

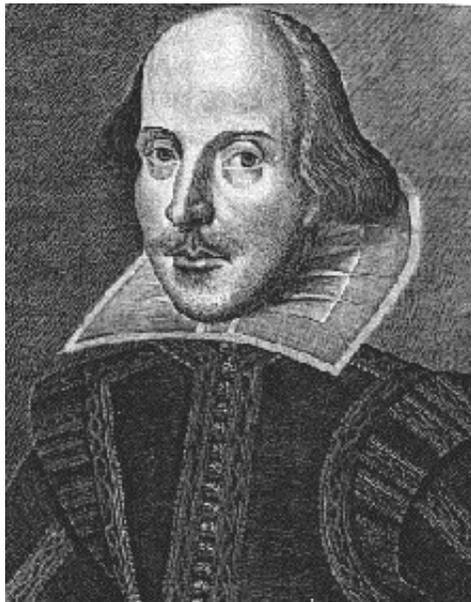
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ROMEO and IVLIET

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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 Actus Primus. Scoena Prima. 1

The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet

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Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,*
3 *of the House of Capulet.*

4 *Sampson.*

5 *Gregory:* A my word wee'l not carry coales.

6 *Greg.* No, for then we should be Colliars.

7 *Samp.* I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

8 *Greg.* I, While you liue, draw your necke out
9 o'th Collar.

10 *Samp.* I strike quickly, being mou'd.

11 *Greg.* But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

12 *Samp.* A dog of the house of *Mountague*, moues me.

13 *Greg.* To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
14 Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

15 *Samp.* A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.

16 I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*.

17 *Greg.* That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the wea-kest
18 goes to the wall.

19 *Samp.* True, and therefore women being the weaker
20 Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
21 *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
22 the wall.

23 *Greg.* The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs |(their men.

24 *Samp.* 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
25 I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
26 Maids, and cut off their heads.

27 *Greg.* The heads of the Maids?

28 *Sam.* I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden- heads,
29 Take it in what sence thou wilt.

30 *Greg.* They must take it sence, that feele it.

31 *Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:

32 And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

33 *Greg.* 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
34 had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
35 the House of the *Mountagues*.

36 *Enter two other Seruingmen.*

37 *Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

38 *Gre.* How? Turne thy backe, and run.

39 *Sam.* Feare me not.

40 *Gre.* No marry: I feare thee.
 41 *Sam.* Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.
 42 *Gr.* I wil frown as I passe by, & let the[m] take it as they list
 43 *Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
 44 which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.
 45 *Abra.* Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?
 46 *Samp.* I do bite my Thumbe, sir.
 47 *Abra.* Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?
 48 *Sam.* Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre.* No.
 49 *Sam.* No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
 50 I bite my Thumbe sir.
 51 *Greg.* Do you quarrell sir?
 52 *Abra.* Quarrell sir? no sir.
 53 *Sam.* If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man |(as you
 54 *Abra.* No better? *Samp.* Well sir.
 55 *Enter Benuolio.*
 56 *Gr.* Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.
 57 *Samp.* Yes, better.
 58 *Abra.* You Lye.
 59 *Samp.* Draw if you be men. *Gregory,* remember thy
 60 washing blow. *They Fight.*
 61 *Ben.* Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
 62 what you do.
 63 *Enter Tibalt.*
 64 *Tyb.* What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
 65 Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio,* looke vpon thy death.
 66 *Ben.* I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
 67 Or manage it to part these men with me.
 68 *Tyb.* What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
 69 As I hate hell, all *Mountagues,* and thee:
 70 Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*
 71 *Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.*
 72 *Offi.* Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down
 73 Downe with the *Capulets,* downe with the *Mountagues.*
 74 *Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.*
 75 *Cap.* What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.
 76 *Wife.* A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?
 77 *Cap.* My Sword I say: Old *Mountague* is come,
 78 And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.
 79 *Enter old Mountague, & his wife.*
 80 *Moun.* Thou villaine *Capulet.* Hold me not, let me go
 81 2. *Wife.* Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.
 82 *Enter Prince Eskales, with his Trainee.*
 83 *Prince.* Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
 84 Prophaners of this Neighbor- stained Steele,
 85 Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,

86 That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
 87 With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
 88 On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
 89 Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
 90 And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.
 91 Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
 92 By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
 93 Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 94 And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens
 95 Cast by their Graue beseeming Ornaments,
 96 To wield old Partizans, in hands as old, [ee3v
 97 Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
 98 If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
 99 Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 100 For this time all the rest depart away:
 101 You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
 102 And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
 103 To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
 104 To old Free- towne, our common iudgement place:
 105 Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*
 106 *Moun.* Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
 107 Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:
 108 *Ben.* Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
 109 And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
 110 I drew to part them, in the instant came
 111 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 112 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
 113 He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
 114 Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
 115 While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
 116 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 117 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
 118 *Wife.* O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
 119 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
 120 *Ben.* Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun
 121 Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
 122 A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
 123 Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
 124 That West- ward rooteth from this City side:
 125 So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
 126 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 127 And stole into the couert of the wood,
 128 I measuring his affections by my owne,
 129 Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
 130 Being one too many by my weary selfe,
 131 Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his

132 And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
 133 *Moun.* Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
 134 With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
 135 Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
 136 But all so soone as the all- cheering Sunne,
 137 Should in the farthest East begin to draw
 138 The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
 139 Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
 140 And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
 141 Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day- light out,
 142 And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
 143 Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
 144 Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.
 145 *Ben.* My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?
 146 *Moun.* I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
 147 *Ben.* Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?
 148 *Moun.* Both by my selfe and many other Friends,
 149 But he his owne affections counsellor,
 150 Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
 151 But to himselfe so secret and so close,
 152 So farre from sounding and discouery,
 153 As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
 154 Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
 155 Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
 156 Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
 157 We would as willingly giue cure, as know.
 158 *Enter Romeo.*
 159 *Ben.* See where he comes, so please you step aside,
 160 Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide.
 161 *Moun.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
 162 To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*
 163 *Ben.* Good morrow Cousin.
 164 *Rom.* Is the day so young?
 165 *Ben.* But new strooke nine.
 166 *Rom.* Aye me, sad houres seeme long:
 167 Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
 168 *Ben.* It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?
 169 *Ro.* Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short
 170 *Ben.* In loue.
 171 *Romeo.* Out.
 172 *Ben.* Of loue.
 173 *Rom.* Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
 174 *Ben.* Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
 175 Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.
 176 *Rom.* Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
 177 Should without eyes, see path- wayes to his will:

178 Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
 179 Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
 180 Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
 181 Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
 182 O any thing, of nothing first created:
 183 O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
 184 Mishapen Chaos of welseeming formes,
 185 Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,
 186 Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
 187 This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
 188 Doest thou not laugh?
 189 *Ben.* No Coze, I rather weepe.
 190 *Rom.* Good heart, at what?
 191 *Ben.* At thy good hearts oppression.
 192 *Rom.* Why such is loues transgression.
 193 Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
 194 Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast
 195 With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
 196 Doth adde more grieffe, to too much of mine owne.
 197 Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
 198 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
 199 Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,
 200 What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
 201 A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
 202 Farewell my Coze.
 203 *Ben.* Soft I will goe along.
 204 And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.
 205 *Rom.* Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
 206 This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.
 207 *Ben.* Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
 208 *Rom.* What shall I grone and tell thee?
 209 *Ben.* Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.
 210 *Rom.* A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
 211 A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:
 212 In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.
 213 *Ben.* I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.
 214 *Rom.* A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue
 215 *Ben.* A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.
 216 *Rom.* Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
 217 With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
 218 And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:
 219 From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.
 220 Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
 221 Nor bid th' encounter of assailing eyes.
 222 Nor open her lap to Sainct- seducing Gold:
 223 O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

224 That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.
 225 *Ben.* Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?
 226 *Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?
 227 For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
 228 Cuts beauty off from all posteritie. [ee4
 229 She is too faire, too wise: wisely too faire,
 230 To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
 231 She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
 232 Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
 233 *Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
 234 *Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
 235 *Ben.* By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
 236 Examine other beauties,
 237 *Ro.* 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquisit) in question more,
 238 These happy masks that kisse faire Ladies browes,
 239 Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
 240 He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
 241 The precious treasure of his eye- sight lost:
 242 Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
 243 What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
 244 Where I may read who past that passing faire.
 245 Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,
 246 *Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt*
 247 *Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*
 248 *Capu.* *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
 249 In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
 250 For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.
 251 *Par.* Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
 252 And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:
 253 But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
 254 *Capu.* But saying ore what I haue said before,
 255 My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
 256 Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
 257 Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
 258 Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
 259 *Pari.* Younger then she, are happy mothers made.
 260 *Capu.* And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
 261 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
 262 Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
 263 But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
 264 My will to her consent, is but a part,
 265 And shee agree, within her scope of choise,
 266 Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
 267 This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
 268 Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,
 269 Such as I loue, and you among the store,

270 One more, most welcome makes my number more:
 271 At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
 272 Earth- treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
 273 Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
 274 When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
 275 Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight
 276 Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
 277 Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:
 278 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 279 Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
 280 May stand in number, though in reckning none.
 281 Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,
 282 Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
 283 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 284 My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*
 285 *Ser.* Find them out whose names are written. Heere it
 286 is written, that the Shoo- maker should meddle with his
 287 Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
 288 Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
 289 find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find
 290 what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to
 291 the learned) in good time.
 292 *Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.*
 293 *Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
 294 One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
 295 Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
 296 One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish:
 297 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 298 And the rank poyson of the old wil die.
 299 *Rom.* Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
 300 *Ben.* For what I pray thee?
 301 *Rom.* For your broken shin.
 302 *Ben.* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
 303 *Rom.* Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
 304 Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
 305 Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
 306 *Ser.* Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
 307 *Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
 308 *Ser.* Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
 309 But I pray can you read any thing you see?
 310 *Rom.* I, if I know the Letters and the Language.
 311 *Ser.* Ye say honestly, rest you merry.
 312 *Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.
 313 He reades the Letter.
 314 *Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An-selme*
 315 *and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtru-uio,*

316 *Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neece: Mercutio and*
 317 *his brother Valentine: mine vncler Capulet his wife and daugh-ters:*
 318 *my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & his*
 319 *Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.*
 320 A faire assembly, whither should they come?
 321 *Ser. Vp.*
 322 *Rom. Whither? to supper?*
 323 *Ser. To our house.*
 324 *Rom. Whose house?*
 325 *Ser. My Maisters.*
 326 *Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.*
 327 *Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is*
 328 *the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of*
 329 *Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest*
 330 *you merry. Exit.*
 331 *Ben. At this same auncient Feast of Capulets*
 332 *Supps the faire Rosaline, whom thou so loues:*
 333 *With all the admired Beauties of Verona,*
 334 *Go thither and with vnattainted eye,*
 335 *Compare her face with some that I shall show,*
 336 *And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.*
 337 *Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye*
 338 *Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:*
 339 *And these who often drown'd could neuer die,*
 340 *Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.*
 341 *One fairer then my loue: the all- seeing Sun*
 342 *Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.*
 343 *Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,*
 344 *Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye:*
 345 *But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,*
 346 *Your Ladies loue against some other Maid*
 347 *That I will show you, shining at this Feast,*
 348 *And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.*
 349 *Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,*
 350 *But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.*
 351 *Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.*
 352 *Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.*
 353 *Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old*
 354 *I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi- bird, God forbid,*
 355 *Where's this Girle? what Iuliet?*
 356 *Enter Iuliet.*
 357 *Iuliet. How now, who calls?*
 358 *Nur. Your Mother.*
 359 *Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?*
 360 *Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue me leaue awhile, we [ee4v*
 361 *must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue re-membred*

362 me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest
 363 my daughter's of a prety age.
 364 *Nurse.* Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.
 365 *Wife.* Shee's not fourteene.
 366 *Nurse.* Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
 367 And yet to my teene be it spoken,
 368 I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.
 369 How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?
 370 *Wife.* A fortnight and odde dayes.
 371 *Nurse.* Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come
 372 *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she,
 373 God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan*
 374 is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *La-mas*
 375 Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she ma-rie,
 376 I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth- quake now
 377 eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it,
 378 of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then
 379 laid Worme- wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder
 380 the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at
 381 *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it
 382 did tast the Worme- wood on the nipple of my Dugge,
 383 and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out
 384 with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue- house, 'twas no
 385 neede I trow to bid mee trudge, and since that time it is
 386 a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th'
 387 roode she could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen
 388 the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband
 389 God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the
 390 Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou
 391 wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou
 392 not *Iule*? And by my holy- dam, the pretty wretch lefte
 393 crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about.
 394 I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should
 395 forget it: wilt thou not *Iule* quoth he? and pretty foole it
 396 stinted, and said I.
 397 *Old La.* Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.
 398 *Nurse.* Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to
 399 thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant
 400 it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels
 401 stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth
 402 my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall back-ward
 403 when thou commest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It
 404 stinted: and said I.
 405 *Iule.* And stint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.
 406 *Nur.* Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace
 407 thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might

408 liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.
 409 *Old La.* Marry that marry is the very theame
 410 I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
 411 How stands your disposition to be Married?
 412 *Iuli.* It is an houre that I dreame not of.
 413 *Nur.* An houre, were I not thine onely Nurse, I would
 414 say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy teat.
 415 *Old La.* Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
 416 Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
 417 Are made already Mothers. By my count
 418 I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares
 419 That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
 420 The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.
 421 *Nurse.* A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all
 422 the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.
 423 *Old La.* *Veronas* Summer hath not such a flower.
 424 *Nurse.* Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.
 425 *Old La.* What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
 426 This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
 427 Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
 428 And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
 429 Examine euery seuerall liniament,
 430 And see how one another lends content:
 431 And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
 432 Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
 433 This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
 434 To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
 435 The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
 436 For faire without, the faire within to hide:
 437 That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
 438 That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
 439 So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
 440 By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.
 441 *Nurse.* No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.
 442 *Old La.* Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?
 443 *Iuli.* Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
 444 But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
 445 Then your consent giues strength to make flye.
 446 *Enter a Seruing man.*
 447 *Ser.* Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you
 448 cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pan-tery,
 449 and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I
 450 beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*
 451 *Mo.* We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie staies.
 452 *Nurse.* Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies.
 453 *Exeunt.*

454 *Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or sixe*
 455 *other Maskers, Torch- bearers.*
 456 *Rom.* What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse?
 457 Or shall we on without Apologie?
 458 *Ben.* The date is out of such prolixitie,
 459 Wee le haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe,
 460 Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
 461 Skaring the Ladies like a Crow- keeper.
 462 But let them measure vs by what they will,
 463 Wee le measure them with a Measure, and be gone.
 464 *Rom.* Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
 465 Being but heauy I will beare the light.
 466 *Mer.* Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
 467 *Rom.* Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes
 468 With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead
 469 So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.
 470 *Mer.* You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
 471 And soare with them aboue a common bound.
 472 *Rom.* I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
 473 To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:
 474 I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
 475 Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.
 476 *Hora.* And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
 477 Too great oppression for a tender thing.
 478 *Rom.* Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
 479 Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.
 480 *Mer.* If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
 481 Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
 482 Giue me a Case to put my visage in,
 483 A Visor for a Visor, what care I
 484 What curious eye doth quote deformities:
 485 Here are the Beetle- browes shall blush for me.
 486 *Ben.* Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
 487 But euery man betake him to his legs.
 488 *Rom.* A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
 489 Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:
 490 For I am prouerb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,
 491 Ile be a Candle- holder and looke on,
 492 The game was nere so faire, and I am done. [ee5
 493 *Mer.* Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
 494 If thou art dun, wee le draw thee from the mire.
 495 Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
 496 Vp to the eares, come we burne day- light ho.
 497 *Rom.* Nay that's not so.
 498 *Mer.* I meane sir I delay,
 499 We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;

500 Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits
501 Fiue times in that, ere once in our fiue wits.
502 *Rom.* And we meane well in going to this Maske,
503 But 'tis no wit to go.
504 *Mer.* Why may one aske?
505 *Rom.* I dreamt a dreame to night.
506 *Mer.* And so did I.
507 *Rom.* Well what was yours?
508 *Mer.* That dreamers often lye.
509 *Ro.* In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.
510 *Mer.* O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
511 She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no big-ger
512 then Agat- stone, on the fore- finger of an Alderman,
513 drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
514 they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin-ners
515 legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her
516 Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the
517 Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
518 the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray- coated
519 Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
520 from the Lazie- finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
521 Haselnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
522 out a mind, the Faries Coach- makers: & in this state she
523 gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
524 they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on
525 Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on
526 Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which
527 oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
528 breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gal-lops
529 ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling
530 out a sute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tick-ling
531 a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of
532 another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers
533 necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of
534 Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fiue
535 Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
536 he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, swears a
537 prayer or two & sleepest againe: this is that very Mab that
538 plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk-locks
539 in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much
540 misfortune bodes,
541 This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
542 That presses them, and learns them first to beare,
543 Making them women of good carriage:
544 This is she.
545 *Rom.* Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,

546 Thou talk'st of nothing.
 547 *Mer.* True, I talke of dreames:
 548 Which are the children of an idle braine,
 549 Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,
 550 Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
 551 And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
 552 Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
 553 And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
 554 Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
 555 *Ben.* This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,
 556 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
 557 *Rom.* I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
 558 Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
 559 Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
 560 With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
 561 Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
 562 By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
 563 But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
 564 Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen.
 565 *Ben.* Strike Drum.
 566 *They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth*
 567 *with their napkins.*
 568 *Enter Seruant.*
 569 *Ser.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helpes not to take away?
 570 He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?
 571 1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
 572 hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.
 573 *Ser.* Away with the Ioynstooles, remoue the Court-cubbord,
 574 looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece
 575 of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in
 576 *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
 577 2. I Boy readie.
 578 *Ser.* You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought
 579 for, in the great Chamber.
 580 1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
 581 Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.
 582 *Exeunt.*
 583 *Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the*
 584 *Maskers.*
 585 1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
 586 Ladies that haue their toes
 587 Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
 588 Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
 589 Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
 590 She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
 591 Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day

592 That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell
 593 A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
 594 Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
 595 You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musicians play:
 596 *Musicke plaies: and they dance.*
 597 A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
 598 More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
 599 And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
 600 Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
 601 Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
 602 For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
 603 How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I
 604 Were in a Maske?
 605 2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
 606 1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
 607 'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
 608 Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
 609 Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.
 610 2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:
 611 His Sonne is thirty.
 612 3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
 613 His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
 614 *Rom.* What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
 615 Of yonder Knight?
 616 *Ser.* I know not sir.
 617 *Rom.* O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
 618 It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
 619 As a rich Iewel in an Aethiops eare:
 620 Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
 621 So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
 622 As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;
 623 The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
 624 And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. [ee5v
 625 Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
 626 For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.
 627 *Tib.* This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.
 628 Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
 629 Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
 630 To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
 631 Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
 632 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
 633 *Cap.* Why how now kinsman,
 634 Wherefore storme you so?
 635 *Tib.* Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
 636 A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
 637 To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

638 *Cap.* Young *Romeo* is it?
639 *Tib.* 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.
640 *Cap.* Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
641 A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
642 And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
643 To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
644 I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
645 Here in my house do him disparagement:
646 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
647 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
648 Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
649 An ill beseeming semblance for a Feast
650 *Tib.* It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
651 Ile not endure him.
652 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd.
653 What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
654 Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
655 Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
656 Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
657 You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.
658 *Tib.* Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.
659 *Cap.* Go too, go too,
660 You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
661 This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
662 You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
663 Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
664 Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
665 Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.
666 *Tib.* Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
667 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
668 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
669 Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
670 *Rom.* If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
671 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
672 My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
673 To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.
674 *Iul.* Good Pilgrime,
675 You do wrong your hand too much.
676 Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
677 For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
678 And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.
679 *Rom.* Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
680 *Iul.* I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.
681 *Rom.* O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
682 They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.
683 *Iul.* Saints do not moue,

684 Though grant for prayers sake.
 685 *Nur.* Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
 686 Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.
 687 *Iul.* Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
 688 *Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
 689 Giue me my sin againe.
 690 *Iul.* You kisse by'th' booke.
 691 *Nur.* Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
 692 *Rom.* What is her Mother?
 693 *Nurs.* Marrie Batcheler,
 694 Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
 695 And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
 696 I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:
 697 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
 698 Shall haue the chincks.
 699 *Rom.* Is she a *Capulet*?
 700 O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
 701 *Ben.* Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.
 702 *Rom.* I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.
 703 *Cap.* Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
 704 We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
 705 Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.
 706 I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
 707 More Torch'es here: come on, then let's to bed.
 708 Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
 709 Ile to my rest.
 710 *Iuli.* Come hither Nurse,
 711 What is yond Gentleman:
 712 *Nur.* The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.
 713 *Iuli.* What's he that now is going out of doore?
 714 *Nur.* Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
 715 *Iul.* What's he that follows here that would not dance?
 716 *Nur.* I know not.
 717 *Iul.* Go aske his name: if he be married,
 718 My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
 719 *Nur.* His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
 720 The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.
 721 *Iul.* My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
 722 Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
 723 Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
 724 That I must loue a loathed Enemie.
 725 *Nur.* What's this? whats this?
 726 *Iul.* A rime, I learne euen now
 727 Of one I dan'st withall.
 728 *One cal's within, Iuliet.*
 729 *Nur.* Anon, anon:

730 Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.
 731 *Exeunt.*
 732 *Chorus.*
 733 Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
 734 And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
 735 That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
 736 With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
 737 Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
 738 A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
 739 But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
 740 And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
 741 Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
 742 To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
 743 And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
 744 To meete her new Beloued any where:
 745 But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
 746 Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.
 747 *Enter Romeo alone.*
 748 *Rom.* Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
 749 Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.
 750 *Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.*
 751 *Ben.* *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
 752 *Merc.* He is wise,
 753 And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.
 754 *Ben.* He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
 755 Call good *Mercutio*:
 756 Nay, Ile coniure too. [ee6
 757 *Mer.* *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
 758 Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
 759 Speake but one time, and I am satisfied:
 760 Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
 761 Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
 762 One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
 763 Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
 764 When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
 765 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
 766 The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,
 767 I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
 768 By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
 769 By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
 770 And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
 771 That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.
 772 *Ben.* And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
 773 *Mer.* This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
 774 To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
 775 Of some strange nature, letting it stand

776 Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
777 That were some spight.
778 My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
779 I coniure onely but to raise vp him.
780 *Ben.* Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
781 To be consorted with the Humerous night:
782 Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.
783 *Mer.* If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
784 Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
785 And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
786 As Maides cal Medlers when they laugh alone,
787 O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
788 An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
789 *Romeo* goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
790 This Field- bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
791 Come shall we go?
792 *Ben.* Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
793 That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
794 *Rom.* He ieasts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
795 But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
796 It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
797 Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
798 Who is already sicke and pale with grieffe,
799 That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
800 Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
801 Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
802 And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
803 It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
804 She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
805 Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
806 I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:
807 Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,
808 Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
809 To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne.
810 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
811 The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
812 As day- light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
813 Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
814 That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
815 See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
816 O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
817 That I might touch that cheeke.
818 *Iul.* Ay me.
819 *Rom.* She speakes.
820 Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
821 As glorious to this night being ore my head,

822 As is a winged messenger of heauen
823 Vnto the white vturned wondring eyes
824 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
825 When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
826 And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.
827 *Iul.* O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
828 Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
829 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne to my Loue,
830 And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
831 *Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?
832 *Iu.* 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
833 Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
834 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
835 Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
836 Belonging to a man.
837 What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
838 By any other word would smell as sweete,
839 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
840 Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
841 Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
842 And for thy name which is no part of thee,
843 Take all my selfe.
844 *Rom.* I take thee at thy word:
845 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
846 Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
847 *Iuli.* What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
848 So stumblest on my counsell?
849 *Rom.* By a name,
850 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
851 My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
852 Because it is an Enemy to thee,
853 Had I it written, I would teare the word.
854 *Iuli.* My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
855 Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
856 Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?
857 *Rom.* Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.
858 *Iul.* How cam'st thou hither.
859 Tell me, and wherefore?
860 The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
861 And the place death, considering who thou art,
862 If any of my kinsmen find thee here,
863 *Rom.* With Loues light wings
864 Did I ore- perch these Walls,
865 For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
866 And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
867 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

868 *Iul.* If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
 869 *Rom.* Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
 870 Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
 871 And I am prooffe against their enmity.
 872 *Iul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.
 873 *Rom.* I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
 874 And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
 875 My life were better ended by their hate,
 876 Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.
 877 *Iul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
 878 *Rom.* By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
 879 He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
 880 I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
 881 As that vast- shore- washet with the farthest Sea,
 882 I should aduenture for such Marchandise.
 883 *Iul.* Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
 884 Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
 885 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
 886 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
 887 What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
 888 Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I, [ee6v
 889 And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
 890 Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
 891 They say *Ioue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
 892 If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
 893 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
 894 Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
 895 So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
 896 In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
 897 And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaiour light,
 898 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
 899 Then those that haue coying to be strange,
 900 I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
 901 But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware
 902 My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
 903 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
 904 Which the darke night hath so discouered.
 905 *Rom.* Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
 906 That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.
 907 *Iul.* O sweare not by the Moone, th' inconstant Moone,
 908 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
 909 Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.
 910 *Rom.* What shall I sweare by?
 911 *Iul.* Do not sweare at all:
 912 Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
 913 Which is the God of my Idolatry,

914 And Ile beleue thee.
 915 *Rom.* If my hearts deare loue.
 916 *Iuli.* Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
 917 I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
 918 It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
 919 Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
 920 Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
 921 This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
 922 May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
 923 Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
 924 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
 925 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
 926 *Iuli.* What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?
 927 *Ro.* Th' exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.
 928 *Iul.* I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:
 929 And yet I would it were to giue againe.
 930 *Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it,
 931 For what purpose Loue?
 932 *Iul.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
 933 And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
 934 My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,
 935 My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
 936 The more I haue, for both are Infinite:
 937 I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:
 938 *Cals within.*
 939 Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
 940 Stay but a little, I will come againe.
 941 *Rom.* O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd
 942 Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
 943 Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
 944 *Iul.* Three words deare *Romeo*,
 945 And goodnight indeed,
 946 If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
 947 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
 948 By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
 949 Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
 950 And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
 951 And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
 952 *Within:* Madam.
 953 I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
 954 I do beseech thee *Within:* Madam.
 955 (By and by I come)
 956 To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my grieue,
 957 To morrow will I send.
 958 *Rom.* So thriue my soule.
 959 *Iu.* A thousand times goodnight. *Exit.*

960 *Rome.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
 961 Loue goes toward Loue as school- boyes fro[m] their books
 962 But Loue fro[m] Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.
 963 *Enter Iuliet againe.*
 964 *Iul.* Hist *Romeo* hist: O for a Falkners voice,
 965 To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
 966 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
 967 Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
 968 And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
 969 With repetition of my *Romeo*.
 970 *Rom.* It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
 971 How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
 972 Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
 973 *Iul. Romeo.*
 974 *Rom.* My Neece.
 975 *Iul.* What a clock to morrow
 976 Shall I send to thee?
 977 *Rom.* By the houre of nine.
 978 *Iul.* I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
 979 I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
 980 *Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.
 981 *Iul.* I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
 982 Remembring how I Loue thy company.
 983 *Rom.* And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
 984 Forgetting any other home but this.
 985 *Iul.* 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
 986 And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
 987 That let's it hop a little from his hand,
 988 Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,
 989 And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
 990 So louing Iealous of his liberty.
 991 *Rom.* I would I were thy Bird.
 992 *Iul.* Sweet so would I,
 993 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
 994 Good night, good night.
 995 *Rom.* Parting is such sweete sorrow,
 996 That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.
 997 *Iul.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
 998 *Rom.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
 999 The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
 1000 Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
 1001 And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
 1002 From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
 1003 Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
 1004 His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*
 1005 *Enter Frier alone with a basket.*

1006 *Fri.* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
 1007 Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
 1008 And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
 1009 From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
 1010 Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
 1011 The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
 1012 I must vppill this Osier Cage of ours,
 1013 With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
 1014 The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
 1015 What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
 1016 And from her wombe children of diuers kind [ff1
 1017 We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
 1018 Many for many vertues excellent:
 1019 None but for some, and yet all different.
 1020 O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
 1021 In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
 1022 For nought so vile, that on earth doth liue,
 1023 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
 1024 Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
 1025 Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 1026 Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
 1027 And vice sometime by action dignified.
 1028 *Enter Romeo.*
 1029 Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
 1030 Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
 1031 For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
 1032 Being tasted stayes all sences with the heart.
 1033 Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
 1034 In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
 1035 And where the worsor is predominant,
 1036 Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
 1037 *Rom.* Good morrow Father.
 1038 *Fri.* Benedecite.
 1039 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 1040 Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
 1041 So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
 1042 Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
 1043 And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
 1044 But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine
 1045 Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
 1046 Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
 1047 Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;
 1048 Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
 1049 Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.
 1050 *Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
 1051 *Fri.* God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

1052 *Rom.* With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,
 1053 I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
 1054 *Fri.* That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?
 1055 *Rom.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
 1056 I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
 1057 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 1058 That's by me wounded: both our remedies
 1059 Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
 1060 I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
 1061 My intercession likewise steads my foe.
 1062 *Fri.* Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
 1063 Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
 1064 *Rom.* Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
 1065 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
 1066 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 1067 And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
 1068 By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
 1069 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
 1070 Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
 1071 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
 1072 *Fri.* Holy S[aint]. *Francis*, what a change is heere?
 1073 Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Loue so deare
 1074 So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies
 1075 Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 1076 Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
 1077 Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
 1078 How much salt water throwne away in wast,
 1079 To season Loue that of it doth not tast.
 1080 The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,
 1081 Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
 1082 Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
 1083 Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
 1084 If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
 1085 Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
 1086 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
 1087 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
 1088 *Rom.* Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
 1089 *Fri.* For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
 1090 *Rom.* And bad'st me bury Loue.
 1091 *Fri.* Not in a graue,
 1092 To lay one in, another out to haue.
 1093 *Rom.* I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
 1094 Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
 1095 The other did not so.
 1096 *Fri.* O she knew well,
 1097 Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:

1098 But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
 1099 In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:
 1100 For this alliance may so happy proue,
 1101 To turne your houshold rancor to pure Loue.
 1102 *Rom.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
 1103 *Fri.* Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.
 1104 *Exeunt*
 1105 *Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.*
 1106 *Mer.* Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came he
 1107 not home to night?
 1108 *Ben.* Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.
 1109 *Mer.* Why that same pale hard- harted wench, that *Ro-saline*
 1110 torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
 1111 *Ben.* *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Let-ter
 1112 to his Fathers house.
 1113 *Mer.* A challenge on my life.
 1114 *Ben.* *Romeo* will answeare it.
 1115 *Mer.* Any man that can write, may answeare a Letter.
 1116 *Ben.* Nay, he will answeare the Letters Maister how he
 1117 dares, being dared.
 1118 *Mer.* Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead stab'd with
 1119 a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with
 1120 a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the
 1121 blind Bowe- boyes but- shaft, and is he a man to encounter
 1122 *Tybalt*?
 1123 *Ben.* Why what is *Tibalt*?
 1124 *Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragi-ous
 1125 Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing
 1126 pricksong, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests
 1127 his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the ve-ry
 1128 butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman
 1129 of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the
 1130 immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.
 1131 *Ben.* The what?
 1132 *Mer.* The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phan-tacies,
 1133 these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade,
 1134 a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-mentable
 1135 thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted
 1136 with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these par-don- mee's,
 1137 who stand so much on the new form, that they
 1138 cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their
 1139 bones.
 1140 *Enter Romeo.*
 1141 *Ben.* Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.
 1142 *Mer.* Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh,
 1143 flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers

1144 that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen
 1145 wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: *Dido*
 1146 a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings
 1147 and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose.
 1148 Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your [ff1v
 1149 French slop: you gaue vs the counterfait fairely last
 1150 night.
 1151 *Romeo*. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit
 1152 did I giue you?
 1153 *Mer*. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?
 1154 *Rom*. Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in
 1155 such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.
 1156 *Mer*. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours con-strains
 1157 a man to bow in the hams.
 1158 *Rom*. Meaning to cursie.
 1159 *Mer*. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
 1160 *Rom*. A most curteous exposition.
 1161 *Mer*. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.
 1162 *Rom*. Pinke for flower.
 1163 *Mer*. Right.
 1164 *Rom*. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.
 1165 *Mer*. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast
 1166 worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is
 1167 worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole- singular.
 1169 *Rom*. O single sol'd ieast,
 1170 Soly singular for the singlenesse.
 1171 *Mer*. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.
 1172 *Rom*. Swits and spurs,
 1173 Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.
 1174 *Mer*. Nay, if our wits run the Wild- Goose chase, I am
 1175 done: For thou hast more of the Wild- Goose in one of
 1176 thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I
 1177 with you there for the Goose?
 1178 *Rom*. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when
 1179 thou wast not there for the Goose.
 1180 *Mer*. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.
 1181 *Rom*. Nay, good Goose bite not.
 1182 *Mer*. Thy wit is a very Bitter- sweeting,
 1183 It is a most sharpe sawce.
 1184 *Rom*. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet- Goose?
 1185 *Mer*. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from
 1186 an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.
 1187 *Rom*. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added
 1188 to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.
 1189 *Mer*. Why is not this better now, then groning for
 1190 Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art

1191 thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this
 1192 driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling
 1193 vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.
 1194 *Ben.* Stop there, stop there.
 1195 *Mer.* Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the |{haire.
 1196 *Ben.* Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large.
 1197 *Mer.* O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short,
 1198 or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant
 1199 indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
 1200 *Enter Nurse and her man.*
 1201 *Rom.* Here's a goodly geare.
 1202 A sayle, a sayle.
 1203 *Mer.* Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.
 1204 *Nur.* *Peter?*
 1205 *Peter.* Anon.
 1206 *Nur.* My Fan *Peter?*
 1207 *Mer.* Good *Peter* to hide her face?
 1208 For her Fans the fairer face?
 1209 *Nur.* God ye good morrow Gentlemen.
 1210 *Mer.* God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.
 1211 *Nur.* Is it gooden?
 1212 *Mer.* 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the
 1213 Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.
 1214 *Nur.* Out vpon you: what a man are you?
 1215 *Rom.* One Gentlewoman,
 1216 That God hath made, himselfe to mar.
 1217 *Nur.* By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar qua-tha:
 1218 Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
 1219 the young *Romeo*?
 1220 *Romeo.* I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older
 1221 when you haue found him, then he was when you sought
 1222 him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
 1223 *Nur.* You say well.
 1224 *Mer.* Yea is the worst well,
 1225 Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.
 1226 *Nur.* If you be he sir,
 1227 I desire some confidence with you?
 1228 *Ben.* She will endite him to some Supper.
 1229 *Mer.* A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.
 1230 *Rom.* What hast thou found?
 1231 *Mer.* No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie,
 1232 that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
 1233 An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good
 1234 meat in Lent.
 1235 But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it
 1236 hoares ere it be spent,

1237 *Romeo* will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner
 1238 thither.

1239 *Rom.* I will follow you.

1240 *Mer.* Farewell auncient Lady:
 1241 Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

1242 *Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.*

1243 *Nur.* I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this
 1244 that was so full of his roperie?

1245 *Rom.* A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe
 1246 talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand
 1247 to in a Moneth.

1248 *Nur.* And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him
 1249 downe, z a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks:
 1250 and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I
 1251 am none of his flurt- gils, I am none of his skaines mates,
 1252 and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse
 1253 me at his pleasure.

1254 *Pet.* I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my
 1255 weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I
 1256 dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a
 1257 good quarrell, and the law on my side.

1258 *Nur.* Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about
 1259 me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I
 1260 told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what
 1261 she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me
 1262 tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they
 1263 say, it were a very grosse kind of behaiour, as they say:
 1264 for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should
 1265 deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be of-fered
 1266 to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

1267 *Nur.* Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I
 1268 protest vnto thee.

1269 *Nur.* Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:
 1270 Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

1271 *Rom.* What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not
 1272 marke me?

1273 *Nur.* I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I
 1274 take it, is a Gentleman- like offer.

1275 *Rom.* Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this |(afternoone,
 1276 And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
 1277 Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

1278 *Nur.* No truly sir not a penny.

1279 *Rom.* Go too, I say you shall. [ff2

1280 *Nur.* This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

1281 *Ro.* And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
 1282 Within this houre my man shall be with thee,

1283 And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,
 1284 Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
 1285 Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
 1286 Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
 1287 Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.
 1288 *Nur.* Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,
 1289 *Rom.* What saist thou my deare Nurse?
 1290 *Nurse.* Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two
 1291 may keepe counsell putting one away.
 1292 *Ro.* Warrant thee my man is true as steele.
 1293 *Nur.* Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,
 1294 Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-ble
 1295 man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife a-board:
 1296 but she good soule had as leeuie see a Toade, a very
 1297 Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
 1298 *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say
 1299 so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world.
 1300 Doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
 1301 *Rom.* I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*
 1302 *Nur.* A mocker that's the dogs name. *R.* is for the no,
 1303 I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
 1304 prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it
 1305 would do you good to heare it.
 1306 *Rom.* Commend me to thy Lady.
 1307 *Nur.* I a thousand times. *Peter*?
 1308 *Pet.* Anon.
 1309 *Nur.* Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*
 1310 *Enter Iuliet.*
 1311 *Iul.* The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
 1312 In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
 1313 Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
 1314 Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,
 1315 Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
 1316 Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.
 1317 Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
 1318 And therefore hath the wind- swift *Cupid* wings:
 1319 Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
 1320 Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
 1321 Is three long houres, yet she is not come.
 1322 Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
 1323 She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
 1324 My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
 1325 And his to me, but old folkes,
 1326 Many faine as they were dead,
 1327 Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.
 1328 *Enter Nurse.*

1329 O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
 1330 Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.
 1331 *Nur.* Peter stay at the gate.
 1332 *Iul.* Now good sweet Nurse:
 1333 O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
 1334 Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
 1335 If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,
 1336 By playing it to me, with so sower a face.
 1337 *Nur.* I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
 1338 Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?
 1339 *Iul.* I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:
 1340 Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.
 1341 *Nur.* Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
 1342 Do you not see that I am out of breath?
 1343 *Iul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
 1344 To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
 1345 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
 1346 Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
 1347 Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,
 1348 Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:
 1349 Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?
 1350 *Nur.* Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
 1351 not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face
 1352 be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
 1353 for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
 1354 be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
 1355 of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
 1356 waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?
 1357 *Iul.* No no: but all this did I know before
 1358 What saies he of our marriage? what of that?
 1359 *Nur.* Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
 1360 It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
 1361 My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:
 1362 Beshrew your heart for sending me about
 1363 To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.
 1364 *Iul.* Ifaith: I am sorrie that thou art so well.
 1365 Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?
 1366 *Nur.* Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
 1367 And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
 1368 And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?
 1369 *Iul.* Where is my Mother?
 1370 Why she is within, where should she be?
 1371 How odly thou repli'st:
 1372 Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:
 1373 Where is your Mother?
 1374 *Nur.* O Gods Lady deare,

1375 Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,
 1376 Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
 1377 Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
 1378 *Iul.* Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
 1379 *Nur.* Haue you got leaue to go to shift to day?
 1380 *Iul.* I haue.
 1381 *Nur.* Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
 1382 There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
 1383 Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
 1384 Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
 1385 Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
 1386 To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
 1387 Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
 1388 I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
 1389 But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
 1390 Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
 1391 *Iul.* Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. *Exeunt.*
 1392 *Enter Frier and Romeo.*
 1393 *Fri.* So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
 1394 That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
 1395 *Rom.* Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
 1396 It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
 1397 That one short minute giues me in her sight:
 1398 Do thou but close our hands with holy words.
 1399 Then Loue- deuouring death do what he dare,
 1400 It is inough. I may call her mine.
 1401 *Fri.* These violent delights haue violent endes,
 1402 And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
 1403 Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
 1404 Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
 1405 And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
 1406 Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,
 1407 Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.
 1408 *Enter Iuliet.*
 1409 Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
 1410 Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint, [ff2v
 1411 A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
 1412 That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
 1413 And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
 1414 *Iul.* Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.
 1415 *Fri.* *Romeo* shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.
 1416 *Iul.* As much to him, else in his thanks too much.
 1417 *Fri.* Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
 1418 Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
 1419 To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
 1420 This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,

1421 Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
 1422 Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.
 1423 *Iul.* Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
 1424 Brags of his substance, not of Ornament:
 1425 They are but beggers that can count their worth,
 1426 But my true Loue is growne to such excesse,
 1427 I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.
 1428 *Fri.* Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
 1429 For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
 1430 Till holy Church incorporate two in one.
 1431 *Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.*
 1432 *Ben.* I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
 1433 The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
 1434 And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these
 1435 hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.
 1436 *Mer.* Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he
 1437 enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon
 1438 the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
 1439 the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Draw-er,
 1440 when indeed there is no need.
 1441 *Ben.* Am I like such a Fellow?
 1442 *Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood,
 1443 as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and as-soone
 1444 moodie to be mou'd.
 1445 *Ben.* And what too?
 1446 *Mer.* Nay, and there were two such, we should haue
 1447 none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
 1448 wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
 1449 lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a
 1450 man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but be-cause
 1451 thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
 1452 would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is full of quar-rels,
 1453 as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
 1454 beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-rel'd
 1455 with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath
 1456 wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st
 1457 thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-let
 1458 before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes
 1459 with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-relling?
 1461 *Ben.* And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man
 1462 should buy the Fee- simple of my life, for an houre and a
 1463 quarter.
 1464 *Mer.* The Fee- simple? O simple.
 1465 *Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*
 1466 *Ben.* By my head here comes the *Capulets*.
 1467 *Mer.* By my heele I care not.

1468 *Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
 1469 Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.
 1470 *Mer.* And but one word with one of vs? couple it with
 1471 something, make it a word and a blow.
 1472 *Tib.* You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you
 1473 will giue me occasion.
 1474 *Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without
 1475 giuing?
 1476 *Tib.* *Mercutio* thou consort'st with *Romeo*.
 1477 *Mer.* Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
 1478 thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dis-cords:
 1479 heere's my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you
 1480 daunce. Come consort.
 1481 *Ben.* We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
 1482 Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
 1483 Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
 1484 Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.
 1485 *Mer.* Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
 1486 I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.
 1487 *Enter Romeo.*
 1488 *Tib.* Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.
 1489 *Mer.* But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuery.
 1490 Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
 1491 Your worship in that sense, may call him man.
 1492 *Tib.* *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
 1493 No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.
 1494 *Rom.* *Tibalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
 1495 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 1496 To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;
 1497 Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.
 1498 *Tib.* Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
 1499 That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.
 1500 *Rom.* I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
 1501 But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
 1502 Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
 1503 And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
 1504 As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.
 1505 *Mer.* O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:
 1506 *Alla stucatho* carries it away.
 1507 *Tybalt*, you Rat- catcher, will you walke?
 1508 *Tib.* What wouldst thou haue with me?
 1509 *Mer.* Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
 1510 liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
 1511 vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
 1512 pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
 1513 hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

1514 *Tib.* I am for you.
 1515 *Rom.* Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
 1516 *Mer.* Come sir, your Passado.
 1517 *Rom.* Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:
 1518 Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,
 1519 *Tibalt*, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
 1520 Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.
 1521 Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.
 1522 *Exit Tybalt*.
 1523 *Mer.* I am hurt.
 1524 A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:
 1525 Is he gone and hath nothing?
 1526 *Ben.* What art thou hurt?
 1527 *Mer.* I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,
 1528 Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.
 1529 *Rom.* Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
 1530 *Mer.* No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a
 1531 Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to
 1532 morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd
 1533 I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.
 1534 What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to
 1535 death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the
 1536 booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be-tweene
 1537 vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
 1538 *Rom.* I thought all for the best.
 1539 *Mer.* Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,
 1540 Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.
 1541 They haue made wormesmeat of me, [ff3
 1542 I haue it, and soundly to your Houses. *Exit*.
 1543 *Rom.* This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
 1544 My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
 1545 In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
 1546 With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
 1547 Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,
 1548 Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
 1549 And in my temper softned Valours steele.
 1550 *Enter Benuolio*.
 1551 *Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio*'s is dead,
 1552 That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
 1553 Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
 1554 *Rom.* This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies depend,
 1555 This but begins, the wo others must end.
 1556 *Enter Tybalt*.
 1557 *Ben.* Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
 1558 *Rom.* He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?
 1559 Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,

1560 And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
 1561 Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
 1562 That late thou gau'st me, for *Mercutios* soule
 1563 Is but a little way about our heads,
 1564 Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
 1565 Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
 1566 *Tib.* Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,
 1567 Shalt with him hence.
 1568 *Rom.* This shall determine that.
 1569 *They fight. Tybalt falles.*
 1570 *Ben.* *Romeo*, away be gone:
 1571 The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
 1572 Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
 1573 If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
 1574 *Rom.* O! I am Fortunes foole.
 1575 *Ben.* Why dost thou stay?
 1576 *Exit Romeo.*
 1577 *Enter Citizens.*
 1578 *Citi.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
 1579 *Tibalt* that Murtherer, which way ran he?
 1580 *Ben.* There lies that *Tybalt*.
 1581 *Citi.* Vp sir go with me:
 1582 I charge thee in the Princes names obey.
 1583 *Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their*
 1584 *Wiues and all.*
 1585 *Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?
 1586 *Ben.* O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
 1587 The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
 1588 There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
 1589 That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.
 1590 *Cap. Wi.* *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
 1591 O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
 1592 Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,
 1593 For bloud of ours, shed bloud of *Mountague*.
 1594 O Cozin, Cozin.
 1595 *Prin.* *Benuolio*, who began this Fray?
 1596 *Ben.* *Tybalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
 1597 *Romeo* that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
 1598 How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
 1599 Your high displeasure: all this vttered,
 1600 With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
 1601 Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene
 1602 Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
 1603 With Peircing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
 1604 Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
 1605 And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates

1606 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 1607 It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
 1608 Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
 1609 Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
 1610 His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,
 1611 And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
 1612 An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
 1613 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
 1614 But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
 1615 Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
 1616 And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
 1617 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
 1618 And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
 1619 This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
 1620 *Cap. Wi.* He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
 1621 Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
 1622 Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
 1623 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 1624 I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:
 1625 *Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.
 1626 *Prin.* *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
 1627 Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.
 1628 *Cap.* Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
 1629 His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
 1630 The life of *Tybalt*.
 1631 *Prin.* And for that offence,
 1632 Immediately we doe exile him hence:
 1633 I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
 1634 My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
 1635 But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
 1636 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 1637 It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 1638 Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
 1639 Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
 1640 Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
 1641 Beare hence his body, and attend our will:
 1642 Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.
 1643 *Exeunt.*
 1644 *Enter Iuliet alone.*
 1645 *Iul.* Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,
 1646 Towards *Phoebus* lodging, such a Wagoner
 1647 As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
 1648 And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
 1649 Spred thy close Curtaine Loue- performing night,
 1650 That run- awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
 1651 Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,

1652 Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
 1653 And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
 1654 It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,
 1655 Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
 1656 And learne me how to loose a winning match,
 1657 Plaid for a paire of stainesse Maidenhoods,
 1658 Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
 1659 With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
 1660 Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
 1661 Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
 1662 For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
 1663 Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
 1664 Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.
 1665 Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
 1666 Take him and cut him out in little starres,
 1667 And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
 1668 That all the world will be in Loue with night,
 1669 And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
 1670 O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
 1671 But not possest it, and though I am sold,
 1672 Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,
 1673 As is the night before some Festiuall, [ff3v
 1674 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 1675 And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:
 1676 *Enter Nurse with cords.*
 1677 And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
 1678 But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
 1679 Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
 1680 The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
 1681 *Nur.* I, I, the Cords.
 1682 *Iuli.* Ay me, what newes?
 1683 Why dost thou wring thy hands.
 1684 *Nur.* A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead,
 1685 We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
 1686 Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.
 1687 *Iul.* Can heauen be so enuious?
 1688 *Nur.* *Romeo* can,
 1689 Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo.*
 1690 Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo.*
 1691 *Iuli.* What diuell art thou,
 1692 That dost torment me thus?
 1693 This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,
 1694 Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
 1695 And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
 1696 Then the death- darting eye of Cockatrice,
 1697 I am not I, if there be such an I.

1698 Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:
 1699 If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
 1700 Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.
 1701 *Nur.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
 1702 God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
 1703 A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:
 1704 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
 1705 All in gore blood I sounded at the sight.
 1706 *Iul.* O breake my heart,
 1707 Poore Bankrout breake at once,
 1708 To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
 1709 Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
 1710 And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.
 1711 *Nur.* O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:
 1712 O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
 1713 That euer I should liue to see thee dead.
 1714 *Iul.* What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
 1715 Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
 1716 My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
 1717 Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
 1718 For who is liuing, if those two are gone?
 1719 *Nur.* *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
 1720 *Romeo* that kil'd him, he is banished.
 1721 *Iul.* O God!
 1722 Did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
 1723 It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
 1724 *Nur.* O Serpent heart hid with a flowring face.
 1725 *Iul.* Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
 1726 Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
 1727 Rauinous Doue- feather'd Rauens,
 1728 Woluish- rauening Lambe,
 1729 Dispised substance of Diuine show:
 1730 Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
 1731 A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
 1732 O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,
 1733 When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
 1734 In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
 1735 Was euer booke containing such vile matter
 1736 So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
 1737 In such a gorgeous Pallace.
 1738 *Nur.* There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
 1739 All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
 1740 Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua- vitae?
 1741 These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
 1742 Shame come to *Romeo*.
 1743 *Iul.* Blister'd be thy tongue

1744 For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
 1745 Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 1746 For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
 1747 Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:
 1748 O what a beast was I to chide him?
 1749 *Nur.* Will you speake well of him,
 1750 That kil'd your Cozen?
 1751 *Iul.* Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
 1752 Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 1753 When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
 1754 But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?
 1755 That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:
 1756 Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,
 1757 Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
 1758 Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:
 1759 My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue slaine,
 1760 And *Tibalt* dead that would haue slaine my husband:
 1761 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
 1762 Some words there was worsen then *Tybalts* death
 1763 That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
 1764 But oh, it presses to my memory,
 1765 Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
 1766 *Tybalt* is dead and *Romeo* banished:
 1767 That banished, that one word banished,
 1768 Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
 1769 Was woe inough if it had ended there:
 1770 Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
 1771 And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
 1772 Why followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
 1773 Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
 1774 Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
 1775 But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
 1776 *Romeo* is banished to speake that word,
 1777 Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
 1778 All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
 1779 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 1780 In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
 1781 Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?
 1782 *Nur.* Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,
 1783 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
 1784 *Iu.* Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
 1785 When theirs are drie for *Romeo*'s banishment.
 1786 Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
 1787 Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
 1788 He made you for a high-way to my bed,
 1789 But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

1790 Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
1791 And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.
1792 *Nur.* Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
1793 To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
1794 Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
1795 Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence Cell*.
1796 *Iul.* O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
1797 And bid him come, to take his last farewell.
1798 *Exit*
1799 *Enter Frier and Romeo.*
1800 *Fri.* *Romeo* come forth,
1801 Come forth thou fearfull man,
1802 Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts
1803 And thou art wedded to calamitie,
1804 *Rom.* Father what newes? [ff4
1805 What is the Princes Doome?
1806 What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
1807 That I yet know not?
1808 *Fri.* Too familiar
1809 Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company
1810 I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
1811 *Rom.* What lesse then Doomesday,
1812 Is the Princes Doome?
1813 *Fri.* A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
1814 Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
1815 *Rom.* Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
1816 For exile hath more terror in his looke,
1817 Much more then death: do not say banishment.
1818 *Fri.* Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
1819 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
1820 *Rom.* There is no world without *Verona* walles,
1821 But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:
1822 Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
1823 And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
1824 Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,
1825 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
1826 And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
1827 *Fri.* O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulness!
1828 Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
1829 Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,
1830 And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
1831 This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
1832 *Rom.* 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
1833 Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
1834 And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
1835 Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,

1836 But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
 1837 More Honourable state, more Courtship liues
 1838 In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
 1839 On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
 1840 And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
 1841 Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
 1842 Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
 1843 This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
 1844 And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
 1845 But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.
 1846 Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
 1847 No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
 1848 But banished to kill me? Banished?
 1849 O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
 1850 Howlings attends it, how hast then the hart
 1851 Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
 1852 A Sin- Absoluer, and my Friend profest:
 1853 To mangle me with that word, banished?
 1854 *Fri.* Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.
 1855 *Rom.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
 1856 *Fri.* Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
 1857 Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
 1858 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
 1859 *Rom.* Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:
 1860 Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
 1861 Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
 1862 It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
 1863 *Fri.* O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares.
 1864 *Rom.* How should they,
 1865 When wisemen haue no eyes?
 1866 *Fri.* Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,
 1867 *Rom.* Thou can'st not speake of that y dost not feele,
 1868 Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue:
 1869 An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
 1870 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 1871 Then mightest thou speake,
 1872 Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
 1873 And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
 1874 Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
 1875 *Enter Nurse, and knockes.*
 1876 *Frier.* Arise one knockes,
 1877 Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
 1878 *Rom.* Not I,
 1879 Vnlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes
 1880 Mist- like infold me from the search of eyes.
 1881 *Knocke*

1882 *Fri.* Harke how they knocke:
 1883 (Who's there) *Romeo* arise,
 1884 Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:
 1885 *Knocke.*
 1886 Run to my study: by and by, Gods will
 1887 What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.
 1888 *Knocke.*
 1889 Who knocks so hard?
 1890 Whence come you? what's your will?
 1891 *Enter Nurse.*
 1892 *Nur.* Let me come in,
 1893 And you shall know my errand:
 1894 I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
 1895 *Fri.* Welcome then.
 1896 *Nur.* O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
 1897 Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
 1898 *Fri.* There on the ground,
 1899 With his owne teares made drunke.
 1900 *Nur.* O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
 1901 Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
 1902 Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,
 1903 Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
 1904 Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
 1905 For *Iuliet's* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
 1906 Why should you fall into so deepe an O.
 1907 *Rom.* Nurse.
 1908 *Nur.* Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
 1909 *Rom.* Speak'st thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
 1910 Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
 1911 Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
 1912 With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
 1913 Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
 1914 My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?
 1915 *Nur.* Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
 1916 And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
 1917 And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
 1918 And then downe falls againe.
 1919 *Ro.* As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
 1920 Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
 1921 Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
 1922 In what vile part of this Anatomie
 1923 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
 1924 The hatefull Mansion.
 1925 *Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:
 1926 Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
 1927 Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote

1928 The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.
1929 Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
1930 And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
1931 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
1932 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
1933 Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
1934 And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
1935 By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
1936 Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth? [ff4v
1937 Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
1938 In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
1939 Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
1940 Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
1941 And vsest none in that true vse indeed,
1942 Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
1943 Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
1944 Digressing from the Valour of a man,
1945 Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,
1946 Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
1947 Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
1948 Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
1949 Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske,
1950 Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
1951 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
1952 What, rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
1953 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
1954 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
1955 But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
1956 The law that threatned death became thy Friend.
1957 And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
1958 A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
1959 Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
1960 But like a mishaped and sullen wench,
1961 Thou putttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
1962 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
1963 Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
1964 Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
1965 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
1966 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
1967 Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
1968 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
1969 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
1970 With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
1971 Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
1972 Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
1973 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

1974 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
 1975 *Romeo* is comming.
 1976 *Nur.* O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
 1977 To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
 1978 My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
 1979 *Rom.* Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
 1980 *Nur.* Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
 1981 Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.
 1982 *Rom.* How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.
 1983 *Fri.* Go hence,
 1984 Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
 1985 Either be gone before the watch be set,
 1986 Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
 1987 Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
 1988 And he shall signifie from time to time,
 1989 Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
 1990 Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
 1991 *Rom.* But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
 1992 It were a grieffe, so briefe to part with thee:
 1993 Farewell. *Exeunt.*
 1994 *Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.*
 1995 *Cap.* Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
 1996 That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
 1997 Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
 1998 And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
 1999 'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night:
 2000 I promise you, but for your company,
 2001 I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.
 2002 *Par.* These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
 2003 Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.
 2004 *Lady.* I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
 2005 To night, she is mewd vp to her heauinesse.
 2006 *Cap.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
 2007 Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
 2008 In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
 2009 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
 2010 Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
 2011 And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
 2012 But soft, what day is this?
 2013 *Par.* Monday my Lord.
 2014 *Cap.* Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,
 2015 A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
 2016 She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
 2017 Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
 2018 Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
 2019 For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,

2020 It may be thought we held him carelesly,
 2021 Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
 2022 Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
 2023 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
 2024 *Paris.* My Lord,
 2025 I would that Thursday were to morrow.
 2026 *Cap.* Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
 2027 Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
 2028 Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
 2029 Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
 2030 Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
 2031 Goodnight. *Exeunt.*
 2032 *Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.*
 2033 *Iul.* Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
 2034 It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
 2035 That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
 2036 Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
 2037 Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.
 2038 *Rom.* It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
 2039 No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
 2040 Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:
 2041 Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day
 2042 Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
 2043 I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.
 2044 *Iul.* Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
 2045 It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
 2046 To be to thee this night a Torch- bearer,
 2047 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
 2048 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not be gone,
 2049 *Rom.* Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
 2050 I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
 2051 Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
 2052 'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
 2053 Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
 2054 The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
 2055 I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
 2056 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
 2057 How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.
 2058 *Iuli.* It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
 2059 It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
 2060 Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 2061 Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;
 2062 This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
 2063 Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 2064 O now I would they had chang'd voyces too: [ff5
 2065 Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,

2066 Hunting thee hence, with Hunts- vp to the day,
 2067 O now be gone, more light and it light growes.
 2068 *Rom.* More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.
 2069 *Enter Madam and Nurse.*
 2070 *Nur.* Madam.
 2071 *Iul.* Nurse.
 2072 *Nur.* Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
 2073 The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
 2074 *Iul.* Then window let day in, and let life out.
 2075 *Rom.* Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.
 2076 *Iul.* Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
 2077 I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
 2078 For in a minute there are many dayes,
 2079 O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
 2080 Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.
 2081 *Rom.* Farewell:
 2082 I will omit no oportunitie,
 2083 That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.
 2084 *Iul.* O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?
 2085 *Rom.* I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
 2086 For sweet discourses in our time to come.
 2087 *Iuliet.* O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
 2088 Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
 2089 As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
 2090 Either my eye- sight failes, or thou look'st pale.
 2091 *Rom.* And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
 2092 Drie sorrow drinks our blood. Aduie, adue. *Exit.*
 2093 *Iul.* O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
 2094 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 2095 That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
 2096 For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
 2097 But send him backe.
 2098 *Enter Mother.*
 2099 *Lad.* Ho Daughter, are you vp?
 2100 *Iul.* Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
 2101 Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
 2102 What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
 2103 *Lad.* Why how now *Iuliet*?
 2104 *Iul.* Madam I am not well.
 2105 *Lad.* Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
 2106 What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
 2107 And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
 2108 Therefore haue done, some grieffe shewes much of Loue,
 2109 But much of grieffe, shewes still some want of wit.
 2110 *Iul.* Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
 2111 *Lad.* So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend

2112 Which you weepe for.
 2113 *Iul.* Feeling so the losse,
 2114 I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.
 2115 *La.* Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
 2116 As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.
 2117 *Iul.* What Villaine, Madam?
 2118 *Lad.* That same Villaine *Romeo*.
 2119 *Iul.* Villaine and he, be many miles assunder:
 2120 God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
 2121 And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
 2122 *Lad.* That is because the Traitor liues.
 2123 *Iul.* I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
 2124 Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
 2125 *Lad.* We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
 2126 Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
 2127 Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
 2128 Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
 2129 That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:
 2130 And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
 2131 *Iul.* Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
 2132 With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
 2133 Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
 2134 Madam, if you could find out but a man
 2135 To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
 2136 That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
 2137 Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
 2138 To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
 2139 To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
 2140 Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.
 2141 *Mo.* Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
 2142 But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrl.
 2143 *Iul.* And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
 2144 What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
 2145 *Mo.* Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
 2146 One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
 2147 Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
 2148 That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
 2149 *Iul.* Madam in happy time, what day is this?
 2150 *Mo.* Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
 2151 The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
 2152 The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
 2153 Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.
 2154 *Iul.* Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
 2155 He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
 2156 I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
 2157 Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:

2158 I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
 2159 I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
 2160 It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
 2161 Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.
 2162 *Mo.* Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
 2163 And see how he will take it at your hands.
 2164 *Enter Capulet and Nurse.*
 2165 *Cap.* When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle deaw
 2166 But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
 2167 It raines downright.
 2168 How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?
 2169 Euermore showing in one little body?
 2170 Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
 2171 For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
 2172 Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
 2173 Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
 2174 Who raging with the teares and they with them,
 2175 Without a sudden calme will ouer set
 2176 Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
 2177 Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
 2178 *Lady.* I sir;
 2179 But she will none, she giues you thankses,
 2180 I would the foole were married to her graue.
 2181 *Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
 2182 How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
 2183 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 2184 Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
 2185 So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroomme
 2186 *Iul.* Not proud you haue,
 2187 But thankfull that you haue:
 2188 Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
 2189 But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
 2190 *Cap.* How now?
 2191 How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
 2192 Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
 2193 Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,
 2194 But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next, [ff5v
 2195 To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
 2196 Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
 2197 Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
 2198 You tallow face.
 2199 *Lady.* Fie, fie, what are you mad?
 2200 *Iul.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
 2201 Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
 2202 *Fa.* Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
 2203 I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,

2204 Or neuer after looke me in the face.
2205 Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
2206 My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
2207 That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
2208 But now I see this one is one too much,
2209 And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
2210 Out on her Hilding.
2211 *Nur.* God in heauen blesse her,
2212 You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.
2213 *Fa.* And why my Lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
2214 Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.
2215 *Nur.* I speak no treason,
2216 Father, O Godigoden,
2217 May not one speake?
2218 *Fa.* Peace you mumbling foole,
2219 Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles
2220 For here we need it not.
2221 *La.* You are too hot.
2222 *Fa.* Gods bread, it makes me mad:
2223 Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
2224 Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
2225 To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
2226 A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
2227 Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
2228 Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
2229 Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,
2230 And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
2231 A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
2232 To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
2233 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
2234 But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
2235 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
2236 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
2237 Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
2238 And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:
2239 And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,
2240 For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
2241 Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
2242 Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne *Exit.*
2243 *Iuli.* Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
2244 That sees into the bottome of my grieffe?
2245 O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
2246 Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
2247 Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
2248 In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
2249 *Mo.* Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,

2250 Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
2251 *Iul.* O God!
2252 O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
2253 My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
2254 How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
2255 Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,
2256 By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:
2257 Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagemes
2258 Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
2259 What saist thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?
2260 Some comfort Nurse.
2261 *Nur.* Faith here it is,
2262 *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to nothing,
2263 That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
2264 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
2265 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
2266 I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
2267 O hee's a Louely Gentleman:
2268 *Romeos* a dish- clout to him: an Eagle Madam
2269 Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
2270 As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
2271 I thinke you are happy in this second match,
2272 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
2273 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
2274 As liuing here and you no vse of him.
2275 *Iul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?
2276 *Nur.* And from my soule too,
2277 Or else beshrew them both.
2278 *Iul.* Amen.
2279 *Nur.* What?
2280 *Iul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,
2281 Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
2282 Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
2283 To make confession, and to be absolu'd.
2284 *Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.
2285 *Iul.* Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
2286 It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
2287 Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
2288 Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
2289 So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
2290 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine:
2291 Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
2292 If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die. *Exeunt.*
2293 *Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*
2294 *Fri.* On Thursday sir? the time is very short.
2295 *Par.* My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,

2296 And I am nothing slow to slack his hast.
 2297 *Fri.* You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
 2298 Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
 2299 *Pa.* Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
 2300 And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
 2301 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
 2302 Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous
 2303 That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
 2304 And in his wisdom, hasts our marriage,
 2305 To stop the inundation of her teares,
 2306 Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
 2307 May be put from her by societie.
 2308 Now doe you know the reason of this hast?
 2309 *Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
 2310 Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.
 2311 *Enter Iuliet.*
 2312 *Par.* Happily met, my Lady and my wife.
 2313 *Iul.* That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
 2314 *Par.* That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.
 2315 *Iul.* What must be shall be.
 2316 *Fri.* That's a certaine text.
 2317 *Par.* Come you to make confession to this Father?
 2318 *Iul.* To answere that, I should confesse to you.
 2319 *Par.* Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.
 2320 *Iul.* I will confesse to you that I Loue him.
 2321 *Par.* So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.
 2322 *Iul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,
 2323 Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
 2324 *Par.* Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares. [ff6
 2325 *Iul.* The teares haue got small victorie by that:
 2326 For it was bad inough before their spight.
 2327 *Pa.* Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.
 2328 *Iul.* That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,
 2329 And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.
 2330 *Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
 2331 *Iul.* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
 2332 Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
 2333 Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
 2334 *Fri.* My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.
 2335 My Lord you must intreat the time alone.
 2336 *Par.* Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,
 2337 *Iuliet*, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
 2338 Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*
 2339 *Iul.* O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
 2340 Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
 2341 *Fri.* O *Iuliet*, I alreadie know thy grieffe,

2342 It streames me past the compasse of my wits:
 2343 I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,
 2344 On Thursday next be married to this Countie.
 2345 *Iul.* Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
 2346 Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:
 2347 If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,
 2348 Do thou but call my resolution wise,
 2349 And with this knife, Ile helpe it presently.
 2350 God ioy'n'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
 2351 And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:
 2352 Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
 2353 Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
 2354 Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
 2355 Therefore out of thy long experien'st time,
 2356 Giue me some present counsell, or behold
 2357 Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
 2358 Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
 2359 Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
 2360 Could to no issue of true honour bring:
 2361 Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
 2362 If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy.
 2363 *Fri.* Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
 2364 Which craues as desperate an execution,
 2365 As that is desperate which we would preuent.
 2366 If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
 2367 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
 2368 Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
 2369 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 2370 That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it:
 2371 And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.
 2372 *Iul.* Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
 2373 From of the Battlements of any Tower,
 2374 Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
 2375 Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
 2376 Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
 2377 Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
 2378 With reckie shankes and yellow chappels skulls:
 2379 Or bid me go into a new made graue,
 2380 And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
 2381 Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
 2382 And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
 2383 To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.
 2384 *Fri.* Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
 2385 To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
 2386 To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
 2387 Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

2388 Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
 2389 And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
 2390 When presently through all thy veines shall run,
 2391 A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
 2392 Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease:
 2393 No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
 2394 The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
 2395 To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
 2396 Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
 2397 Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
 2398 Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
 2399 And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
 2400 Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
 2401 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
 2402 Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
 2403 To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 2404 Then as the manner of our country is,
 2405 In thy best Robes vncover'd on the Beere,
 2406 Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
 2407 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 2408 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
 2409 In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
 2410 Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
 2411 And hither shall he come, and that very night
 2412 Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
 2413 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 2414 If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
 2415 Abate thy valour in the acting it.
 2416 *Iul.* Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of care.
 2417 *Fri.* Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
 2418 In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed
 2419 To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
 2420 *Iu.* Loue giue me strength,
 2421 And the strength shall helpe afford:
 2422 Farewell deare father. *Exit*
 2423 *Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and*
 2424 *Seruing men, two or three.*
 2425 *Cap.* So many guests inuite as here are writ,
 2426 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
 2427 *Ser.* You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
 2428 licke their fingers.
 2429 *Cap.* How canst thou trie them so?
 2430 *Ser.* Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his
 2431 owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers
 2432 goes not with me.
 2433 *Cap.* Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this

2434 time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
 2435 *Nur.* I forsooth.
 2436 *Cap.* Well he may chance to do some good on her,
 2437 A peeuish selfe- wild harlotry it is.
 2438 *Enter Iuliet.*
 2439 *Nur.* See where she comes from shrift
 2440 With merrie looke.
 2441 *Cap.* How now my headstrong,
 2442 Where haue you bin gadding?
 2443 *Iul.* Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
 2444 Of disobedient opposition:
 2445 To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
 2446 By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
 2447 To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
 2448 Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.
 2449 *Cap.* Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
 2450 Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
 2451 *Iul.* I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
 2452 And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
 2453 Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
 2454 *Cap.* Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp, [ff6v
 2455 This is as't should be, let me see the County:
 2456 I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
 2457 Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,
 2458 All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.
 2459 *Iul.* Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
 2460 To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
 2461 As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
 2462 *Mo.* No not till Thursday, there's time inough.
 2463 *Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her,
 2464 Weele to Church to morrow.
 2465 *Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.*
 2466 *Mo.* We shall be short in our prouision,
 2467 'Tis now neere night.
 2468 *Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,
 2469 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
 2470 Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
 2471 Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
 2472 Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
 2473 They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
 2474 To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
 2475 Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
 2476 Since this same way- ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.
 2477 *Exeunt Father and Mother.*
 2478 *Enter Iuliet and Nurse.*
 2479 *Iul.* I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse

2480 I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
2481 For I haue need of many Orysons,
2482 To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
2483 Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.
2484 *Enter Mother.*
2485 *Mo.* What are you busie ho? need you my help?
2486 *Iul.* No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries
2487 As are behooeufull for our state to morrow:
2488 So please you, let me now be left alone;
2489 And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
2490 For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
2491 In this so sudden businesse.
2492 *Mo.* Goodnight.
2493 Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. *Exeunt.*
2494 *Iul.* Farewell:
2495 God knowes when we shall meete againe.
2496 I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
2497 That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
2498 Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
2499 Nurse, what should she do here?
2500 My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:
2501 Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
2502 Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
2503 No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
2504 What if it be a poyson which the Frier
2505 Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
2506 Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
2507 Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
2508 I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
2509 For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
2510 How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
2511 I wake before the time that *Romeo*
2512 Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
2513 Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
2514 To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
2515 And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
2516 Or if I liue, is it not very like,
2517 The horrible conceit of death and night,
2518 Together with the terror of the place,
2519 As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
2520 Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
2521 Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
2522 Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
2523 Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
2524 At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:
2525 Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I

2526 So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
 2527 And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
 2528 That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
 2529 O if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 2530 Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
 2531 And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
 2532 And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
 2533 And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
 2534 As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
 2535 O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
 2536 Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
 2537 Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
 2538 *Romeo, Romeo, Romeo*, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.
 2539 *Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.*
 2540 *Lady.* Hold,
 2541 Take these keies, and fetch more spices *Nurse*.
 2542 *Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.
 2543 *Enter old Capulet.*
 2544 *Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir,
 2545 The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
 2546 The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
 2547 Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
 2548 Spare not for cost.
 2549 *Nur.* Go you Cot- queane, go,
 2550 Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
 2551 For this nights watching.
 2552 *Cap.* No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
 2553 All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
 2554 *La.* I you haue bin a Mouse- hunt in your time,
 2555 But I will watch you from such watching now.
 2556 *Exit Lady and Nurse.*
 2557 *Cap.* A ieaious hood, a ieaious hood,
 2558 Now fellow, what there?
 2559 *Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.*
 2560 *Fel.* Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
 2561 *Cap.* Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
 2562 Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
 2563 *Fel.* I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
 2564 And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
 2565 *Cap.* Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
 2566 Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.
 2567 *Play Musicke*
 2568 The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
 2569 For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
 2570 *Nurse*, wife, what ho? what *Nurse* I say?
 2571 *Enter Nurse.*

2572 Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
 2573 Ile go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make hast,
 2574 Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
 2575 Make hast I say.
 2576 *Nur.* Mistris, what Mistris? *Iuliet*? Fast I warrant her she.
 2577 Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you sluggabed,
 2578 Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
 2579 What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
 2580 Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
 2581 The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
 2582 That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:
 2583 Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe? [gg1
 2584 I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
 2585 I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
 2586 Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
 2587 What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
 2588 I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
 2589 Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
 2590 Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
 2591 Some Aqua- vitae ho, my Lord, my Lady?
 2592 *Mo.* What noise is heere? *Enter Mother.*
 2593 *Nur.* O lamentable day.
 2594 *Mo.* What is the matter?
 2595 *Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
 2596 *Mo.* O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
 2597 Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
 2598 Helpe, helpe, call helpe.
 2599 *Enter Father.*
 2600 *Fa.* For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
 2601 *Nur.* Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day.
 2602 *M.* Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.
 2603 *Fa.* Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
 2604 Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
 2605 Life and these lips haue long bene seperated:
 2606 Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
 2607 Vpon the swetest flower of all the field.
 2608 *Nur.* O Lamentable day!
 2609 *Mo.* O wofull time.
 2610 *Fa.* Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
 2611 Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.
 2612 *Enter Frier and the Countie.*
 2613 *Fri.* Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
 2614 *Fa.* Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
 2615 O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
 2616 Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
 2617 Flower as she was, deflowred by him.

2618 Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
 2619 My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
 2620 And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
 2621 *Pa.* Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
 2622 And doth it giue me such a sight as this?
 2623 *Mo.* Accur'st, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
 2624 Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
 2625 In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.
 2626 But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
 2627 But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
 2628 And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
 2629 *Nur.* O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
 2630 Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
 2631 That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
 2632 O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
 2633 Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:
 2634 O wofull day, O wofull day.
 2635 *Pa.* Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
 2636 Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
 2637 By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
 2638 O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.
 2639 *Fat.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
 2640 Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
 2641 To murther, murther our solemnitie?
 2642 O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,
 2643 Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
 2644 And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.
 2645 *Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care liues not
 2646 In these confusions, heauen and your selfe
 2647 Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
 2648 And all the better is it for the Maid:
 2649 Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
 2650 But heauen keeps his part in eternall life:
 2651 The most you sought was her promotion,
 2652 For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan'st,
 2653 And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan'st
 2654 About the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?
 2655 O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,
 2656 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 2657 Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
 2658 But shee's best married, that dies married yong.
 2659 Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
 2660 On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
 2661 And in her best array beare her to Church:
 2662 For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
 2663 Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

2664 *Fa.* All things that we ordained Festiuall,
 2665 Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
 2666 Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
 2667 Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:
 2668 Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change:
 2669 Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
 2670 And all things change them to the contrarie.
 2671 *Fri.* Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
 2672 And go sir *Paris*, euery one prepare
 2673 To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
 2674 The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:
 2675 Moue them no more, by crossing their high will. *Exeunt*
 2676 *Mu.* Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.
 2677 *Nur.* Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
 2678 For well you know, this is a pitifull case.
 2679 *Mu.* I by my troth, the case may be amended.
 2680 *Enter Peter.*
 2681 *Pet.* Musitions, oh Musitions,
 2682 Hearts ease, hearts ease,
 2683 O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.
 2684 *Mu.* Why hearts ease;
 2685 *Pet.* O Musitions,
 2686 Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.
 2687 *Mu.* Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
 2688 *Pet.* You will not then?
 2689 *Mu.* No.
 2690 *Pet.* I will then giue it you soundly.
 2691 *Mu.* What will you giue vs?
 2692 *Pet.* No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
 2693 I will giue you the Minstrell.
 2694 *Mu.* Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.
 2695 *Peter.* Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger
 2696 on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa
 2697 you, do you note me?
 2698 *Mu.* And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.
 2699 *2.M.* Pray you put vp your Dagger,
 2700 And put out your wit.
 2701 Then haue at you with my wit.
 2702 *Peter.* I will drie- beate you with an yron wit,
 2703 And put vp my yron Dagger.
 2704 Answer me like men:
 2705 When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-sicke
 2706 with her siluer sound.
 2707 Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?
 2708 what say you *Simon Catling*?
 2709 *Mu.* Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

2710 *Pet.* Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebicke*?
 2711 *2.M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for sil-|(uer
 2712 *Pet.* Pratest to, what say you *Iames Sound- Post*?
 2713 *3.Mu.* Faith I know not what to say.
 2714 *Pet.* O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
 2715 I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound, [gg1v
 2716 Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
 2717 Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe
 2718 doth lend redresse. *Exit.*
 2719 *Mu.* What a pestilent knaue is this same?
 2720 *M.2.* Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
 2721 the Mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit.*
 2722 *Enter Romeo.*
 2723 *Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
 2724 My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:
 2725 My bosomes L[ord]. sits lightly in his throne:
 2726 And all this day an vnaccustom'd spirit,
 2727 Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
 2728 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
 2729 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
 2730 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 2731 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
 2732 Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
 2733 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.
 2734 *Enter Romeo's man.*
 2735 Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*?
 2736 Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
 2737 How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
 2738 How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
 2739 For nothing can be ill, is she be well.
 2740 *Man.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
 2741 Her body sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
 2742 And her immortall part with Angels liue,
 2743 I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
 2744 And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
 2745 O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
 2746 Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.
 2747 *Rom.* Is it euen so?
 2748 Then I denie you Starres.
 2749 Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
 2750 And hire Post- Horses, I will hence to night.
 2751 *Man.* I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
 2752 Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
 2753 Some misaduenture.
 2754 *Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
 2755 Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

2756 Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
 2757 *Man.* No my good Lord.
 2758 *Exit Man.*
 2759 *Rom.* No matter: Get thee gone,
 2760 And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight,
 2761 Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
 2762 Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
 2763 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
 2764 I do remember an Appothecarie,
 2765 And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
 2766 In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
 2767 Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
 2768 Sharp miserie had worne him to the bones:
 2769 And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
 2770 An Allegater stuft, and other skins
 2771 Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,
 2772 A beggerly account of emptie boxes ,
 2773 Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
 2774 Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
 2775 Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
 2776 Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
 2777 An if a man did need a poyson now,
 2778 Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
 2779 Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
 2780 O this same thought did but fore- run my need,
 2781 And this same needie man must sell it me.
 2782 As I remember, this should be the house,
 2783 Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
 2784 What ho? Appothecarie?
 2785 *Enter Appothecarie.*
 2786 *App.* Who call's so low'd?
 2787 *Rom.* Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
 2788 Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
 2789 A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
 2790 As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
 2791 That the life- wearie- taker may fall dead,
 2792 And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
 2793 As violently, as hastie powder fier'd
 2794 Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
 2795 *App.* Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
 2796 Is death to any he, that vtters them.
 2797 *Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
 2798 And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
 2799 Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,
 2800 Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
 2801 The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:

2802 The world affords no law to make thee rich.
 2803 Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.
 2804 *App.* My pouerty, but not my will consents.
 2805 *Rom.* I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.
 2806 *App.* Put this in any liquid thing you will
 2807 And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
 2808 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
 2809 *Rom.* There's thy Gold,
 2810 Worse poyson to mens soules,
 2811 Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
 2812 Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
 2813 I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
 2814 Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
 2815 Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
 2816 To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.
 2817 *Exeunt.*
 2818 *Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.*
 2819 *Iohn.* Holy *Franciscan* Frier, Brother, ho?
 2820 *Enter Frier Lawrence.*
 2821 *Law.* This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn.*
 2822 Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
 2823 Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.
 2824 *Iohn.* Going to find a bare- foote Brother out,
 2825 One of our order to associate me,
 2826 Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
 2827 And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
 2828 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 2829 Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
 2830 Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
 2831 So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.
 2832 *Law.* Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
 2833 *Iohn.* I could not send it, here it is againe,
 2834 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 2835 So fearefull were they of infection.
 2836 *Law.* Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
 2837 The Letter was not nice; but full of charge,
 2838 Of deare import; and the neglecting it
 2839 May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
 2840 Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
 2841 Vnto my Cell.
 2842 *Iohn.* Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*
 2843 *Law.* Now must I to the Monument alone,
 2844 Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
 2845 Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
 2846 Hath had no notice of these accidents:
 2847 But I will write againe to *Mantua*, [gg2

2848 And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
2849 Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
2850 *Exit.*
2851 *Enter Paris and his Page.*
2852 *Par.* Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
2853 Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
2854 Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
2855 Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
2856 So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
2857 Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
2858 But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
2859 As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
2860 Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
2861 *Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone
2862 Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.
2863 *Pa.* Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
2864 O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
2865 Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
2866 Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones;
2867 The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
2868 Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.
2869 *Whistle Boy.*
2870 The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
2871 What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,
2872 To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
2873 What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.
2874 *Enter Romeo, and Peter.*
2875 *Rom.* Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
2876 Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
2877 See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
2878 Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
2879 What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
2880 And do not interrupt me in my course.
2881 Why I descend into this bed of death,
2882 Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
2883 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
2884 A precious Ring, a Ring that I must vse,
2885 In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
2886 But if thou iealous dost returne to prie
2887 In what I further shall intend to do,
2888 By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
2889 And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
2890 The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:
2891 More fierce and more inexorable farre,
2892 Them emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.
2893 *Pet.* I will be gone sir, and not trouble you

2894 *Ro.* So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
 2895 Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
 2896 *Pet.* For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
 2897 His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
 2898 *Rom.* Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
 2899 Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
 2900 Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
 2901 And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.
 2902 *Par.* This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
 2903 That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which grieffe,
 2904 It is supposed the faire Creature died,
 2905 And here is come to do some villanous shame
 2906 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
 2907 Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mountague*:
 2908 Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
 2909 Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
 2910 Obey and go with me, for thou must die,
 2911 *Rom.* I must indeed, and therfore came I hither:
 2912 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 2913 Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,
 2914 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
 2915 Put not an other sin vpon my head,
 2916 By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
 2917 By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
 2918 For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
 2919 Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
 2920 A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
 2921 *Par.* I do defie thy commisseration,
 2922 And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.
 2923 *Ro.* Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
 2924 *Pet.* O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
 2925 *Pa.* O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
 2926 Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
 2927 *Rom.* In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
 2928 *Mercutius* kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
 2929 What said my man, when my betossed soule
 2930 Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
 2931 He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*.
 2932 Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
 2933 Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
 2934 To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
 2935 One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
 2936 Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
 2937 A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
 2938 For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
 2939 This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

2940 Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd,
 2941 How oft when men are at the point of death,
 2942 Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
 2943 A lightning before death? Oh how may I
 2944 Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
 2945 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 2946 Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
 2947 Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet
 2948 Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
 2949 And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
 2950 *Tybalt*, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 2951 O what more fauour can I do to thee,
 2952 Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
 2953 To sunder his that was thyemie?
 2954 Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Juliet*:
 2955 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeeue,
 2956 Shall I beleeeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
 2957 And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
 2958 Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
 2959 For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
 2960 And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
 2961 Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
 2962 Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
 2963 O true Appothecarie!
 2964 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
 2965 Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
 2966 With Wormes that are thy Chambermaidens: O here
 2967 Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
 2968 And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
 2969 From this world- wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:
 2970 Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
 2971 The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
 2972 A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
 2973 Come bitter conduct, come vnsauory guide,
 2974 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 2975 The dashing Rocks, thy Sea- sicke wearie Barke:
 2976 Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary: [gg2v
 2977 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
 2978 *Enter Frier with a Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.*
 2979 *Fri.* St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
 2980 Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?
 2981 *Man.* Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.
 2982 *Fri.* Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
 2983 What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
 2984 To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discern,
 2985 It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

2986 *Man.* It doth so holy sir,
 2987 And there's my Master, one that you loue.
 2988 *Fri.* Who is it?
 2989 *Man.* *Romeo.*
 2990 *Fri.* How long hath he bin there?
 2991 *Man.* Full halfe an houre.
 2992 *Fri.* Go with me to the Vault.
 2993 *Man.* I dare not Sir.
 2994 My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
 2995 And fearefully did menace me with death,
 2996 If I did stay to looke on his entents.
 2997 *Fri.* Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
 2998 O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.
 2999 *Man.* As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
 3000 I dreamt my maister and another fought,
 3001 And that my Maister slew him.
 3002 *Fri.* *Romeo.*
 3003 Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines
 3004 The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
 3005 What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
 3006 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
 3007 *Romeo,* oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
 3008 And steept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
 3009 Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
 3010 The Lady stirs.
 3011 *Iul.* O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
 3012 I do remember well where I should be:
 3013 And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
 3014 *Fri.* I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
 3015 Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
 3016 A greater power then we can contradict
 3017 Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
 3018 Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
 3019 And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
 3020 Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
 3021 Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
 3022 Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*
 3023 *Iul.* Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
 3024 What's here, A cup clos'd in my true loues hand?
 3025 Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
 3026 O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
 3027 To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
 3028 Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
 3029 To make me die with a restoratiue.
 3030 Thy lips are warme.
 3031 *Enter Boy and Watch.*

3032 *Watch.* Lead Boy, which way?
3033 *Iul.* Yea noise?
3034 Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
3035 'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die. *Kils herselfe.*
3036 *Boy.* This is the place,
3037 There where the Torch doth burne
3038 *Watch.* The ground is bloody,
3039 Search about the Churchyard.
3040 Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
3041 Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
3042 And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead
3043 Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.
3044 Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
3045 Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
3046 We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
3047 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
3048 We cannot without circumstance descry.
3049 *Enter Romeo's man.*
3050 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo's* man,
3051 We found him in the Churchyard.
3052 *Con.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.
3053 *Enter Frier, and another Watchman.*
3054 *3.Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
3055 We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
3056 As he was comming from this Church- yard side.
3057 *Con.* A great suspition, stay the Frier too.
3058 *Enter the Prince.*
3059 *Prin.* What misaduenture is so earely vp,
3060 That calls our person from our mornings rest?
3061 *Enter Capulet and his Wife.*
3062 *Cap.* What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
3063 *Wife.* O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.
3064 Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
3065 With open outcry toward our Monument.
3066 *Pri.* What feare is this which startles in your eares?
3067 *Wat.* Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
3068 And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
3069 Warme and new kil'd.
3070 *Prin.* Search,
3071 Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.
3072 *Wat.* Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
3073 With Instruments vpon them fit to open
3074 These dead mens Tombes.
3075 *Cap.* O heauen!
3076 O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
3077 This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house

3078 Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
 3079 And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.
 3080 *Wife.* O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
 3081 That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
 3082 *Enter Mountague.*
 3083 *Pri.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
 3084 To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.
 3085 *Moun.* Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
 3086 Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
 3087 What further woe conspires against my age?
 3088 *Prin.* Looke: and thou shalt see.
 3089 *Moun.* O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
 3090 To presse before thy Father to a graue?
 3091 *Prin.* Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
 3092 Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
 3093 And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
 3094 And then I will be generall of your woes,
 3095 And lead you euen to death? meane time forbear,
 3096 And let mischance be slaue to patience,
 3097 Bring forth the parties of suspition.
 3098 *Fri.* I am the greatest, able to doe least,
 3099 Yet most suspected as the time and place
 3100 Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
 3101 And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
 3102 My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.
 3103 *Prin.* Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?
 3104 *Fri.* I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
 3105 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
 3106 *Romeo* there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
 3107 And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife: [Gg1
 3108 I married them; and their stolne marriage day
 3109 Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whose vntimely death
 3110 Banish'd the new- made Bridegroome from this Citie:
 3111 For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
 3112 You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
 3113 Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
 3114 To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 3115 And (with wilde lookes) bid me devise some meanes
 3116 To rid her from this second Marriage,
 3117 Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
 3118 Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
 3119 A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
 3120 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 3121 The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
 3122 That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
 3123 To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,

3124 Being the time the Potions force should cease.
 3125 But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
 3126 Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
 3127 Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
 3128 At the prefixed houre of her waking,
 3129 Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
 3130 Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
 3131 Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
 3132 But when I came (some Minute ere the time
 3133 Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
 3134 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 3135 Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
 3136 And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
 3137 But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
 3138 And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
 3139 But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
 3140 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
 3141 And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
 3142 Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
 3143 Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.
 3144 *Prin.* We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
 3145 Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?
 3146 *Boy.* I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
 3147 And then in poste he came from *Mantua*
 3148 To this same place, to this same Monument.
 3149 This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
 3150 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
 3151 If I departed not, and left him there.
 3152 *Prin.* Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
 3153 Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
 3154 Sirra, what made your Master in this place?
 3155 *Page.* He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,
 3156 And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
 3157 Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
 3158 And by and by my Maister drew on him,
 3159 And then I ran away to call the Watch.
 3160 *Prin.* This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
 3161 Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
 3162 And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
 3163 Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
 3164 Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
 3165 Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
 3166 See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
 3167 That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
 3168 And I, for winking at your discords too,
 3169 Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

3170 *Cap.* O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
3171 This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
3172 Can I demand.
3173 *Moun.* But I can giue thee more:
3174 For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
3175 That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
3176 There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
3177 As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.
3178 *Cap.* As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
3179 Poore sacrifices of our enmity.
3180 *Prin.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
3181 The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
3182 Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
3183 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
3184 For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
3185 Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

**3187 THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO and IULIET**
