



The Prologue.

Corus.

Two households both alike in dignitie,
 (In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)
 From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
 Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
 A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life:
 whose misaduentur'd pittions ouerthrowes,
 Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.
 The fearefull passage of their death-markt loue,
 And the continuance of their Parents rage:
 which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
 Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
 The which if you with patient eares attend,
 what heare shall misse, our toyle shall strue to mend.



THE MOST EX- cellent and lamentable Tragedie, of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

I.i.

Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the house of Capulet.

S*amp. Gregorie, on my word weele not carrie Coles.*

Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke our of choller,

Samp. I strike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague moues me.

Grego. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maide of Mounta-
gues.

Grego. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessels are euer thrust to the wall: therfore I wil push Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarell is betweene our maisters, and vs their men.

Samp. Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.

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Grego. The

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Li.

*The most lamentable Tragedie**Grego.* The heads of the maids.*Samp.* I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sence thou wilt.*Greg.* They must take it sence that feele it.*Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.*Greg.* Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore lohn: draw thy tooke, here comes of the house of *Moun-
taques.**Enter two other serving men.**Samp.* My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.*Greg.* How, turne thy backe and runne?*Samp.* Feare me not.*Greg.* No marrie, I feare thee.*Samp.* Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.*Gre.* I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.*Samp.* Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.*Abram.* Do you bite your thumbe at vs sir?*Samp.* I do bite my thumbe sir.*Abra.* Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?*Samp.* Is the law of our side if I say I?*Greg.* No.*Samp.* No sir, I do not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.*Greg.* Do you quarell sir?*Abra.* Quarell sir, no sir.*Sa.* But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.*Abra.* No better.*Samp.* Well sir. *Enter Bennolio.**Greg.* Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.*Samp.* Yes better sir.*Abra.* You lie.*Samp.* Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing blowe. *They fight.**Bennio.* Parr fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among these hartleffe hinds?
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword,
or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagnes* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.

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

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

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

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

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

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

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

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

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned Steele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines:
On paine of torture from those bloudie hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince,
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,
Cast by their graue beleeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

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Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away:
 You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
 And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case:
 To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
 Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

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Exeunt.

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

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Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
 I drew to part them, in the instant came
 The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword prepaerd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
 He swoong about his head and cut the windes,
 Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne:
 While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

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† 124

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

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† 128

Benno. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
 Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
 A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
 Whete vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
 That Westward rooteth from this Citie side:
 So early walking did I see your sonne,
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the couert of the wood,
 I measuring his affections by my owne,
 Which then most fought, where most might not be
 Being one too many by my wearie selfe, (found:
 Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

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Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin scene,

With

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I.i.

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dewe,
 Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
 But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
 Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
 The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
 Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
 And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
 Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
 And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
 Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
 Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

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Ben. My Noble Vnele do you know the cause?

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

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,

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But he is owne affections counseller,

Is to himselfe (I will nor say how true)

But to himselfe so secret and so close,

So farre from sounding and discouerie,

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As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,

Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,

Or dedicate his bewtie to the same.

Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,

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We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

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

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

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Exeunt.

Bennol. Good morrow Cousin.

Romeo. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

B

Rom. Not

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Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes the short.

Ben. In loue.

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

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

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

Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:

Heres much to do with hate, but more with loue:

Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing of nothing first created:

O heauie lightnesse, serious vanitie,

Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sickle health,

Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,

Doest thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good hart at what?

Ben. At thy good harts oppression.

Romeo. Why such is loues transgression:

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast,

With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,

Doth ad more grieve, too too much of mine owne.

Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,

Being purgd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,

Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discrete,

A choking gall, and a preferring sweete:

Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will go along:

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I.i.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Ro. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who?

Ro. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:

A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aynde so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.

Ro. A right good mark man, and shees faire I loue.

Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.

Romeo. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:

And in strong prooffe of chastitie well armd,

From loues weak childish bow she liues vncharmd.

Shee will not stay the sieg of louing rearmes,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes.

Nor ope her lap to saint seducing gold,

O she is rich, in bewtie onely poore,

That when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.

Ben. The she hath sworn, that she wil stil liue chaste?

Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge waster

For bewtie steu'd with her seueritie,

Cuts bewtie off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,

To merit blisse by making me dispaire:

Shee hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,

Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rg. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,

Examine other bewties.

Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,

These happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,

Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

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Li.

The most lamentable Tragedie

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
 Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,
 What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
 Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
 Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. But *Montague* is bound as well as I,
 In penaltie alike, and ris not hard I thinke,
 For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
 And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long:
 But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
 My child is yet a straunger in the world,
 Shee hath not seene the change of fourteen yeares,
 Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger then she, are happie mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made:
 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
 Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
 But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her harr,
 My will to her consent, is but a part.

And shee agreed, within her scope of choise
 Lyes my consent, and faire, according voyce:

This night I hold, an old accustomed feast,
 Whereto I haue inuited many a guest:
 Such as I loue, and you among the store,
 One more, most welcome makes my number more:
 At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
 Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light:
 Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
 When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
 Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
 Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

And like her most, whose merit most shall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the caylor with his last, the fisher with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
On paine is leined by an others anguish,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan lease is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?

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

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

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

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

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The most lamentable Tragedie

He reads the Letter.

*Seigneur Martino, & his wife and daughters: Countie Anselme
 Sand his bewtions sisters: the Lady widow of Veruuo, Seigneur
 Placentio, and his louely Neeoes: Mercutio and his brother Va-
 lentine: mine Uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neeoe
 Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cousen Tybalt: Lucio
 and the liuely Hellenia.*

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to suppe?

Ser. To our house.

Rg. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

*Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great
 rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mounlaguer, I
 pray come and crush a cup of wine. Kest you merrie.*

*Ben. At this same auncient feast of Capulets,
 Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:
 With all the admired beauties of Verona,*

*Go thither, and with vntrainted eye,
 Compare her face with some that I shall show,
 And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.*

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

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

Ro. Ile go along no such sight to be showne,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelve yeare old I had her
some, what Lamb, what Lodie-bird, God forbid,
Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your wille

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talk
in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred mee,
thou' se heare our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pre-
tie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an haire.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. He lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it
spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at
night, that she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian soules,
were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But
as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall
shee marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now
eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies
of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my
dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Dore-house wall. My Lord and
you were then at Mantua, may I doo beare a braine. But as I said,
when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and
felt it bitter, pretie soole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge.
Shake quoth the Dore-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge:
and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand by lone,
may byh roode she could haue run and waddled all about: for euen
the day before she brake her brow, and then my husband, God be with
his

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I.iii.

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Liii

The most lamentable Tragedie

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, dost thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a scaft shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It stinted, and said I.

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nursed, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuliet, How stands your dispositions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisdom from thy teate.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme, Are made alreadie mothers by my count. I was your mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a maide, thus then in brieft: The valiant Paris seekes you for his ioue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe:

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower

Nurse. Nay hees a flower in faich a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast, Reade ore the volume of young Paris face,

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniment,
And see how one an other lends content:
And what obscurd in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margcant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound loue,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paru* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald,
my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and e-
uerie thing in exuemitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you
follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

Nur. Go gysle, seeke happie nights to happie dayes:

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or sixe other

Masks, torchbearers.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Of shall we on without appologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

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Direction

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I. iv.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance,

R. Not I belecue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And fore with them aboute a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his staff,
To fore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboute dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I sincke.

Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,

A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.

Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles :

For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere to faire, and I am dum.

Mer. Tut, duns the moule, the Constables own word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

Ro. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day :
Take our good meaning, for our indgement sits,

of Romeo and Juliet.

Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rg. And we meane well in going to this Mask
But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Ro. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Ro. In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

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

She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger thē
an Agot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with
a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep: her
waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs: the couer, of the wings
of Grasshoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collors
of the moonshines watry beams her whip of Crickets bone, the
lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coated Gnat, not
half so big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hase! nut, Made by the loyner
squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairie, Coachmakers:
and in this state she gallops night by night, throgħ louers brains,
and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame
on Curties strait ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees,
ore Ladies lips who strait one kisses dream, which oit the angrie
Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with sweete
meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose,
and then dreames he of smelling out a sute: and sometime comes
she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Persons nose as a lies asleepe,
then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore
a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,
of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fine fadome
deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he starts and
wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a praier or two & sleeps
again: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the
night: and bakes the Ellocks in foule sluttish haire, which
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

liv.

The most lamentable Tragedie

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

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

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind who woos?
Even now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angered puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

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

Ben. Strike drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with
Napkins.*

Enter Roineo.

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

1. When good manners shall lie all in one or twomens hands
And they vnwaht too, tis a foule thing,

Ser. Away with the ioyntstooles, renoue the Courtcubbert,
look to the plate, good thou, saue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and
Nell, Antonie and *Potpan*.

2. 1 Boy

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I.v.

2. I boy readie.

12

Ser, You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

† Pers

16

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and gentlemen to the Maskers.

1. *Capn.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:

20

Ah my mistresses, which of you all

Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,

She Ile swear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?

Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day

24

That I haue worne a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:

Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,

You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play.

Musick playes and they dance.

†

28†

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrls,

More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:

And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.

Ah firrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:

32

Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dauncing dayes:

How long ist now since last your selfe and I

Were in a maske?

2. *Capn.* Berlady thirtie yeares.

36

1. *Capn.* What man tis not so much, tis not so much,

†

Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucentio*:

Come Pentycoft as quickly as it will,

Some fve and twentie yeares, and then we maske.

40

2. *Capn.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder sir:

His sonne is thirtie.

1. *Capn.* Will you tell me that?

† Pers

His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

C 3

Romeo. What

IV.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not sir.

Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops care,
Bewtie too rich for vs, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shewes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forswear it fight,
For I nere saw true bewtie till this night.

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

Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme

Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you see)
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.

Capu. Young *Romeo* is it.

Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.

Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beferning semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

IV.

He not endure him.

Capn. He shall be endured.

What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,

Am I the master here or you? go too,

Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,

Youle make a mutinie among my guests:

You wil set cock a hoope, youle be the man.

Ti. Why Vncle, tis a shame.

Capn. Go too, go too,

You are a sawcie boy, ist so indeed?

This trick may chance to scath you I know what,

You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,

Well said my hearts, you are a princex, go,

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

He make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meering,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitterest gall. *Exit.*

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,

My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,

To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

In. Good Pilgrim you do wrog your had too much

Which mannerly deuocion shoues in this,

For faints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,

And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

Rg. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

Iuli. I Pilgrim, lipsthat they must vse in praire.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,

They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaue.

In. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praers sake.

Ro. Then moue not while my praers effect I take,

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.

In. The haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Re. Sin from my lips, ô trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue

80

†

84

88

92

†

96

†

100

104

108

I.v.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Giue me my sin againe.

112 *Iuli.* Youe kisse bith booke.

Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

Ro. What is her mother?

Nurf. Marrie Batcheler,

116 Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,
I Nurst her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.

Ro. Is she a *Capulet*?

120 O deare account! my life is my foes deb:

Ben. Away begon, the sport is at the best.

Ro. I fo I feare, the more is my vnrest.

124 *Capu.* Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:

Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:

More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

128 Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my rest.

Iuli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond gentleman:

Nurf. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.

132 *Iuli.* Whats he that now is going out of doores?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dace?

Nur. I know nor,

136 *Iuli.* Go aske his name, if he be married,

† My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurf. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,

The onely sonne of your great enemy.

140 *Iuli.* My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,

That I must loue a loathed enemy.

† *Nurf.* Whats tis? whats tis

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I.V.

In. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.

144

One call within Iuliet.

Nurf. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

*Exeunt.**Chorus.*

II.

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

4†

8

12

Enter Romeo alone.

III.

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out,

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cosen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wife, and on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

4

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

Nay Ile coniure too.

Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, passion louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a figh,
Speake but on rime and I am satisfied:
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,

8

†

†

12

D

Young

IIi

The most lamentable Tragedie

Young *Abraham*: Cupid he that shot so true,
 When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
 The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.
 I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
 And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
 That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
 Of some strange nature; letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
 That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,
 I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
 To be comforted with the humerous night:
 Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mar. If loue be blind loue cannot hit the marke,
 Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
 And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
 As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
 O *Romeo* that she were, ô that she were
 An open, or thou a Poprin Pear.

Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
 Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for ris in vaine to seeke him here
 That meanes not to be found.

Exit.

Ro. He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
 But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun.
 Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
 Who is alreadie ſicke and pale with greefe;

That

of Romeo and Iuliet.

That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
 Be not her maide since she is enuious,
 Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,
 And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
 It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,
 She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that?
 Her eye discourfes, I will answere it:
 I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes;
 Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
 Having some busines to entreate her eyes,
 To twinkle in their spheres till they returne.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
 Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
 That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
 See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
 O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheeke,

Iu. Ayme.

Ro. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this night being ore my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heauen
 Vnto the white vturned wondring eyes,
 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
 And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iuli. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Denie thy father and refuse thy name.
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
 And ile no longer be a Capulet.

Ro. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

*Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemye:
 Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague,
 Whats Mountague? it is nor hand nor foot.*

II.ii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name
Belonging to a man.

† Whats in a name that which we call a rose,
44 By any other word would smell as sweete,
† So *Romeo* would were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
† Without that tittle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
48 And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizd,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

52 *Iuli.* What man art thou, that thus beschreend in
So stumblest on my counsell? (night

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I
My name deare faint, is hatefull to my selfe, (am:
56 Because it is an enemy to thee,

Had I it written, I would teare the word,

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus v:tering, yet I know the sound.

60 Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Iuli. How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
64 And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kismen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch these
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,
68 And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me

Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
72 Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie.

Iuli. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

II.ii.

R. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

R. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylar, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore walbeth with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise.

Iu. Thou knowest the mark of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farwell complement.
Doeft thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.
They say *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerie, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest think my behavior light,
But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.

R. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with silver all these frute tree tops.

Iu. O swear not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

76

80

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104 †

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108

†

The most lamentable Tragedie

Least that thy loue proue, likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I sweare by?

112

Iu. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,

Which is the god of my Idolatrie,

And Ile beleue thee:

Rg. If my hearts deare loue.

116

Iu. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,

It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,

120

Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,

Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:

This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,

May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,

124

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rg. O wilt thou leaue me so vn satisfied?

Iu. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

Ro. Th' exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.

128

Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it for what purpose loue?

132

Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,

My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

The more I haue, for both are infinite.

136

I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:

Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountagne* be true:

Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Stage
Direction >

140

Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,

Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.

144

Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,

If that thy bent of loue be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By

of Romeo and Iuliet.

II.

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. **Madam.**
I come, anon : but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee (by and by I come) **Madam.**
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.

Ro. So thriue my soule.

Iu. A thousand times goodnight.

Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iuli. Hilt *Romeo* hilt, for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Tassel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Caue where *Eccho* lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

R. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweete, sound louers tongues by night,
Like softest musicke to attending cares.

Iu. *Romeo*.

Ro. My Neece.

Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Iu. I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

Ro. And Ile still stay; to haue thee still forger,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That

148† Stag
Direct

† Stage
Direction
152

† Stage
Direction
156

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160

164

168

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172

176

†

II.ii.*The most lamentable Tragedie*

That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
 Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
 And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe,
 So louing Lealous of his libertie.

Ro. I would I were thy bird.

In. Sweete so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
 Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

In. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
 The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
 Checking the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
 And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
 From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
 Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
 His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

(night,

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning
 Checking the Easterne cloudes with streaks of light:
 And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
 From forth daies path, and *Tytans* burning wheeles:
 Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
 The day to cheere, and nightes dancke dewe to drie,
 I must vpsill this osier cage of ours,
 With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
 The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
 What is her burying grave, that is her wombe:
 And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
 We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:
 Many for many, vertues excellent:
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
 In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true quallicies:

For

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
 Nor ought so good but straine from that faire vse,
 Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
 Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
 Being tasted, staies all senses with the hart.
 Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
 In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
 And where the worfer is predominant,
 Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Ro. Goodmorrow father.

Pri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweete salureth mee?
 Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
 So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
 Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
 And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
 But where vnbraused youth with vnstuffed braine
 Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.
 Therefore thy earlienesse doth me assure,
 Thou art vprould with some distemperature:
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rg. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
 I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

Fri. That's my good son, but wher hast thou bin the?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
 I haue bene feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded mee:

E

Thats

The most lamentable Tragedie

Thats by me wounded both, our remedies:

Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:

I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,

Ridling confession, findes but ridling thrift.

Ro. Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set

On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,

And all combind, saue what thou must combine

By holy marriage, when and where, and how,

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:

Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,

That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy *S. Francis* what a change is here?

Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,

So soone forsaken? young mens loue then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes

Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine

Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?

How much salt water throwne away in waste,

To season loue, that of it doth not taste.

The Sun nor yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares

Thy old grones yet ringing in thine auncient eares:

Lo here vpon thy cheekes the flame doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not washt off yet:

If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,

Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.

Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupil mine.

Ro. And badst me burie loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in an other out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Dath grace for grace, and loue for loue allows:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one respect ile thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your households rancor to pure loue.

Ro. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hieft,

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast,

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why thar same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, being dared.

Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-thaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Ty-balt*?

Ro. Why what is *Ty-balt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements: he fights as you sing pricksong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

II.iii

88

92†

II.iv

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† Pers.

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24†

II. iv.

The most lamentable Tragedie

first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique liſping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent : by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamétable thing graundſir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better lue to beime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hera*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French sloop: you gaue vs the counterſeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterſeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip ſir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businellſe was great, and in such a caſe as mine, a man may straine curteſie.

Mer. Thatſ as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours, conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Ro. A moſt curtuouſ expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Re O

of Romeo and Iuliet.

II. iv.

Ro. O single solde ieast, solie singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faine.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurres, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not then well seru'd in to a sweete goose?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of *Cheuerell*, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this drueling loue is like a great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.*
A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two two, a shert and a smocke.

Nur. *Peter:*

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

E 3

Mer. God

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II. iv.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no lesse I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dial,
is now vpon the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well said for himselfe to mar. quoth a?
Gētleme ca any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you
haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the
youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst wel, very wel took, if aith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

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

Ro. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare sir, vnlesse a hare sir in a lenten pie, that is some-
thing stale and hoare ere it be spent.

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

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

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee le to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

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

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you sit, what sawcie merchant was this that was
so full of his roperies?

Ro. A gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke,
and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand too in a
moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe,
and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such lacks: and if I
cannot, ile finde those that shall: scurrie knaue, I am none
of his flut gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must
stand

of Romeo and Juliet.

II. iv.

stand by: too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon shuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as an other man, if I see occasion in a goodquarrel, & the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skurue knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauior as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong; and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a ioyfull woman.

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

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell
Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. Not truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone sir, well she shall be there.

Rom. And stay good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell be trustie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now

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II. iv

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nur. Now God in heauen b'esse thee,harke you sir.

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret,did you nere here say,two may keep counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steeke.

Nur. Well sir,my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soule had as leue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale, as any clout in the versall world, doth not *Rosemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the pretiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemarie*, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exe.

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an,houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughtrs,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull blond,

She

of *Romeo and Juliet.*

II.v.

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.

M. And hie to me, but old folks, many faine as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, flowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

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

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

In. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what haste, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

In. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and I stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is it good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choyse, you know not
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be bet-
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand
and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet
they are past compare: he is not the flower of curreisie, but ile
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, serue
God. What haue you dinde at home?

In. No, no. But all this did I know before,
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces,

My

II.v.

The most lamentable Tragedie

My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
 Beshrewe your heart for sending me about
 To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.

Iu. I faith I am sorrie that thou art not well.

Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?

Nur. Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,

An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother:

Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?

How odly thou replicst:

Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?

Nur. O Gods lady deare,

Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,

Is this the poultis for my aking bones:

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Iu. Heres such a coyle, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to thrift to day?

Iu. I haue,

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,

There stayes a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanron bloud vp in your cheekes,

Theile be in scarler straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue

Must climbe a birds nest soone when it is darke,

I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.

Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

II.vi.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
 That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

of Romeo and Iuliet.

II.vi.

That one short minute giues me in her sights
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.

†

8

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in theu triumph die like fier and powder :
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tatdie as too slowe.

12

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

16

In. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.

20

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

In. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

†

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

24 † Pers.

†

28

In. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excessse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.

32

†

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone, (worke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

36

III

*The most lamentable Tragedie**Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
 The day is hot, the *Capets* abroad:
 And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
 daies, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters
 the confines of a *Tauerne*, claps me his sword vpon the table,
 and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation
 of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there
 is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a lacke in thy moode as
 any in *Italie*: and alsoone moued to be moodie, and alsoone
 moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none
 shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt
 quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his
 beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking
 Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast haseleyes:
 what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrell? thy head
 is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy
 head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou
 hast quareld with a man for scoffing in the streete, because hee
 hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst
 thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-
 fore Easter, with an other for tying his new shoes with olde ri-
 band, and yet thou wilt tute me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should
 buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Caputels*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
 Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with something, make it a word and a blowe.

Tyb. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres my fiddlestick, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd sir if he weare your luerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

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

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

III. i.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Alla stuaatha carries it away,

Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with mee?

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

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come sir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Bennothio*, beate downe their weapons, Gentlemen, for shame forbeate this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince, expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both houses, I am sped,

Is he gone and hath nothing.

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough, Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the beok of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Men. Helpe me into some house *Bennothio*,

Or

of Romeo and Iuliet.

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

Exit

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staine
With *Tybals* slaundet, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours Steele.

Enter Bernolio.

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

Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth deped,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen, respectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutio* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Srayng for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Ty. Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They Fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. ○

III. i.

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The most lamentable Tragedie

Rg. O I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp sir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all:

The vnluckie marriage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kisman, braue *Mercutio*.

Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shead blood of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudie fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeos* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quatell was, and vngd withall
Your high displeasure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnuly spleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steele at bold *Mercutios* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His

of *Romeo and Juliet*.

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the *Montague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for iustice which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

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

Exit.

Enter Juliet alone.
Gallop apace, you fierie footed steeds,

G

Towards

III.i.

172

176

180

184

188

192

196

†

200

III.ii.

< Pers.

III. ii

The most lamentable Tragedie

Towards *Phaebus* lodging, such a wagoner
 As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
 And bring in clowdie night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
 That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
 Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnscene,
 Louers can see to do their amorous rights,
 And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
 It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
 Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
 And learne me how to loose a winning match,
 Plaide for a paire of stainlesse maydenhoods.
 Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
 With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
 Thinke true loue acted simple modestlie:
 Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
 For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
 Whiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe:
 Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
 Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little starres,
 And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
 That all the world will be in loue with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
 O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
 But not possesst it, and though I am sold,
 Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festiuall,
 To an impatient childe that hath new robes
 And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speaks
 But *Romeos* name, speaks heauenly eloquence:
 Now Nurse, what newes; what hast thou there,
 The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III. ii.

Nur. I, I, the cords.

In. Ayme what news? why dost thou wring thy hād?

Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

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

In. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo?*

In. What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be tored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous coarfe, a bloudie piteous coarfe,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I founded at the sight.

In. O break my hart, poore bankrout break at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beare.

Nur. O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the best friend I had,
O courteous *Tybalt,* honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

In. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord.
Then dreadful Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

G 2

Nur. Tybalt

36

†

40

44

†

48

†

52

56

60

64

68

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nur. Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished,
 Romeo that kild him he is banished.

Iuli. O God, did Romeos hand shed Tibalts blood?
 It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

Iu. Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Caue?
 Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall :
 Rauinous doue featherd rauē, woluisht rauening lamb,
 Despised substance of diuine showe:
 Iust opposite to what thou iustly seemst,
 A damme faint, an honourable villaine :
 O nature what hadst thou to do in hell
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend,
 In mortall paradise of such sweete flesh?
 Was euer booke containing such vile matter
 So fairely bound? ô that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
 All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers.
 Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ:
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old,
 Shame come to Romeo.

Iu. Blisterd be thy tongue
 For such a wish he was not borne to shames
 Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
 For tis a throane where honour may be crown'd
 Sole Monarch of the vniuersal earth.
 O what a beast was I to chide at him?

Nur. Wil you speak wel of him that kild your cozin?

Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah poorme lord, what tongue shal smoothe thy name,
 When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
 But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
 That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
 Backe foolish teares, backe to your natie spring,
 Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III. ii.

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
 My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue slaine,
 And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slain my husband:
 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
 Some word there was, worser then *Tybalts* death
 That mured me, I would forget it faine,
 But oh it presses to my memorie,
 Like damned guiltie deeds to sinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
 That banished, that one word banished,
 Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
 Was woe inough if it had ended there:
 Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
 Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
 Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
 Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
 But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
 Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
 All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
 There is no end, no limit, measure bound,
 In that words death, no words can that woe found.
 Where is my father and my mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* course,
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

In. Wash they his wounds with teares? mine shall be
 When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment. (spont,
 Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
 Both you and I for *Romeo* is exile:
 He made you for a highway to my bed,
 But I a maide, die maide widowed.
 Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
 And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

104

†

108 †

112

116

120

124

128

132

136 †

III. ii.

140

The most lamentable Tragedie

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
He to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

In. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

*Exit.**Enter Frier and Romeo.*

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow cfaues acquaintance at my hand,
That I ver know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such fowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?

Fri. A gentier iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile nath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.

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

Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misterind, calling death banished,
Thou curst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulness,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusted aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III.iii

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.

28

Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here

Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,

And litle mouse, euery vnworthy thing

Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,

32

But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,

More honourable state, more courtship liues

In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze

On the white wonder of deare *Iuliet*'s hand,

36

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and vefall modestie

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

This may flies do, when I from this must flie,

And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

40

Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:

*

They are freemen, but I am banished.

*

Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

44

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me: Banished?

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:

Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart

48 †

Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,

A sin obfoluer, and my friend profest,

To mangle me with that word banished?

Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.

52 †

Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,

Aduerfities sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee though thou art banished.

56

Ro. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,

Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,

Displant a towne, reuerfe a Princes doome,

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

60

Fri. O then I see, that mad man haue no eares.

†

Ro. How should they when that wise men haue no eyes.

†

Fri Let

III.iii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feelee,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doring like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of harticke grones,
Myft-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.

Slud knocke.

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simplenes is this? I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? whats your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fri. Welcomethen.

Nur. Oholy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliet* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur. Ah fir,ah fir,deaths the end of all.

Re. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*?how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old murderer,
Now I haue stained the childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued,but little from her owne?
Where is she?and how doth she?and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing fir,but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed,and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls,and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Re. As if that name shot from the deadly Ieuell of a gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman.Oh tell me Frier,tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomic
Doth my name lodge?Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man?thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish,thy wild acts deuote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou sleay thy selfe?
And sleay thy Lady,that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why raylest thou on thy birth?the heaven and earth
Since birth,and heaven, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once,which thou at once wouldst loose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape,thy loue,thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in all:
And vset none in that true vse indeed,
Which shou'd bedecke thy shape,thy loue,thy wit:
Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,

H

Digressing

III.iii.

92

†

96

100

†

104

108

†

112

116

120

124

III iii

The most lamentable Tragedie

Digressing from the valour of a man,
 Thy deare loue sworne but hollow perurie,
 Killing that loue which thou hast vovd to cherish,
 Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
 Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
 Like powder in a skilleffe souldiers flaske,
 Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
 What rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is aliue,
 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slewest *Tybalt*, there art thou happie
 The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
 And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
 A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe.
 Happines courts thee in her best array,
 But like a mishaued and fullen wench,
 Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
 Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
 Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
 With twentie hundred thousand-times mote ioy.
 Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
 Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
 To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:
 My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

of Romeo and Juliet.

III.iii.

Nur. Here fir, a Ring she bid me giue you fir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

164

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here stands al your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

168 †

172

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a grieffe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

III.iv

Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out fir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely
And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

4

Paris. These times of wo affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

8

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night shees mew'd vp to her heauines.

†

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

12

†

16

Pa. Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendsday is too soone
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her

20

H 2

She

III.iv.*The most lamentable Tragedie*

She shall be married to this noble Earle;
 Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
 For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelesly
 Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
 Therefore wee leaue some halfe a doozen friends,
 And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?
Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.
Ca. Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then:
 Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
 Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
 Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it eary by and by
 Goodnight.

*Exeunt.*III.v.*Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
 It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
 That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
 Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
 Belceue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
 No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
 Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:
 Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
 Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
 I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.
Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
 It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
 To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
 Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.
Ra. Let me be tane, let me be put to death.
 I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
 He say yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

Tis

of Romeo and Juliet.

III. v.

*T*is but the pale reflex of *Cimberius* brow.

20

Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate

The vaultie heaven so high about our heads,

I haue more care to stay then will to go :

Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.

24

How ist my soule? lets talke it is not day.

In. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.

28

Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:

This doth not so : for she diuideth vs.

Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,

O now I would they had changd voyces too :

32

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,

Hunting thee hence, with Hunt sup to the day.

O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

†

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our
woes.

36

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

In. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cūning to your chāber,

The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

40

In. Then window let day in, and let life out.

R. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

In. Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,

I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,

44

For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell:

48

I will omit no opportunitie,

That may conuety my greetings loue to thee.

In. O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue

52

For sweete discourtes in our times to come.

†

H 3

In O

III.v.

Pers +

The most lamentable Tragedie

Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
 Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
 As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
 Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.

Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you:
 Drie sorrow drinckes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

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

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?

In. Who ist that calls? It is my Lady mother,
 Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
 What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither:

La. Why how now *Inlet*?

In. Madam I am nor well.

La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
 What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
 And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
 Therefore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
 But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.

In. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
 Which you weepe for.

In. Feeling so the losse,
 I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.

La. Wel gyrl, thou weepst not so much for his death?
 As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.

In. What villaine Madam?

La. That same villaine *Romeo*.

In. Villaine and he be many miles a funder:
 God padon, I do with all my heart:
 And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

of Romeo and Iuliet.

La. That is because the Traytor murderer liues.

In. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.

La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,

Where that same bannisht runnagate doth liue,

Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram.

That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* companie:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

In. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied.

With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead

Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:

Madam if you could find out but a man

To beare a poyson, I would temper it:

That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,

Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors

To heare him namde and cannot come to him,

To wreske the loue I bore my Cozen,

Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.

Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find such a man,

But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

In. And, ioy comes well in such a needie time,

What ate they, beseech your Ladyship:

M. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father child,

One who to put thee from thy heauines,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,

That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

In. Madam in happie time, what day is that?

M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,

The gallant young, and Noble Gentleman,

The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,

Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

In. Now, by *S. Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,

He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to wooe:

I pray

III.v.

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III.V.

The most lamentable Tragedie

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
 I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
 It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
 Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drille deaw,
 But for the Sun set of my brothers sounge,
 It rains down night. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
 Evermore showing in one litle body?

Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
 Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
 Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
 Without a sudden calme will ouerset
 Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
 Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

La. I fir, but she will none, she giue you thanks,
 I would the foole were married to her graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
 How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
 So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?

La. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
 Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
 But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How, how, how how, chopt lodgick, what is this?
 Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
 And yet not proud mistresse minion you?
 Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But settle your fine koynts gainst Thursday next,
 To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III.v.

Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

In. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday.
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:

Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blese her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdom, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your gosships go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gosships bowle,
For here we need it not.

Wi. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now provided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Trust as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

I

But

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III.V.

The most lamentable Tragedie

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
 Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,
 And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
 And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
 For by my soule ile nere acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
 Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

In. Is there no pittie siting in the cloudes
 That sees into the bottome of my greefe?
 O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
 Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
 Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
 In that diuine Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Take not to me, for ile not speake a word,
 Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

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

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to
 That he dares nere come back to challenge you: (nothing,
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
 O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeo a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
 Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
 As *Paris* hath, bestrow my very hart,

of Romeo and Juliet.

III. v.

I thinke you are happie in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vse of him.

Is. Speakst thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too, else beshrew them both.

Is. Amen.

Nur. What?

Is. Well thou hast comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Is. Auncient damnation, ô most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

IV. i.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir: the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde:
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.

IV.i

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Pa. That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.

Iu. What must be shall be.

Fri. Thats a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father ?

Iu. To aunswere that, I should confesse to you.

Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.

Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.

Iu. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poor soule thy face is much abused with tears.

Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,

For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrongst it more then tears with that report.

Iu. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me peniue daughter now,

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion;

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exii.

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.

Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

IV.i.

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisdome thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife ile helpe it presently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this shall sleie them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienst time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapst with death, himselfe: to scape from it:
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,
Oreouer'd quite with dead mens rattling bones,
With reekie thanks and yelow chapels skulls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,

IV.i.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
 And I will do it without feare or doubt,
 To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
 To marrie *Paris*: wendsday is to morrow,
 To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,

Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
 And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
 When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
 Shall keepe his native progresse but surcease,

No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
 The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:

Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:

Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.

Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
 Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
 And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death

Thou shalt continue two and forrie houres,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.

Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
 To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then as the manner of our countrie is,

Is thy best robes vncoverd on the Beere,

Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:

Thou shalt be borne to that same auncient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,

In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come, an he and I

Will watch thy walking, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

In. Giue

of Romeo and Juliet.

Ju. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolute, I'll send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Ju. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. (*Exii.*)

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and

Seruing men, two or three.

Ca. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for I'll trie if they can lick their fingers.

Capu. How canst thou trie them so:

Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfewieldhar lorry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke-

Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding?

Ju. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here.
To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.

Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
He haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Ju. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,
This is aift should be, let me see the Countie:
I marrie go I say and fetch him hither.

Now

IV.i.

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IV.ii

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IV.ii

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

Is. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time enough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.

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

Exit.

IV.iii

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

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

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

Is. No Madam, we haue culd such necessities
As are behooffull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt

Is. Farewell,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

In. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
 I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
 That almost freezeth vp the heate of life:
 Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
 Nurse, what should she do here?
 My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.
 Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
 Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
 No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
 What if it be a poyson which the Frier
 Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
 Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
 Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
 I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
 For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
 How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
 I wake before the time that *Romeo*
 Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:
 Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
 To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
 And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
 Or if I liue, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,
 As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
 Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
 Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
 Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
 Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say,
 At some houres in the night, spirits resort:
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
 That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
 O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
 Inuiroed with all these hidious feares,
 And madly play with my forefathers toynts?

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And.

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IV.iii

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The most lamentable Tragedie
 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
 And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
 As with a club dath out my desperate braines.

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O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
 Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
 Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay!
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

IV. iv

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices *Nurse*.

Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

4

Ca. Come, sir, sir, sir, the second Cock hath crowed.
 The Curfew bell hath rung, tis three a clock:
 Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
 Spare not for cost.

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Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
 Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to mortow
 For this nights watching.

Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
 All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.

12

La. I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
 But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

*Enter three or foure with spits and logs,
 and Baskets.*

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

16

Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.
 Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I haue a head sir that will find out logs,
 And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

20

Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
 Twou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
 For so he said he would, I heare him neare.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say?

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
 Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make hafte,
 Make hafte, the bridgroom, he is come already, make hafte I fay.

Nur. Miftris, what miftris, *Iuliet*, hafte I warrant her fhe,
 Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you fluggabed,
 Why Loue I fay, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride:
 What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
 Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
 The Countie *Paris*, hath fet vp his reft,
 That you fhall reft but little, God forgiue me.
 Marrie and Amen: how foud is fhe a fleeper:
 I needs muft wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
 I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
 Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
 What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe:
 I muft needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
 Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
 Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
 Some Aqua-viræ ho, my Lord my Lady.

Mo. What noife is here?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.!

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shees dead: decaft, shees dead, alack the day.

M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Fa. Hah let me fee her, out alas shees cold,
 Her bloud is fetled, and her ioynts are stiff: :
 Life and thefe lips haue long bene feparated,
 Death lies on her like an vntimely froft,
 Vpon the sweeteft flower of all the field.

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IV.v.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Nur. O lamentable day

Mo. O wofull time!

Fa. Death that hath rane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.

O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing: all is death.

Par. Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,
In fasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fa. Despisde distressed, hated, martird kild,
Vincomfortable time, why canst thou now,
To murder, murder, our solemnities
O childe, O childe, my soule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

of Romeo and Iuliet.

IV. v.

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

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

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go sit *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill.
Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil.

Exeunt omnes.

Mus. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Fid. I my my troath, the case may be amended.

Exit omnes.

Enter

IV.V.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.

Fidler. Why harts ease?

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full:

Minstrels. Nor a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.

Minst. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, lle fa (pare.
You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Answer me like men. (yron dagger.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with
her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say
you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rehick?

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

Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames found post?

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

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.

I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,

Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:

Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth
lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same ?

M. 2. Hang him lack, come weeke in here, carrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

R. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperot.
Ah me, how sweere is loue it selfe posselt
When but loues shadows are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Eather well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepest in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office fir.

Rom. Is it in so? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me iuke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misaduenture.

R. Tush thou art deceiud,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do,

Hast

IV. v

† Pers
148

Vi

+ †

8

12

16

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24 †

28

V.i.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.*Exit.*

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
 And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
 Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
 Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
 I do remember an Appothecarie,
 And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
 In tattered weeds with overwhielming browes,
 Culling off simples, meager were his lookes,
 Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
 And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
 An allegater stuft, and other skins
 Of ill shapre fishes, and about his shelues,
 A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
 Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
 Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
 Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
 Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
 An if a man did need a poyson now,
 Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
 Here liues a Canisse wretch would sell it him.
 O this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needie man must sell it me.
 As I remember this should be the house,
 Being holy day the beggers shop is shut.
 What ho Appothecarie.

Appo. Who calls so lowd?

Ro. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
 Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
 A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
 As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
 That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
 And that the Trunke may be dischargd of breath,
 As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Dorch

of Romeo and Juliet.

V.i.

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantua* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

Poti. My pouertie, but not my will conſents.

Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.

Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Oftwentie men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murder in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore cōpounds that thou maielt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliet* graue, for there muſt I uſe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn.*
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Scald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

L

Law. Who

68

72

76

80 †

84

V.ii.

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72

V.ii

The most lamentable Tragedie

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,

The Letter was not nice but full of charge,

Of deare import, and the neglecting it,

May do much danger: Frier *John* go hence,

Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight

Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*)

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,

Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,

Shee will bespew me much that *Romeo*

Hath had no notice of these accidents:

But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,

Poore liuing Coarse, closde in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Viii

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,

Yet put it out, for I would not be scene:

Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,

Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,

So shall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,

Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,

But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me

As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,

Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.

Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,

Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew

O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,

Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,

Or wanting that, with teares distild by mones,

The obsequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,

What curst foote wanders this way to night,

To crosse my obsequies and true loues right?

What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,

Hold take this Letter, early in the morning

See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,

Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,

What ere thou hearest or seest, stand all aloofe,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my Ladies face:

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,

A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,

In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:

But if thou ialous dost returne to prie

In what I farther shall intend to doo,

By heauen I will teare thee loynt by loynt,

And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:

The time and my intents are sauage wilde,

More fierce and more inexorable farre,

Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble ye.

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,

Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, ile hide me here about,

His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:

Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,

And in despite ile cram thee with more foode.

Pa. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,

That mured my loues Cozin, with which greefe

V.iii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

It is supposed the faire creature died,

62 And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,

Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Montaigne*:

56 Can vengeance be pursued further then death?

Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,

Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,

Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,

† 60 Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,

Put not an other sin vpon my head,

By vrging me to furie, o be gone,

64 By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,

For I come hither armed against my selfe:

Stay not, begone, hie, and hereafter say,

A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

† 68 *Par.* I do defie thy commiration,

And apprehend thee for a Felon here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.

Pers. > 'O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

72 *Par.* O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,

Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,

*Mercutio*s kinsman. Noble Countie *Paris*,

76 What said my man, when my betossed soule

Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke

He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,

Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?

80 Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,

To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,

One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,

He burie thee in a triumphant graue.

84 A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:

For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes

This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death

of Romeo and Juliet.

V.iii.

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
 How oft when men are at the point of death,
 Haue they bene meriet which their keepers call
 A lightning before death? Oh how may I
 Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
 Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet
 Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt I yest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
 O what more fauour can I do to thee,
 Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgiue me Couzen. Ali deare *Juliet*
 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleene,
 Shall I beleene that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
 And that the leane abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
 For feare of that I still will staie with thee,
 And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
 Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
 Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
 O true Appothecarie!
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
 Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
 With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
 Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
 From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
 Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
 The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
 A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
 Come bitter conduct, come vnsauoury guide,
 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rocks, thy scafick weary barke:
 Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

88

92

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108†

112

116

120

The most lamentable Tragedie
Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe,
and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night
 Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?

Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

Frier. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
 What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,
 It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir, and theres my maister, one that you

Frier. Who is it? (loue.

Man. *Romeo.*

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
 And fearefully did menace me with death
 If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
 O much I feare some ill vnthrifitie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
 I dreamt my maister and another fought,
 And that my maister slew him.

Frier. *Romeo.*

Alack alack, what bloud is this which stains
 The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
 What meane these maisterlesse and goarie swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale, who else, what *Paris* too?
 And steapt in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
 Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
 The Lady stirtes.

Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
 I do remember well where I should be:
 And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Frier. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup closd in my true loues hand?
Poison I fe: hath bin his timelesse end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them.
To make me dye with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.

Iuli. Yea noise? then ile be brieve. O happy dagger
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me dye.

Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.

Watch. The ground is bloudie, search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittisfull sight, heere lies the Countie laine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raile vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Herex *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.

Chuf. watch. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,
We

V.iii.

162

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160

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164

168

† Stage
Direction
† Pers.

172

176 †

180

† Pers.

184

V.iii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.

Chief watch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capels.

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Watch. Soueraine, here lies the Countie *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,

Warne and new kild. (comes.

Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds!
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it misheathd in my daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?

Prin. Scale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

of Romeo and Iuliet.

V.iii.

And know their spring, their head, their true discent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbear,
And let mishance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

220

Frier. I am the greatest able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the rime and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murder:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excuse.

224

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this!

228

Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doome day, whose vntimely death
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.

232

236

You to remoue that siege of griefe from her
Betrotthd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paria*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meane
To rid her from this second mariage:

240 †

Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)

A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect

244

As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.

248

But he which bore my letter, *Frier Iohn*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone

252

At the prefixed hower of her waking,

M

Came.

V.iii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
 Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
 Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came, some minuts ere the time
 Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
 And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
 But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
 And she too desperate would not go with me:
 But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
 Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
 And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
 Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before his time,
 Vnto the rigour of seuerest law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
 Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my maister newes of *Inliets* death,
 And then in poste he came from *Mantua*,
 To this same place. To this same monument
 This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
 And threatned me with death going in the Vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
 Where is the Counties Page that raifd the Warch?
 Sirrah, what made your maister in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
 And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
 Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
 And by and by my maister drew on him,
 And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Eriers words,
 Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,
 And here he writes, that he did buy a poyson
 Of a poore Potheccarie, and therewithall,
 Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Inliet*.
 Where be these enemies? *Capulet, Montague!*

See

of Romeo and Iuliet.

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Monn. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

Capel. As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished,
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

F I N I S.



Viii.

292

296

300

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304

308

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Direction