

THE MOST EXCELLENT

And Lamentable Tragedie,
of R O M E O and
I V L I E T.

As it hath beene fundrie times publikely Acted.
by the K I N G S Maiesties Seruants
at the G L O B E.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.



L O N D O N.

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The Prologue.

CHORVS.

Two households both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)
From ancient 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 lovers take their life:
Whose misaduentur'd pissions ouerthrowes,
Doth with their Death burie their Parents strife.
The fearefull passage of their Death-marks lone,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end, nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
Them which if you with patient eares attend,
What here shall misse, our toyle shall striue to mend.



THE MOST EXCEL
LENT AND LAMENTABLE
Tragedie of ROMEO and
IULIET.

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

Act 1.
Sc. 1.

S*Amp. Gregorie, on my word wee le not carie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, wee le draw.
Greg. I while you liue, drawe your Necke out of
the Coller.*

Samp. I strike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.

Samp. A dogge of the house of Mountaigne moues me.

*Greg. To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand,
Therefore if thou art moued thou run'st away,*

Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand.

I will take the wall of any Man or Maide of Mountaignes,

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

*Samp. Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker
vessels are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Moun-
taignes men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to the wall.*

Greg. The quarrell is betweene our masters, & vs their men.

*Samp. Tis all one I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue
fought with the men, I will be cruell with the Maides, I will cut
off their Heads.*

Grego. The heads of the Maides,

A 2

Samp.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what fence thou wilt.

32 *Grego.* They must take it in fence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele, while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

36 *Grego.* Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore Iohn: draw thy tooles here comes of the house of *Mountagnes.*

Enter two other seruicingmen.

40 *Samp.* My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

Greg. How, turne thy back and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marrie, I feare thee.

44 *Samp.* Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frowne as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

48 *Samp.* Nay as they dare, I will bite my thumb at them, which
† is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs fir?

52 *Samp.* I doe bite my thumb fir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs fir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side if I say I?

56 *Gre.* No.

Samp. No fir, I doe not bite my thumb at you fir, but I bite my thumb fir.

Gre. Doe you quarrell fir?

60 *Abra.* Quarrell fir, no fir.

Samp. But if you doe fir, I am for you, I serue as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

64 *Samp.* Well fir. *Enter Bennolio.*

Gre. Say better, here comes one of my Maisters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better fir.

68 *Abra.* You lie.

† *Samp.* Draw if you be men, *Gregorio*, remember thy swashing Blowe.

They fight.

72 *Bennu.* Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you doe

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I.i.

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. VVhat art thou drawne among these hartlesse hinds:
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword,
or mannage it to part these men with me.

Tib. VVhat 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.

Off. Clubs, Billes and Partysons, strike, beate them downe;
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagnes*.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his Wife.

Capu. VVhat noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe,
Wife. A croweh, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

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

Enter old Mountague and his Wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me goe.

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-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? what he, 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 bloody hands,
Throw your mittlempered 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 *Mountagne*,
Haue thrice disturbde the quiet of our streets,
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens,
Cast by their graue besecming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancerd with peace, to party our cancerd hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

Li

The most Lamentable Tragedie

For this time all the rest depart away:
 You *Capulet* shall goe 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.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
 Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?

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 fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
 He swong about his head and cut the windes,
 Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne:
 While we were enterchanging thrust and blowes,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

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

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sunne.
 Peerde forth the Golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind draue mee to walke abroad,
 Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
 That Westward rooteth from this City side:
 So early walking did I see your sonne,
 Towards him I made, but hee was ware of mee,
 And stole into the couert of the wood,
 I measuring his affections by my owne,
 Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
 Being one to many by my weary selfe,
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
 With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
 Adding to cloudes, more clouds with his deepe sighes,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Li.

But all so soone as the all cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy 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 protendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good Counsell may the cause remoue.

140

144

148

Ben. My noble vncle doe you know the cause?

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

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

152

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

156

160

Enter Romeo.

Benn. See where hee comes, so please you step aside,
He know his greeuance or bee much denide.

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

164

Exeunt

Bennel. 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?

168

Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Rom. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

174

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.*Ben.* Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should bee so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

178

Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes, see path-waies to his wil:

Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:

182

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

Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing of nothing first created:

186

O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mithapen Chaos of wel seeming formes,

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

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.

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

Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

190

Rom. Good heart at what?*Ben.* At thy good hearts oppression.*Romeo.* Why such is loues transgression.

194

Griefes of my owne lie heauy in my brest,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it prest,

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

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

198

Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,

Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:

Farewell my Coze.

202

Ben. Soft. I will goe along.

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

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

206

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?*Rom.* VVhat shall I grone and tell thee?*Ben.* Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who:*Rom.*

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I. I.

†

Rom. Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Couzen, I doe loue a woman.

210

Bon. I aynd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke-man, and shee's faire I loue.

Bon. A right faire marke, faire Coze is soonest hit.

214

Romco Well, in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:

And in strong prooffe of chastitie well armed

From lous weake childish Bow shee liues vncharmd.

218

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bide th' incouncter of assailing eyes.

Nor ope her lap to Sainct seducing gold,

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

That when dyes, with beautie dyes her store.

222

Bon. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge wast;

For beautie steru'd with her seueritie,

Cuts beautie off from all posteritie.

226

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

To merit blisse, by making me despaire:

She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,

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

230

Bon. Be rulde by me forget to thinke of her.

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

Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.

234

Ro. T'is the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,

These happie Maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,

Being blacke, puts vs in minde they hide the faire:

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

238

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,

Shew me a Mistris that is passing faire,

What doth her beautie serue but as a note,

Where I may reade who past that passing faire:

242

Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,

Bon. He pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt.

Exennt.

Enter

I.ii.

*The most Lamentable Tragedie**Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*

† *Capu.* And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

4 *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 ?

8 *Capu.* But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the World,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

12 *Paris.* Younger then she, are happie Mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made:

† The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;

† She is the hopefull Lady of my earth :

16 But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,

My will to her consent, is but a part,

† And she agree, within her scope of choise;

† Lyes my consent, and faire according voice :

20 This night I hold, an old accustomed Feast,

Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,

† Such as loue, and you among the store,

One more (most welcome) makes my number more :

24 At my poore house; looke to behold this night,

Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,

Such comfort as doe lustie yong men seeke,

When well appareld *April* on the heele

28 Of limping winter treads, euen such delight.

Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house, heare all, all see :

And like her most, whose merit most shall be :

† Which on more view of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reckning none,

Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,

Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,

36 Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I.ii.

My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets, But I am sent to find those persons whose names are heere 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 anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and beholpe by backward turning:
One desperate grieve, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan lease is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. 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 food,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sit can you reade?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

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

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can reade.

He reades the Letter.

*S*eigneur Martino, and his wife and daughters: County Anselme
and his beauteous sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur
Placentio, and his lonely Nieces: Mercutio and his brother Valen-
tine: mine Uncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece
Rosaline, Liulia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cosen Tybalt: Lucio
and the lively Helena.

A faire Assembly, whither should they come?

B 2

Ser.

I.ii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

76

*Ser Vp.**Ro.* Whitherto supper.*Ser.* To our house.*Ro.* Whose house?

80

Ser. My Maisters.*Ro.* Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

84

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.*Ben.* At this same auuncient feast of *Capulets*,Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

90

Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

94

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such fallshood, then turne reares to fire:

And these who often drown'd, could neuer die,

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun

98

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut; you saw her faire none else being by,

Her selfe poynde with her selfe in eyther eye:

But in that Christall scales let there be waid,

102

Your Ladies loue against some other maid,

That I will shew you shiuing at this feast,

+

And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such fight to be showne,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

106

I.iii.

*Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.**Wife.* Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

+

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her,
come, what Lamb; what Lady-bird, God for bid,
4
Wheres this Gille? what Iuliet.*Enter Iuliet.**Iuliet.* How now who calls?*Nur.* Your mother.*Iuli.*

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

I.iii.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembered me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her Age wth an houre.

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. He lay fourteene of my teeth, & yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes:

Nurse. Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeere come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she, God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, shee was to good for me. But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall shee bee fourteene, then shall shee marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then last worme wood to my dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Dome house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I saide, when it did tast the worme wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty soole, to see it reachie and fallast with the Dag, Shake quoth the Dome-house, was no neede I trau to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then shee could stand alone, nay b^t throode shee could haue runne and waddled all about: for euen the day before shee broke her brow, and then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merry man, tooke up the child yea quoth hee, dost thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy dom, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a lefe shall come about. I warrant, and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth hee and pretty soole is stined, 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 bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? a perileous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall

The most Lamentable Tragedie

backward when thou comdest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It stinted, and said I.

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

60 *Nurse.* Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurs't, and I might liue to see thee married once. I haue my wish.

64 *Old La.* Marry that marry is the very Theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*, How stands your dispositions to be married?

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

† 68 *Nurse.* An houre, were not I onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt thy wisdome from thy teat.

† *Old La.* Well thinke of Marriage now, yonger then you Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already mothers by my count, 72 I was your mother. much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in brieue: The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his Loue.

76 *Nurse.* A man yong Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. *Veronas* Summer hath not such a flower,

Nurse. Nay, hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

80 *Old La.* What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast, Read ore the volume of yong *Paris* face, And find delight, writ there with beauties Pen, 84 † Examine euery feuerall liniament, And see how one an other lends content: And what obscurde in this faire Volume lyes, Find written in the margeant of his eyes. This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, 88 To beautifie him, onely lackes 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, 92 That in gold claspes, locks in the golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse,

By

of Romeo and Juliet.

I.iii.

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 *Paris* loue?

Jul. He looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart myne eye

Then your consent giues strength to make it flye. *Enter seruing.*

Seruing. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my yong Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and every thing in extremitie: I must hence to waite, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Juliet* the Countie stayer.

Nurse. Goe gyrlie, seeke happie nights to hspie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercurio, Benuolio, with five or six other

Masks, Torch-bearers.

I.ii.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood-winckt with a Skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
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,
Being bur heaue I will beare the light.

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

Ra. Not I belecue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So staks me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mercu. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupid's* wings,
And soare with them about a common bound.

Romeo. I am too sore enpeared with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch about dull woe,
Vnder loues heaue burthen doe I sinke.

Mercu. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue.
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Romeo

I.IV.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Romeo. Is loue a tender thing ? it is to rough,
Too rude, too boistrous, and it pricks like thorne.

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

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

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

Ro. A torch for me; let wantons light of heart
36 Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:
For I am proverb'd with a graunfire Phrase,
He be a candle-holder and looke on,
† The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.

40 *Mer.* Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dnn, wele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue; wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

† *Rom.* Thats not so.

44 *Mer.* I meane fir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, Lights Lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgements sits,
Foue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

48 *Rom.* And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to goe.

Mer. Why may one aske ?

Rom. I dreamt a Dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

52 *Ro.* In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true,

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
Shee is the Fairis midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
56 then an Agat stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, our mens noses as they lie a-
† sleepe: her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs: the cover
60 of

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Liv.

of the wings of grasse-hoppers, her traces of the smallest Spider web, her collers of the moon-shines watry beames, her whip of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small gray coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an empirie Hasell nut, made by the Ioyner squirtell or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers : and in this state she gallops night by night, through louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues because their breath with sweet meates tainted are. Sometime shee gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smelling out a sute : and somtime comes shee with a tithe-pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies a sleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime shee driueth ore a souldiers necke, and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths siue sadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which hee starts and wakes, and being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two, and sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night: and bakes the Ellocks in foule fluttish haire, which once vtangled, much misfortune bodes. This is the Hag, when Maids lie on their backs, That presses them, and learns them first to beare, Making them women of good carriage: This is shee.

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

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

C

Ben.

64

68

72

†

76

80

84

88

†

92

96

100

I. iv.*The most Lamentable Tragedie*

104

Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our felues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

108

Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life ciosde in my brest :

112

By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my fute; on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

I. v.

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

Enter Romeo.

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

4

1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwasht to, tis a soule thing

8

Ser. Away with the ioyne-stooles, remoue the Court-cubbert,
looke to the Plate, good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane,
and as thou loues me, let the Porter let in *Susan Grmdstone*, and
Nell, Anthonie and *Potpan*.

12

2. I Boy readie.

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

16

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

Exeunt.

*Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the
Maskers.*

20

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

+

Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now denie to dance, she that makes daintie,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes : am I come neare you now ?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor and could tell

24

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I.v.

A whispering Tale in a faire Ladies eare :
Such as would please: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musicians play :
Musicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
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 :
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dancing dayes :
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske ?

2. *Capn.* Berlady thirtie yeares.

1. *Capn.* What man tis not so much tis not so much,
Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lncientio*;
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fise and twentie yeares, and then we maskt .

2. *Capn.* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder fir :
His sonne is chirtie.

1. *Capn.* Will you tell me that ?
His sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Ro. What Ladie is that which doth in rich the hand
Of yonder Knight ?

Ser. I know not fir.

Ro. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright :
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewell in an *Ethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare :
So shewes a snowe Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellows showes :
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand,
Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I nere saw true beautie till this night.

Tib. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountagne*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
 Now by the Roclce and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Capu. Why how now kinsman wherefore stoume you so?

Tib. Vncle this a *Monatagne* our foe:

A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
 To scorne at our solemnitie this night.

Capu. Yong *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. *Verana* brags of him,
 To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth,
 I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,

Here in my house doe 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 besceeming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
 He not endure him.

Capu. He shall be endured.

What goodman Boy, I say he shall goe too,

Am I the Master here or you? goe too,

Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,

Youle make a mutinie among my guests:

You will set a Cock a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, tis a shame.

Capu. Goe too, goe too.

You are a sawcy Boy, ist so indeed?

This trick may chance to scath you I know what,

You must contrary me, marry tis time,

Well said my hearts, you are a Princ Cox, goe,

Be quiet, or more light more light for shame,

He make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting.

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

of Romeo and Juliet.

I.v.

I will withdraw but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieft hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle linne is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims did readie stand,
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kiffe.

Iu. Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kiffe.

Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in Prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray, (grant thou) least faith turne to despaire.

Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for Prayers sake.

Ro. Then moue not while my Prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Iu. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro. Sin from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Iuli. You kisse bith booke.

Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Ladie of the house,
And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous,
I nurst her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone.
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it one so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen good night:

More-

Lv.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

128

Ah firrah, by my fay 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 the doore?

Nurf. Marrie that I thinke be yong *Petrucheo*.

Iuli. Whats he that followes here that would not dance?

Nurf. I know not.

136

Iuli. Goe 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 Enemie.

140

Iuli. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a lothed Enemie.

†

Nurf. Whats tis? what tis?

144

Iu. A Rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danst withall.

One calls within Iulier.

Nurf. Anon, anon :

†

Come lets away, the strangers are all gone.

Exeunt.

II

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would dye,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.

4

Now *Romeo* is beloued and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes :
But to his foe supposde he must complaine,

8

And she steale loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes :
Being held a foe, he may not haue access
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meeete her new beloued any where :

12

But

of Romeo and Juliet.

II.

But passion lends them Power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone

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

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wise, & on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio*:

Mer. Nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo. humours, madam, passion, louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime and I am satisfied:
Cry but ay me, pronounce but loue and die,
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her pur-blind sonne and heire
Yong *Abraham Cupid*: he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the Begger-maide.
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 foote, 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; 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till shee had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.

My invocation is faire and honest, and in his mistress 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.

Mer.

4

f) Pers.

8

†

12

16

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24

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32

II.i.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Men. 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 fruit,
 As maides call Medless when they laugh alone,
 O *Romeo* that shee were, O that shee were
 An open & cattra, and thou a Poperin Peare.
Romeo good-night Ile to my Trucle-bed,
 This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
 Come shall we goe?

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

Exeunt.

Ro. He ieasts at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
 But soft, what light through yonder window breakes?
 It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne.
 Arise faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
 Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
 That thou her maide at farre more faire then shee:
 Be not her maide since shee is enuious,
 Her vestall liuerie is but sicke and greene,
 And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
 It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that shee knew shee were,
 Shee speakes yet shee sayes nothing, what of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it:
 I am to bold tis not to me shee speakes:
 Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
 Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes,
 To twinckle in their spheres till they returne,
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
 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 shee leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
 O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheeke.

Jul. Ay me*Rom.* Shee speakes.

Oh

Stage
Direction †

II.ii.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

II.ii.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged Messenger of Heauen
Vnto the white vp-turned wondring eyes,
Of Mortals 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*.

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

Iuli. Tis but thy name that is my Enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.

What's in a name? that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retayne that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
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 baptizde,
Hence-forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

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

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vterring, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maide, if either thee dislike.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

Re. With loues light wings did I ore-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold loue out,
68 And what loue can doe, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

In. If they doe see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
72 Then twenty of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooue against their enmity.

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

Rom. I haue night's cloake to hide me from their eyes
76 And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iuli. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
80 He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:

I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as farre
† As that vast shore washt with the farthest sea,
84 I should adventure for such marchandise

Iuli. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
88 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell complement.
Doe thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
92 Thou maiest proue false, or louers perjuries
They say *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
96 Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world.
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:

And

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*II. ii.

And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaiour light,
 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
 Then those that haue more coying to be strange,
 I should haue beene more steange, I must confesse
 But that thou ouer heardst ere I was ware
 My true loue passion, therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
 Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
 That tips with siluer all these fruite tree tops.

Iu. O sweare not by the Moone th'inconstant Moone,
 That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
 Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Iuli. Doe not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
 Which is the God of my Idolatry,
 And Ile beleue thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

Iu. Well doe not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
 I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
 It is too rash, too vnaduisde, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
 Ere, one can say, it lightens, sweet good night:
 This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
 May proue a beautious flower when next wee meete,
 Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnstatisfied?

Iu. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

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

Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
 And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Wouldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?

Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
 And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
 My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea,

100

†

104

108

†

112

116

120

124

128

132

II.ii

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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, sweet *Mountague* be true :
 Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Ro. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
 140 Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
 Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

In. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
 If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
 144 Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
 By one that ile procure to come to thee,
 † Where and what time thou wilt performe the rights
 And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
 † 148 And follow thee my Loue throughout the World. Madam.
 I come, anon : but if thou meanest not well,
 I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
 † 152 To cease thy sute, and leaue me to my griefe,
 To morrow will I send.

Ro. So thriue my soule.

In. A thousand times good-night.

Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight,
 156 Loue goes toward loue as Schoole-boyes from their Bookes
 But loue from loue, toward Schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

In. Hift *Romeo*, hift, O for a Falkners voice,
 160 To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
 † Bondage is hoarse, and may speake aloude,
 † Else would I teare the Caudewhere Eccho lyes,
 † And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then myne
 164 With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Ro. It is my loue that calls vpon my name.
 How siluer sweet, sound Lovers tongues by night,
 Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

In, *Romeo*.

Rom. My Deere.

Inl. What a clock to morrow

Shall

of Romeo and Iuliet.

II.ii

Shall I send to thee?

Ro. By the houre of nine.

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

Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Iuli. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.

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

Iuli. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like poore Prisoner in his twisted gyues.
And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing :
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.

Ro. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Fryer alone with a Basket.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streakes of light .
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheelles,
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpsill this Oser Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe,
What is her burying Graue, that is her wombe :

And

†

172

176

180 †

184

† Pers

188

<4 Lines

II.iii

4

8

The most Lamentable Tragedie

And from her wombe children of diuers kind
 We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
 Many for many vertures excellent:
 None but for some, and yer all different.
 O mickle is the powerfull grace that lyes
 In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
 Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
 Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Vertue it selfe-turnes vice being mis-applied,
 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 slayes all fences with the heart.
 Two such opposed Kings, encampe them still
 In man, as well as hearbes, grace, and rude will:
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soone the Canker death eates vp that plant.

Ro. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Yong sonne, it argues a distempered head,
 So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
 And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
 But where vnbrused youth with vnstufd braine
 Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne,
 Therefore thy carlinesse doth me assure,
 Thou art vprousd with some distemp'rature:
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night,

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

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

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

II.iii.

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe,

Fri. That's my good sonne, but where hast thou beene then?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :

I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

That's by me wounded, both our remedies

Within thy helpe and holy physick lyes :

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, finds but ridling Shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare loue is set

On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :

As mine on her, so hers is set on mine

And all combin'd, 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? yong mens loue then lyes

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 throne away in waste,

To season loue that of it doth not taste.

The Sun not yet thy sighes, from Heauen cleares

Thy old grones yet ring in my ancient eares :

Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine 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 there's no strength in men.

Ro. Thou chid'st me oft or louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing Pupill mine.

Ro.

II. iii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Ro. And badst me bury loue.

84 *Fri.* Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,
† 88 Thy loue did read by rote, that could no spell:
† But come yong Wauercer, come and goe with me,
In oue respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this Alliance may so happie proue,
32 To turne your households rancor to pure loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

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

Exeunt.

II. iiii.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

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

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

4 *Mer.* Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Resaline*
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his fathers house.

8 *Mer.* A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a Letter

12 *Ben.* Nay, he will answere the Letters Master, how he dares being dared.

Mer. Alas, poore *Romeo*, hee is alreadie dead, stab'd with a white Wenches blacke Eye, run through the eare with a Loue-Song, the very Pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde Bow-
16 boyes But-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why, what is *Tibalt*?

20 *Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. O hee's the couragious
Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing Prick-song,
keepees time, distance and proportion, hee rests his *minum* rests,
24 one two and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a
filke

of Romeo and Iuliet.

like button, a dualist, a dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the punro reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantasies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsir, that wee should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardona-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 flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie shee had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thibbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your frenchslop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

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

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

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

Romeo. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curtesie:

Romeo. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my pump well flowred.

Mer. Sure wit, follow mee this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single solt of it is worne,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

68 the iccast may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

Ro. O single solde iccast, soly singular for the singleness,

72 *Mer.* Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs, or Ile cry a match.

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

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

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

Ro. Nay good goose bite not.

84 *Mer.* Thy wit is avery bitter sweting, it is a most sharp sauce.

† *Ro.* And is it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

88 *Mer.* Oh here's 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.

92 *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 driueling loue is
96 like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide
his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

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

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

104 *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. Heres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and herman.*

108 A sayle a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

112 *Nur.* My fan *Peter*.

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

Nurse. God ye good morrow Gentlemen,

Mer.

of Romeo and Juliet.

lliv.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it goodden?

Mer. Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

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

Ro. One Gentlewoman, that God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is well saide, for himselfe to marre quath a: Gentlemen can any of you tell me where I may finde the yong *Romeo*?

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

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well, very well rooke, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If thou be he fir, I desire some confidence with you.

Bin. Shce will endice him to some supper.

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

Ro. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare fir, vnlesse a hare fir in a Lenten-pte, that is something 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 hoares ere it be spent.

Romeo. will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

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

Exeunt.

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

Romeo. A Gentleman *Nurse*, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him down, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Jacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: scurvie knaue, I am none of his Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates and thou must

The most Lamentable Tragedie

stand by too, and suffer every Knaue to vse mee at his pleasure.

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

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers, skurvie Knaue : pray you fir a word : and as I told you, my yong Ladie bid me enquire you out, what she bid mee 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 behaviour as they say : for the Gentlewoman is yonge and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentle woman, and verie weake dealing.

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

Nur. Good heart, and ysith I will tell her as much : Lord, Lord, she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not marke mee?

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you doe protest, which as I take it, is Gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone,

And there she shall at Fryer *Lawrence* Cell
Be shrined and married : here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a pennie.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone fir, 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 Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my Conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell be trustie, and Ile quite thy paines :
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistris.

Nur.

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Iliv.

Nur. Now God in Heauen bleffe thee, harke you fir.

Ro. What say'st thou my deare Nurse?

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

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as Steele.

Nur. Well fir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Ladie, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Nobleman in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay Knife aboard: but she good soule had as lecue see a Tode, a very Tode as see him: I angerer 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 that's the Dogges name. *R.* is for the no, I know it beginnes with some other letter, and shee hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemary*, that it would doe you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit.

Enter Iuliet.

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Ilv.

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 Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Drining backe shadows ouer lowring hills:
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doves draw loue,
And therefore hath the winde swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sunne vpon the highmost hill
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,
Shee would be as swift in motion as a ball,

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8

12

My

II.v.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

My words would bandie her to my sweet Loue.
 And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were dead,
 Voweildie, slow, heaueie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

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

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweet *Nurse*, O Lord, why look'st thou sad ?
 Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
 If good thou sham'st the Musick of sweet newes,
 By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
 Fye how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had ?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes;
 Nay come, I pray thee speake, good, good *Nurse* speake.

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

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
 To say to me, that thou art out of breath ?
 The excuse that thou do'st make in this delay,
 Is longer then the Tale thou do'st excuse.
 Is thy newes good or bad ? answer to that,
 Say either and Ile stay the circumstance :
 Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know not
 how to choose a man : *Romeo*, no nor he, though his face be bet-
 ter then any mans, yet his legges excels all mens, and for a hand
 and a foot and body, though they bee not to bee talkt on, yet
 they are past compare : he is not the flower of curreisie, but Ile
 warrant him as gentle as a Lambe : goe thy wayes Wench,
 serue God. What haue you dinde at home ?

Iu. 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 pieces.
 My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe :
 Besbrow your heart for sending me about

To

*of Romeo and Juliet.*II.v.

To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

In. Ifaith I am sorry that thou art nor well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet *Nurse*, tell me what sayes my Loue ?

Nur. Your Loue sayes like an honest Gentleman,
And a curteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother ?

In. Where is my mother, why, shee is within, where should
she bee ?

How odly thou replyest :

Your Loue sayes like an honest Gentleman,
Where is your Mother ?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marry come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones :
Hence-forward doe your Messages your selfe.

In. Here's such a coyle, come what sayes *Romeo* ?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to goe to shrift to day ?

In. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Fryer *Lawrence* Cell.
There stayes a Husband to make you a Wife :
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes :
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climbe a Birds-neast soone when it is darke
I am the Drudge, and toyle in your delight :
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Goe Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

In. Hie to high fortune, honest *Nurse* farewell.

Exeunt.

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 one short minute giues me in her sight :
Doe thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then

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II.vi.

4

II.vi.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph dye like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is lothsomnesse in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift, arriues as tardie, as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Ladie, Oh so light afoot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting fiint,
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer Ayre.
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Ro. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Ayre, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but Beggars that can count their worth;
But my true Loue is growne to such excessse,
I cannot summe vp some of halfe my wealth.

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

Enter Mercutio, Benuolion, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
dayes, is the mad bloud stirring.

Mer

III.

of Romeo and Juliet.

III.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when hee enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps mee his sword vpon the table, and sayes, Go send mee no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes 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 assoone moued to bee moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hateful eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten asaddle as an egge for quarrelling. thou hast quareld with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath layne asleepe in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shooes with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

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

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio and others.

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

Mer. By my heele I care not.

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

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

Ti. You shall find mee apt inough to that sir, and you will giue me occasion.

Mercus. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

III.i.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Ti. Mercutio thou confortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Comfort, what do'st thou make vs Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of vs, look to heare nothing but discords, here's my Fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you dance zounds comfort.

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

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

Enter Romeo.

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

Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir, if he weare your Liuary:
Marry goe before to field, heele be your follower,
Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

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

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertayning rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I see thou know'st me not.

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

Ro. I doe protest I neuer iniured 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 render
As dearly as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme dishonourable, vile submission:
Ala flucatho carries it away.

Tibalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Ti. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vse mee hereafter drie beare the rest of the eight. Will you
plucke your Sword out of his Pilcher by the cares? make haste,
least,

of Romeo and Juliet.

III.

least mine bee about your cares ere it bee out.

Ti. I am for you.

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

Mer. Come fir your Passado.

Ro. Draw *Bennolio*, beare downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressly hath

Forbid bandying in *Verona* streets,

Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tibalt.

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, marry 'tis enough,
Where is my Page? goe Villaine, fetch a Surgeon.

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 enough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and
you shall find mee a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for
this World, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a
mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a
villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmetick, why the
deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Bennolio*.

Or I shall faint, a plague a both your houses.

They haue made wormes meat of me,

I haue it, and soundly to your houses ...

Exit

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation staynd
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin, O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beautie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours Steele

F 2

Enter

*The most Lamentable Tragedie**Enter Benuolio.*

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

124 *Ro.* This dayes blacke fate, on moe dayes doth depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.

† 124 *Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

† *Ro.* He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,

† And fire and furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gaucst me, for *Mercutio's* soule

132 Is but a little way about our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

136 *Ti.* Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,
Staad not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
140 If thou art taken, hence begone, away.

Ro. O, I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

*Exit. Romeo.**Enter Citizens.*

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

Ben. There lyes that *Tibalt*.

Citi. Vp, sir, goe with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capuler,
their wives and all.*

Prim. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

148 *Ben.* O noble Prince, I can discouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this satall Brall,

There

of Romeo and Juliet

III.

There lyes the man slaine by young *Romeo*.
That slew thy kinsman, braue *Mercutio*.

Capu. Wi. Tibalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kinsman, Prince, as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shead bloud of *Montague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tibalt here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure all this vttered.
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With peircing Steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His agill arme beates downe their fatall points.
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertayn'd reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slaine.
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twentie of them sought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou, Prince, must giue:

F 3

Romeo

152

158

160

164

168

172

176

180

184

III.i.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

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

Monn. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio*s friend,
His fault concludes, but what the Law should end,
The life of *Tibalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe 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.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit

III.ii.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phaebus* lodging, such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
Tha t runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of loue so 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,
Plaid for a paire of stainl esse maiden-heads
Hood my vnmand bloud baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modest iea
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For

of Romeo and Juliet.

III. II.

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black-browd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when hee 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 possesse it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my *Nurse*:

Enter Nurse with cords.

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

Nur. I, I, the cords.

Juliet. Ay me, what newes? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nur. A weladay, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone
A lacke the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Ju. Can heauen be so enuious.

Nur. *Romeo* can.

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

Ju. What diuell art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be rored in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo,

Nur.

III.ii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

52

Nur. I saw the wound I saw it with mine eyes,
 God laue the marke, here on his manly brest,
 A piteous coarfe, a bloody piteous coarfe,
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawde in blood,
 56 All in goare blood, I sounded at the sight.

56

Iu. O breake my heart, poore banckrout breake at once,
 To prison eyes, nere lookt on libertie,
 Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
 And thou and *Romeo* presse one heauie beere.

† 60

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

64

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

68

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

72

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

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

Iu. Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Cauer?

76

Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:

Rauenous doue, feathred Raven, woluish rauening lambe,
 Despised substance of diuined showe:

Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,

†

A damned saint, an honourable villaine:

80

O Nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell.

†

When thou didst power the spirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet fleshe

Was euer booke contayning such vile matter

84

So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
 All perjurde all for-sworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
 Ah wheres my man? giue me some *Aqua-viua*

88

These

of Romeo and Juliet.

III. ii.

These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.

In. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wifh, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerfall earth,
O what a heast was I to chide at him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him that kild your cozin?

In. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth 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 you mistaking offer vp to loy,
My husband liues that *Tibals* would haue slaine,
And *Tibals* dead that would haue slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worser then *Tibals* death
That murdered me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tibals is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibals*: *Tibals* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there;
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be wranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tibals* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne Lamentation might haue moved,
But with a reareward following *Tibals* death,
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibals*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished.

G

There

32

36

100

104

108 †

112

116

120

124

III. ii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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*?

128 *Nur.* Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* corse.
Will you goe to them: I will bring you thither.

Iu. Wash they his wounds with tears; mine shall be spent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
132 Take vp those cords, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widdowed.
† 136 Come cord, come *Nurse*, lle to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden-head.

Nur. Hie to your chamber, lle find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
140 Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
lle to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

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

Exit.

III. iii.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth come forth thou searefull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

4 *Ro.* Father what newes? What is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar.
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre companie?
8 I bring thee tydings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What lesse then Doomesday is the Princes doome?

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

12 *Ro.* Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, doe not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,

But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe :

Hence banished, is banisht from the world.

And worlds exile is death. Then banished,

Is death mistearm'd , calling death banished,

Thou cutst my head off with a golden Axe,

And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sinne, O rude vnthankfulness,

Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,

And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment.

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.

Ro. 'Tis torture and not mercie, Heauen is here

Where *Iuliet* liues and euery Cat and Dogge,

And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing

Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her.

But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,

More honourable state, more courtship liues

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

On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and Vestall modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sinne.

This may flies doe, when I from this must flye :

And sayst thou yet, that exile is not death ?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,

Flies may doe this, but I from this must flye :

They are freemen, but I am banished.

Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharpe ground Knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me : Banished ?

O Fryer, the damned vse that word in hell :

Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart

Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,

A sinne Obsoluer, and my Friend profest,

To mangle me with that word banished?

III. iii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

† 52

Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake.*Ro.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

56

Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerfities sweet milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.

60

Ro. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes nor, talke no more.

†

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

†

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

64

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.*Ro.* Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy haire,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

†

Nurse knocks.

72

Fri. Arise, one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe,*Ro.* Not I, vnlesse the breath of heart-sicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

†

*Knocks.**Fri.* Harke how they knocke (who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken (stay awhile) stand vp.

†

Knocks againe.

76

Run to my studie (by and by) Gods will,
What simpleness is this: I come, I come.*Knocks.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

80

Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.*Fri.* Welcome then.*Nur.* O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III. III.

Where's my Ladies Lord, where's *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 sympathy :
Pitious predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand :
Why should you fall into so deepe an O :

Rom. Nurse

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

Rom. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not shee thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue staynd the child-hood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is shee? and how doth shee? and what sayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?

Nur. Oh, shee sayes nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cryes,
And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curf'd hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me *Frier*, tell me.
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man? thy forme cryes out thou art :
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable furie of a beast :
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill befeeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd.
Hast thou slaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

G 3

And

84

88

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112

116

The most Lamentable Tragedie

And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
 By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
 Why raylest thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
 120 Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe 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:
 124 And vself none in that true vse indeed,
 Which should be decke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
 Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
 Disgressing from the valour of a man.
 128 Thy deare loue sworne, but hollow periturie,
 Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
 Misfe-shapen in the conduct of them both:
 132 Like powder in a skill-lesse Souldiers flaske,
 Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
 What, rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
 136 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
 The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
 140 And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
 † A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe.
 † Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
 † But like a misbehau'd and sullen Wench,
 † 144 Thou powts vpon thy fortune and thy loue:
 Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
 148 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,
 152 Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
 With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy

Then

of Romeo and Juliet.

III.iii.

Then thou wentst forth in lamentation,
Goe 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.

156

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

160

Ro. Doe so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide,

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bids me giue you fir :
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.

164

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

Fri. Goe hence, goodnight, and here stands all your state :
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chances here :
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

168 †

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

172

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 *Tibalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, shee'l not come downe to night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would haue beene a bed an houre agoe.

4

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

8

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night she is mew'd vp to her heauineffe.

†

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childe's loue. I thinke she will be rulde.

12

†

In.

III. IV.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed.
 Acquaint her here of my sonne *Paris* loue,
 And bid her, marke you me, on wendsday next,
 But soft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

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

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursfday were to morrow.

Capu. Well, get you gone, a Thursfday, be it then:
 Goe you to *Iuliet* ere you goe to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
 Farewell, my Lord, light to my chamber, ho,
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we may call it early 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 shee sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
 Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the morne,
 No Nightingale; looke loue what enuious streakes
 Doe lace the seuering clouds in yonder East:
 Nights candles are burnt out, and iocund day
 Standstip-toe on the mistie Mountaynes tops,
 I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:

It

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III.v.

It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
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.

Ro. Let me be rane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
He say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthia* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to goe:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
Howist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Strayning haish Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet Diuision.
This doth not so: for she deuiceth vs.
Some say the Larke and lothed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke
our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

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

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and He descend.

Iu. Art thou gone so Loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

H

Ro.

III.V

The most Lamentable Tragedie

48 *Ro.* Farewell.

I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

In. O thinkest thou we shall euer meete againe?

52 *Ro.* I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
† For sweet discourfes in our time to come.

Pers. †

In. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
56 Me thinks 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 doe you:
Dry sorrow drinks our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

60 *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,
64 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?

68

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hether?

La. Why, how now *Inlist.*

In. Madam, I am not well.

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

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

76

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. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
80 As that the Villaine liues which slaughterd him.

La.

*of Romeo and Iuliet.*III.

Is. What Villaine Madam ?

La. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Is. Villaine, and he be many miles a sunder :
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart :
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

La. That is because the Traytor liues.

Is. I Madam, from the reach of these my hands :
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an accustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibals* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Is. 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 quier. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd and cannot come to him.
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtere dhim.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tiding Girle.

Is. And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, I beseech your Ladiship ?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull father childe.
One who to put thee from thy beaui nesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

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

Mo. Marrie my childe, early next Thursday morne.
The gallant, yong, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

III. V.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

In. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I doe, I sweare

It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

Mer. 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 Ayre doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sun-set of my Brothers sonne,
It raines downe right.

How now a Conduit Girle, what still in teares.
Euermore showring : In one little body ?

Thou counterfeits, a Barke, a Sea, a Wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:

Saying in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,

Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

La. I sir, but she will none, she giues 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 Bridegroom?

In. Not proud, you haue, but thankfull that you haue:

Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,

But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How now, how now, chopt lodgick, what is this?

Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,

And yet not proud : Mistris minion you ?

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

III. v.

But settle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

156

La. Fie, fie, what are you madde?

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

160

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

164

Speake not, replie not, doe not answere mee.
My fingers itch, wife, wee scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that wee haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.

168

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

Fa. And why my Lady wildome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, goe,

172

Nur. I speake no treason,

Fa. O Godigeden,

†

Nur. May not one speake?

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

176

Wi. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes mee madde,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly allied,
Stuft (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportioned as ones thought would wish a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,

180

†

184

III.V.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

A whining marmet, in her fortunes tender,
 To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
 188 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
 But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with mee:
 192 Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not vse to iest.
 Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
 And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
 And you be not, hang, begge, starue, dye in the streets,
 For by my soule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
 † 196 Nor what is mine shall euer doe thee good:
 Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.

Exit

Iuliet. Is there no pittie sitting in the cloudes,
 That sees into the bottome of my grieve?
 200 O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
 Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
 Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
 In that dim Monument where *Tibals* lies.

204 *Mo.* Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
 Doe as thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iuliet. O God. O *Nurse*, how shall this be preuented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
 208 How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
 Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
 By leauing earth: comfort me, counsaile me:
 A lacke, a lacke, that heauen should practice stratagems
 212 Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.

What saist thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?

Some comfort *Nurse*,

(nothing,

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to

216 That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:

Or if he doe, it needs must be my stealth:

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,

I thinke it best you married with the Countie,

220 O hees a louely Gentleman:

Romeo a disclout to him, an Eagle Madam

Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye

As

of Romeo and Juliet.

III.v

As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy 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 living here and you no vse of him.

224

In. Speakest thou from thy heart?

228

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

†

In. Amen.

Nur. What?

In. Well, thou hast comforted me maruailous much,
Goe in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeasde my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

232

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

Exit.

Om. Exit

In. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sinne 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? Goe 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.

236

240

Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

IV.i

Fri. On Thursday fir, the time is very short.

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

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

4

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now fir, her fater counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom hafts our marriage,
To stoppe the inndation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

8

12

Now

IV.i.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Now doe you know the reason of this haste?

16 *Fri.* I would I knew nor why it should be slowed.
 Lookesir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter. Iuliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

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

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

In. What must be, shall be.

Fri. Thats a certayne text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

In. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

24 *Pa.* Doe not denie to him, that you loue me.

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

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

In. If I doe so, it will bee of more price,

28 Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule thy face is much abusd with teares.

In. The teares haue got small victorie by that,
 For it was bad enough before their spight.

32 *Pa.* Thou wrongst it more then teares with that report.

† *In.* That is slander sir, which is a truth,
 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

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

36 *In.* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leasure, holy Father now,
 Or shall I come to you at Euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me, persiue Daughter now,
 40 My Lord we must intreate the time alone.

Pa. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yce,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit.

44 *In.* O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
 Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy grieve,

It straines me past the compasse of my wits,

46 I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
 On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

In.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

IV.

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,
Doe 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 another deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien't time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody Knife
Shall play the Vmpire, 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 dye,
If what thou speak'st, speake now of remedie.

Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spy 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 slay chy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coop't with death himselfe, to scape from it.
And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuissh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Ore couered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yefflow chaplesse souls:
Or bid me goe into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble

And

IV.i.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstain'd wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye 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 runne,

A cold and drowisie 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 paly ashes, the eyes windowes fall;
Like death when he shuts vp the day-of life
Each part depriu'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death.

Thou shalt continue two and fortie 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 Countrey is,
In thy best Robes vncoverd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy Kindreds graue:

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And thither shall he come, and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant ioy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

of Romeo and Iuliet.

In this resolute, ile send a *Frier* with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

In. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare Father. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Father Capuler, Mother, Nurse, and Ser-
ueningmen, two or three.*

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

Ser. You shall haue none ill fir. for ile try if they can lick
their fingers.

Ca. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marrie fir: 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne
fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers gets not with
me.

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

Nur. I forsooth.

Ca. Well he may chance to doe some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.

Ca. How now my head-strong, where haue you beene gad-
ding?

In. Where I haue learnt to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To begge your pardon, pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you,

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

In. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomm'd loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Ca. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This is as't should be, let me see the Countie:
I marrie, goe I say, and fetch him hither.

I 2

Now

IV.i.

124

IV.ii.

4

8

12

16

20

24

28

IV.ii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

In. Nurse, will you goe 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, goe 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:
 Goe thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deck vp her,
 Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
 He play the hufwife 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 Girle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

IV.iii.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

In. I those attyres are best, but gentle *Nurse*
 I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
 For I haue need of many Orisons,
 To moue the Heauens to smile vpon my state,
 Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sinne.

Enter Mother.

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

In. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
 As are behoofesfull 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. Goodnight.
 Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need,

Exeunt.

In.

of Romeo and Inliet.

IV.iii.

Iv. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe.
 I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
 That almost freezes vp the heate of life;
 Ile call them backe againe to comfort me,
Nurse, what should shee doe here?
 My dismall Sceane I needs must act alone.
 Come Viall, what if this mixture doe 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 beene 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 fearefull point.
 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 Vault, an ancient receptracle,
 Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
 Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
 Where bloody *Tibalt* yet but greene in earth,
 Lies festring in his shrowd, where as they say,
 At some houres in the night, spirits resort:
 Alacke, alacke. is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
 And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
 That liuing mortalls bearing them runne mad.
 Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 (Inuironed with all these hidious feares,)
 And madly play with my forefathers ioynes?

IV.iii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

52

And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.

56

O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tibalt* stay;

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

IV.iv.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keyes, and fetch more spices *Nurse*.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

4

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roun, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.

8

Nur. Goe you Cot-quesne, goe,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.

†

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

12

La. I you haue bin 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 legs and baskets.

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

16

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

Fel. Thau e 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,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead; good faith tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Co untie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.

Nurse, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say?

Enter Nurse.

24

Goe waken *Juliet*, goe and trim her vp,

He

of Romeo and Iuliet.

IV. iv.

He goe and chat with *Paris*, he, make haste,
Make haste, the Bridegroome, he is come alreadie, make haste
I say.

IV. v.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Ladie, sic you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam sweet heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but litle, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe;
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam.
I let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some *Aqua-vita* ho, my Lord, my Lady.

Mo. What noyse is heere?

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 dye with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

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

Nur. She's dead: decess't, she's dead, alacke the day.

Mo. Alacke the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Fa. Hah, let me see her, out alas she's cold,
Her bloud is fetied and her ioyns are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long beene separated,
Death lyes on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. O wofull time.

IV.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Tyes vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie, with the Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the Bride readie to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

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

Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a fight as this?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing childe,
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 behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day,

Paris. 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.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martyrd, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murder, murder our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my foule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not
In these confusions, Heauen and your selfe

Had

of Romeo and Iuliet.

IV.v.

Had part in this faire Maid, now Heauen hath all,
 And all the better is it for the Maid :
 Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
 But Heauen keepes his part in eternall life :
 The most you sought was her promotion,
 For 'twas your Heauen she should be aduanst .
 And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
 About 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 :
 She's not well marryed, that liues marryed long,
 But she's best marryed, that dyes marryed yong.
 Dry 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 blacke Funerall :
 Our Instruments to melancholy Bels,
 Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall Feast :
 Our solemne Hymnes to sullen Dyrges change :
 Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse :
 And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir goe you in ; and Madam, goe with him,
 And goe sir *Paris* euery one prepare
 To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue :
 The Heauens doe lowre vpon you for some ill :
 Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt manent Musici.

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

Nur. Honest good-fellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
 For well you know this is a pittifull case.

Fid. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, Oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,

K

O

IV.V

The most Lamentable Tragedie

O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease,

Fidler Why hearts ease?

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies, my hart
is full of woe.

O play me some merry dumpe to comfort me.

Minstrels. Not a dump we; tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Min. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

Min. What will you giue vs?

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

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Min. Then will I giue you the seruing creature.

Pet. Then wil I say the seruing creatures dagger on your pate,
I will carrie no Crochets, ile Re you, ile Fa you do you note me?

Min. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you note vs,

2.M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then haue at you with my wit.

I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, & put vp my yron dagger.
Answer me like men.

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

Why siluer sound, why musicke with her siluer sound, waite
say you Simon Cathing?

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

Pet. Pratee, what say you Hugh Rebick?

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

Pet. Pratee to, what say you Iames sound post?

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

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

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

Because Musitions haue no Gold for sounding:

Then Musicke with her siluer sound with speedy helpe doth
lend redresse,

Exit.

Min.

*of Romeo and Juliet.*IV.v.*Min.* What a pestilent knave is this same?*M.2.* Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

14.8

*Exeunt.*V.i.*Enter Romeo.*

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
 My dreames preface some ioyfull newes at hand,
 My bosomes Lord, sits lightly in his throne:
 And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
 Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
 Strange dreames that giues a dead man leaue to think,
 And breathd such life with kisses in my lips.
 That I reuiude and was an Emperour.
 Ah me, how sweet is lone it selfe posselt,
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

4

†

8

Enter Romcos man Balthazer.

†

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

12

16

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 low 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 Sir.

20

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

24†

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

28

Ro. Tush thou art decein'd,
 Leaue me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.

K 2

Hast

V.i.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier ?

32

Man. No my good Lord.*Exit.*

Re. No matter, get thee gone,
 And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
 Well *Indist*, I will lye with thee to night :
 Lets see for meanes, O mischief thou art swift,
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
 I doe remember an Appothecarie,
 And hereabouts a dwels, which late I noted
 In tattred weeds, with ouer-whelming browes,
 Culling of Simples, meager were his looks,
 Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones :
 And in his needy shop a Tortoys hung,
 An Allegater stufte, and other skinneres
 Of ill shap't fishes, and about his shelues,
 A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
 Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seeds,
 Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Rosea
 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 Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
 O this same thought did but fore-run 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 Apothecarie:

36

40

44

48

52

56

Appo. Who calls so lowd ?

Rom. 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 Truncke may be discharg'd of breath,
 As violently, as hastie powder fierd

60

64

Doth

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Vi.

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantua* law
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,
Neede and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery 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.

Pa. My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Ro. I pay thy pouerty and not thy will.

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

Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou mai'st 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, goe with me
To *Iuliet*'s graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt

68

72

76

80

84

Vil.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

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

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of *Frier Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*; what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind 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,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that may speede to *Mantua* there was Raide.

K 3

Law.

121

V.ii.

*The most Lamentable Tragedie**Law.* Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

16 *John.* I cold not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

21 *Law.* Vnhappie fortune, by my Brother-hood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
24 May doe much danger : Fryer *John* goe hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

*Exit.**John* Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.

24 *Law.* Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,
Shee will besheew memuch that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
28 And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

V.iii.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene :
4 Vnder yond yong trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me,
8 As signall that thou hearest something approch,
Giue me those flowers, doe as I bid thee goe.

Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.

12 *Par.* Sweet Flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew,
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and Stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with teares distil'd by mones ;
16 The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe;

Nightly

of Romeo and Iulies.

V.iii.

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curst foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my Obsequies and true Loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while,

20

Enter Romeo and Balthazer his man.

†

Ro. Giue me the Mattock 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 doe not interrupt me in my course.

24

Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face :

28

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 :

32

But if thou iealous dost returne to pry

In what I farther shall intend to doe,

By Heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limmes :

36

The time and my intents are sauage wilde,

More fierce and more inexorable farre,

Then emptie Tygers, or the roring Sea.

Balt. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.

40†

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

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

† Pers.

His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

44

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:

Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to open,

And in despight ile cram thee with more food.

48

Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Montague*,
That murdred my Loues Couzin; with which grieffe,
It is supposed the faire Creature dyed,

And

The most Lamentable Tragedie

52

And here is come to doe some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
 Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mountaigne* :
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death ?
 56 Condemned Villaine, I doe apprehend thee.
 Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.

56

60

Ro. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Flye hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
 Put not another sinne 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 arm'd against my selfe :
 Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
 A mad mans mercie bid thee runne away.

64

+ 68

Par. I doe defie thy commiseration,
 And apprehend thee for a Felon here.

Pers. †

72

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

Page O, Lord, they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
 Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

76

Ro. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's Kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
 What said my man, when my betossed soule
 Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
 He told me *Paris* should haue marryed *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 sowe misfortunes Booke.
 Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

84

A Graue, O no, A Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
 For here lyes *Iuliet*. and her beautie makes
 This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death lye thou there by a dead man interd,
 88 How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Haue they beene merrie? 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 beautie:
 Thou art not conquer'd, beauries enfigne yet
 Is Crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
 And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tibalt lyest thou there in thy bloody sheer?
 O what more fauour can I doe to thee,
 Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*.
 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleuee,
 Shall I beleuee, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
 And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
 Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
 For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And neuer from this palace of dimme night
 Depart againe; here, here will I remayne,
 With Wormes that are thy Chambermaydes: 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 vnsauourie guide,
 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rockes, thy Sea-sicke weary Barke:
 Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:
 Thy Drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I dye.

Enter Frier with Lantborne, Crow and Spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed, how oft to night
 Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

L

Balt.

92

96

100

104

†
108 < 110

112

116

120

Viii.

*The most Lamentable Tragedie*Pers †
124*Balt.* Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.*Fri.* Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles, as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

Pers † 128

Balt. It doth so holy sir, and theres my master, one that you
loue,*Fri.* Who is it?

Pers †

Balt. *Romeo.**Fri.* How long hath he bin there?

Pers †

Balt. Full halfe an houre.*Fri.* Goe with me to the Vault.

Pers †

Balt. I dare not Sir.

132

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.

† 136

Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Pers †

Balt. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.*Fri.* *Romeo.*

140

Alacke, alacke, what bloud is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else, what *Paris* too?
And sleept in bloud? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

148

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

152

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,

Thy

*of Romeo and Juliet.*V.iii.

Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead;
 And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
 Among a Sister-hood of holy Nunnes:
 Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
 Come, goe good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

Jul. Goe get thee hence, for I will not away,
 Whats here? a cup clofd in my true loues hand?
 Poy son I see hath becne his timelesse end:
 O churle, drinke all, and lef no friendly drop,
 To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
 Happly some poyson yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restoratiue.
 Thy lips are warme.

*Enter Boy and Watch.**Watch.* Leade boy, which way?

Jul. Yea noife? then ile be brieft. O happy dagger.
 This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.*Watch.* The ground is bloody, search about the Churchyard.

Goe some of you, who ere you find, attach.
 Pittifull fight, here lies the Countie slaine,
 And *Juliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
 Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,
 Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*.
 Raife vp the *Mountagnes*, some others search,
 We see the ground whereon these woes doe lye,
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter Romeos man.**Watch.* Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.*Chiefe Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.*Enter Frier, and another Watchman.**3. Watch.* Here is a *Frier* that trembles, fighes, and weepes.

L 2

wee

V.iii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.

Chiefe Watch. A great Inspition, stay the *Frier* too, too.
Enter the Prince.

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

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Ca. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

Wife O the people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open out-cry so ward our Monument.

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

Watch. Soueraigne, here lyes the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warne and new kild.

Prin. Search, seeke and know how this foule murder comes.

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

Cap. O Heauen! O Wife! looke how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistane, for loe his house,
Is emptie on the backe of *Monntague*,
And is misheath'd in my Daughters bosome.

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

Enter Mountague.

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

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

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

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

Prin. Seale vp the moneth of our rage for a while,
Till we can cleere these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head their true descent,

And

188

†

†

†

192

196

200

Stage-
Direction †

204

†

208

†

† 212

† 216

of Romeo and Juliet.

V.iii.

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death : meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

220

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heare I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.

224

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

228

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

Romeo there dead, was Husband to that *Juliet*,
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death,
Banish't the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.

232

You, to remoue that siege of griefe from her,
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce,
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

236

Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
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 helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the porions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,
Was stayd by accident, and yesternight
Returned my Letter backe, then all alone
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

240†

244

248

252

Till.

Viii.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

266

Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.

But when I came some minute ere the time

Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,

260

The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.

She wakes, and I intreated 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 goe with me:

264

But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.

All this I know, and to the Mariage her *Nurse* is priuy:

And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,

† 268

Let my old life be sacrifice'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,

Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?

272

Balth. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliet's* death,

And then in post he came from *Mantua*,

To this same place. To this same Monument

This letter he early bid me giue his Father,

276

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 rais'd the watch?

280

Sirrah what made your Master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,

And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,

284

Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,

And by and by my Master drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friars words,

Their course of Loue the tidings of her death,

288

And here he writes that he did buy a poyson

Of a poore Potheccarie, and there withall,

Came to this Vault, to dye and lye with *Iuliet*.

Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Montague*?

292

See what a scourge is laid vpon your hate?

That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with loue,

And

of Romeo and Juliet.

Viii

And I for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen, all are punisht.

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

296

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

†
300

†

Cap. As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore Sacrifices of our enmitie.

304

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

308

F I N I S.

