

THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

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

Sampson.

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

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

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

Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.

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

Samp. A dog of the house of *Montague*, moues me.

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

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Montagues*.

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

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessel, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Montagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall. (their men.)

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs

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

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Samp. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what sence thou wilt.

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

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

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

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.

Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the take it as they list

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, sir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre.* No.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir.

(as you

Samp. If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man

Abra. No better? *Samp.* Well sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lve.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
washing blow. *They Fight.*

Ben. Part Fooles put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word:
As I hate hell, all *Montagues*, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Off. Clubs, Bils, and Partitions, strike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Montagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old *Montague* is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, & his wife.

Monn. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

Wife. Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.

Prince. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from thote bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Montague*,
Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Cast by their Graue befeeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Montague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old *Freec-towne*, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who see this auncient quarrell new abroad?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere 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 thrusts 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 Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of *Sycamore*,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So carely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene scene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all to 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 penues himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

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

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne afflictious counsellor,
Is to himselfe: I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from friending and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Lie he can spreede his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
He know his greeuance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert to happy by my stay,
To heare that shift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long:

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

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

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

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

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

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

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

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, ticke 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.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.

Grietes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast

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

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Loue, is a smoake 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.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.

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

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

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

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

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

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

Rom. A sick man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is to ill:

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I ay'd so neere, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marken an, and shee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire make, faire Coze, & soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, shee'l not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Diana's* wit:

And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:

From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.

Nor open her lap to saint-seducing Gold:

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

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

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?

For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She

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She is too faire, too wisewi: sely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

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

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

Ro. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, purs vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,

Ben. I'le pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capm. Mountaigne is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

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

Capm. 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 Bude.

Par. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.

Capm. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And shee agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men fee,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, even 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 one more veiwe, 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,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere 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 writ, & can neuer find
what names the writing person hath here writ: (I must to
the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lefined by anothers anguish:

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old wil die.

Rom. 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 road man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Goddigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

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

Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

*Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: Countie An-
selme and his beauntious sisters: the Lady widow of Vir-
nio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Nieces: Mercutio and
his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet his wife and daugh-
ters: my faire Neece Rosaline, Linia, Seigneur Valentino, & his
Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the lovely Helena.*

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountaigne I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this same aunient Feast of Capulet's
Supps the faire Rosaline, whom thou so loues:
With all the admired Beauties of Verona,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares 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
Nere saw her march, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poyl'd with herselfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other Maid
That I will show you, shining at this Feast,
And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best.

Rom. Ile goe along, no such fight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse.

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

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God-forbid,
Where's this Girle? what Juliet?

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue leaue awhile, we
must

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prery age.

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

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

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

How long is it now to *Lammis* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammis* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammis* Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douchoute wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a brame. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teache, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Douch-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay birth' roode she could haue runne, & waddled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, dost thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Julie*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not *Julie* quoth he? and pretty foole it fluted, 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, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it blow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Julie*? It flinted, and said I.

Julie. And flint thou too. I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nur. Peace I haue done. God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that eie I must, and I might haue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be Married?

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

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

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was you, Mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in bricfe: The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Verona* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face, And find delight, writ there with *Beaues* pen: Examine euery seuerall liniment, And see how one another lends content: And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes. This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer. The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie, That in Gold clasps, Lockes in the Golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse, By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

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

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

Julie. He looke to like, if looking liking moue. But no more deepe will I endur mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'd in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Exit.

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

Nurse. Goe Gyle, seeke happie nights to happy dance.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologies?

Ben. The dare is out of such prolixitie, Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a sharpe, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath, Skauing the Ladies like a Crow-larper. 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 but heauy I will beare the light.

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

Rom. Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead So flakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

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

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft, To soare with his light feathers, and to bound: I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull wor, Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

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

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

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue, Pricke 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: 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.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heels: For I am prouer'b'd with a Grandier Phrase, He be a Candle-holder and looke on, The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. T.

Mer. Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
If thou art dun, wee'll draw thee from the mire.
Or sue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho. .

Rom. Nay that's not so.

Mer. I meane sir I delay,
We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits
Fiuetime in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

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.

Rom. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bene with you:
She is the Faeries Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger
then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin-
ners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grasshoppers, her
Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers 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 Woime, prickt
from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
Hafelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faeries Coach-makers: & in this stare she
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees that dreame on
Curlies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreame on
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which
oft at the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gal-
lops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling
out a fute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tick-
ling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of
another Benefice. Sometime she drueeth ore a Souldiers
necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of
Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healtis fine
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweates a
prayer or two & sleepe againe: this is that very Mab that
plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk-
locks in foule flutrish haire, which once vntangled, much
misfortune bodes,

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

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

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

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

Rom. 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 teame
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vnmely death.
But he that hath the flirrage of my courtie,
Direct my iure: on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

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

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's Porpan, that he helpe not to take away?
He shitt a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioyntstooles, remoue the Court-
cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, lue mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in
Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Anthoine and Porpan.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought
for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer luer take all.

Exeunt.

*Enter all the Guests and Gentlemen to the
Maskers.*

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplag'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes daintie,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faile Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musicians play:

Musicke plays: and she dance.

A Hall, 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 sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fife and twenty yeares, and then we Maske.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which dothni rich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the Torch to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an *Ethiops* eare:
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shewes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill be seeming semblance for a Feast.

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

Cap. He shall be endu'd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This tricke 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.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Jul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

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

Jul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then moue not while my prayer's effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

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

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Jul. You kisse by th' hooke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
I Nur't 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.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,
He to my rest.

Jul. Come hither Nurse,

What is yond Gentleman?

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

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

Jul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Jul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

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

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A time, I learne euen now
Of one I dan't withall.

One calls within, Juliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gion'd for and would die,
With tender *Juliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with 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 Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Merc. He is wise,
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay, he coniure too.

Enter.

Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he listeth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must coniuere him,
I coniuere thee by *Resolues* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adjacent 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 Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, lett'ing it stand
Till she had laid it, and coniu'ed it downe,
That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
I coniuere onely but to raise vp him.

Per. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be comforted with the Humorous night:
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Loue be blind, I oue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Popin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He reasts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestal livery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
She speaks, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourfes, I will answere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
To twinkle 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 she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand,
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Jul. Ayme.

Rom. She speaks.

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 vpruned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Clouues,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Jul. 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?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy.
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Montague*,
What's *Montague*? it is not hand nor toote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doste thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

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

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

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?

The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

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

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmity.

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

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

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast-shore-washer with the farthest Sea,
I should aduenture for such Marchandise.

Jul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Dost thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laugh, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
He 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 therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, he proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheard'st ere I was ware
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

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

Jul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Jul. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And he beleue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue.

Jul. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautilous Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repote and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vn-satisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?

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

Jul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it,
For what purpose Loue?

Jul. 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,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:

Calls within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Montague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

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

Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that he procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote he lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee

Within: Madam.

(By and by I come)

To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrine my soule.

Jul. A thousand times goodnight.

Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boyes fro thier books
But Loue fro Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Juliet againe.

Jul. Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

Jul. *Romeo.*

Rom. My Neece.

Jul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remiembring how I Loue thy company.

Rom. And he still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyres,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much charrishing:
Goodnight, goodnight.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles.
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vfill this Oser Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iunck flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We sucking on her naturall bosome find :
Many for many vertues excellent ;
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire use,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power :
For this being sweelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all senses 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.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salureth me ?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed ;
Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye :
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuffed braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigney
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.

O. Romeo hath not bene in bed to night.

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

Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father ? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then ?

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

I haue bene feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all corubin'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 heere ?
Is Rosaline that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forsaken ? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of braine
Hath wast thy fallow cheekes for Rosaline ?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season Loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun nor yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my aunient eares :
Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not wast 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.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. 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,

Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell :

But come young wauerer, come goe with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy proue,

To turne your household rancor to pure Loue.

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

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

Exeunt

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu le should this Romeo be ? came he
not home to night ?

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

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Ro-
saline torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a Let-
ter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with
a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with
a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the
blind Bowe-boyes but- shaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt ?

Ben. Why what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragi-
ous Captaine of Compliments : he fights as you sing
prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he re-
fists his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the ve-
ry butcher of a silk button, a Duellist, a Duellist; a Gentleman
of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the
immortall Passado the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lispng affecting phan-
tacies, these new tuners of accent : Iesu a very good blade,
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
mentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus assailed
with these strange flies : these fashion Mongers, these pa-
don-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, 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 shewed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen
wench, marrie she had a better Loue to beisme her: Dido
a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Helen and Hero, hildings
and Harlots: Thisbie a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior Romeo, Bon iour, there's a French salutation to your
ff

French

French fop: you gaue vs the the counterfeit fairely last night.

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

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

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

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hamis.

Rom. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'r'd.

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

Rom. O single sol'd ieast,
Soly singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Bennolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

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

Rom. 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 iest.

Rom. Nay good Goose bite not,

Mer. Thy wit is a very Butte-sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. On here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee faire and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then growing for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this drueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to bid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop the e, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'd me to stop in my tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large. (haire.

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

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly gcare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter*?

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?

For her Fans the tairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

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

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quath: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

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

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

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

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So no.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare fir, vniclesse a Hare fir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

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

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Bennolio.

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

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

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and vnder of his backe, and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scurvie knave, I am none of his flurr-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knave to vie me at his pleasure.

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

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

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Millicesse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith 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 me?

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her deeme some meanes to come to shute this And there she shall at Friar *Lawrence* Cell

Beshriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

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

Ro. And stay thou 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 Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heauen bleesse thee: take you sir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

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

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. We'l liz, my Mistresse is t he sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-
ble man in Towne one *Paris*, that wouldaine lay knife a-
board: but she good soule ha' as leeu a fee Toade, a very
Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say
so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the vertall world.
Doth not *Rolien* arie and *Romco* begin both with a letter?

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

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemary*, that it
would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times, *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him; that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauid should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadows ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoft hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Manyaine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

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

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse:

O Lord, why lookest thou sad?

Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou shalt the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

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

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

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

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and Ile stay the circultance:

Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: *Romco*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
waies wench, serue God, What haue you din'd at home?

Jul. No no: but all this this did I know before

What saies 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 twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Jul. Ifaith: I am forrie that that thou art so well.

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within, where should she be?

How odly thou replist:

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods I ady deare,

Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,

Is this the Poultris for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romco*?

Nur. Have you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I haue.

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

There stales a Husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,

Therle be in Scarlet straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue

Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night,

Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. *Exit Nurse.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

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

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he daie,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,

ff 2

A

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Int. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

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

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

Int. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such excessse,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wea'th.

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

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

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

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood,
as any in *Italie*: and as soone moued to be moodie, and as-
soone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue
none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt 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 be-
cause thou hast hassell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-
rel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes
with old Ribband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrell 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 Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

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

Mer. By my hie I care not.

Tyb. 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.

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

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without
giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio* thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make vs *Minstrels*? &
thou make *Minstrels* of vs, looke to heare nothing but dis-
cords: heere's my fiddlestick, heere's that shall make you
daunce. Come consort.

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

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

Enter Romeo.

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

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

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this. Thou art a Villaine.

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

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

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission.
Alla stuccho carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tyb. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your time
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

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

Mer. Come sir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benvolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen, so shame forbear this outrage,
Tybalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both the Houses, I am fied:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a
Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to-
morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd
I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.
What, 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 Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be-
twene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benvolio*,
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.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slaughter, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Juliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours Steele.

Enter *Benvolio*.

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

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter *Tybalt*.

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

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue Loue,
And fire and Fury, be my condoleance.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That linc thou gaust me, for *Mercutio's* soule
I but a little way aboue our heads,
Seeke for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. *Tybalt* faller.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:

The Clowdes are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand in amazement, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou dar'st take thence, be gone, away.

Rom. I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit *Romeo*.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?

Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Vp sir go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their
Wives and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vniuersitie of this fatall brail:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
There saw the kin-man braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. We *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.
O Cozin, Cozin,

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* 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 uttered,
With gentle breath, calme look, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene
Of *Tybalt's* 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 *Tybalt*, whose dexterity

Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whote arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

Cap. We He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all thine twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who no w the price of his deare blood doth owe.

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

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But lie Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
It will be late to pleading and excuses,
Nor tedious to prayers shall purchase our abuses:
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hatt,
Flee when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter *Juliet* alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed Pcedes,
Towards *Phaebus* lodging, such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Lovers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
Come night come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
But not possesit it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festiuall,

ff 3

To

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse :

Enter Nurse with cords.

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

Nur. I, I, the Cords.

Jul. Ay me, what newes?

Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,

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

Jul. What diuell art thou,

That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd 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 answere I:

If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

A pitteous Coarse, a bloody pitteous Coarse:

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood I sounded at the fight-

Jul. O breake my heart,

Poore Banckrout breake at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O *Tybalts*, *Tybalts*, the best Friend I had:

O courteous *Tybalts* honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Jul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is *Romeo* slughtered? and is *Tybalts* dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:

Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalts* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,

Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Did *Rom'* or hand shed *Tybalts* blood

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart hid with a flowring face.

Jul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:

Raucous Dove-feather'd Rauon,

Woluiſh - smelling Lambe,

Dispit'd subſtance of Diuineſt ſhow:

Iust opposie to what thou iustly seem'st,

A dunne Sout, an Honourable Villaine:

O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was euer booke containing such vile matter

So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,

All periu'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?

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

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:

O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,

That kil'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.

But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:

Backe foolish teares, backe to your natue spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:

My husband liues that *Tybalts* would haue slaine,

And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slaine my husband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?

Some words there was worser then *Tybalts* death

That murdered me, I would forget it teine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,

Tybalts is dead and *Romeo* banished:

That banished, that one word ban shed,

Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death

Was woe inough if it had ended there:

Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rankt with other griefes,

Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,

Thy Father or thy Mother may or both,

Which moderate lamentation might haue mou'd.

But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death

Romeo is banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalts*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that words death, no words can that woe sound.

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent

When theirs are drie for *Romeo*'s banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,

Both you and I for *Romeo*'s exile:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,

But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, fle to my wedding bed,

And death not *Romeo* take my Maiden head.

Nur. He to your Chamber, He find *Romeo*

To comfort you. I wot well where he is:

Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,

He to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,

Come forth thou fearfull man,

Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:

And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes?

Exit

What

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Enr. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,
Is the Princes Doome?

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

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

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

Rom. There is no world without Verona walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world,
And worlds exile is death: Then banished,
Is death, missear'd, calling death banished,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smil'st vpon the stroke that murders me.

Enr. O deadly sin, Orde vnthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calles 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 mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heaven is here
Where Iuliet liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
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 seaze
On the white wonder of deare Iuliet's hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veltall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, hee is banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground kniue,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier, the damnd vsf that word in nell:
Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:
To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. He giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a Iuliet,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no cares.

Rom. How should they,
When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou canst not speake of that I do not feele,
Wert thou as young as Iuliet my Loue:
An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmaile graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good Romeo hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Harticke groanes
Mist-like in fold me from the seach of eyes.

Knocke

Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by Gods will
What simpliciety is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard?

Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

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 siny 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 wooll sinpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
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, deaths the end of all.

Rom. Speak't thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue slain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

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

Ro As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed 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 cries 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 beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen on Earth?

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meeete
 In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
 Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
 Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
 And v'st none in that true v'se indeed,
 Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
 Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
 Digressing from the Valour of a man,
 Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow perjurie,
 Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, thas Ornament, to shape and Loue,
 Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
 Like powder in a skilleffe Souldiers flaske,
 Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
 And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
 What, rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is a liue,
 For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
 The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
 And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
 A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
 Happinesse Courts thee in her belt array,
 But like a mishaped and sullen wench,
 Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Goe before Nurse, comend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is coming.

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

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
 Hee you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reui'd by this.

Ent. Go hence,
 Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
 Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the orake of day disguis'd from hence,
 So iourne in *Mantua*, hee find out your man,
 And he shall signifie from time to time,
 Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
 Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that my passi' ioy, calls out on me,
 It were a griefe, to brieue to part with thee:
 Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue fallne out sir so vnluckily,
 That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
 Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
 And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
 'Tis very late, she'll not come downe to night:
 I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an house ago.

Par. These times of wo, affoord no times to woo:
 Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

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

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
 In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
 Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
 And bid her, marke you me, on Wend'sday next,
 But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wend'sday is too soone,
 A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
 She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
 Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
 Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
 For harke you, *Tybalt* 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 Thursday?

Parus. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
 Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her wise, against this wedding day.
 Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber now,
 Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
 Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
 It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
 That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
 Nightly she sings on yond Pomegranet tree,
 Belecue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Mornes:
 No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
 Do lace the teuring Cloudes in yonder East:
 Nights Candles are burnt out, and I second day
 Sands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
 I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
 It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
 I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
 Hee say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cymbrian* brow.
 Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
 The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
 I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
 Come death and welcome. *Juliet* wills it so.
 How ift my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hee hence be gone away:
 It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;
 This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
 Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 Onow I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt ſ-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and iſt light growes.

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

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

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

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

Jul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I muſt heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greeting to Loue, to thee.

Jul. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.

Juliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining ſoule,
Me thinkeſ I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo do you:
Drie ſorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue.

Exit.

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

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Jul. Who iſt that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late, or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now Juliet?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euer more weeping for your Cozins death?
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.

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

Lad. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,

I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the Friend.

Lad. Well Girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That ſame Villaine Romeo.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles aſunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is becauſe the Traitor liues.

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

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in Mantua,
Where that ſame baniſht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtom'd dron,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe thy ſweet company:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.

Jul. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kiſſe man vent:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it;
That Romeo ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find ſuch a man.
But now Ile tell thee toyfull tidings Gyrl.

Jul. And toy comes well, in ſuch a needie time,
What are they, beleeue your Ladyſhip?

Mo. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauineſſe,
Haſt ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy.

That thou expectſt not, nor I looke not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Counte Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Jul. 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 marrie yet, and when I doe, I ſwear

It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate

Rather then Paris. Theſe are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the earth doth drizzle dew
But for the Sunſet of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrl, what ſtill in teares?

Euer more ſhowring in one little body?

Thou counterſaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,

Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is

Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,

Who raging with the teares and they with them,

Without a ſudden calme will ouer ſet

Thy tempeſt toiled body. How now wiſe?

Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I ſir:

But ſhe will none, ſhe giues you thanks,

I would the ſoule were married to her graue.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wiſe,

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 Bridegroome

Jul. Not proud you haue,

But thankfull that you haue:

Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,

But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.

Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?

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

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds;

But ſettle your fine ioints 'gainſt Thursday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church :

Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.

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

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

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

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

Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife : we 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 we haue a curse in hauing her :
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, sinatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vetter your grauntie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Offaire Demecanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whiningammer, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue.
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, aid you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vie 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, beg, starue, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Trust too't, bothinke you, Ile not be forsworne

Exit.

Jul. Is there no pittie fitting in the Clouds,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
That dam Monument where *Tybalt* lies.

M. Talk not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Jul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith requiue againe to earth,
Vnlesse that Husband send me from heauen,
By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me,
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What faith thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you :
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman :

Romeo a dish-clout to him : an Eagle Madam
Hath not so Greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, bestrow 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 liuing here and you no vse of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else bestrow them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

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

Jul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with about compare,
So many thousand times? Go Countellor,
Thou and my bosom chenchforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday first the time is very short.

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

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

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalt*s death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now fir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway :
And in his wisdome, hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this hast?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke fir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

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

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

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

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Jul. The

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

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

Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

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

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

Are you at leaue, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My lesure serues me past due daughter now.
My Lord you must intent the time alone.

Par. God forbid: I should distrust Deuotion,

Juliet, on that day early will I rowle thee,
Till then a lye, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Paris.*

Jul. O that the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past cure, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grieke,
It steames me past the compasse of my wits:
I heare thou must and nothing may preuent it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Jul. Tell me not Friar that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:

If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,

And with this knife, he helpe it presently.

God soyn'd my heart, and *Romeo*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long expectant time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vspiceere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy veares and art,
Coul't to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not to long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.

If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coopt' with death himselfe, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Jul. O bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in the sunsh waies, or bid me lye
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecovered quite with dead mens rattling bones,
With reekie shankes and yellow chappells sculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To hie an vnstained wife to my sweet Love.

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse be with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Vioill being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natue progresse, but wincease:
No warmth, no breath shall tell the thou lincst,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depri'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death.
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowle thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncouer'd 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* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the doing it.

Jul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of care.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolve, Ile send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Loose me from strength,
And strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell sweet father. *Exit*

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ,
Sittah, giue me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
licke their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

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

Cap. Go be giue me, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this
time: what is my Daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nur. I tell you.

Cap. Well he may chide to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-will harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merrie lookes.

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?

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

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

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gane him what becomed Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This

This is as it should be, let me see the County:
I marry go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now at one God, this reverend holy Frier,
All our whole Countie is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fittest to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time enough.

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

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our provision,
Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tush, I will thinke about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her,
He not to bed to night, let me alone:
He play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will waile my selfe
To Countie *Paris* to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse

Jul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night:
For I have need of many Orisons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crostie and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

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

Jul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessities
As are behoouefull 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.

Jul. Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare shreills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
He call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's 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 live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Ancestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
As some hautes in the night, Spirits reforme:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefathers toynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, I see my *Cozins* Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapier's point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, here's drinke. I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,

Take these keyes, and fetch more spices Nurse.

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

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curfew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakke meates, good *Angelica*,
Spae not for cost.

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sick to morrow
For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and here bene sicke.

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

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A ialous hood, a ialous hood,
Now follow, what there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

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

Cap. Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

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

Cap. Masse and well said, a merrie horsen, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musicke

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her vp,
He go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make hast,
Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make hast I say.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? *Juliet*? Fast I warrant her she.
Why Lambe, why Lady? she you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me:
Marrie and Amen: how sound's she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,
I let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vpon faith. 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 Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-viræ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noise is heere? *Enter Mother.*

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
Reuue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead, decess'd, shee's dead, alacke the day.

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

Fa. Ha? Let me see her, out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is fetter'd and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips have long bene separated:
Droppes on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

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

Enter Friar and the Countie

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

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

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

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accur'd, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O naturall day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, laine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kill'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnitie?
O Child, O Child; my soule, 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 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 shouldst be aduan't,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan't
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:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But shee's best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons inerriment.

La. All things that we ordained Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:
Our solenne Hymnes, to fallen Dyrgees change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

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

Mo. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitfull case.

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

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease hearts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Mo. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musitions,
Because my heart it selfe plaires, my heart is full.

Mo. Not a dun p we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mo. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

Mo. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.

Mo. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger
on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa
you, do you note me?

Mo. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.

Answer me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-
sicke with her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound? why? Musicke with her siluer sound?
what say you *Simon Calling*?

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

Pet. Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebicke*?

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

Pet. Pratest to, what say you *James Sound-Post*? (uer

3. *Mo.* 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.

Man. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come wee in here, tarrie for
the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames prelage some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this an day an vccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me about the ground with cheerefull thought.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke.)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possesse,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verana*, 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 she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepest in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
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.

Rom. 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.

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

Rom. Tush, thou art decen'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes: O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyr hung,
An Allegator stufte, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelves,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scatter'd, 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 peruent 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? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

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 Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

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

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds laws:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will contents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. 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.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To *Juliet*'s graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exit

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier 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.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother our,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

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

Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice; but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,
Shee will be shrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand a'oft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfinie with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

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

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O wee, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with teares dew'd by moones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & 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 hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course,
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou ieaious dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

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

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

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in despite, Ile cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Montague*,
That murdred my Lones Cozin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Montague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flee hence and leaue me, thinke vpon thole gone,
Let them affright thee. I beleeue thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to surie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, lue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do desire thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

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

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

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

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

Mercutio kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betroffed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Juliet*.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sower misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Juliet*, and her beaume makes
This Vault a feast ng presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene 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 are not conquer'd. Beauties ensigne yet

Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,

And Deaths pale flags not aduanced there.

Tybal, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O what more fauour can I do to thee,

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,

To sunder his that was thy enemie?

Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Juliet*:

Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,

Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstanciall death is amorous?

And that the leane abhorred Monster keeps

Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?

For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,

And neuer from this Pallace of dym night

Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,

Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.

O true Apothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke Thus with a kisse I die.

Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,

With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here

Will I see vp my euerlasting rest:

And shake the yoke of mauspicious starres

From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:

Armes take your last enbrace: And lips O you

The doores of breath, scale with a righteous kisse

A datelesse bargain to ingrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,

Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on

The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wretie Barke:

Heere's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:

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Thy

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Friar with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

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

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & 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 discernē,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

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

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me,
O much I feare some ill valuckie thing.

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

Fri. *Romeo.*

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elise? what *Paris* too?
And sleept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iul. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

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 entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnēs:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true lo'es hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noife?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die *Kills herselfe.*

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie flaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raife vp the *Mountagnes*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these pitcous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man.

We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar, and another Watchman.

3. Wat. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighes, and weeps:
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspicion, stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince.

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

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

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

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

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* flaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.

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

Wat. Here is a Friar, and Slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!

O wite looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountagne*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

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

Enter Mountagne.

Fri. Come *Mountagne*, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Here, 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. Look: and thou shalt see.

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

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of our rage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguous guilties,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I begetrall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death? meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

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 heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then lay at once, what thou dost know in this?
Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead vnder husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroom from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalts*) *Juliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuile some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd 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 dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd 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,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shce wakes, and I intreated her come soorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'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?

Boy. I brought my Master newes of *Juliet's* death,

And then in poste he came from *Manina*
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

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

Prin. This Letter doth make good the *Friers* words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Montague*,
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Montague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise 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*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes

Gg

FINIS.

