.

A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and sullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.
Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua.

And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz’d me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life liues.
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why raylest thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit.
Which like a Usurer aboundst in all;
And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie.
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skillesse souldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy Iuliet is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happie, Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slewest Tibalt, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her best array,
But like a misshaued and sullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,  
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,  
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

\textit{Nur:} Good Lord what a thing learning is.  
I could haue stayde heere all this night  
To heare good counsell.  
\textit{Rom:} Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,  
Farwell good Nurse.  
\textit{Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.}  
\textit{Nur:} Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,  
\textit{Rom:} How well my comfort is reuiued by this.  
\textit{Exit Nurse.}

\textit{Fri.} Soiorne in Mantua, Ile finde out your man,  
And he shall signifie from time to time:  
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.  
Farwell.  
\textit{Rom:} But that a ioy, past ioy cries out on me,  
It were a griefe so breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, With County Paris. \textit{Act 3 scene 4}  
\textit{Cap:} Thinges haue fallen out Sir so vnluckly,  
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.  
Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,  
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,  
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?

Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,  
With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy  
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.  
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,  
\textit{Romeo is comming.}

\textit{Nur.} O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,  
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:  
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.  
\textit{Ro.} Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

\textit{Nur.} Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:  
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.  
\textit{Ro.} How well my comfort is reuied by this.  
\textit{Fri.} Go hēce, goodnight, & here stands al your state:  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,  
Soiourne in Mantua, ile find out your man,  
And he shall signifie from time to time,  
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:  
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.  
\textit{Ro.} But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,  
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:  
Farewell.  
\textit{Exeunt.}

Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris. \textit{Act 3 scene 4}

\textit{Ca.} Things haue faltne out sir so vnluckily,  
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,  
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman \textit{Tybalt} dearely  
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

*Par:* These times of woe affoord no time to wooe, Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter. *Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.*

*Cap:* Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child. I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee:

But soft what day is this?

*Par:* Munday my Lord. *Cap:* Oh then Wensday is too soone, On Thursday let it be: you shall be maried. Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so: For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately, It will be thought we held him careleslye: If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe. But what say you to Thursday.

*Par:* My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-row. *Cap:* Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed, Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue, And bid her, marke you me? on wendsday next. But soft, what day is this?

*Ca.* Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone, A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her She shall be married to this noble Earle: Will you be ready? do you like this haste? Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two, For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late, It may be thought we held him carelesly Being our kinsman, if we reuell much: Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends, And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

*Paris.* My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow. *Ca.* Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then: Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed, Prepare her wife, against this wedding day. Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,

Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by, Goodnight.

*Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window. *Act 3 scene 5*

*Iul:* Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day, It was the Nightingale and not the Larke

Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night: I promise you, but for your companie, I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

*Paris.* These times of wo affoord no times to wooe: Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter. *La.* I will, and know her mind early to morrow, To night shees mewed vp to her heauines.

*Ca.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender Of my childes loue: I think she will me ruled In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not. Wife go you to her ere you go to bed, Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue, And bid her, marke you me? on wendsday next. But soft, what day is this?

*Pa.* Monday my Lord. *Ca.* Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone, A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her She shall be married to this noble Earle: Will you be ready? do you like this haste? Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two, For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late, It may be thought we held him carelesly Being our kinsman, if we reuell much: Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends, And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

*Paris.* My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow. *Ca.* Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then: Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed, Prepare her wife, against this wedding day. Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,

Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by, Goodnight.

*Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft. *Act 3 scene 5*

*Iu.* Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day: It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Believe me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what envious strokes
Doo lace the severing clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand Day
Stands tiptoe on the mystie Mountaine tops.
I must be gone and lie, or stay and dye.
Jul: You light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.
Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is but the pale reflex of Cinthia's brow.
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beares
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
And not the Lark the Messenger of Mone.
Come death and welcome, Juliet wils it so.
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Jul: It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Lark makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Lark and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsup to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.
Nur. Madam.
Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.  
He goeth downe.  

Iul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Friend?  
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre:  
For in an hower there are manie minutes,  
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:  
Oh by this count I shall be much in yeares,  
Ere I see thee againe.  
Rom: Farewell,  
I will omit no opportunitie  
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.  

Iul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.  
Rom: I doubt it not, and allthese woes shall serue  
For sweete discourses in our times to come.  

O God I haue an ill diuining soule.  
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,  
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,  
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.  
Rom: And trust me loue, in my eye so doo you,  
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adieu, adieu.  
Exit.  

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,  
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.  
She goeth downe from the window.  

Enter Iuliet Mother, Nurse.  
Moth: Where are you Daughter?  
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what Iuliet?  

Iul: How now, who calls?  
Nur: It is your Mother.  

Moth: Why how now Iuliet?  

Nur: Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,  
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.  
Iul: Then window let day in, and let life out.  
Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.  

Iu. Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,  
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,  
For in a minute there are many dayes,  
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,  
Ere I againe behold my Romeo.  
Rom. Farewell:  
I will omit no opportunitie,  
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.  

Iu. O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?  
Rom. I doubt it not, and allthese woes shall serue  
For sweete discourses in our times to come.  
Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,  
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,  
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,  
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.  
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:  
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.  
Exit.  

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:  
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,  
But send him backe.  

Enter Mother.  
La. Ho daughter, are you vp?  

Iu. Who ist that calls? It is my Lady mother.  
Is she not downe so late or vp so early?  
What vnaccustomd cause procures her hither?  
La. Why how now Iuliet?
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cozens death:
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

Iul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liu
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine Romeo.
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.

Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to Mantua where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare Tybalt companie.

Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whist he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext?

Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me wepe, for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you wepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer wepe the friend.
La. Wel gyrle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine Romeo.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.
La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.
Iu. Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weep no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,
Where that same bannisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone kepe Tybalt companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wretake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.
Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee joyfull(newes? Iul: And joy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle, And one who pittying thy needfull state, Hath found thee out a happie day of joy.

Iul: What day is that I pray you? Moth: Marry my Childe, The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentlemen, The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church, Early next Thursday morning must prouide, To make you there a glad and joyfull Bride.

Iul: Now by Saint Peters Church and Peter too, He shall not there make mee a joyfull Bride. Are these the newes you had to tell me of?

Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet. And when I doo, it shalbe rather Romeo whom I hate, Than Countie Paris that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet. Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

Capo: Why how now, euermore shoutring? In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke, Still floating in thy everfalling teares, And tost with sighes arising from thy hart: Will without succour ship wracke presently. But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>She to it?</th>
<th>Haue you deliuered to her our decree?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Moth:</em> I haue, but she will none she thankes ye: Would God that she were married to her graue.</td>
<td><em>La.</em> I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes, I would the foole were married to her graue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Capo:</em> What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, Doth she not wexe proud?</td>
<td><em>Ca.</em> Soft take me with you, take me with you wife, How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iul:* Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue: Proud can I neuer be of that I hate, But thankfull euyn for hate that is ment loue.</td>
<td>Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we haue wrought So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Capo:</em> Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not, And yet not proud. What here, chop logick. Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes, But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next To goe with <em>Paris</em> to Saint <em>Peters</em> Church, Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether. Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.</td>
<td>Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not, And yet not proud mistresse minion you? Thanke me no thankings, nor pro</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.
Cap: Oh goddegodden.

Vtter your grauitie ouer a gossips bowle,
For heere we need it not.
Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.

Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing how found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue,
I am too yong, I pray you pardon mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke on't, I doe not vse to iest.
I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on hart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend: 
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg, 
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule Ile neuer more acknowledge thee, 
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good, 
Think to it, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest.  

Iul: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes, 
That lookes into the bottome of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away, 
Defer this marriage for a day or two, 
Or if you cannot, make my marriage bed 
In that dimme monument where Tybalt lyes. 

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word. 
Nur. I speake no treason, 
Father, ô Godigeden, 
May not one speake? 
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole, 
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goships bowle, 
For here we need it not. 
Wi. You are too hot. 
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad, 
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play, 
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene 
To haue her matcht, 
and hauing now prouided A Gentleman of noble parentage, 
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand, 
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts, 
Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man, 
And then to haue a wretched puling foole, 
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender, 
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue: 
I am too young, I pray you pardon me. 
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you. 
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me, 
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest. 
Thursday is neare, 
lay hand on hart, aduise, 
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend, 
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets. 
For by my soule ile nere acknowledge thee, 
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good: 
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne. 

Exit. 
Iu. Is there no pitty sitting in the cloudes 
That sees into the bottome of my greefe? 
O sweet my Mother cast me not away, 
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke, 
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed 
In that dim Monument where Tibalt lies. 
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. Exit.

Iul. O God, ô Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What sayst thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is banished and all the world to (nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the Countie,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman: Romeo is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

Iul.: Speakst thou this from thy heart?
Nur.: I and from my soule, of els beshrew them both.
Iul.: Amen.

Nur.: What say you Madame?
Iul.: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies into my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.
To Fryer Laurence Cell to confesse me, And to be absolued.
Nur.: I will, and this is wisely done.
She lookes after Nurse.
Iul.: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.
Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris. Act 4 scene 1
Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,
Par: My Father Capulet will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.
Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
Par: Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinks it daungerous:
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway.
And in his wisedome hastes our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.
Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.
Exit.

Enter Fryer and Countie Paris. Act 4 scene 1
Fri. On Thursday sir: the time is very short.
Par. My Father Capulet will haue i t so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.
Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her father counts it daungerous:
That she do giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisedome hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.
Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That maybe sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.
Iu. What must be shalbe.
Fr. Thats a certaine text.
Par. What come ye to confession to this Fryer.
Iu. To tell you that were to confesse to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confesse to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I do, it wilbe of more price,
Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast slan'dred it.
Iu: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy Father now:
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fri: My leasure serues me pensiue daughter now.
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.
Exit.
Iu: O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,
Fri: Ah Iuliet I already know thy greefe,
I heare thou must and nothiug may proroge it,
On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.

Gieue me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay Iuliet, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie Paris
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie Paris)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
Where roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
With reekie shanks,
and yealow chapels sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind Wife
To my deere Lord, my deerest Romeo.
Fr: Hold Iuliet, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilling Liquor drinke thou off:
When presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze
Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile sen

| Exeunt. |

| Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and Servuimgman. Act 4 scene 2 |

| Capo: Where are you sirra? |
| Ser: Heere forsooth. |
| Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes. |
| Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers. |

| Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Servuimg men, two or three. Act 4 scene 2 |

| Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ, |
| Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes. |
| Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers. |
Capo: How canst thou know them so?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot liche his owne fin-gers.

Capo: How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fin-gers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: What is my daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?
Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her, A peeuish selfewieldhar lottry it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.
Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition, To you and your behests, and am enioynd By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here, To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you, Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this, Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell, And gaue him what becomd loue I might, Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie. 
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp, This is ast should be, let me see the Countie: I marrie go I say and fetch him hither. Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier, All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

Iu. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet, To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments, As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe?
Iul: I pree thee let vs.
Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.
Capo: I say I will haue this dispatch to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.
Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.
Moth: We shall be short in our prouision.
Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will. Exeunt.

Enter Nurse, Iuliet. Act 4 scene 3
Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night. Exit.

Enter Moth.
Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?

Iul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth: Well then good night, be stirring Iuliet,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. Exit.

Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to Iuliet, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie Paris, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse. Act 4 scene 3
Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Moth.
Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Line</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Ah, I do take a fearfull thing in hand.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>What if this Potion should not worke at all, Must I of force be married to the Countie? This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there. What if the Frier should give me this drinke To poysom mee, for feare I should disclose Our former marriage?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Ah, I wrong him much, He is a holy and religious Man: I will not entertaine so bad a thought. What if I should be stifled in the Toomb? Awake an houre before the appointed time:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>An then I feare I shall be lunaticke,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines, That almost freezes vp the heate of life: Ile call them backe againe to comfort me. Nurse, what should she do here? My dismall scene I needs must act alone. Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all? Shall I be married then to morrow morning? No, no, this shall forbid it, lye thou there, What if it be a poysom which the Frier Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead, Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd, Because he married me before to Romeo? I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not, For he hath still bene tried a holy man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>How if when I am laid into the Tombe, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynyt: Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault? To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes. Or if I liue, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place, As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle, Where for this many hundred yeares the bones Of all my buried auncestors are packt, Where bloudie Tybalt yet but greene in earth, Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say, At some hours in the night, spirits resort: Alack, alack, is it not like that I So early waking, what with loathsome smels, And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth, That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad: O if I walke, shall I not be distraught, Inuironed with all these hidious feares,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my franticke braines.
Me thinkes I see My Cosin Tybalt weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for Romeo:
stay Tybalt stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fale vpon her bed within the Curtaines.
Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother. Act 4 scene 4
Moth:Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.
Enter Oldeman.
Cap:Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, tis foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur:Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will be sicke anone.

Cap:I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all.
Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter a Seruingman with Logs & Coales.
Cap:A Ielous hood, a Ieloushood: How now sirra?
What haue you there?

Ser:Forsooth Logs.
Cap:Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee
where thou shalt fetch them.
Ser:Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade Inoe to
I choose a Log.
Exit.

Cap:Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,  
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.  
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

Play Musicke.  
The Countie will be here with musicke straight,  
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.  
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?  
Enter Nurse.  
Go waken Iuliet, go and trim her vp,  
Ile go and chat with Paris, hie, make haste,  
Make hast, the bridgroome, he is come already, make hast I say.

Act 4 scene 5

What Iuliet? well, let the County take you in your bed,  
yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night,  
the Countie Paris hath set vp his rest that you shal rest  
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,  
what bride, what Iuliet? Gods me how sound she sleeps?  
Nay then I see I must wake you indeed.

Nur. Mistris, what mistris, Iuliet, fast I warrant her she,  
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed,  
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride:  
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,  
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant  
The Countie Paris hath set vp his rest,  
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.  
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:  
I needs must wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,  
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,  
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?  
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?  
I must needs wakke you, Lady, Lady, Lady.  
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.  
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,  
Some Aqua-vitae ho, my Lord my Lady.  
Mo. What noise is here?  
Nur. O lamentable day.  
Mo. What is the matter?  
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!  
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.  
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:  
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Oldeman.  
Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?  
Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.  

Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, unfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride,
flower as she is, Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,
Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

Par: Haue I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it now present such prodegies?
Accurst, unhappie, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slave in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauen,O nature,wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.
Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.
All at once cry out and wring their hands
All cry: All our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholy fled.
Cap: Cruel, vnjust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preseru'd my life?
Too see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depruied of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vnjust, impartiall destinies.
Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.

Her bloud is settled, and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene separated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost,
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her heere to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths,
Par. Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?
Mo. Accurst, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O ioue, O life, not life, but ioue in death.
Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be deprivde by suddaine destinie.
*Moth:* O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
*Fr:* O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

*Cap:* Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens.*

*Enter Musitions.*

*Nur:* Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*

To murther, murther, our solemnitie?
O childe, O childe, my soule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

*Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,
In these confusions heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death.
But heauen keeps his part in eternall life,
The most you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and stick your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares ar e reasons merriment.

*Fa.* All things that we ordained festiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast:
Our solemn himnes to sullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

*Fri.* Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Enter Seruingman. Ser:</th>
<th>1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some mery dumpe.</td>
<td>1. A sir, this is no time to play. Ser:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.</td>
<td>1. What will you giue vs?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you Ile sol you.</td>
<td>1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you.</td>
<td>1. When griping grieve the heart doth wound, And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse: Then musique with her siluer sound, Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound. | The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill: Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil. 
Exit manet. Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone. Nur. Honest good fellowes, ah put vp, put vp, For well you know, this is a pitifull case. Fid. I my my troath, the case may be amended. Exit omnes. Enter Will Kemp. Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease, O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease. Fidler. Why harts ease? Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is (full: O play me some merie dump to comfort me. Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now. Peter. You will not then? Minst. No. Peter. I will then giue it you soundly. Minst. What will you giue vs? Peter. No money on my faith, but the glecke. I will giue you the Minstrell. Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature. Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your (pate. I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa You, do you note me? Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs. 2. M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit. Then haue at you with my wit. Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my (yron dagger. Answwere me like men. When griping grieved the hart doth wound, then musique with her siluer sound. Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say you Simon Catling? Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound. |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ser:</th>
<th>Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ser:</td>
<td>Prettie too: come, what say you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>I say nothing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ser:</td>
<td>I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the Singer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you haue sildome Golde for sounding.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Farewell Fidlers, fare-well.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Exit.**

1. *Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. Exeunt.*

---

**Enter Romeo. Act 5 scene 1**

*Rom:* If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,  
My Dreame presaged some good event to come.  
My bosome Lord sits cheerfull in his throne,  
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.  
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:  
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)  
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,  
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

---

**Enter Balthasar his man booted.**

Newes from Verona. How now Balthasar,  
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?  
How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe:  
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.  
*Balt:* Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,  
Her bodie sleepe in *Capels* Monument,  
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.

---

**Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?**

2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.

**Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?**

3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.

**Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer.**

I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,  
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:  
Then Musique with her siluer sound  
with speedy help doth lendredresse.  
**Exit.**

**Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same?**

*M. 2.* Hang him Jack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.  
**Exit.**

**Enter Romeo. Act 5 scene 1**

*Ro.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,  
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:  
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,  
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerfull thoughts,  
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,  
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.

*Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possest  
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.*

**Enter Romeoos man.**

Newes from Verona, how now Balthazer,  
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?  
How doth my Ladie, is my Father well:  
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,  
For nothing can be ill if she be well.  
*Man.* Then she is well and nothing can be ill,  
Her body sleepe in *Capels* monument,  
And her immortall part with Angels liues.  
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

Rom.: Is it even so? then I defie my Starres.
Goe get mee incke and paper, hyre post horse. I will not stay in Mantua to night.
Balt.: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus, Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare; I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
Rom.: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper, And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well Juliet, I will lye with thee to night. Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember

Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted

As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft

With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes: And in the same an Aligarta hangs, Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses, Are thinly strewed to make vp a show. Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought: And if a man should need a poysone now, (Whose present sale is death in Mantua) Here he might buy it. This thought of mine Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.

And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes, Since you did leaue it for my office sir.
Rom.: Is it in so? then I denie you starres. Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper, And hire post horses, I will hence tonight.
Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience: Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import Some misaduenture,
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd, Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.
Ro. No matter get thee gone, And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight. Well Juliet, I will lie with thee to night. Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift, To enter in the thoughts of desperate men. I do remember an Appothacarie, And here abouts a dwells which late I noted, In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes, Culling of simples, meager were his lookes, Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones: And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung, An allegater stuft, and other skins Of ill shape fishes, and about his shelues, A beggerly account of emptie boxes, Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes, Remnans of packthred, and old cakes of Roses Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew. Noting this penury, to my selfe I said, An if a man did need a poysone now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him. O this same thought did but forerun my need, And this same needie man must sell it me.
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.
*Enter Apothecarie.*

_Apo_: Who calls, what would you sir?

_Rom_: Heeres twentie duckates, 
Gieue me a dram of some such speeding geere, 
As will dispatch the wearey takers life, 
As suddenly as powder being fierd 
From forth a Cannons mouth.

_Apo_: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse, 
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

_Rom_: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie, 
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend, 
And therefore make no conscience of the law: 
Upon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie, 
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

_Apo_: My pouertie but not my will consents. 
_Rom_: I pray thy pouertie and not thy will. 

Put this in any liquid thing you will, 
and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

_Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh._
_Come cordiall and not poysone, goe with mee_ 
To _Iuliet_ Graue: for there must I vse thee. _Exeunt._

*Enter Frier John.* _Act 5 scene 2_
Iohn: What Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?

Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier Iohn.
What newes from Mantua, what will Romeo come?

Iohn: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
Whereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinide, we were both shut vp.

Laur: Who bare my letters then to Romeo?
Iohn: I haue them still, and here they are.

Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
A spade and a mattocke.

Iohn: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. Exit.
Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come Be wakde from sleepe.

I will hye To free her from that Tombe of miserie. Exit.

Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete Water. Act 5 scene 3
Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, 
keeping thine eare close to the hollow ground.

And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard, 
Staight giue me notice.

*Boy*:
I will my Lord.

*Paris* strews the Tomb with flowers.

*Par*: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale bed: 
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe, 
The perfect modell of eternitie: 
Faire Iuliet that with Angells dost remaine, 
Accept this latest fauour at my hands, 
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead 
With fune ral praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach, 
What cursed foote wanders this way to night, 
To crosse my obsequies and true loues rites? 
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, 
a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

something doth approach. 
What cursed foote wanders this was to night, 
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites? 
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

*Rom*: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching I-ron. 
And take these letters early in the morning, 
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father. 
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.

Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along, 
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground, 
So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread, 
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues, 
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me 
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach, 
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go. 
*Pa*. I am almost afraid to stand alone, 
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture. 
*Par*. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew 
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones, 
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe, 
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones, 
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe: 
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Why I descend into this bed of death, 
Is partly to behold my Ladies face, 
But chiefly to take from her dead finger, 
A precious ring which I must vse 
In deare imployment but if thou wilt stay, 
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen I le teare thee joynt by joynt,
And strewe thy hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.
Rom: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to ope.

Par: This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That murderd my loues cosen,
I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile Mountague.
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye.
Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth begone, tempt not a desperate man.

Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By shedding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe.

Par: I doe defye thy conjurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.
Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

By heauen I will teare thee joynt by joynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendshid, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this same, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in despiyte ile cram thee with more foode.
Pa. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That murderd my loues Cozin, with which greefe
It is supposed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,
Flie hence and leave me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

Par. I do defye thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>They fight.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Boy:</strong> O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Par:</strong> Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Open the tombe, lay me with <strong>Juliet.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rom:</strong> Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face, Mercutios kinsman, noble Countie <strong>Paris</strong>?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What said my man, when my betossed soule Did not regard him as we past a long. Did he not say <strong>Paris</strong> should haue married <strong>Juliet</strong>? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so. But I will satisfie thy last request, For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Rom.</strong> In faith I will, let me peruse this face, Mercutios kinsman, Noble Countie <strong>Paris,</strong> What said my man, when my betossed soule Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke He told me <strong>Paris</strong> should haue married <strong>Juliet,</strong> Said he not so? or did I dreame it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talke of <strong>Juliet,</strong> To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand, One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke, Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue. A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtered youth: For here lies <strong>Juliet,</strong> and her bewtie makes This Vault a feasting presence full of light. Death lye thou there by a dead man interd, How oft haue many at the houre of death Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call A lightning before death But how may I Call this a lightning. Ah deare <strong>Juliet,</strong> How well thy beauty doth become this graue?</td>
</tr>
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| Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd, How oft haue many at the houre of death Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call A lightning before death But how may I Call this a lightning. Ah deare **Juliet,** How well thy beauty doth become this graue? |

| O I beleue that vnsubstanciall death, Is amorous, and doth court my loue. Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere, |

| O I beleue that vnsubstanciall death, Is amorous, and doth court my loue. Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere, |
Set vp my euerlasting rest  
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on  
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.  
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:  
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye.  
Falls.  
Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.  
How oft to night  
haue these my aged feete  
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.  
Whose there?  
Man. A fren and one that knowes you well.  
Fr: Who is it that consorts so late the dead,  
What light is yon? if I be not deceived,  
Me thinkes it burnes in Capels monument?  
Man. It doth so holy Sir, and there is one That loues you dearely.  
Fr: Who is it?  
Man: Romeo.  
Fr: How long hath he beeene there?  
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.  
Fr: Goe with me thether.  
Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:  
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,  
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.  
Fr: Then must I goe:  
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.  
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,  
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here  
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,  
From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:  
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you  
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse  
A datelesse bargain to ingrossing death:  
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauoury guide,  
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barke:  
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:  
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.  

Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.  
Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night  
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues?  
Whoes there?  
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.  
Frier. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend  
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,  
It burneth in the Capels monument.  
Man. It doth so holy sir, and theres my maister, one that you (loue.  
Frier. Who is it?  
Man. Romeo.  
Frier. How long hath he bin there?  
Man. Full halfe an houre.  
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.  
Man. I dare not sir. My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,  
And fearefully did menace me with death  
If I did stay to looke on his entents.
my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.
What blood is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere?
what Romeo dead? Who and Paris too?
what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?

Iuliet rises.
The Lady sturres.
Iul: Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vnder tooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come forth. I heare some noise at hand,

We shall be taken, Paris, he is slaine,
And Romeo dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie;
I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.

Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
Fr: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.
Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.
Enter Watch.
Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my fear,
Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.
She stabs herselfe and falls.
Enter watch.
Cap: Come looke about, what weapons have we here?

See friends where Juliet two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded,
search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.
1. Captaine heers a Fryer
with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.
Enter one with Romets Man.
1. Heeres Romeo Man.
Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.
Enter Prince with others.
Prin: What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.
Capt: O noble Prince, see here
Where Juliet that hath lyen intoombed two dayes,
Warne and fresh bleeding, Romeo and Countie Paris

To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Haply some poysone yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloudie, search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, heere lies the Countie slaine,
And Juliet bleeding, warne, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,
Raise vp the Mountagues, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.
Enter Romeoos man.
Watch. Heres Romeoos man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. watch. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.
3. Watch. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.
Chief watch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.
Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?
Likewise newly slaine.

*Prin:* Search seek about to finde the murderers.

*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*

*Capo:* What rumor's this that is so early vp?

*Moth:* The people in the streetes crie *Romeo,*
And some on *Iuliet:* as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.

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*Cape:* See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague,*
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

*Enter olde Mountague.*

*Prin:* Come *Mountague,* for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

*Mount:* Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too:
What further mischiefe can there yet be found?

*Prin:* First come and see, then speake.

*Mount:* O thou vuntaught, what maners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.

*Prin:* Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out

Of such a hainous and seld scene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspition.

Fr.: I am the greatest able to do least.

Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
And Ile informe you how these things fell out.

Juliet here slaine was married to that Romeo,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappy marriage,
Was Tybalts doomesday: for which Romeo
Was banished from hence to Mantua.

He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to Paris: but her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
What so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned Euen in my presence to dispatch
her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should
make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I woulde with all post speed
Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.

But he that had my Letters (Frier Iohn)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
Whereas the sicke infection remaind,
Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne.
But Romeo understaunding by his man,
That Iuliet was deceasde, returnde in post
Vnto Verona for to see his loue.
What after happened touching Paris death,
Or Romeo is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awak't from sleep:
Whom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
Which she refused seeing Romeo dead.

Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
What afterhappened I am ignorant of.

And if in this ought haue miscaried
By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrific'd some houre before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.
Pry: We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres Romeos man, what can he say in this?
Balth: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
And then he poaste straight from Mantua,
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.

Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
Where is the Counties Boy that calld the Watch?
Boy: I brought my Master vnto Iuliets graue,
But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
they fought,
I ran to call the Watch say or know.

Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Capolet, and come olde Mountagewye. 
Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother Mountague giue me thy hand, 
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more stowe on her, 

deaths all I haue.

Moun: But I will giue them more, 
I will erect statue of pure golde: 
That while Verona by that name is knowne. 
There shall no statue of such price be set, 
omeos loued Iuliet. 
Cap: As rich shall Romeo by his Lady lie, 
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie. 
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring. 

Come, let vs hence, se sad things. 
Some shall be pardoned and some punished: 
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe, 
Than this of Iuliet and her Romeo. 
FINIS.