



AN  
EXCELLENT  
conceited Tragedie  
OF  
Romeo and Iuliet,

As it hath been often (with great applause)  
plaied publicuely, by the right Ho-  
nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*  
his Seruants.



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## The Prologue.

**T**WVO household Friends alike in dignitie,  
 (In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)  
 From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,  
 Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.  
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,  
 A paire of starre-croſt Lovers tooke their liſe:  
 Whose miſaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,  
 (Through the continuing of their Fathers ſtrife.  
 And death-markt paſſage of their Parents rage)  
 Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.  
 The which if you with patient eares attend,  
 What here we want wee'l ſtudie to amend.

< Corus

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## The most excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Act I. sc. i.

*Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.*

**G** *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.  
2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.  
1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the  
the collar.

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand  
to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be moou'd thou't  
runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take  
the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes  
to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the  
wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt  
see I am a rall peece of flesh

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou  
wouldst be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &  
off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids!

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Li.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

† 1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,  
take it in what fence thou wilt.

† { 32  
39 2 Nay let them take it in fence that seele it, but heere  
comes two of the *Mountagues*.

† { 42 *Enter two Scriving men of the Mountagues.*

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee,

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

44 1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin  
first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my  
thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goethou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile  
come after and frowne.

† { 52 1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i't at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

56 2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i't at vs?

*Enter Beneuolio.*

85 2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

> 11 *They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the  
Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and  
his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

88 *Prince:* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,  
> 93 On paine of torture, from those bloody handes  
> 94 Threw your mistempered weapons to the ground.  
> 96 Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,  
† By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,  
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.  
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Li

Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:  
For this time euery man depart in peace.  
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,  
And *Montague*, come you this after noone,  
To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,  
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

104 †

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108

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*Exeunt.*

*M: wife.* Who set this auncient quarrel first abroad?  
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

†

112

*Benuo:* Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,  
And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

†

114

*Wife:* Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?  
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

< 123 †

*Ben:* Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne  
Peep't through the golden window of the East,  
A troubled thought drew me from companie:  
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamore*,  
That Westward rooteth from the Cities side,  
So early walking might I see your sonne.  
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,  
And drew into the thicket of the wood:  
I noting his affections by mine owne,  
That most are busied when th'are most alone,  
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

†

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128 †

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132 †

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< 147

*Moun:* Black and portentious must this honor proue,  
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

†

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

†

*Enter Romeo.*

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

150

*Ben:* See where he is, but stand you both aside,  
He know his griuance, or be much denied.

< 162

B

*Moun*

## Li.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

164

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

*Benuo:* Good morrow Cosen.

*Romeo:* Is the day so young?

*Ben:* But new stroke nine.

†

*Romeo:* Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

168

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

†

*Ben:* It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

*Rom:* Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

*Ben:* In loue. (short.

172

*Ro:* Out.

*Ben:* Of loue.

†

*Ro:* Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

176

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

†

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

†

180

Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue,  
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

†

184

O anie thing, of nothing first create!  
O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!  
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming things,  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health;  
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:  
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

†

† 188

*Ben:* No Cose I rather weepe.

*Rom:* Good hart at what?

*Ben:* At thy good hearts oppression.

*Ro:* Why such is loues transgression,

Griefes

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

I.i.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,  
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest  
With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast showne,  
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:  
Loue is a smoke raifde with the fume of sighes  
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:  
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.  
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell Cose.

192 †

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†

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196 †

†

200 †

*Ben:* Nay Ile goe along.

†

And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

†

*Ro:* Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here;

This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

204

*Ben:* Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue!

†

*Ro:* What shall I grone and tell thee?

*Ben:* Why no, but sadly tell me who.

†

*Ro:* Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.

208 †

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.

†

In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.

*Ben:* I aime so right, when as you said you lou'd.

†

*Ro:* A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

212

*Ben:* A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.

*Ro:* But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit

†

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,

216

And in strong prooffe of chastitie well arm'd:

†

Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnarm'd,

†

Shee'le not abide the sledge of louing tearmes,

220

Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,

†

Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exit.*

222 <

*Enter Conntie Paris, old Capulet.*

I.ii.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

4 †

I.ii.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

† And pittietis, they liue at ods so long:  
 † But leauing that, what say you to my sute?  
 † *Cap:* What should I say more than I said before.  
 † 8 My daughter is a stranger in the world,  
 † Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:  
 † Let two more sommers wither in their pride,  
 † Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.  
 † 12 *Paris:* Younger than she are happie mothers made.  
 † *Cap:* But too soone made are these so early married:  
 † 16 But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,  
 † My word to her consent is but a part.  
 † 20 This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,  
 † Where to I haue inuited many a guest,  
 † Such as I loue: yet you among the store,  
 † One more most welcome makes the number more.  
 † 24 At my poore house you shall behold this night,  
 † Earth treading stars, that make darke heauen light:  
 † Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen seele,  
 † When well apparaild Aprill on the heele  
 † 28 Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights  
 † Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night  
 † Inherit at my house, heare all all see,  
 † And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.  
 † 32 Such amongst view of many myne becing one.  
 † May stand in number though in reckoning none.  
 † *Enter Seruingman.*  
 † Where are you sirra, goe trudge about  
 † Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:  
 † 36 Whose names are written here and to them say,  
 † My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

*Exeunt.*

† *Ser:* Seeke them out whose names are written here,  
 and

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

I.ii.

d yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to  
e learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as  
e Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker  
ith his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher  
ith his Pensill, I must to the learned.

40 †

44 }

*Enter Benuolio and Romeo.*

*Ben:* Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning  
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:  
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,  
One desperat grieffe cures with anothers languish.  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
and the ranke poyson of the old will die.

†

48 †

*Romeo:* Your Planton lease is excellent for that.

52

*Ben:* For what?

†

*Romeo:* For your broken shin.

*Ben:* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.

Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,  
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

56

*Ser:* Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

*Rom:* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

60

*Ser:* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:  
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

*Rom:* If I know the letters and the language.

64

*Seru:* Yeefay honestly, rest you merrie.

*Rom:* Stay fellow I can read.

*Hereads the Letter.*

**S** Eigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie  
Anseime and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widow of  
Vtruuiio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces,  
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vnle Capu-  
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and

68

72 †

## I.ii.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

*Luia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucie  
and the Iuclre Hellena.*

A faire assembly, whether should they come.

76

*Ser:* Vp.

*Ro:* Whether to supper?

*Ser:* To our house.

*Ro:* Whose house?

80

*Ser:* My Masters.

†

*Ro:* Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

84

*Ser:* Now if e tel you without asking. My Master is  
the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of  
*Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest  
you merrie.

88

*Ben:* At this fame auncient feast of *Capulets*,  
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:  
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,  
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,  
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

92

*Ro:* When the deuout religion of mine eye  
Maintaines such fallhood, then turne teares to fire,  
And these who often drownde could neuer die,  
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers  
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne  
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

96

100

*Ben:* Tut you saw her faire none els being by.  
Her selfe poyd with her selfe in either eye.  
But in that Crisfall scales let there be waide,  
Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide  
That I will shew you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

104

*Rom:* Ile goe along no such fight to be showne,

But

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

I. ii.

reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

*Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.*

106  
I. iii.

*Wife:* Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

*Nurce:* Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I  
er come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid,  
er's this girle? what Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*

*Iuliet:* How now who cal's?

*Nurce:* Your Mother.

*Iul:* Madame I am here, what is your will?

*Wife:* This is the matter Nurse giue leaue a while, we  
ist talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue re-  
embred me, thou se heare our counsaile. Thou know  
my daughters of a prettie age.

*Nurce:* Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.

*Wife:* Shee's, not fourteene.

*Nurce:* Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my  
ene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.  
How long is it now to Lammes-tide:

*Wife:* A fortnight and odde dayes.

*Nurce:* Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come  
Lammes Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she  
God rest all Christian soules were of an age. Well Susan is  
with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lam-  
mas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee ma-  
rie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth quake now e-  
leauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of  
all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid  
wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-  
house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I  
lo beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the worm-  
wood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty fool'e  
to

## I.iii.

## The most excellent Tragedie,

to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake que  
 Douc-houfe twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, an.  
 that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could Iuliet,  
 high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue waddled  
 downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, ana  
 my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie,  
 Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward n  
 thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my h  
 dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see ho  
 ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a h  
 dred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuli  
 and by my troth she stinted and cried I.

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I pre thee Nurce say I.

Nurce: VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his  
 grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, migh  
 I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

VVife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theam  
 I meant to talke of. Tell me Iuliet, howe stand you af  
 fected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I  
 would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy Teat.

VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie Paris seekes  
 thee for his Wife.

Nurce: A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all  
 the world, why he is a man of waxe.

VVife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a Flower.

Nurce: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

VVife: Well Iuliet, how like you of Paris loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,  
 but no more deepe will I engage mine eye,  
 Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,  
the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extremitie:  
make hast for I must be gone to waite.*

*Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.*

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,  
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,  
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:  
Nor no withoutbooke Prologue faintly spoke  
After the Prompter, for our entrance.  
But let them measure vs by what they will,  
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,  
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Belecue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Nor I belecue me you haue dancing shooes  
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead  
So flakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,  
A visor for a visor, what care I  
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

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

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

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Rom: Nay

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## I.IV.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

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*Rom:* Nay thats not so. *Mer:* I meane fir in delay,  
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,  
Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits  
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

† 48

*Rom:* So we meane well by going to this maske:  
But tis no wit to goe.

†

*Mer:* Why *Romeo* may one askel

*Rom:* I dreamt a dreame to night.

†

*Mer:* And so did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?

*Mer:* That dreamers often lie. (true.

52

*Rom:* In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things

†

*Mer:* Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.

\*

*Ben:* Queene Mab whats she?

†

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come

In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone

† 56

On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,

Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,

†

Ashwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.

†

Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,

60

The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,

†

The traces are the Moone shine watric beames,

†

The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,

† 64

Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,

†

Not half so big as is a little worme,

† 66

Pickt from the lasse finger of a maide,

† 70

And in this sort she gallops vp and downe

Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue.

† 72

O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies dreame

†

O're Ladies lips who dreame on kisses strait:

Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,

† 76

Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are:

†

Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

And

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*Liv.

And then dreames he of smelling out a lute,  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,  
 Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,  
 And then dreames he of another benefice:  
 Sometime she gallops ore a fouldiers nose,  
 And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,  
 Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,  
 Of heathes five fadome deepe, and then anon  
 Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,  
 And sweares a Praier or two and sleepest againe.  
 This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,  
 And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,  
 This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in  
 And plats the Elfeldcks in foule sluttish haire,  
 Which once vntangled much misfortune breeds.

*Rom:* Peace, peace, thou talkest of nothing.

*Mer:* True I talke of dreames,

Which are the Children of an idle braine,  
 Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,  
 Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,  
 And more inconstant than the winde,  
 Which wooes euen now the frose bowels of the north,  
 And being angered puffes away in haste,  
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (sculcs.

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

*Ro:* I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues  
 Some consequence is hanging in the stars,  
 Which bitterly begins his fearefull date  
 With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme  
 Of a dispiled life, clofde in this breast,  
 By some vntimelic forser of vile death:

80 †

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84 †

87-8 †

92 †

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88-9 †

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96 †

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104 †

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108 †

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## IV. iv.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

But he that hath the steerage of my course  
Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.

*Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.*

*Capu:* Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,  
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns  
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,  
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?  
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.  
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel.  
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,  
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.

Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,  
Nay sir, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet*:

For you and I are past our standing dayes,  
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

*Cof:* By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

*Cap:* Tis not so much, tis not so much,  
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,  
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,  
Some fife and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

*Cof:* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

*Cap:* Will you tell me that it cannot be so,  
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,  
Good youths I faith Oh youth's a ielly thing.

*Rom:* What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to  
burne bright!

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich iewell in an *Acthiops* eare,  
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:  
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,  
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes shoves.

T'

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

I.v.

The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand  
Did my heart loue till now? Forswear it sight,  
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

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

*Ca:* Why how now *Cosen*, wherefore storme you so.

*Ti:* Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,  
A villaine that is hether come in spight,  
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

*Ca:* Young *Romeo*, is it not?

*Ti:* It is that villaine *Romeo*. (man,

*Ca:* Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle.  
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
As of a vertuous and well govern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,  
Here in my house doo him disparagement:  
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,  
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,  
An ill befeeming semblance for a feast.

*Ti:* It fits when such a villaine is a guest,  
Ile not indure him.

*Ca:* He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,  
Am I the Master of the houle or you?  
You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule  
You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,  
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

*Ti:* Vncle tis a shame,

C 3

C4: Goe

I.v.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

†

Ca: Goe too, you are a faucie knaue.

†<sup>86</sup>  
†<sup>88</sup>

This tricke will scath you one day I know what.

Well said my hartes. Be quiet :

More light Yeknaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,

*Tibalt* : Patience perrorce with wilfull choller mee-†<sup>92</sup>

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

†

Now fecining sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

†

*Rom* : If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,

96

This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:

†

My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,

†

To smoothe the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

100

*Iuli* : Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too

Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,

†

For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,

And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kille.

*Rom* : Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?†<sup>104</sup>*Iuli* : Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

†

*Rø* : Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,

†

They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.

†

*Iu* : Saints doe not mooue though : grant nor praier  
forlake.†<sup>108</sup>*Rø* : Then mooue not till my praier effect I take.

†

Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

*Iu* : Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.*Rø* : Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!

112

Giue me my sinne againe.

*Iu* : You kisse by the booke.

†

*Nurse* : Madame your mother calles.*Rom* : What is her mother?†<sup>116</sup>*Nurse* : *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of th  
house and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nur*  
h.

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

I.v.

*her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can  
lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*

Rom : Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,  
My life is my foes thrall.

Ca : Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,  
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

*They whisper in his eare.*

I pray you let me intreat you- Is it so?  
Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,  
I promise you but for your company,  
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:  
Light to my chamber hie.

*Exeunt.*

Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*

Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

Nur: *That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.* (dancet)

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: *I know not.*

Iul : Goe learne his name, if he be married,  
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur: *His name is Romeo ana a Mountague, thronely  
sonne of your great enemy.*

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,  
Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late:  
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,  
That I should loue a loathed enemy.

Nurse: *Whats this? whats that?*

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of  
oue I dancet with.

Nurse: *Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe a long  
with you.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

119-20 †

120 †

123

124

\*

†

126 †

See Q 2

III.iv.

6, 7 & 33

130 †

132

†

†

136 †

140

†

144 †

†

Stage

Direction

†

*The most excellent Tragedie,**Enter Romeo alone.*

Ro: Shall I go forward and my heart is here?  
 Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

*Enter Benuolio Mercutio.*

Ben: Romeo, my cosen Romeo.

Mer: Doeſt thou heare he is wife,  
 Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.  
 Call good *Mercutio*.

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in  
 likenes of a sigh: speek but one rime & I am satisfied, cry  
 but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Done, speake to  
 my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her  
 purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee  
 that shor so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the  
 begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by  
*Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her  
 prettie foote, straigh leg, and quivering thigh, and the  
 demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse  
 thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him; marrie if one shuld  
 raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion,  
 making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde  
 it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire  
 and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure ouely but  
 to raise vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees  
 To be comforted with the humerous night,  
 Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

II.i.

*Mer*: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,  
Now will be fit vnder a Medler tree,  
And with his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,  
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.  
*Ah Romeo* that she were, ah that she were  
An open *Et cetera*, thou a poprin Peare.  
*Romeo* God night, il'e to my trundle bed:  
This field bed is too cold for mee.  
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,  
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

*Ro*: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:  
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?  
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne;  
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone  
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:  
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.  
Be not her maide since she is enuious,  
Her vessall luerie is but pale and greene,  
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.  
She speakes but she sayes nothing. What of that?  
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.  
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,  
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,  
Hauing some busines, doe enter at her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheares till they returne.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,  
The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:  
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,  
Would through the airie region streame so bright,  
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.  
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,  
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,

D

That

†

36

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†

40 †

†

II.ii.

†

+

†

8 †

9

12 †

†

†

16 †

20 †

†

24 †

II.ii.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

† That I might kisse that checke.

*Iul* : Ayme.

† *Rom*: She speaks, Oh speake againe bright Angell:  
 28 For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my  
 As is a winged messenger of heauen (head,  
 Vnto the white vturned woondring eyes,  
 Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,  
 † When he bestrides the laste pacing cloudes,  
 32 And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.

† *Iul* : Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?  
 Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,  
 Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,  
 36 And it's no longer be a *Capulet*.

† *Rom* : Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

† 38 *Iul* : 'Tis but thy name that is mine enemye.

> 40 Whats *Montague*? It is nor hand nor foote,  
 † 41 Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

> 43 Whats in a name? That which we call a *Rose*,

† 44 By any other name would smell as sweet:

† So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,

† Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:

† Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,

† 48 And for that name which is no part of thee,

† Take all I haue.

*Rom* : I take thee at thy word,  
 Call me but loue, and it's be new Baptiste,  
 Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

52 *Iu*: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,  
 † Doe'st stumble on my counsaile?

*Ro*: By a name I know not how to tell thee.  
 My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,  
 56 Because it is an enemye to thee.

Had

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

II.ii.

Had I it written I would teare the word.

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

*Ro:* Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

*Iu:* How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?  
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,  
And the place death considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

*Ro:* By lones light winges did I oreperch these wals,  
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,  
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Iul:* If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

*Ro:* Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,  
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,  
And I am prooffe against their enmitie. (here.

*Iul:* I would not for the world they shuld finde thee

*Ro:* I haue nights cloek to hide thee from their sight,  
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:  
For life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

*Iu:* By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

*Ro:* By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,  
He gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.  
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre  
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,  
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.

*Iul:* Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,  
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:  
For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,  
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

## II.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.  
 Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,  
 And I will take thy word: but if thou ſwearſt,  
 Thou maielt proue faile:  
 At Louers perjuries they ſay Ioue ſmiles.  
 Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:  
 Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely worne,  
 It's frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,  
 So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world;  
 In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,  
 And therefore thou maielt thinke my haniour light:  
 But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,  
 Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.  
 I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,  
 But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware  
 My true lones Paſſion: therefore pardon me,  
 And not impute this yeelding to light loue,  
 Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

*Ro*: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſwear,  
 That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.

*Iul*: O ſwear not by the Moone the vnconſtant  
 That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,  
 Leaft that thy loue proue likewise variable.

*Ro*: Now by

*Iul*: Nay doo not ſwear at all,  
 Or if thou ſwear, ſwear by thy glorious ſelfe,  
 Which art the God of my Idolatrie,  
 And it's belecue thee.

*Ro*: If my true harts loue

*Iul*: Swear not at al, though I doo ioy in  
 I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night,  
 It is too raſh, too ſodaine, too vnaduifed,

(thee,

Too

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

II. II.

Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee  
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some coming,  
Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,  
Stay but a little and it'e come againe.

*Ro:* O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,  
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,  
Too flattering true to be substantiaill:

*Iul:* Threewordes good *Romeo* and good night in-  
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow  
By one that it'e profire to come to thee:  
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,  
And at my fortunes at thy foote it'e lay,  
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

*Ro:* Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from  
their bookes,

But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

*Iul:* *Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falkners voice,  
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:  
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,  
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies  
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,  
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

*Romeo?*

*Ro:* It is my soule that calles vpon my name,  
How silner sweet sound louers tongues in night.

*Iul:* *Romeo?*

*Ro:* Madame.

*Iul:* At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

*Ro:* At the houre of nine.

*Iul:* I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

*Romeo* I haue forgot why, I did call thee backe.

## II.ii.

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

† 172

*Rom:* Let me stay here till you remember it.

†

*Iul:* I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,  
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

†

176

*Rom:* And it'e stay still to haue thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

†

180

†

†

†

*Iu:* Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,  
But yet no further then a wantons bird,Wholers it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,And with a lilke thred puls it backe againe,  
Too louing ieaious of his libertie.*Ro:* Would I were thy bird.

† 184

*Iul:* Sweet so would I,Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.  
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

†

† 188

†

†

## II.iii.

*Enter Frier Francis.*

(night,

†

† 194

†

†

8

10

†

†

*Frier:* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning  
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,  
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheelles:  
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,  
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie  
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,  
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyeed flowers.  
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies  
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

II. iii.

But to the earth some special good doth giue:  
Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,  
Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:  
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,  
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:  
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,  
Being tasted slaies all fences with the hart.  
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,  
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

*Rom:* Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

*Fri:* *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth  
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?)  
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.

Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,  
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:  
But where vnbrused youth with vastust braines  
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remains:  
Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,  
Thou art vprowld by some distemperature.

Or if not so, then here I hit it right  
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

*Ro:* The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fr:* God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?

*Ro:* With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,  
I haue forgorth that name, and that names woe. (then?)

*Fri:* Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

*Ro:* I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,  
I haue bin feasting with mine enemy:

Where

†  
20 †

† Stage  
† Direction

24

†

†

28

†

31-2 †

†

36 †

†

†

40 †

†

†

44 †

48 †

*The most excellent Tragedie,*

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee  
 Thats by me wounded, both our remedies  
 With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,  
 I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe  
 My intercession likewise steades my foe.

*Frier:* Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,  
 Ridling confession findes but ridling strift.

*Rom:* Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set  
 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet:*  
 As mine on hers, so lieth likewise on mine,  
 And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine  
 By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of voves,  
 I'll tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,  
 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

*Fri:* Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?  
 Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare  
 So soone forooke, lo yong mens loue then lies  
 Not true lie in their harts, but in their eyes.

*Iesi:* *Maria*, what a deale of brine  
 Hath wastht thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?  
 How much salt water cast away in waste,  
 To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.  
 The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,  
 Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,  
 And loe vpon thy cheeke the flaine doth sit,  
 Of an old teare that is not wastht off yet.  
 If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,  
 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,  
 And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then  
 Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

*Rom:* Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

*Frier*

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

II.iii.

*Fr:* For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

*Rom:* And badst me burie loue.

*Fr:* Not in a graue,

To lay one in another out to haue.

*Rom:* I prece thee chide not, she whom I loue now  
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:

The other did not so.

*Fr:* Oh she knew well

Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,

In one respectt lke thy assitant bee:

For this alliaunce may so happie proue,

To turne your Householdstrancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.*

*Mer:* Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not  
home to night?

*Ben:* Not ro his Fathers, I spake with his man.

*Mer:* Ah that same palchard hearted wench, that *Ro-*  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. *(saline)*

*Mer:* *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*  
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:  
Some Challenge on my life.

*Ben:* *Romeo* will answere it.

*Mer:* I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

*Ben:* Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee  
challenged.

*Mer:* Who, *Romeo*? why he is already dead: stabd  
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare  
with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the  
blinde bow-boyesbut-shaft. And is hea man to encounter  
*Tybalt*?

*Ben:* Why what is *Tybalt*?

*Mer:* More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh  
he is the couragious capitaine of complements. Catso; he  
E fights

## II. iv.

## The excellent Tragedie

fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duellist a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and seeond cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

*Ben:* The what?

*Me:* The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why ground-sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

*Ben:* Heere comes *Romeo*,

*Mer:* Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. Offesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchen drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harlettries: *This* is a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* bon iour there is a French curtesie to your French fop: yee gaue vs the counterfeir fairely yesternight.

*Rom:* What counterfeir I pray you?

*Me:* The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?

*Rom:* I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

*Mer:* Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil constrain a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom:* A most curteous exposition.

*Me:* Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

*Rom:* Pinke for flower?

*Mer:* Right.

*Rom:* Then is my Pompe well flour'd:

*Mer:* Well said, follow me now what iest till thou hast worne

Stage  
Direction

†  
24

28

†  
32

36

>  
40

44

†  
48

52

56

60

†

64

†

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

II. iv.

worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler.

*Rom:* O single soald iest solie singuler for the singlenes.

*Me:* Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

*Rom:* Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

*Mer:* Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my siue: Was I with you there for the goose?

*Rom:* Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

*Me:* Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

*Rom:* Nay good goose bite not.

*Mer:* Whythy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce

*Rom:* And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

*Mer:* Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth from an ynnch narrow to an ell broad.

*Rom:* I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

*Mer:* Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

*Ben:* Stop there.

*Me:* Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

*Ben:* Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

*Mer:* Tut man thou art decciued, I meant to make it short, for I was conic to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

*Rom:* Heeis goodly geare.

*Enter Nurse and her man.*

*Mer:* A faile, a faile, a faile.

E 2

*Ben:* Two

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## II. iv

## The excellent Tragedie

*Ben*: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

*Nur*: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

*Mer*: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

*Nur*: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

*Mer*: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

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

*Mer*: Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

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

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

*Nur*: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

*Rom*: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worle.

*Nur*: Well said.

*Mer*: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wisely, wisely.

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

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

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

*Rom*: Why what hast found man?

*Mer*: No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

*He walks by them, and sings.*

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

But a hare that hoare is too much for a score,  
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

*Rom*: I will.

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

*Exeunt Benvolio, Mercutio.*

*Nur*:

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

*II. iv*

*Nur* : Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

*Rom* . A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

*Nur* : If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lustier than he is : if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall : I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

*She turnes to Peter her man.*

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

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

*Nur* : Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers : scurvie Iacke: But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe : but if you should lead her into a fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

*Rom* : Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

*Nur* : Goodheart: yfaith Ile tell her so : oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

*Rom* : Why, what wilt thou tell her?

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

*Rom* : Bid her get leaue to morrow morning  
To come to shrift to Friar *Laurence* cell:  
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,  
My man shall come to thee, and bring along  
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,  
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

152 †

166

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192 †

198 †

200 †

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## II. iv.

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† 194

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† 196

† 197

204

† 232

*The excellent Tragedie*

Must be my conduct in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy paines.

*Nur*: No, not a penie truly.*Rom*: I say you shall not chuse.*Nur*: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.*Rom*: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit**Nur*: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

## II. v.

*Enter Iuliet.*

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o V. 64, 65

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o Q 2 III. 88

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*Iul*: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurse  
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.

Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.

Oh she is lazic, Loues heralds should be thoughts,

And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,

Doth hurric from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

*Enter Nurse.*

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,

What sayes my Loue?

*Nur*: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how  
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua  
vitz.*Iul*: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.*Nur*: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-  
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.*Iul*: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo*?*Nur*: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees  
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper  
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baidie, wel go thy  
way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head  
beates?*Iul*: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-  
riage?*Nur*: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a  
kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?*Iul*: Lord, Lord how odly thou repliest? He saies like a  
kinde

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

*Nur*: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youll haue done, euen dooty your selfe.

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

*Nur*: Goe, hyc you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell, And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift: There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride. Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes, I must provide a ladder made of cordes, With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone. I must take paines to further your delight, But you must beare the burden soone at night, Doth this newes please you now?

*Iul*: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart. Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines, And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo, Friar.*

*Rom*: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant Consists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

*Fr*: Without more words I will doo all I may, To make you happie if in me it lye.

*Rom*: This morning here she pointed we should meete, And consummate those neuer parting bands, Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands, And come she will.

*Fr*: I gesse she will indeed, Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

*Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo,* See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower: Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power,

*Iul*: *Romeo*.

*Rom*:

Il.v.

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Il.vi.

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## II.vi.

## The excellent Tragedie

*Rom*: My *Juliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes  
(Cloasd in Nights myths) attend the frolicke Day,  
So *Romeo* hath expected *Juliet*,  
And thou art come.

*Jul*: I am (if I be Day)  
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.

*Rom*: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

*Jul*: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

*Fr*: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe  
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,  
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,  
Till holy Church haue ioyn'd ye both in one.

*Rom*: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

*Jul*: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.

*Fr*: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.  
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

## III.

Enter *Bennolio*, *Mercutio*.

*Ben*: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,  
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

*Mer*: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes  
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the  
boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by  
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the  
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

*Ben*: Am I like such a one?

*Mer*: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,  
and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to  
be mooud.

*Ben*: And what too?

*Mer*: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue  
none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-  
ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst  
hassill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out  
such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee  
waked

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne ? With a  
Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and  
with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.  
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

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

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Mer:* By my heele I care not.

*Tyb:* Gentlemen a word with one of you.

*Mer:* But one word with one of vs? You had best couple  
it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb:* I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

*Mer:* Could you not take occasion?

*Tyb:* *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

*Ma:* Consort? Zwounes comfort? the slaue wil make fiddle  
of vs. If you doe sitte, look for nothing but discord: For  
heeres my fiddle stickc.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb:* Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

*Mer:* But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary  
go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in  
that fence your worship may call him man.

*Tyb:* *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can afford no better  
words then these, thou art a villaine.

*Rom:* *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the  
appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore  
I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

*Tyl:* Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore  
drawe:

*Ro:* I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better  
than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of  
my loue.

*Mer:* O dishonorable vile submission. *Alla stockado* caries  
it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

*Tyb:* What wouldst with me?

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*Mer:*

III. i.

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## III.i.

*The excellent Tragedie*

*Mer:* Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your  
ninelives, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your  
scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

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

*Tibalt* vnder *Romeos* arme thrusts *Mer-*  
*curio*, in and flies.

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

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

*Mer:* Noe not so deepe as a Well, not so wide as a  
barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to  
come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

*Rom:* I did all for the best.

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

*Boy:* I goe my Lord.

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

*Boy:* Hee's come sir.

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

*Exeunt*

*Rom:* This Gentleman the Princes neere Alic.

My very friend hath tane this mortall wound  
In my behalfe, my reputation staine  
With *Tibals* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre  
Hath beene my kinsman, Ah *Julies*

Thy

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,  
And in my temper softens valors Steele.

*Enter Beauolio.*

*Ben:* Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,  
That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,  
Which too vntimely scorn'd the lowly earth.

*Rom:* This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend  
This but begins what other dayes must end.

*Enter Tibalt.*

*Ben:* Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

*Rom:* A liue in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue lenity:  
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.  
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,  
Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutio*s soule,  
Is but a little way about the cloudes,  
And staies for thine to beare him company,  
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

*Fight, Tibalt falls.*

*Ben:* *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt*'s slaine,  
The Citizens approach, away, begone  
Thou wilt be taken.

*Rom:* Ah I am fortunes slaue,

*Exeunt*

*Enter Citizens.*

*Watch.* Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vil-  
laine?

*Ben:* There is that *Tybalt*.

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*Watch: Vp*

III. i.

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137 †  
140 †

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144 †

## III.

## The excellent Tragedie

Vp firra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all  
The most vn lucky mannage of this brawle.Heere lyes the man slaine by yong Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman braue Mercutio,M: Tibalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,  
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt  
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:  
For blood of ours, shed bloud of Mountague.

Pry: Speake Benuolio who began this fray?

Ben: Tibalt heere slaine whom Romeos hand did slay.  
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke  
How nice the quarrell was.But Tibalt still persisting in his wrong,  
The stout Mercutio drewe to calme the storme,  
Which Romeo seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,  
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,  
And with his agill arme yong Romeo,  
As fast as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.  
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,Vnder yong Romeos laboring arme to part,  
The furious Tybalt cast an enuious thrust,  
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.

With that he fled, but presently return'd,

And with his rapier braued Romeo:

That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.

And ere I could draw forth my rapyer  
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,  
And this way Romeo fled.Mo: He is a Mountague and speakes partiall,  
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I doe

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

III.i.

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoulst iustice giue,  
*Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

*Prin* : And for that offence

Immediately we doo exile him hence.

I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,  
 My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.

But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,  
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,  
 Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :

Mercie to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Iuliet.*

† III.ii.

*Iul* : Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes  
 To *Phaebus* mansion, such a Waggoner  
 As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,  
 And send in cloudie night immediately.

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder  
 of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse : O Lord, why lookst thou sad ?  
 What hast thou there, the cordes ?

*Nur* : I, I, the cordes : alacke we are vndone,  
 We are vndone. Ladie we are vndone.

*Iul* : What diuell art thou that torments me thus ?

*Nur* : Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.

*Iul* : This torture should be roard in dismall hell.  
 Can heauens be so enuious ?

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

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*Iul* :

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## III.ii.

## The excellent Tragedie

*Iul:* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disaster hap  
Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet*?  
Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe,  
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,  
So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?

*Nur:* O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had,  
O housest *Tybalt*, courteous Gentleman.

*Iul:* What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,  
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:  
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.  
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,  
These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

*Nur:* *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,  
*Romeo* that mured him is banished.

*Iul:* Ah heauens, did *Romeo*s hand shed *Tybalts* blood?

*Nur:* It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

*Iul:* O serpents hate, hid with a flowing face:  
O painted sepulcher, including filth.  
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,  
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?

*Nur:* There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:  
All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne,  
Shame come to *Romeo*.

*Iul:* A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:  
Vpon his face Shame is ashamed to sit.  
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?  
That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.  
All this is comfort. But there yet remains  
VVorse than his death, which fame I would forget:  
But ah, it presseth to my memorie,  
*Romeo* is banished. Ah that word Banished  
Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,  
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,  
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.  
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

*Nur:* VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* corse.

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

VVill you goe to them?

*Iul:* I, I, when theirs are spent,  
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.

*Nur:* Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,  
He to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

*Iul:* Doo fo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt*

*Enter Friar.*

*Fr:* *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou feartfull man,  
Affliction is enamour'd on thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom:* Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,  
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,  
VVhich yet we know not.

*Fr:* Too familiar

Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie:  
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

*Rom:* VVhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?

*Fr:* A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,  
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

*Rom:* Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:  
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,  
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

*Fr:* Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom:* There is no world without *Verona* walls,  
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe,  
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:  
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,  
Thou cutt my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me,

*Fr:* Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:  
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince  
(Taking thy part) hath rush'd aside the law,

And

III.ii

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III.iii

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## III.iii

*The excellent Tragedie*

And turnd that blacke word death to banishment :  
This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.

*Rom* : Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere  
Where *Juliet* liues : and euerie cat and dog,  
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing  
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her

But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,  
More honourable state, more courtship liues  
In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may seaze

On the white wonder of faire *Juliet*s skinne,

And steale immortall kisses from her lips ;

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

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

Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,

No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,

Though nere so meane, but banishment

To torture me withall : ah, banished.

O Friar, the damned vse that word in hell :

Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,

Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,

A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest,

To mangle me with that word, Banishment ?

*Fr* : Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word,

*Rom* : O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

*Fr* : Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,

Aduersities sweete milke, philosophic,

To comfort thee though thou be banished.

*Rom* : Yet Banished ? hang vp philosophic,

Vnlesse philosophic can make a *Juliet*,

Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,

It helps not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

*Fr* : O, now I see that madmen haue no cares.

*Rom* : How should they, when that wise men haue no  
eyes.

*Fr* : Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom* : Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.

Wert

of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

III.iii

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,  
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy  
hayre.

68

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,  
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue,

70

*Nurse* knockes.

†

*Fr*: *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,  
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

74

*Nu*: Hoe Fryer,

&lt;

*Fr*: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

76

*Shee* knockes againe.

†

*Nur*: Hoe Fryer open the doore,

&lt;

*Fr*: By and by I come. Who is there?

*Nur*: One from Lady *Iuliet*.

*Fr*: Then come neare.

*Nur*: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,  
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

81 †

*Fr*: There on the ground, with his owne teares made  
drunke.

*Nur*: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.

84

lust in her case. Oh wofull sympathy,  
Pittecous predicament, euen so lyes shee,  
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:  
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,  
For *Iuliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand,  
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

†

88

*He* rises.

\*

*Romeo*: Nurse,

*Nur*: Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death's the end of all.

92 †

G

Rom.

## III.iii.

## The excellent Tragedie

Rom: Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?  
 Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,  
 Now I haue staine the childhood of her ioy,  
 With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?  
 Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes  
 My conceal'd Lady to our cancell'd loue?

Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,  
 And now fells on her bed, now on the ground,  
 And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun  
 Did murder her, as that names curst hand  
 Murderd her kinsman Ah tell me holy Fryer  
 In what vile part of this Anatomy  
 Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke  
 The hatefull mansion?

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches  
 the dagger away.*

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme  
 Cries out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote  
 The vnresonable furies of a beast.

Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,  
 Or ill beseeining beast in seeming both,  
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temperd,  
 Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?  
 And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?  
 Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,  
 For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:  
 There art thou happy *Tybalt* would kill thee,  
 But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.  
 A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,  
 Happines Courts thee in his best array:  
 But like a misbehaude and sullen wench  
 Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.

Take

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

III.iii.

Take heede, take heede, for such dyc miserable.  
 Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:  
 Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,  
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:  
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.  
 Nurse prouide all things in a readines,  
 Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,  
 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

†  
148  
149  
<  
†  
156 †

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,  
 I could haue stayde heere all this night  
 To heare good counsell. Well Sir,  
 Ile tell my Lady that you will come,

160

Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,  
 Farwell good Nurse.

†  
†

*Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.*

\*

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,  
 Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

163 †  
165

*Exit Nurse.*

Fr: So iorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,  
 And he shall figuifie from time to time:  
 Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere,  
 Farwell.

<  
169

Rom: But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,  
 It were a griefe so breese to part with thee.

†  
172 †  
†

*Enter olde Capulet and his Wife, with  
 Countie Paris.*

III.iv.  
†

Cap: Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluck<sup>i</sup>ly,  
 That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

†

## III.iv

*The excellent Tragedie*

† Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearly,  
 † And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,  
 † { Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?  
 † > I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.  
 † † †

† † † *Par:* These times of woe affoord no time to wooc,  
 † † † Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.  
 \*

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet  
 calles him againe.*

† † † *Cap:* Sir *Paris*? He make a desperate tender of my child.  
 † † † I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee:  
 † † † But soft what day is this?

† † † *Par:* Munday my Lord.

† † † *Cap:* Oh then Wensday is too soone,  
 † † † On Thursday let it be: you shall be married.  
 † † † Wee'll make no great ado, a friend or two, or so:  
 † † † For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,  
 † † † It will be thought we held him careleslye:  
 † † † If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue  
 † † † Some halfe a dozen friends and make no more ado.  
 † † † But what say you to Thursday.

† † † *Par:* My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-  
 † † † row.

† † † *Cap:* Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to  
 † † † bed.

† † † Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,  
 † † † Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.  
 † † † Wife gette you to your daughter, Light to my Chamber.  
 † † † Afore me it is so. very very late,  
 † † † That we may call it earely by and by.

*Exeunt.*



*Enter*

of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

III.v.



*Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.*

*Iul*: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,  
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke  
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:  
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,  
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

*Rom*: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,  
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes  
Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.  
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocund Day  
Stands tiptoes on the mystic mountaine tops.  
I must be gone and lue, or stay and dye.

*Iul*: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:  
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,  
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.  
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

*Rom*: Let me stay here, let me betane, and dye:  
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.

He say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,  
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.  
He say it is the Nightingale that beates  
The vaultie heauen so high about our heads,  
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.

Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.  
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

*Iul*: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.  
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.  
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:

## III.v

*The excellent Tragedie*

† This doth not so : for this diuideth vs.  
 † 32 Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,  
 † I would that now they had chang'd voyces too :  
 † Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,  
 † Hunting thee hence with Huntſvp to the day.  
 † So now be gone, more light and light it growes.  
 36 *Rom* : More light and light, more darke and darke our  
 > woes.  
 † 42 Farewell my Loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

*He goeth downe.*

† *Iul* : Art thou gone ſo my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?  
 † 44 I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower :  
 { For in an hower there are manie minutes,  
 { Minutes are dayes, ſo will I number them :  
 { Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,  
 † Ere I ſee thee againe.

48 *Rom* : Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie  
 That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

*Iul* : Oh, thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe

† 52 *Rom* : No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue  
 † For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.

† *Iul* : Oh God, I haue an ill diuining ſoule.

† Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below  
 56 Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe :  
 † Either mine ey-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.

† *Rom* : And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo doo you,  
 59 Drie forrow drinks our blood : adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

*Enter Nurse haſtely.*

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

*Enter*

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III.V.



Enter Iuliet's Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?

Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what Iuliet?

Iul: How now, who calls?

Nur: It is your Mother.

Moth: Why how now Iuliet?

Iul: Madam, I am not well.

Moth: What euer more weeping for your Cosens death:  
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

Iul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

Moth: I cannot blame thee.

But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

Iul: What Villaine Madame?

Moth: That Villaine Romeo.

Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.

Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man

I soone would send to Mantua where he is,  
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,  
As he should soone beare Tybalt companie.

Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man;  
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light  
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.

Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?)

Moth: Well let that passe, I come to bring thee ioyfull

Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

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

Iul: What day is that I pray you?

Moth: Marry my Childe,

The

## III.V.

## The excellent Tragedie

†  
 {  
 † 116  
 The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,  
 The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,  
 Early next Thursday morning must prouide,  
 To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

† 118  
 {  
 † 122  
*Iul*: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,  
 He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.  
 Are these the newes you had to tell me of?  
 Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie  
 yet.

† 124  
 {  
 And when I doo, it shall be rather *Romeo* whom I hate,  
 Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

†  
*Enter olde Capolet.*

† 125  
 {  
 † 130  
*Moth*: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

†  
 {  
 † 135-9  
*Capo*: Why how now, euermore showing?  
 In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:  
 For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,  
 Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,  
 And toft with sighes arising from thy harr:  
 Will without succour shipwracke presently.  
 But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies  
 she to it?

† 140  
 {  
 †  
 † 143-4  
*Moth*: I haue, but she will none she thanks ye:  
 VVould God that she were married to her graue.

†  
 {  
 †  
 †  
*Capo*: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth  
 she not wexe proud?

† 148  
 {  
 † 149  
*Iul*: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:  
 Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,  
 But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

† 151  
 {  
 † 152  
 †  
 †  
*Capo*: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not.  
 And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.  
 Proud me no prouids, nor thanke me no thanks,  
 But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next  
 To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,  
 Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

*Lu:* Good father heare me speake?

*She kneeles downe.*

*Cap:* I tell thee what, cyther resolute on thursday next

To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:

Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, for my fingers yth,

Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest

That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

*Nur:* Mary God in heauen bleffe her my Lord,

You are too blame to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why my Lady wifedome? hold your tung,

Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe.

*Nur:* Why my Lord I speake no treason.

*Cap:* Oh goddegodden.

Vtter your grauity ouer a goffips boule,

For heere we need it not.

*Mo:* My Lord ye are too hotte.

*Cap:* Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,

Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,

Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,

Still my care hath beene to see her matcht,

And hauing now found out a Gentleman,

Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.

Stuft as they say with honorable parts,

Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:

And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,

A puling maimet in her fortunes tender,

To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.

H

I

III.v.

†  
160 †

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\*  
162 } †

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164 †  
†  
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168 †  
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†

172  
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176

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†  
179-80 †

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†  
†  
184 †  
†  
†

187-8  
†

## III.V

## The excellent Tragedie

† 192

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,  
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,

†

If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:

†

If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,

†

Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule

†

Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,

† 196

Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,

†

Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest.

*Exit.*

†

*Iul:* Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,

†

That lookes into the bottom of my woes?

† 200

I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,

†

Defer this mariage for a day or two,

†

Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed

In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

† 204

*Moth:* May be assured I will not speake a word.

†

Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

*Exit.*

† 206

*Iul:* Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou  
giue me.

x

*Nur:* Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:

† 215

Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing

† 216

He neuer dares returne to challenge you,

† 219

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,

†

Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout

In respect of him. I promise you

† 224

I thinke you happy in this second match.

†

As for your husband he is dead:

†

Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

† 228

*Iul:* Speakest thou this from thy heart?

†

*Nur:* I and from my soule, or els befhrew them both.

*Iul:* Amen.

†

*Nur:* What say you Madame?

†

*Iul:* Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,

†

I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother

† 231-2

Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.

†

To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,

And to be absolu'd.

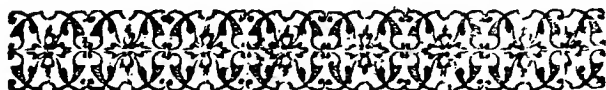
of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Nur:* I will, and this is wisely done.

*She looks after Nurse.*

*Iul:* Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.  
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,  
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue  
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare  
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.  
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,  
If all faile els, I haue the power to dyc.

*Exit.*



*Enter Fryer and Paris.*

*Fr:* On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,  
*Par:* My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,  
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hatt,  
*Fr:* You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?  
*Vneuen* is the course, I like it not.  
*Par:* Immoderately she weepes for *Tybals* death,  
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.  
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,  
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:  
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.  
And in his wisdom hafts our mariage,  
To stop the inundation of her teares,  
Which too much minded by her selfe alone  
May be put from her by societie.  
Now doe ye know the reason of this hatt,  
*Fr:* I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

H 2

*Enter*

III.v.

1

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1

236

1

†

240

†

IV.i.

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†

4

†

8

†

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12

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16

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## IV.i

*The excellent Tragedie**Enter Paris.*

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

*Par:* Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:*Iu:* That may be fir, when I may be a wife,*Par:* That may be, must be loue, on thurfday next.*Iu:* What must be shal be.*Fr:* Thats a certaine text.*Par:* What come ye to confession to this Fryer,*Iu:* To tell you that were to confesse to you.*Par:* Do not deny to him that you loue me,*Iu:* I will confesse to you that I loue him,*Par:* So I am sure you will that you loue me.*Iu:* And if I doe, it wil be of more price,

Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

*Par:* Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.*Iu:* The teares haue got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par:* Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.*Iu:* That is no wrong fir, that is a truth:

And what I spake I spake it to my face,

*Par:* Thy face is mine and thou hast flaundred it,*Iu:* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leasure holy Father now:

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

*Fr:* My leasure serues me penſiue daughter now.

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

*Par:* God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,*Iuliet* farwell, and keep this holy kisse.*Exit Paris.**Iu:* Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,  
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,*Fr:* Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,  
I heare thou must and nothiug may prorage it,

On

*of Rome and Iuliet.*

IV.i

On Thursday next be married to the Countie,

*Iul:* Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,  
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.

Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold  
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife  
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that  
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,  
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

*Fr:* Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,  
VWhich craues as desperate an execution,  
As that is desperate we would preuent.

If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*  
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,  
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.  
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie,

*Iul:* Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)  
From off the battlements of yonder tower:  
Or chaine me to some steeple mountaines top,  
VWhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:  
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,  
VWith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples skulls:  
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:  
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;  
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,  
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstained VVife  
To my deere Lord, my decreft *Romeo*.

*Fr:* Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,  
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:  
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,  
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:  
VWhen presently through all thy veynes shall run  
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze

†  
†  
51 †  
61 †

64

†  
63 †

†

72 †

†

†  
76 †

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80 } †

81 †

83 †

84-5 †

86 †

88 } †

89 }

92 }

†

96 †

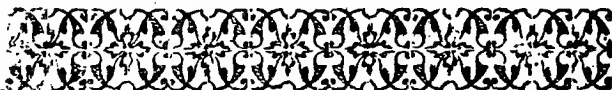
## IV.i

*The excellent Tragedie*

Each vitall spirit : for no Pulse shall keepe  
 His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate :  
 No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust,  
 And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,  
 Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.  
 And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,  
 Ile send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,  
 And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

*Iul:* Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.

*Exeunt.*



## IV.ii

*Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and  
 Servingman.*

*Capo:* Where are you sirra?

*Ser:* Heere forsooth.

*Capo:* Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes,

*Ser:* I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe  
 them by licking their fingers.

*Capo:* How canst thou know them so?

*Ser:* Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-  
 gers.

*Capo:* Well get you gone.

*Exit Servingman.*

But wheres this Head-strong?

*Moth:* Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell  
 To be confest.

*Capo:* Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,  
 A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

*Enter*

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

IV.ii.

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Moth:* See here she commeth from Confession,

*Capo:* How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin  
gadding?

*Iul:* Where I haue learned to repent the sin  
Of froward wilfull opposition  
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd  
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,  
And craue remission of so soule a fact.

*She kneeles downe.*

*Moth:* Why thats well said.

*Capo:* Now before God this holy reuerent Frier  
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto,  
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,  
For I will haue this knot knitt vp to morrow.

*Iul:* Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,  
To sort such things as shall be requisite  
Against to morrow.

*Moth:* I prece thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,  
Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,  
And I will come vnto you presently,

*Nur:* Come sweet hart, shall we goe:

*Iul:* I prece thee let vs.

*Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.*

*Moth:* Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

*Capo:* I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,  
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

*Moth:* I pray my Lord let it be Thursday.

*Capo:* I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

*Moth:* We shall be short in our prouision.

*Capo*

## IV.ii

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t 46  
t

*The excellent Tragedie*

*Capo:* Let me alone for that, goe get you in,  
Now before God my heart is pasing light,  
To see her thus conformed to our will.

*Exeunt.*

## IV.iii

*Enter Nurse, Iuliet.*

*Nur:* Come, come, what need you anie thing else?

*Iul:* Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:  
For I doo meane to lye alone to night,

*Nur:* Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,  
and so good night. *Exit.*

*Enter Mother.*

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

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

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

*Iul:* Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-  
gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion should not worke at all,  
Must I of force be married to the Countie?

This shall forbid it. Knife, lyē thou there.

What if the Frier should giue me this drinke

To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose

Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,

He is a holy and religious Man:

I will not entertaine so bad a thought,

What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?

A

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Awake an houre before the appointed time:  
 Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,  
 And playing with my dead forefathers bones,  
 Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see  
 My Cousin *Tybalt* weltring in his blood,  
 Seeking for *Romeo*: itay *Tybalt* stay.  
*Romeo* I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

*She fells upon her bed within the Curtaines,*



*Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.*

*Moth*: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,  
 The Countie will be heere immediatly.

*Enter Oldeman.*

*Cap*: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,  
 The Curfewe bell hath rung, 'tis foure a clocke,  
 Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

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

*Cap*: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all  
 night, and haue taken no harme at all.

*Moth*: I you haue beene a moulchunt in your time,

*Enter Seruingman With Logs & Coales.*

*Cap*: A Iclous hood, a Iclous hood: How now sura?  
 What haue you there?

*Ser*: Forsooth Logs.

*Cap*: Goe, goe choose dryer, Will will tell thee where  
 thou shalt fetch them.

*Ser*: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to  
 I choose

IV.iii.

49 } †

51 †

54-5 †

56-7 } †

58

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IV.iv.

†\*

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†

††

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} †

9-10

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13

} †

15-16

## IV. iv

## The excellent Tragedie

clioofe a Log.

*Exit.*

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

*Nur:* Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady  
birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take  
you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next  
night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest  
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,  
what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how sound she sleeps? Nay  
then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on  
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the  
day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth:* How now whats the matter?

*Nur:* Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

*Moth:* Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

*Enter Oldeman.*

*Cap:* Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

*Moth:* Ah shees dead, shees dead.

*Cap:* Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.  
Accurst time, vnfortunate olde man.

*Enter Fryer and Paris.*

*Par:* What is the bride ready to goe to Church?

*Cap:* Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,  
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,  
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes.

Death

†  
\*  
†  
20  
Stage  
Direction  
21  
† 24

## IV. v.

† 1-16

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17

†

>

25

>

†

† 33

Pers †

† 36

†

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

— Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

*Par:* Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,  
And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,  
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:  
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.

Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.  
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,  
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

*Cap:* O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,  
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

*Allas ouer cry out and wring their hands.*

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

*Cap:* Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,  
Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life?  
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,  
Depruide of sence, of life, of all by death,  
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

*Cap:* O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,  
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.  
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day  
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,  
To be depruide by suddaine destinie.

*Moth:* O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?  
To see this day, this miserable day.  
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,  
To be partaker of this destinie.  
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

*Fr:* O peace for shame, if not for charity.  
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,  
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

IV.v.

38-40 †

††

†

43

†

65 †

66-78

†

## IV.v

*The excellent Tragedie*

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

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

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

*Enter Musition.*

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

*I.* I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

*Enter Seruing man.*

*Ser:* Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me  
 some mery dumpe.

*I.* A sir, this is no time to play.

*Ser:* You will not then?

*I.* No marry will wee,

*Ser:* Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.

*I.* What will you giue vs?

*Ser:* The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.

*I.* If you re vs and fa vs. we will note you.

*Ser:* I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with  
 my wodden wit, Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,

*I.* Lets heare.

*Ser:* When griping griefe the heart doth wound,  
 And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:

Then musique with her siluer sound,

Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?

*I.* I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.

*Ser:* Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

IV.v.

2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.

Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?

3. Ifay nothing.

Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the  
Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you  
haue fildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, fare-  
well. *Exit.*

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



*Enter Romeo.*

V.i.

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

*Enter Balthasar his man booted.*

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,  
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?  
How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe.  
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,  
Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument,  
And her immortal parts with Angels dwell.  
Pardon me Sir that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

Rom: Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.

I 3

Goe

## Vi

## The excellent Tragedie

†  
†  
Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,  
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

28 *Bals*: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,  
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:  
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet,

30 *Rom*: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,  
33 And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

> †  
>  
*Exit Balthazar.*

34 Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.  
35-7 Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember  
37-8 Here dwells a Pothecharie whom oft I noted  
> 42 As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft  
45 With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:  
42-3 And in the same an *Aligartaliangs*,  
> 47 Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,  
† Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.  
50 Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:  
And if a man should need a poyson now,  
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)  
62-3 Here he might buy it. This thought of mine  
53-5 Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.  
56 Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.  
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

†  
*Enter Apothecarie.*

59 *Apo*: VVho calls, what would you sir?

60 *Rom*: Heeres twentie duckates,  
† Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere  
> 62 As will dispatch the wearie takers life,  
> 64 As suddenly as powder being fierd  
From forth a Cannons mouth.

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

*Rom*:

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

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

*Apo*: My pouertie but not my will consents.

*Rom*: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

*Apo*: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing  
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

*Rom*: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules  
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,  
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.  
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee  
To *Iuliet*: Graue: for thore must I vse thee.

*Exeunt.*



*Enter Frier Iohn.*

*John*: VVhat Frier *Lawrence*, Brother, ho?

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

*John*: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,  
One of our order to associate mee,  
Here in this Cittie visiking the sick,  
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:  
And being by the Searchers of the Towne  
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp,

*Lawr*: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

*John*: I haue them still, and here they are.

*Lawr*: Now by my holy Order,  
The letters were not nice, but of great weight  
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently

*As*

Vi.

68

70-74

69

75

60

82

84

Vii.

7

6-12

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14

18

20-1

## V.ii

A spade and mattocke;

*John*: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

*Laur*: Now must I to the Monument alone,

Least that the Ladie should before I come

Be wakde from sleepe. I will hyc

To frecher from that Tombe of miserie.

*Exit.*



## V.iii

*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers  
and sweete water.*

*Par*: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along  
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow  
ground.

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

*Boy*: I will my Lord.

*Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.*

*Par*: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale  
bed;

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,  
The perfect modell of eternitie:

Faire *Juliet* that with Angells dost remaine,

Accept this latest fauour at my hands,  
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead  
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

*Boy whistles and calls.* My Lord.

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

*Par*:

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*

Viii

*Par:* The boy giues warning, something doth approach.  
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,  
To stay my obsequies and true lones rites?  
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

*Rom:* Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.

And take these letters, early in the morning,  
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.  
So get thee gone and trouble me no more,  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,  
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,  
A precious ring which I must vse  
In deare imployment: but if thou wilt stay,  
Further to prie in what I vndertake,  
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,  
And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.  
The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

*Balt:* Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

*Rom:* So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,  
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

*Balt:* Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

*Romeo opens the tombe.*

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

*Par:* This is that banishr haughtie *Mountague*,  
That murderd my lones cosen, I will apprehend him.  
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.  
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?  
I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

*Rom:* I must indeed and therefore came I hither,  
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

K

Heape

18

20 †

< Stage  
Direction

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24 †

28

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32-3 †

33-4 †

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36

37

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40 †

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43 †

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47 †

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49

50-53 <

56

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59 †

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## V.iii.

*The excellent Tragedie*

Heape not another siane vpon my head  
 By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest  
 I loue thee better then I loue my selfe :  
 For I come hyther armed against my selfe,

*Par:* I doe defie thy coniurations :

And doe artach thee as a fellow heere.

*Rom:* What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

*They fight.*

*Boy:* O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

*Par:* Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull  
 Open the tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.

*Rom:* Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,

*Mercutio's* kinsman, noble County *Paris* ?

What said my man, when my betossed soule

Did not regard him as we past a long.

Did he not say *Paris* should haue married

*Juliet* ? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.

But I will satisfie thy last request,

For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.

Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,

How oft haue many at the houre of death

Beene blith and pleasant ? which their keepers call

A lightning before death But how may I

Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Juliet*,

How well thy beauty doth become this graue ?

O I beleeeue that vnsufficiant death,

Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,

Set vp my euerlasting test

With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on

The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.

Heere to my loue. O true Apothecary:

Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye.

*Falls.*  
*Enter*

*of Romeo and Juliet.*

viii.



*Enter Fryer With a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue these my aged teete  
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.  
Whose there?

**Man.** A friend and one that knowes you well

Fr: Who is it that consorts so late the dead,  
What light is you? if I be not deceiued,  
Me thinks it burnes in *Capels* monument?

**Man** It doth so holy Sir, and there is one  
That loues you dearly.

Fr. Who is it?

*Max: Romeo.*

**Fr:** How long hath he beene there?

**Man:** Full halfe an houre and more.

**Fr:** Goe with me thether.

*Man:* I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:  
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,  
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

Fr: Then must I goe : my minde presageth ill.

**Fryer stoops and looks on the blood and weapons.**

What blood is this that stains the entrance  
Of this marble stony monument?  
What means these maisterles and goory weapons?  
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?  
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre  
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?

*Index rises.*

## The Lady Surre.

 $K_2$ 

Wf:

†

127-2

728

124-7

130 +

+

731-6

140-6

\*

## V.iii

## The excellent Tragedie

Ah comfortable Fryer.

I doe remember well where I should be,  
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see  
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.

*Fr:* Lady come forth, I heare some noise at hand,  
We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,  
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane  
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.  
I will provide for you in some close Nunery.

*Iul:* Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

*Fr:* I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come,

*Iu:* Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup cloide in my louers hands?  
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

*Enter Watch.*

*Watch:* This way, this way.

*Iul:* I, noise? then must I be resolute.  
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,  
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

*She stabs herselfe and fallies,*



*Enter watch.*

*Cap:* Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?  
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,  
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare,  
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

*Enter one with the Fryer.*

*1.* Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,  
Fitt to ope a tombe.

*Cap:* A great suspicion, keep him safe.

*Enter*

# of Romeo and Iuliet.

*Enter one With Romeus Man.*

*r. Heetes Romeus Man.*

*Capt: Keepe him to be examine,*

*Enter Prince with others.*

*Prin: What early mischief calls vs vp so soone.*

*Capt: O noble Prince, see here*

Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,  
Warne and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*  
Likewise newly flaine,

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

*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*

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

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

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

*Enter olde Montague.*

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

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

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

*Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this*  
To presse before thy Father to a graue:

*Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,*  
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out  
Of such a hainous and feld scene mischaunce.  
Bring forth the parties in suspicion.

*Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.*  
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

V.iii.

182-3

188-9

195-8

190-3

202-5

208

212

216

217-21

222

223

224-7

## VIII.

*The excellent Tragedie*

And he informe you how these things fell out.  
*Juliet* here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,  
 Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:  
 The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.  
 The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,  
 Vvas *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*  
 Vvas banished from hence to *Mantua*.  
 He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint  
 To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule  
 (Loathing a second Contra&) did refuse  
 To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me  
 Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd  
 VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:  
 Orels all desperately she threatned  
 Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.  
 Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)  
 A potion that should make her seeme as dead:  
 And told her that I would with all post speed  
 Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,  
 That he might come and take her from the Toombe.  
 But he that had my Letters (Frier *John*)  
 Seeking a Brother to associate him,  
 VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,  
 VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne.  
 But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,  
 That *Juliet* was deceasde, returnde in post  
 Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.  
 VVhat after happned touching *Paris* death,  
 Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.  
 But when I came to take the Lady hence,  
 I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:  
 VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,  
 VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.  
 Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,  
 VVhat after happened I am ignorant of.  
 And if in thisought haue miscaried.

By

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

By me, or by my meane s let my old life  
Be sacrificed some houre before his time.  
To the most strickeſt rigor of the Law.

*Prx:* VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,  
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he ſay in this?

*Balth:* I brought my maſter word that ſhe was dead,  
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,  
Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,  
Charging me early giue them to his Father.

*Prim:* Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.  
VVhere is the Countieſ Boy that calld the VVatch?

*Boy:* I brought my Maſter vnto *Iuliet*ſ graue,  
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.  
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.  
And this is all that I can ſay or know.

*Prim:* Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,  
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountague*ſ.  
VVhere are theſe enemies? ſee what hate hath done,

*Cap:* Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,  
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more  
Can I beſtowe on her, thatſ all I haue.

*Moun:* But I will giue them more, I will erect  
Her ſtatue of pure golde:  
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.  
There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,  
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.

*Cap:* As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,  
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

*Prim:* A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.  
Come, let vs hence,  
To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.  
Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed:  
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,  
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

**FINIS.**

Viii.

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